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THE DELINEATO

JANUARY 1913

THIS IS THE FIRST MONTH OF OUR FIFTIETH YEAR

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TEEN CENTS THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY NEW YORK

"BREAKFAST'S READY LI'L MISSY"

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THE DELINEATOR

GEORGE BARR BAKER ** MANAGING EDITOR

Vol LXXXI No. 1

What Middle-Aged Women Are Doing

A Woman Who "Found Herself"

DEAR DELINEATOR:—I remember that when I was a very little girl and my mother was as old as I am now, she seemed to me very, very old. It may have been because she always wore black, for death did not close the door behind him in our family for many, many years; or it may have been because she was often unhappy. Or perhaps—I do not know, but she seemed to me sad and old. But she seemed younger afterward; she seems even younger now, with her grandchildren around her.

I am not yet a middle-aged woman, perhaps I am not quite as old as the women to whom you addressed the paragraph in your editorial page—"A Mother—Then What?" but my children were born while I was quite young, and the last two babies did not stay with us, so that my little family—in point of size, at least—would do credit to a genuinely middle-aged mother. A few years ago I found myself, quite suddenly, in a new position. I realized it first when traveling with my children. Even the youngest was entirely independent of me; I had no care—only for myself. It was a new experience—for I had given myself almost entirely to my children for years; always striving to make them what I had never been—independent. They had arrived!

As a girl I had been directed by a mother of very strong personality. It entirely dominated mine. I lived and moved in an atmosphere of her creation—my own positive nature lying dormant. When I married, my husband kindly (?) took up where she left off. I realized my position in a vague way, and even made a timid effort to right conditions—but it is so hard to combat love!

Then the babies came, three of whom stayed, and three who lingered only long enough to make their aching places in my heart—for the years seem to pass more swiftly as time goes on—and soon came the railway journey and the discovery that my babies were no longer babies. At first I resented it fiercely—I had "lost my job!"

Then in the calm that always follows rebellion, I did a wonderful thing. I found a person of most interesting capabilities—almost talents. That person was just opening up her long-hidden resources—and oh, I assure you, they are delightful! And most wonderful of all—that person is myself. *I have found myself!*

When I "found myself" I began to write. My articles were accepted, and I was encouraged to continue my work. I saw my field of usefulness extended. My individuality rose to the surface; my ideas became vested with strength in my own eyes, since others thought them worth while.

With my own money, and the newly acquired *right* to my own ideas, life took on a very different aspect to me. In the eyes of my children I am—oh, I can not tell you! In words it sounds vain—commonplace—everything but what it is! My heart fills with the beauty of it—fills clear up to my throat—and I can not speak of it. But I am happier than I ever was before.

This new *ego* I have just discovered is such a happy companion. We have such delightful times together. I remember a woman who began to study music when she was nearly forty. I remember that I once smiled at the idea. I do not smile at it now—for I know that it was not the middle-aged woman who reached out for the music. It was that part of herself which was just beginning to live. So I would write this letter to you women who are finding yourselves, emerging from that day of self-obliteration—from that sweet period of self-sacrifice when your children were you, and you were your children. There is that in you, dear mothers of grown-up and nearly grown children, which is as important as that physical sacrifice you have made for years.

We are not mere physical mothers! We are ourselves, and middle life is the period to exercise the privilege of developing the talents we may have hidden somewhere in us, strengthened by experience. Perhaps, later on, the little grandchildren will claim us, as our own did a few years past. I do not know. But this I do know: Middle life is beautiful—useful. It is the "Golden Mean" between Youth and Age. It is the time to *find yourself.*

Yours for greater usefulness, A MISSISSIPPI MOTHER.

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This Life of Ours

TAKING A NEW GRIP

FEW of us are so prosy that we can enter upon a new year without making some wise or reflective observations about it. A year is really a very wonderful thing when you stop to think of it—three hundred and sixty-five days of unused possibilities. And always enough to go around—a year for everybody. You may be rich or poor, young or old, talented or unskilled, but you are on a plane of perfect equality about time: you have as much as any one has. Most of us, on approaching the new year, brace up and resolve that this precious period of time shall have all the virtues and none of the failings of its predecessors. By so doing we assert our faith in that grandest of all reassurances: Life is what we make it. Thoreau put it, "I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by conscious endeavor." The beginning of a new year is an especially good time to remind oneself of such things. For, after all, there is one of the chief joys of living—that innate feeling that we can do things if we just make up our minds to use our opportunities and assert our possibilities. Take that away and life is tasteless. Feel it and a thrill runs through you that makes you glad you are alive. Your new year. What will you do with it?

When the Children are Grown

IT MAY be some time before we have space to print the many interesting letters we should like to print which have been received in response to our editorial, "A Mother, then What?" in the October issue. The letters show in much interesting detail how women whose children have grown up are utilizing their time for advancement and helpfulness aside from being occupied with household cares. Some are interesting themselves in women's clubs, girls' clubs, boys' clubs, church work, charity work, neighborhood betterment, schools, and the social life of young people, giving from their experience what they can to promote the happiness and welfare of others. Some are taking into their homes children who are homeless, and giving them an education and a wealth of mother love. Some are keeping up with the college studies of their grown-up boys and girls so as to still have a mother's place of confidence and helpfulness without seeming old-fashioned. Others are taking a much-needed and much-longed-for opportunity to read and study and think. Others are studying music and painting and writing and other forms of expression which through the busy years they were unable to cultivate. Some of them say that their middle-aged life is full of opportunities for happiness and helpfulness. Many were still struggling with the problem of what to do besides housekeeping, but none would admit they were just puttering around the house. As soon as possible we will let you read their letters, and we know you will be interested.

More About Love

WHO would pass by an editorial under that title? It is in magazine-making as in the drama and the novel—people want to learn just one more clue to the mystery of love, and miss it if it is not there. Good love-stories command the best price in the fiction market, just because every reader belongs on one side of the fence or the other, and intuitionally expects real happiness to come from the other side. Now here is something about love that may furnish food for thought, find its way more into fiction and drama, and kindle some hearts anew. Question: Does the love of man and woman, under proper conditions, last forever? Most people accept immortality without quibbling. Then what about the immortality of love? If a couple is happily married here will they be together after death, and if so, will their companionship be perpetual? Those who have missed love here, will they find it hereafter? Will a man grow to be more a man, and a woman more a woman, or will each grow toward a state of self-sufficiency where love for a specific one does not exist? Opening such a question gives occasion for a lot of speculation, of course, but how else can we learn what is ahead of us, or direct our thoughts to the right ideals, unless we face such fundamental questions and give them serious thought? Letters, preferably short ones, are invited from those who have worked out any deep convictions on the subject. Let us exchange ideas and see what we can learn.

What About Children?

THE woman principal of a female college told the graduating class that she would answer from the platform, as best she could, any secret question written on a slip of paper, unsigned, and placed in the question box. What was her surprise when she found that over half of them raised one question: How to limit the number of children when married? That so many should raise the same question indicated that these young women were thinking deeply about marriage, but looked upon maternity with doubts as to its rightful place in an orderly life. Most of them were conscientious and wanted to know the ethics of the matter, and, like many others, seemed to think the burden of moral responsibility rested on the bringing of children into the world, rather than on the refusing, under proper conditions, to give them life. It is by far too big and complicated a subject to discuss adequately in a paragraph, but there is one interesting thought that can be raised. That is, the illuminating testimony of geometrical progression. First generation, one child; second, say three; third, say nine; fourth, twenty-seven; tenth generation, 19,683; fifteenth generation, 4,694,609; twentieth generation, 1,141,059,987. Total, 1,611,589,970. Ruled out of existence because of the "responsibility" of letting one child be born in the due order of nature. Compare the total casualties of the Civil War, 483,765. Multiply this number by 3,331, and it just equals, by adding one city the size of Toledo, Ohio, the grand total of the supposed progeny of one child in twenty generations counting three each, and not counting for possible intermarriage of relatives.

Of course, numbers are not the only ideal, and there should be due allowance for instinct, reason, conscience, love, and even common sense. But those figures, thoughtfully contemplated, would revise popular opinion somewhat on the subject of parenthood. Don't you think so? And what does your church teach?

Useless Luxuries

IF IT were more generally known and believed by those whose desire is for things, things, things, that those who have the largest accumulation of things are seldom satisfied with the care of them, it would help to turn thought more toward moral and intellectual attainments. On every hand there are evidences, and not a few frank confessions, that wealthy people, who have given the matter a fair trial, are sick and tired of keeping up big houses. It has its pleasures, it is true, and yet many who can well afford the tremendous expense of it find that the care and management can not be delegated to others, and that this burden more than overbalances the pleasure. It also prevents the enjoyment of many of the simpler pleasures which are more satisfying, but which are either out of keeping with the stage-like part of those who play the aristocrat, or are impossible for lack of time. One of the chief troubles is that it takes a number of servants to run a big establishment, and, say what you please about the proper treatment of domestic helpers, it is difficult, almost impossible at times, to get servants who will do their work in the right spirit and not quarrel with other servants. In some homes the mental atmosphere is so dominated by the thought of the servants that the owners of the establishment feel uncomfortable all the time. Except for entertainments, which are often trumped up to show off one's home equipment rather than for any real pleasure, use, or need of either the hostess or the guests, these big establishments are hopelessly in excess of the useful requirements of the occupants. Economic law, operating through all channels, forces the return to that which is really useful to the moral and intellectual development of mankind. That is why so many wealthy people, who have tried it out and have felt the unnecessary burden of it, are taking in their sails, seeking simpler modes of living, and spending their time and money for the things that count. Those whose elaborate doings still fill the columns of the newspapers are often the ones who are just finding out by experience what some of the older families found out long since and are now trying to remedy.

When the Day Goes Wrong

WHO has not noticed how some days go wrong, while other days go by as smooth as clockwork? What is the cause of this difference, and how can we control it? That is what one woman has asked us. And, in a way, that is just what all of us are trying to find out. Some thinking people have worked out a partial understanding of the situation, and give us their thoughts in various terminology, each, perhaps, being but a different effort to explain similar perceptions.

When the day goes wrong the psychologist would tell us it is because our mentality is functioning preponderantly in the conscious rather than the subconscious.

A devout woman, and possibly her minister, would say that it is because we do not pray earnestly enough to let the Divine Spirit operate in us.

A Christian Scientist would say that we were letting our consciousness be filled up with mortal mind thoughts and not keeping a clear realization of the ever-present operation of divine law.

A student of Occultism would say that we were vibrating in conflicting currents of negative thought, and not properly utilizing cosmic force.

A Spiritualist would say that it was because our inner thoughts were of such a quality as to attract undeveloped spirits, and that we were not holding some high thought by which our angel guides could magnetically attach their thoughts to ours so as to impart their wisdom to us telepathically.

The New Thought student would say that we were not concentrating our thoughts at the vital point of contact, and not claiming our own, our right to harmony.

The Catholic might say that we had unconfessed burdens on our hearts and were confused by mental conflict with conscience.

The Eclectic would consider all these interpretations and try to extract the truth from each and work out a new concept of his own.

Who shall say which is right? And yet, who that has known the comfort of real, soul-searching prayer, has failed to find in it the strength and the will to start the day anew? By what methods prayer is answered none of us really know. Perhaps that is what the various thinkers are trying to explain for us.

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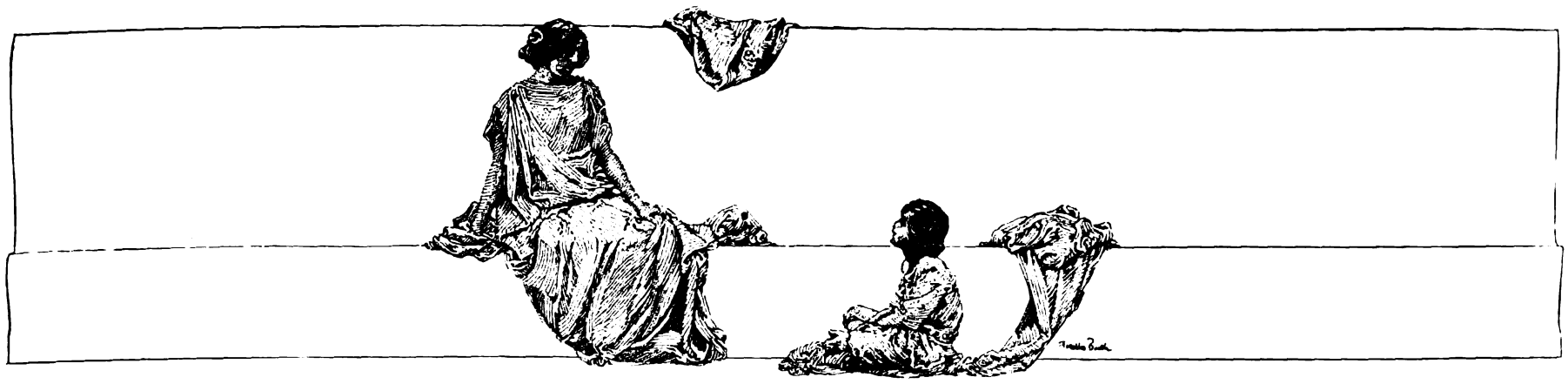

MY STEPMOTHER

HOW WELL SHE MEANT AND WHAT HAVOC SHE WROUGHT

I DID not resent her coming as other girls who remembered their own mothers would probably have done, for I had never known my mother. She died the day I was born; I had never even missed her consciously until father married a second time. Before that she had only seemed like the wonderful Princess in the story I liked best.

It was curious what a change my stepmother's coming made in our lives. The home in which we lived had never appeared small until she stepped in the doorway; then it seemed ridiculously tiny, almost like a doll's house.

She was beautiful, far more exquisite and wonderful than father had led me to believe. If she had not been so perfect, maybe I should have loved her more.

I remember so well the first time I ever saw her. It was shortly before her marriage. She kissed me very sweetly, then put her hand beneath my chin and looked at me long and searchingly. I was extremely shy, so flushed up and drew away awkwardly.

"I thought you said she was nineteen, Dick," she exclaimed over her shoulder to my father. "Why she seems a mere child. She's not a bit like you, is she, dear?"

Did you ever have people talk about you as if you were not really present? Well—that was a little habit my stepmother had. If it had not been for the pin with which she crucified me for inspection, I should have doubted the reality of my material existence many a time.

Neither father nor I talked very much. We had never seemed to need a great deal of conversation, and we lived very quietly. Those first months in our little home must have been frightfully dull for my beautiful stepmother. They were not dull for me, however. Each moment made me aware of some new deficiency in my manner or appearance.

"What odd, quaint little dresses you wear, Dorothy," she said, smiling encouragingly at me, one of those first days. "I am going to have a good dressmaker take you in hand and make you some really pretty gowns, like other young girls wear. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"YES, of course, if you think they would look pretty on me. I'm not fashionable, you know."

"Oh, I have hopes," she answered. "Inside of a year you will not know yourself, Dorothy," she assured me gaily. She was right, I didn't. At the end of that time I was the most unutterably miserable human soul on earth.

"You don't mind my beginning right away, do you, dear?" she asked, drawing her chair nearer. "It's all because I'm so interested—you understand."

"Of course," I stammered, "I'm much obliged. But don't bother with me. You could never in the world make me lovely, like you."

"Nonsense," she laughed. "If you will only help me, we can do wonders.

"First, then—you have a way of clasping your hands in tight knots like this—that makes you appear, well—pathetic, Dorothy, like some forlorn little object who is not used to anything. Then when people call at the house you either sit on the extreme edge of your chair, or so far back that your feet scarcely touch the floor. While as for taking any part in the conversation, my dear, you might as well be deaf and dumb. And when you do say little things you look frightened to death," she flashed a merry look at me. "Why Dorothy, if I didn't know you as well as I do, I would think you were a perfect little numskull, instead of the really clever girl that I'm sure you must be. Don't try to talk too much just at first, dear, but always make yourself appear interested in what others are saying.

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forted me, as a child, by telling me that he and Billy had no looks to brag about either. Billy was my nearest and dearest child neighbor. He had grown up in our back yard, and his ugliness was of a more positive, striking character than mine, which was always a great solace. I was merely colorless, negative, like so many very shy, retiring people are. It almost seems as though nature arranges it so on purpose to shield them from observation.

I RARELY saw Billy after father married. My stepmother impaled him on a pin too, and Billy said he wouldn't stand it. He only came to dinner with us once after her arrival; and, honestly, I don't see how he did manage to do so many dreadful things during one short meal.

Ever after my stepmother called him "that impossible person," and Billy called her the "Spanish Inquisition," and said he didn't see why I endured it when I could marry him and get away from it all.

After we moved into our great new house we were never alone. On the rare occasions when we were not indulging in a mad round of dances, card parties, receptions and theaters, there was a gay throng of my stepmother's friends with us. They were far more at home than I, or father either, but he was away most of the time. None of them liked me, and I was deadly afraid of them all. They were so bright and cold and sharp, always happy and self-possessed. I'm sure that I haven't a proper sense of humor, for what they said was not often funny to me. It frequently hurt and rarely amused. But I smiled and smiled, and shrank deeper into my shell. I danced badly, made unpardonable blunders at bridge, and my wit was of that variety known as stair-case wit, a tardy, unprofitable kind. My escorts were my stepmother's admirers. They asked me solely to please her. They did not do it graciously, but that was not necessary. Often they made side remarks, and if it so happened that I heard—why, they were sure I hadn't the humor to appreciate them; besides, my smile never changed.

Oh, I made martyrs by the score, only they didn't suffer their martyrdom for any great cause, but for such laughable things as invitations to dinners and dances, for cups of tea and sandwiches.

I believe I would have endured anything in the world, though, if only my stepmother had not come between my father and myself—not that she did so intentionally, I never did her the injustice of thinking that—she only went to him with all her tribulations over me. She repeated my idiotic speeches and *faux pas* to him—all in that delightfully humorous, inimitable way she had of telling things. She meant no harm, but if she could just have left him in ignorance of my imperfections. He loved me truly once, I even think he was a little proud of me, for no particular reason except that I was dear to him. Afterwards he looked at me with different eyes. He saw me as I appeared to others.

Once I was so unfortunate as to overhear a part of her conversation with him:

"I came too late, Dick," she said, sorrowfully. "You should have married me ten years ago. Sometimes I am hopeless. If I could only trust her entirely, dear," she added, "but there is something secretive about her. She can not always meet my eye. It is a dreadful thing to say, Dick, but——"

Father laughed. "Oh, try to forget poor, shy little Dorothy for a few minutes," he said. "She is only a pathetic child in the wrong place."

When I succeeded in reaching my room later, I dropped down on the floor beside the bed and prayed with all my soul—not to God, but to the mother I never knew. "Teach me how to live, mother," I implored, over and over again. "Tell me what to do—you must know—real mothers always know how to help their children."

After this it seemed impossible to get back to the old every-day footing. We both grew intensely nervous and I irritable. I exaggerated little things, and avoided her as much as possible. Finally one day I declined to go to a dance when I knew she had asked one of her friends to take me.

"What is your reason for refusing?" she asked. I told her.

"You would have had a very quiet Winter if you had declined all such invitations," she informed me with a quiet smile.

"It is odd," she continued with a puzzled frown, "that you should be so ill at ease with every one who amounts to anything, Dorothy. Your father has always had so many talented and brilliant friends that I should think you would have learned to be at home with them."

"I have," I answered, my voice trembling at my own temerity. "I'm only afraid of the people who pretend to be something and are nothing. No truly great, wise man could ever make a girl feel the way your friends do. I hate them as much as they hate me. There is not a single real man among them."

"The first thing you need to learn," said my stepmother, pityingly, "is repose of manner. I suppose it was a little too much for me to expect appreciation or gratitude from you."

One drizzly day I became desperate, and putting on a short walking-skirt and heavy coat, started out with no idea where I was going. In the hall I passed my stepmother.

"Where are you going, Dorothy?" she asked.

"I don't know," I answered wearily.

"Why are you so mysterious and silent about everything?" she asked impatiently. "Why can't you be frank and outspoken like other girls? I demand to know where you are going. It makes me anxious not to know. I don't——"

"You don't trust me," I broke in, "yes, I know—well, I am going out of this house, that is all I am sure of."

"I don't believe you," she answered, really angry.

I slammed the door behind me and left. After I had walked a dozen blocks or so, I hailed a hansom and directed the driver to take me to the little house on the outskirts of town where we had once lived. When we reached there I told him to wait, and went through the rickety side gate into the back yard. Leaning against an old locust tree I looked sorrowfully about me. How lonely and deserted it seemed—all the shutters drawn, and so neglected and deathly still, with the big "For Rent" sign pasted on it.

"It is like me," I thought, "homely and old-fashioned. Nobody wants it. I shall die or go mad," I whispered. "I can not go back and face it all—be patronized and tolerated and corrected until the end of time. I would rather die—I won't go back!"

AS I STOOD there in the drizzling rain, indulging in these profitless reflections, Billy's head appeared on his side of the fence and in an instant he was over it and by my side.

"What has happened, Dorothy?" he exclaimed anxiously, when he saw my tragic face.

"Billy, do you still love me?" I asked excitedly. "If you do, marry me and bring me back here to live. I can't stand it any longer!"

"But perhaps you don't care enough," I murmured miserably, suddenly conscious of his silence.

"As if there could be any limit to my love!" Billy exclaimed to the world at large.

"Don't you really know that you are all I ever had, all I ever wanted?" he said, a note of wonder in his voice. "But, Dorothy," he confessed humbly, "never did a more unworthy mortal breathe the breath of life than I—still, I'm going to try to live up to you, dear— -"

"Don't," I begged, "don't let's try to live up to anything—just let's be ourselves."

I was crying in earnest now, my tiny handkerchief had become merely a little wet dab.

"I'm so tired of trying to be attractive, Billy," I sobbed.

Then he took me in his arms and bent his cheek to my tear-stained one.

"Don't cry, little girl," he pleaded. "Please, please don't cry like that!—I can't stand it."

"Oh, I'm happy," I explained brokenly. "I'm beginning to feel almost human for the first time in a million years."

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You Must Count on Spending a Minimum of $5,000 for Four Years' Training

TO WIN SUCCESS IN OPERA

BY VICTOR MAUREL

Editor's Note:—Mr. Maurel knows what he is talking about, and talks with intelligence, honesty and charm

Grand Opera is Still an Exotic in America

IN THIS country, where grand opera is still an exotic form of art, dependent for its existence on the patronage of fashion and wealth, and where it is sung in any language but the mother tongue, there is scant opportunity for the beginner.

Greatly as I deplore this state of affairs, common sense forces me to recognize conditions as they exist and to take account of their prejudicial effect upon the chances of our aspiring young singers. Grand opera in this country is conducted under the "star system," which excludes from the personnel of our companies in New York, Boston and Chicago nearly every one who lacks experience and reputation. Only the rare event of chance or dire necessity will open the stage doors of our opera-houses to the young American singer until he or she has acquired routine or won fame in the foreign field. Gratifyingly large is the percentage of American-born singers in the Metropolitan Opera company, but all of the leading American artists, with two exceptions, were engaged after they had won prominence abroad.

But We Have Competent Teachers at Home

EMPHATICALLY, this does not mean that the American operatic aspirant must go abroad to prepare for opera. Time was when this was a necessity, and the result has been not alone a great economic loss to this country, but a long, sad list of wasted and ruined lives. Our native-born prima donnas have revealed the naked truth so often in the light of their experiences, that American parents who to-day trust their daughters to go abroad for studies that can be pursued in this country are in most instances guilty of criminal negligence. By this I intend no sweeping indictment of foreign teachers. I merely would warn parents against sending their children unprotected among strangers, far from the restraint and guidance that are essential to youth, when their studies can be accomplished successfully here under wholesome American influences.

Where the honest opinion of an operatic singer or conductor can not be obtained, reliance must be placed upon the teacher. But let it be a qualified teacher. There are instructors in New York, who have achieved success on the operatic stage in this country and abroad, who are sending pupils direct from their studios to the operatic stages of Europe. And here, as well as elsewhere, are teachers who are merely charlatans professing to coach pupils for opera. This should discourage no one. It is easy to separate the wheat from the chaff by the exercise of a little common sense. The surest test of a competent teacher should be his record for successfully launching pupils in the operatic career. If he can point to none such, study with him is likely to prove a costly experiment. It isn't enough that the teacher be able to say that this or that successful artist was at one time his pupil. Many singers have attained success through their good fortune in escaping from incompetent teachers.

How to Find the Right Man

FIND the man through whose studio door the pupils step onto the operatic stage.

One of the surest tests of the honest and competent teacher will be the frankness with which he will lay bare every angle of the operatic situation for the pupils, parents or patrons. After testing the student's capacities, he should be able to tell for what style of opera the aspirant is best suited, the probable length of the period of preparation, where and how the début may be accomplished, and the probable cost of the transaction from beginning to end. I would not undertake to say how many promising operatic careers are spoiled by inadequate financing, but the number is distressingly high.

Preparation for opera is a more expensive proceeding than launching a career in any of the other learned or artistic pursuits. It involves the development of the student's mental, physical and musical capacities. On the vocal side, the pupil must expect to pay for vocal instruction, for opera-class rehearsals, and for the services of a coach or accompanist. The intellectual training involves language lessons, instruction in harmony and for some pupils a special course in diction. On the physical side, the student must acquire grace in pose and gesture. And I insist that my pupils

learn the "why" as well as the "how" of gesticulation. Practical experience in dancing and fencing are necessarily part of the development of the technique of physical expression for the opera-singer.

I may add here that a pupil is not prepared thoroughly for a début until he or she has a repertoire of from six to ten rôles *and can speak understandingly the language in which these operas are to be sung*. And the pupil must be master of the stage business, and the stage traditions, and be prepared at a moment's notice to assume the rôle at dress rehearsal.

We must get these preliminaries clearly in mind. In the first place it will cost at least $1,500 a year for a period of not less than three years to cover the pupil's tuition and living expenses before he or she is ready for an operatic début.

To that must be added the outlay for the trip to Europe, for the début, and an additional sum to cover living expenses over there for another year, as the operatic salaries for beginners are merely nominal. Therefore, unless the parents or patrons can see their way clear to provide a minimum of $5,000 within four years, they had better not encourage the pupil's ambitions.

Few young singers can plan successfully for their future, because they are prone to an enlarged estimate of their abilities and an inadequate realization of their shortcomings. We have to take stock of both the positive and negative qualities. Undeveloped talent is a precarious asset, while a physical or temperamental limitation is a disagreeable reality, never to be ignored, because in most instances it can never be overcome.

Only by balancing the promise of the pupil's talents against his deficiencies are we able to get the proper perspective of his artistic capacity.

It Takes More Than Voice to Bring Success

A SUCCESSFUL operatic career demands temperamental capacity, musical inclination, physical fitness and vocal ability. I am speaking now only with reference to modern opera. In the older operas, physical and temperamental deficiencies, even a lack of musicianship, were no bar to success. Vocal agility rather than dramatic expression was the chief consideration in these works. But the day of the opera in which sound and sense have no relation is passing.

For our purpose, temperament may be defined as the capacity for feeling and expressing emotion. But the temperamental expression that would suffice for a concert-singer would not fulfil operatic requirements. The artist behind the proscenium must have the gift of dramatic realization, which implies the power to create an illusion and project it across the footlights.

Certain physical attributes might be hostile to the creation of a dramatic illusion. A heroic tenor voice in a squat figure would not be worth while in modern opera. The question may arise therefore whether some students might find it worth while to attempt an operatic career within the circumscribed repertoire to which they would be confined by their physical limitations.

My test for temperamental capacity is the pupil's imagination. Whenever it exists, it will disclose itself, no matter how crude the manifestation. Imagination is the fuel that feeds the flame of artistic inspiration. Without it the most flawless technique is cold and unsympathetic. Illusion is the aim of dramatic art.

And what is illusion but the concrete expression of the actor's imagination? The pupil who lacks it will be incapable of emotional development. Where it exists it can be heightened by introspection and observation until it is strong enough to carry its possessor across the gulf that lies between the dramatic *sense* and the dramatic *gift*. For every artist learns by bitter experience that it is one thing to *feel* an emotion and quite another to give it *dramatic expression*. But with a vivid imagination and physical plasticity the pupil will in time acquire the power to create new rôles and to recreate old ones by the magic touch of individuality. He will learn to appreciate what creates interest, and why; and therein lies the secret of dramatic technique.

The Leader Now Controls the Singer

THE importance of the orchestra in modern opera brings another test for the candidate. In the old-style operas the conductor watched the singer's lips and dragged in the accompaniment to suit his rhythmic vagaries. Such liberties are now not tolerated. The singer follows the conductor's beat as closely as do the instrumentalists. The orchestra is no longer employed as support to the singers, but plays an independent part in the symphonic illumination of the text. Dissonances, cross rhythms and changes of key are frequent in modern orchestration. To feel one's part dramatically and be at ease in it musically under such conditions is impossible where the singer is lacking in musical aptitude. The modern opera-singer must be musical to his finger-tips. He must be master, moreover, of the laws of harmonic structure. He must know and feel the constant changes of mood in the ever-shifting texture of the opera's orchestral setting. Such development is impossible for the pupil who lacks a sense of rhythm or keen musical inclination.

Voice is the final test for the operatic neophyte. Though it is the first consideration, I place it last, for the pupil who has voice and nothing else does not belong in grand opera.

On the other hand, the possession of great temperamental and musical gifts joined to personal graces may command success in spite of vocal deficiencies.

Not a Rosy Picture, But a True One

I HOPE I have made clear what talents are necessary for operatic success and what time and money must be expended in the period of preparation. Perhaps I have not painted a rosy picture for the operatic neophyte. I have told only the truth. The way is not easy indeed. But some day soon, if the operatic development in this country continues, conditions will be less hard. The day is not far off when all our larger cities will maintain companies for the performance of grand opera in English. And in saying this I am not opposing either the standards or the methods of the Metropolitan Opera House and its allied companies in Boston and Chicago.

I admit willingly that the highest artistic standards can be achieved only when opera is sung in the language to which the composer fashioned his music, and by artists who have mastered the particular style of the composer's school.

On the other hand, I insist that in modern opera, which is drama set to music, a complete understanding of the text is essential to an intelligent appreciation of the work. Any one who has tried to follow an opera with the aid of a libretto will know just what I am driving at. To ninety per cent. of our people, modern music drama, sung in a foreign tongue, is merely musical pantomime. They hear the music, but can only guess now and then from the attitudes of the singers what the composer is trying to express. The intimate beauties of the work are lost.

I think no one will question my devotion to lofty artistic ideals, but we can be too top-lofty at times. To educate the public up to those ideals we shall have to begin by bringing operatic art within the popular comprehension, and that can never be achieved except through opera in the vernacular.

Lest I be misunderstood, I wish to say that five-dollar opera can never be popular opera. The Metropolitan Opera company and its allies have their place, and should be maintained under existing conditions. But we must look out for musical snobbishness in our further operatic development. Smaller communities than New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia will not be able to maintain opera-companies without popular support, and this they can never achieve except through opera written and sung in English.

Faith in the American People

I HAVE great faith that the common sense of the American people will assert itself and that we shall have opera for the people in the language of the people throughout this country as they have in Europe. And in that good day it is not hard to foresee that the door of opportunity will stand wide open to the American singer.

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Training

THE WAY OF AMBITION

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

MORE than a year had passed away. April held sway over Algeria. In the white Arab house on the hill Claude and Charmian still lived and Claude still worked.

From the night when Claude and Armand Gillier had returned to Mustapha after the visit to Constantine "the opera" had been to Charmian almost as a living thing. She thought of it as their child, Claude's and hers. They had no other child. She did not regret that. Claude had learned to work in his home without difficulty. The paralysis which had beset him in Kensington had not returned. The embarrassment of beginning was gone. And something else was gone—the sense of secret combat which in the first months of their marriage had made life so difficult to both of them.

The man had given in to the woman. When Claude left England with Gillier's bought libretto he was a conquered man. He was no longer reserved about the work with Charmian. The barriers were broken down. The wife knew what the husband was doing. They "talked things over."

AT THE end of April, Alston Lake came to visit them.

Since those London days when they had first met him, Lake had made great progress toward the fulfilment of his ambition. His energy and will were beginning to reap a good reward. He was making money, enough money to live upon. But he had still to pay back his big debt to Jacob Crayford, had still to achieve his great desire—an appearance in Grand Opera. When he had arrived at Djenan-el-Maqui he brought with him, as of old, an infectious atmosphere of enthusiasm. With his iron will he combined a light heart. He had none of the childishness that surprised, and sometimes charmed, in Jacques Sennier; but much that was boyish still pleasantly lingered with him. In him, too, there was something courageous that inspired courage in others.

This time, he announced, he could stay for a month if they did not mind. He wanted a thorough rest before the many concerts he was going to sing at during the London season. Both Charmian and Claude were delighted. Wher Claude heard of it he was silent for a moment. Then he began to reckon.

"The eleventh day, isn't it? By a month do you mean a month or four weeks?"

"Well, four weeks, old chap."

"That is less than a month."

"I wish it wasn't. But I have to sing in London at the Bachstein Hall on May the twelfth. So I'm running it pretty close as it is."

"May the eighth you go, then?" said Claude.

"That's it. But why these higher mathematics?"

Claude only smiled and went out of the room.

Claude did not join Alston Lake in making h
Indeed Charmian noticed that he was working
harder than usual, as if Lake's coming had been
centive to him.

"I don't apologize to you, Alston," he said.

"Odd, if you did, when I was the first to try a
you on to an opera. Besides, you can't get ahe
fast now. There's——"

He stopped.

"Crayford'll be over this Summer," he remarke
ing a casual tone to his voice.

"Ah!" said Claude.

And the conversation dropped.

"HE'S working almost too hard," Charmian sa
day when she and Alston were sitting in the
d'Essai, "and he will work at night now. He neve
to do that. Don
think he's beginn
look rather whit
worn out?"

She spoke with
anxiety.

"Sometimes he
look a bit tired,"
allowed. "But a
bound to, when h
his back into a
And there's not
doubt as to w
old Claude's back
the opera. I say
Charmian, how f
he got, exactly?"

"Practically
whole of the mu
composed, I bel
It's the orchest
that takes such a
time."

"Well, and ho
has that got? Cl
never told me
out. Composers
do. And I know
ter than to pump
It's fatal—that.
simply can't stan

"I know. I b
the opera migh
ready by the end
year."

"Not before the

They looked at
other, then Cha
said:

"Oh, Alston! if
only knew how di
it is to me to wai
wait and not to
any impatience to
Sometimes—well,
and then, I've shut
self in and cried
impatience, cried
grily. I've wante
bite things. One
actually did bite
low."

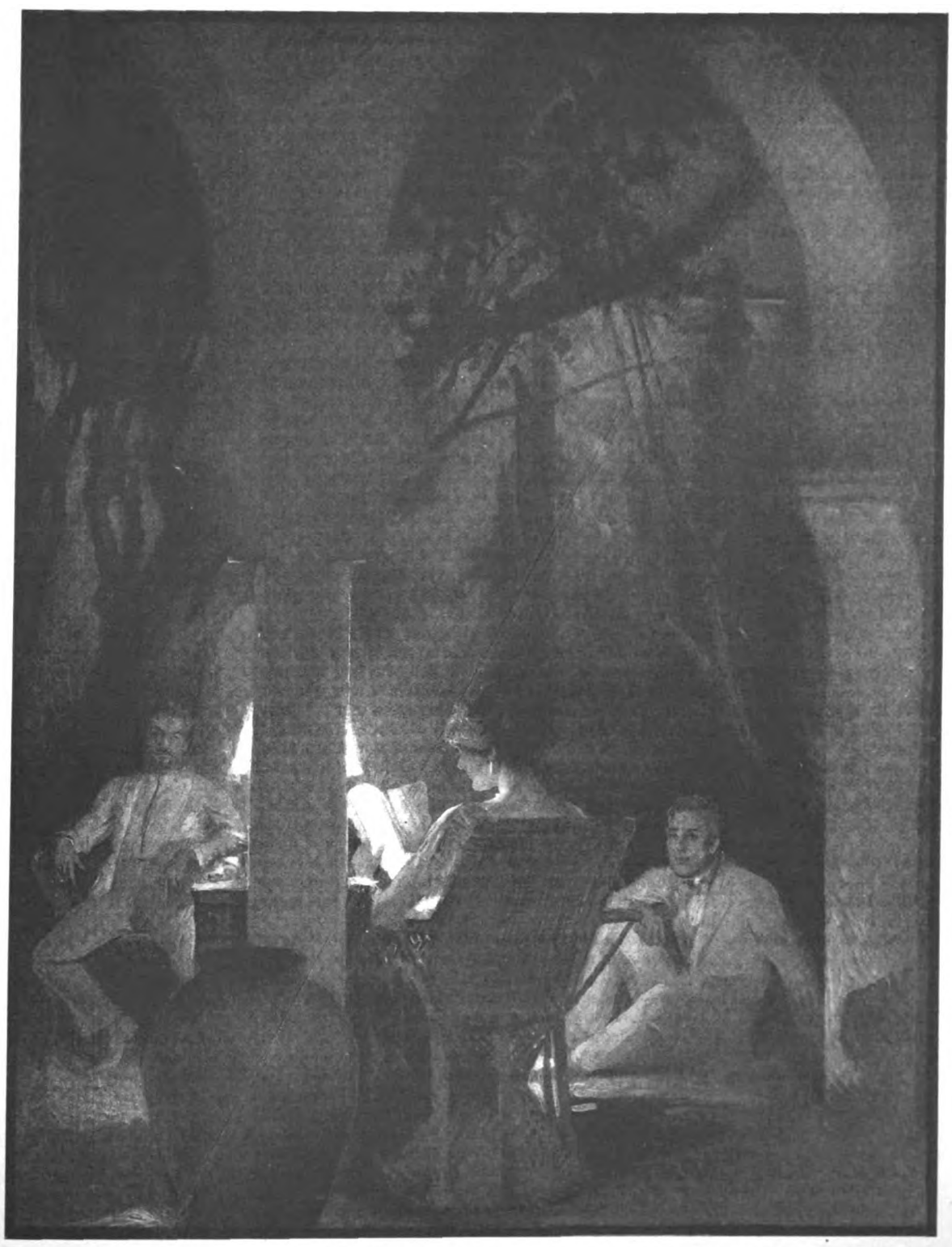
She laughed, bu
cheeks were flushe

"It's the perp
keeping it in th
such a tormen
know how wick
would be to hurry
and he does wor
hard. And I've
of people taking
years over an o
Claude only be
about a year and
months ago.
been marvelo
quick really. Bu
sometimes I feel
this sup[illegible]d i
tience is [illegible] m
physically an[illegible] me
ly as if it were a
of poison stealing
through me! Can you understand?"

"Can I! You bet! I only wish the thing coul
ready before Crayford goes back to the States."

"When does he go?"

"Some time in September, I believe. He goes on



At ten o'clock that night Charmian began to read the libretto to the two men

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Charmian Mansfield marries Claude Heath, led by a belief that it is her destiny to mold his career and win for him the fame as a composer which he is too reserved to seek, or even desire, for himself. She devotes all her energies to fulfilling that destiny. Because all the musical world is talking about an opera by a Frenchman named Sennier, she finds a libretto for Claude, and persuades him to live in Algiers until the opera is finished. She interests a young American singer—Alston Lake—in her husband, and through him she expects to engage the help of an American impresario, Jacob Crayford. Claude, spurred to an artificial desire for fame, to satisfy his wife's ambition, works doggedly at a kind of music for which he feels his talent is not fitted.

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Continent after July. Of course, July he's in London, —June too. Then he has his 'cure' at Divonne. If only —when do you come to London?"

Charmian suddenly grasped his arm.

"Alston, I'll keep him here, give up London—anything, to have the opera finished by the end of August."

"Well, but the heat!"

"I don't believe it's too hot up on the hill where we are, with all those trees. Every afternoon I expect there's a breeze from the sea. I know we could stand it. It's only April now. That would mean four solid months of steady work. But—then——"

"I'd bring Crayford over."

"Would he come?"

"I'd make him."

"But we might——"

"No, Mrs. Charmian. He ought to hear it in Mustapha. I know him. He's a hard business man, but he's awfully susceptible, too. And then he's great on scenic effects. Now he's never been in Africa. Think of the glamour of it, especially in Summer, when the real Africa emerges, by Gee! in all its blue and fire. We'd plunge him in it, you and I. That Casbeh scene—you know—the third act! I'd take him there by moonlight on a September night—full moon! Show him the women on their terraces, and in their courts, the town dropping down to the silver below, while the native music—by Gee! We'd dazzle him, we'd spread the magic carpet for him, we'd carry him away till he couldn't say no, till he'd be as mad on the thing as we are!'"

"Oh, Alston, if we could!"

She had caught all his enthusiasm. It seemed to her as if in North Africa Mr. Crayford could not refuse the opera. From that moment she had made up her mind. No London season! Whatever happened, she and Claude were going to remain at Djenan-el-Maqui till the opera was finished, finished to the last detail.

On the last day of Alston's visit, Charmian and he understood why Claude's mathematical powers had been brought to bear on the question of its exact duration. Claude himself explained with rather a rueful face.

"I hoped—I thought if you were going to stay for the extra three days I might possibly have the finale of the opera finished. Even when you told me your month meant four weeks I thought I would have a tremendous try to complete it. Well, I have had a tremendous try, but I've failed. I must have two more weeks, I believe, before I conquer the monster."

He was looking very pale, had dark rings under his eyes, and moved his hands nervously while he was speaking.

"That was it!" exclaimed Alston. "I couldn't make out."

"Yes, that was it."

Charmian and Alston exchanged a quick glance.

"When you've done the finale," Alston said, with the firmness of one who spoke with permission, even perhaps by special request, "will the opera be practically finished?"

"Finished! Good Heavens, no!"

"Well, but if it's the finale of the whole opera—" said Charmian.

"I've got bits here and there to do, and a lot to re-do."

Again Charmian and the American exchanged glances.

"I say, old chap," said Alston, "you read Balzac, don't you?"

"Of course. But what has that to do with the opera?"

"Did you ever read that story of his about a painter who was always striving to attain perfection, could never let a picture alone, was forever adding new touches, painting details out and other details in? One day he called in his friends to see his masterpiece. When they came, they found a mere mess of paint representing nothing."

"Well—" said Claude, rather stiffly.

"You've got a splendid talent. I hope you're going to trust it."

Claude said nothing, and Alston, in his easy, almost boyish, way, glanced off to some other topic. But before he started for England he said to Charmian:

"Do watch him a bit if you can, Mrs. Charmian, for overelaboration. Don't let him work it to death, I mean, till all the spontaneity is gone. I believe that's a danger with him. Somehow I think he lacks complete confidence in himself."

"You see it's the first time he has ever tried to do an opera."

"I know. It's natural enough. But do watch out for overelaboration."

"I'll try to. But I have to be very careful with Claude."

"How d'you mean, exactly?"

"He can be very reserved."

"Yes, but you know how to take him. And—well—we can't let the opera be anything but a big success, can we?"

If Claude had heard that "we"!

"I say, shall we walk around the garden?" Alston added, after a pause. "It isn't quite time to go, and I want to talk things over before Claude comes down to see the last of me."

"Yes, yes."

They went out, and descended the steps from the terrace. "I wanted to tell you, Mrs. Charmian, that I'm going to bring Crayford over, whatever happens, whether the opera's done or not. There's heaps ready for him to judge by. And you must read him the libretto."

"I?" exclaimed Charmian, startled.

"Yes, you. Study it up! Recite it yourself. Learn to give it all and more than its value. That libretto is going to catch hold of Crayford right away, if you read it and read it well."

When she had recovered from her first shock of surprise Charmian felt radiantly happy. She had something to do. Alston, with his shrewd outlook, was bringing her a step farther into this enterprise. He was right. She remembered Crayford. A woman should read him the libretto, and in a *décor*—swiftly her imagination began to work. The *décor* should be perfection—and her gown!

"How clever of you to think of that, Alston!" she exclaimed. "I'll study as if I were going to be an actress."

"That's the proposition! By Jove! you and I understand each other over this. I know Crayford by heart. We've got to what the French call '*eblouir*' him when we get him here. We must play upon him with the scenery proposition—what he can do in the way of wonderful new stage effects. When we've got him thoroughly worked up over the libretto and the scenery prop, we'll begin to let him hear the music, but not a moment before. We can't be too careful, Mrs. Charmian. Crayford's a man who doesn't start going in a hurry on newly laid rails. He wants to test every bally sleeper, pretty nearly. But once get him going, and the evening express from New York City to Chicago isn't in it with him. Now you and I have got to get him started before he ever comes to old Claude. In fact——"

He paused, put one finger to his firm round chin.

"But we can decide that a bit later on."

"'That'? What, Alston?"

"I was going to say it might be as well to get Claude out of the way for a day or two while we start on old Crayford here. I suppose it could be managed somehow?"

"Alston—" Charmian stopped on the path between the geraniums—"anything can be managed that will help to persuade Mr. Crayford to accept Claude's opera."

He wrung her hand and shouted for Claude.

It was really time for him to go.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

CHARMIAN studied the libretto minutely, practised reading it aloud. It was, of course, written in French, and she found a clever woman, retired from a theatrical career in Paris, Madame Thénant, who gave her lessons in elocution, and who finally said that she read the libretto "*assez bien*." This from Madame Thénant, who had played Dowagers at the Comedie Française, was a high compliment. Charmian felt that she was ready to make an effect on Jacob Crayford. She was in active correspondence with Alston Lake, who was still in London, and who had had greater success than before. From him she knew that Crayford was in town, and would take his usual "cure" in August at Divonne-les-Bains. Lake had "begun upon him" warily, but had not yet even hinted at the visit to Africa. After his "cure" Crayford proposed making a motor tour. He thought nothing of running all over Europe in his car. Lake was going presently to speak of the perfect surface of the Algerian roads—"the best way, perhaps, of getting him to go to Algeria." He still wanted operas "badly," and had asked after the Heaths directly he arrived in London. Lake had replied that Claude was finishing off an opera.

"Was he? Where?" Alston had evaded the question, giving the impression that Claude wished to remain hidden away. Thereupon Crayford had asked after Charmian, and had been informed that of course she was with her husband. "Turtle doves, eh?" Crayford had dropped the subject, but had eventually returned to it again in a casual way. Had Lake heard the opera? Some of it. Did it seem any good? Lake had not expressed an opinion. He had shrewdly made rather a mystery of the whole thing. This, as he expected, had put Crayford on the alert. Since the success of Jacques Sennier he saw the hand of his rival, the "Metropolitan," everywhere, like the giant hand of one of the great trusts. Lake's air of mystery had evidently made him suspect that Claude had some reason for keeping away and making a sort of secret of what he was doing. Finally he had inquired point-blank whether any one was after young Heath's opera. Lake could not say anything as to that. "Why didn't he write in Europe anyway, where folk could get at him if they wanted to?" had been the next question. Lake's answer had rather indicated that the composer was very glad to have a good stretch of ocean between himself and any "folk" who might want to get at him.

This was the point at which the Lake correspondence with Charmian stood in the first week of August. His last letter lay on her knee one afternoon, as she sat in a hidden nook at the bottom of the garden, with the delicate bamboos rustling in a warm south wind about her.

Claude knew nothing of this exchange of letters, of all the planning and plotting. Charmian did nothing to disturb him. She wished him to be possessed by the work, to do it now merely for its own sake. The result of his labors would probably be better if that were so. If Crayford did come—and he must come! Charmian was willing it every day—his coming would be a surprise to Claude, and would seem a surprise to Charmian. She would get rid of Claude for a few days when Lake forewarned her that their arrival was imminent, would persuade him to take a little holiday; to go, perhaps, up into the cork woods to Hammam R'rirha. He was very pale, had dark circles beneath his eyes. The incessant work was beginning to tell upon him severely. Charmian saw that. But how could she beg him to rest now, when it was so vital to their interests that the opera should be finished as soon as possible? In fact, they were living for, and in, the opera. And Charmian, devoured by her secret ambition, had no heart to play a careful wife's part. She had the will to urge her man on. She had no will to hold him back. Afterward he could rest, he should rest—on the bed of his laurels.

She smiled now when she thought of that.

About the middle of August, Charmian had news from Lake that his campaign on Claude's behalf had every prospect of success. Crayford was now at Divonne-les-Bains, but had invited Lake to join him in a motor tour as soon as his "cure"—by no means a severe one—was over.

"That tour, Mrs. Charmian, as I'm a living man with good prospects, will end on the quay at Marseilles, and start again on the quay at Algiers. Crayford has tried to bring off a fresh deal with Sennier, but has been beaten off by Pierrot in petticoats, as he calls the great Henriette. She asked for the earth, and all planets and constellations besides. Now they are at daggers drawn. That's bully for us. Take out your bottom dollar and bet it that I bring him over before September is ten days old."

The thirtieth of August arrived. In the afternoon of that day she received the following telegram from Alston Lake:

"Crayford and I start motor trip to-morrow. He thinks Germany. Have no fear; all right. Marseilles or I Dutchman. LAKE."

On the fourth of September, Charmian had got rid of Claude, and, in a condition of expectation that was tinged agreeably with triumph, was awaiting the arrival of important visitors.

Charmian had been alone for five days when another telegram came: "Starting to-morrow for Algiers by the *Timgad*. Hurrah. ALSTON."

When the day came on which the *Timgad* was due, she was in a fever of excitement. She went about the little house rearranging the furniture, putting the flowers in all the vases. Of course Mr. Crayford and Alston would stay at an hotel. But no doubt they would spend a good deal of time at the villa. She would insist on their dining with her that night.

It was half-past four when a sound struck on her ears, a loud and trembling chord, a buzz, the rattle of a "cut-out." The blessed noises drew near. They were certainly in the little by-road which led to the house. They ceased. She did not move, but sat where she was with a fast-beating heart.

"Well, this is a cute little snuggery, and no mistake!"

It was Crayford's voice in the court of the bougainvillea.

She bent her head and pored over her book. In a moment Alston Lake's voice said, in French:

"In the garden! No, don't call her, Bibi, we will find her."

"Look well on the stage, that boy," said Crayford's voice. "No mistake at all about its being picturesque over here."

Then the two men came into sight in the sunshine. Instantly Alston said, as he took off his Panama hat:

"You got my wire from Marseilles, Mrs. Charmian?"

"Oh, yes, I was expecting you! But I didn't know when. Mr. Crayford, how kind of you to come over here in September! No one ever does."

She had got up rather languidly and was holding out her hand.

"Guess it's the proper time to come," said Crayford, squeezing her hand. "See a bit of the real thing! I don't believe in tourist seasons at all. Tourists always choose the wrong time, seems to me."

By the look in his eyes as he glanced around him, Charmian saw that he was under the spell of Djenan-el-Maqui.

"You must have tea, iced drinks, whatever you like," she said. "I'm all alone—as you see."

"What's that?" said Crayford.

"My husband is away."

Crayford's lips pursed themselves. For a moment he looked like a man who finds he has been "had." In that moment Charmian knew that his real reason in "running over" to North Africa had certainly been the opera.

"Gone to England?" asked Crayford, carelessly.

"Oh, no. He's been working too hard, and ran away by himself for a little holiday to a place near here, Hammam R'rirha. He'll be sorry to miss you. I know how busy you always are, so I suppose you'll only stay a day or two?"

Crayford's keen eyes suddenly fastened upon her.

"Yes, I haven't too much time," he remarked dryly.

They all sat down, and again Crayford looked around, stretching out his short and muscular legs.

"Cute, and no mistake!" he observed, with a sigh, as he pulled at the tiny beard. "Think of living here now! Pity I'm not a composer, eh, Alston?"

He ended with a laugh.

"And what's your husband been up to, Mrs. Heath?" he continued, settling himself more comfortably in his big chair. "You've been over here for a big bunch of Sundays, Alston tells me—week-days too."

"Oh—" she seemed to be hesitating.

Alston's boyish eyes twinkled with appreciation.

"Well, we came here—we wanted to be quiet."

"You've got out of sight of Broadway, that's certain."

Tea and iced drinks were brought out. They talked of casual matters. The softness of late afternoon, warm, scented, exotic, dreamed in the radiant air. And Crayford said:

"It's cute! It's cute!"

He had removed his hat now and almost lay back in his chair. Presently he said:

"Seems to me years since I've rested like this, Alston!"

"I believe it is many years," said Lake, with a little satisfied laugh. "I've never seen you do it before."

"'Cepting the 'cure.' And that don't amount to anything."

"Stay and dine, won't you?" said Charmian. "If you're not bored."

"Bored!" said Crayford.

"We'll dine just as we are. I'll go in and see the cook about it."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," said Crayford. "But I don't want to put you out."

"You must stay. It is cooler here."

She got up and went slowly into the house.

"Stunning figure she's got, and no mistake!" observed Crayford, following her with his eyes. "But I say,

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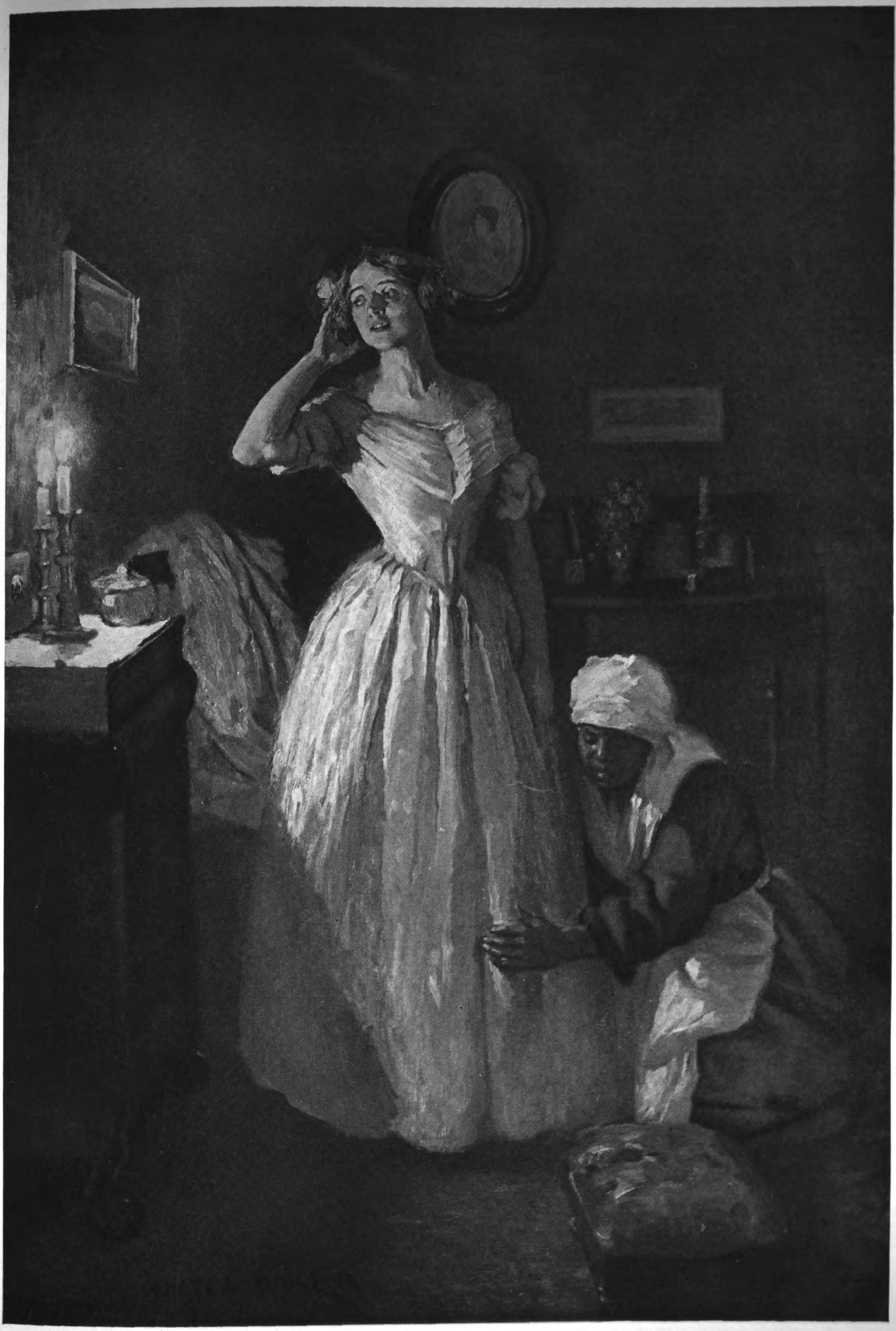

THIS PAINTING BY MR. WALTER BIGGS BEGINS AN HISTORIC SERIES TRACING THE CHANGING FASHIONS DURING THE HALF CENTURY SINCE EBENEZER BUTTERICK CUT HIS FIRST PAPER PATTERN, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF STERLING, MASS.
THE SERIES WILL BE CALLED "FIFTY YEARS OF DELINEATOR GIRLS," OF WHICH THE FIRST IS:

THE GIRL OF 1863

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Alston, what about this fellow, Heath? Now I'm over here, I ought to have a look at what he's up to. She seemed to want to avoid the subject, I thought. D'you think he's writing on commission? Or perhaps some one's seen the music. The Metropolitan crowd——"

They fell into a long discussion on opera prospects, during which Alston Lake succeeded in giving Crayford an impression that there might be some secret in connection with Claude Heath's opera. This set the impresario bristling. He was like a terrier at the opening of a rat-hole.

Charmian's little dinner that night was perfect. Crayford fell into a seraphic mood. Beneath his hard enterprise, his fierce energies, his armor of business equipment, there was a strain of romance of which he was half ashamed, and which he scarcely understood or was at ease with. That night it came rather near to the surface of him. As he stepped out into the court to take coffee, with an excellent Havana in his mouth, as he saw the deep and limpid sky glittering with strong, almost fierce stars, and farther, fainter stars, he heaved a long sigh.

"Bully!" he breathed. "Bully, and no mistake!"

Exactly how it all came about, Charmian did not remember afterward; Alston, she thought, must have prepared the way with masterly ingenuity. Or perhaps she—no, she was not conscious of having brought it about deliberately. The fact was this: at ten o'clock that night Charmian began to read the libretto of the opera to the two men who were smoking near the fountain.

It had seemed inevitable. The hour was propitious. They were all "worked up." The night, perhaps, played upon them after La Grande Jeanne had done her part. Crayford was obviously in his softest, most receptive mood. Alston was expansive, was in a gloriously hopeful condition; the opera was mentioned again. By whom? Surely by the hour or the night! It had to be mentioned and inevitably was. Crayford was sympathetic, spoke almost with emotion—a liqueur glass of excellent old brandy in his hand—of the young talented ones who must bear the banner of art bravely before the coming generations.

The libretto was touched upon. Alston surely begged her to read it. Or did she offer to do so, induced and deliciously betrayed into the definite by Alston? She and he were supposed to be playing into each other's hands. But, in that matter of the libretto, Charmian never was able to believe that they did so. The whole thing seemed somehow to "come about of itself."

Sitting with her feet on a stool, which she very soon got rid of, Charmian began to read, while Crayford luxuriously struck a match and applied it to another cigar. At that moment he was enjoying himself as only an incessantly and almost feverishly active man is able to in a rare interval of perfect repose, when life and nature say to him, "Rest! We have prepared this dim hour of stars, scents, silence, warmth, wonder, for you!" He was glad not to talk, glad to hear the sound of a woman's agreeable voice.

Just at first, as Charmian read, his attention was inclined to wander. The night was so vast, so starry and still, that, as he afterward said to himself, "It took every bit of ginger out of me." But Charmian had not studied with Madame Thénant for nothing. This was an almost supreme moment in her life, and she knew it. She might never have another opportunity of influencing fate so strongly on Claude's behalf. Madame Sennier's white face, set in the frame of an opera box, rose up before her. She took her feet off the stool, and let herself go.

Very late in the night Crayford's voice said:

"That's the best libretto since 'Carmen,' and I know something about libretti."

Charmian had her reward. He added, after a minute:

"Your reading, Mrs. Heath, was bully, simply bully!"

Charmian was silent. Her eyes were full of tears. At that moment she was incapable of speech. Alston Lake cleared his throat.

"Say," began Crayford, after a prolonged pause, during which he seemed to be thinking profoundly, pulling incessantly at his beard—"say, can't you get that husband of yours to come right back from wherever he is?"

With an effort Charmian regained self-control.

"Oh, yes, I could, of course. But—but I think he needs the holiday he is taking, badly."

"Been working hard, has he, sweating over the music?"

"Yes."

"Young 'uns must sweat, if they're to get there. That's all right. Ain't it, Alston?"

"Rather!"

"Can't you get him back?" continued Crayford.

The softness, the almost luxurious abandon of look and manner were dropping away from him. The man who has "interests," and who seldom forgets them for more than a very few minutes, began to reappear.

"Well, I might. But—why?"

"Don't he want to see his chum, Alston?"

"Certainly, he always likes to see Mr. Lake."

"Well, then——"

"The only thing is, he needs complete rest."

"And so do I, but d'you think I'm going to take it? Not I! It's the resters get left. You might telegraph that to your husband, and say it comes straight from me."

As they were leaving Djenan-el-Maqui, after Mr. Crayford had had a long drink, and while he was speaking to his chauffeur, who had the bonnet of the car up, Alston Lake whispered to Charmian:

"Don't wire to old Claude. Keep it up. You are masterly, quite masterly."

On the following day she received a note from Alston.

DEAR MRS. CHARMIAN:

You are a wonder. No one on earth could have managed him better. You might have known him from the cradle—yours, of course, not his! I'm taking him around to-day. He wants to go to Djenan-el-Maqui, I can see that. But I'm keeping him off it. Lie low, and mum's the word to Claude.

Your fellow conspirator,

ALSTON.

It was difficult to "lie low." But she obeyed and spent the long day alone. No one came to see her. Toward evening she felt deserted, presently even strangely depressed. If only Alston would come in for five minutes! Perhaps he would. She looked at the tiny watch which hung by her side at the end of a thin gold chain. The hands pointed to half-past nine. He might come yet. She listened. The night, one of a long succession of marvelous African nights, was perfectly still. The servants within the villa made no sound. Her little dog heaved a faint sigh and stirred, turning to push her long nose into a tempting fold of Charmian's skirt. But midway in her movement she paused, lifted her head, stared at the darkness with her small eyes, and uttered a muffled bark which was like an inquiry. Her nose was twitching.

"Some one is coming," thought Charmian. "Alston is coming."

Almost directly she heard the sound of wheels, and the dog, jumping down, with her lopetty movement, delivered herself up to a succession of calm barks. She was a gentle individual, and never showed any great animation, even in such a crisis as this. The sound of wheels ceased, and in a moment a voice called:

"Charmian! Where are you?"

"Claude!"

She felt that her face grew hot, though she was alone, and she had spoken the name to herself, for herself.

"I'm out here on the terrace!"

She felt astonished, guilty. She had thought that he would only come when she summoned him, perhaps tomorrow; that he would learn by telegram of the arrival of Crayford and Alston. Now she would have to tell him.

He came out into the court, looking very tall in the night.

"Are you surprised?"

He kissed her.

"Very! Very surprised!"

"I thought I had had enough holiday—that I would get back. I only decided to-day, quite suddenly."

"Then—didn't you enjoy your holiday?"

"I thought I was going to. I tried to. I even pretended to myself that I was enjoying it very much. But it was all subterfuge, I suppose. For to-day I found I must come back. The fact is, I can't keep away from the opera."

He ended with a little laugh.

"Who do you think is here?" she said.

"Here!"

He glanced round.

"I mean in Algiers."

"Tell me!"

"One is—Alston Lake."

"Alston! But why isn't he up here, then?"

"He has brought some one with him."

"Whom?"

"Jacob Crayford."

"Crayford here?"

"Yes, he dined here yesterday and stayed till past midnight. He wants to see you. I meant to telegraph to you almost directly."

"Wants to see me?"

"Yes. Claude, last night I read the libretto of the opera to him and Alston."

He was silent. It was dark in the court. She could not see his face clearly enough to know whether he was pleased or displeased.

"Well—what did Crayford think of it?"

"He said, 'It's the best libretto since Carmen.'"

"It is a good libretto."

"He was enthusiastic. Claude"—she put her hand on his arm—"he wants to hear your music."

"Has he said so?"

"Not exactly—not in so many words. But he seemed very much put out when he found you weren't here. And after he had heard the libretto he suggested my telegraphing to you to come straight back."

"Claude," she added, taking a resolution, "I don't think it would be wise for us to seem too eager about the opera with Mr. Crayford."

"But I have never even thought——"

"No, no. But now he's here, and thinks so much of the libretto, and wants to see you, it would be absurd of us to pretend that he might not be of great use to us. I mean, to pretend to ourselves. Of course, if he would take it, it would be too splendid."

"He never will."

"Why not? Covent Garden took Sennier's opera."

"I'm not a Sennier, unfortunately."

"What a pity it is you have not more belief in yourself!" she exclaimed, almost angrily.

She felt at that moment as if his lack of self-confidence might ruin their prospects.

"Oh, Claude," she continued in the same almost angry voice, "do pluck up a little belief in your own talent! Otherwise how can——"

She pulled herself up sharply.

"I can't help being angry," she continued. "I believe in you so much, and then you speak like this!"

Suddenly she burst into tears. Her depression culminated in this breakdown, which surprised her as much as it astonished Claude.

"My nerves have been on edge all day," she said, or rather sobbed. "I don't know why."

But even as she spoke she did know why. The strain of secret ambition was beginning to tell upon her. She was perpetually hiding something, was perpetually waiting, desiring, thinking "How much longer?" And she had not Susan Fleet's wonderful serenity. And then she could not forget Claude's remark, "I can't keep away from the opera." It ought to have pleased her, perhaps, but it had wounded her.

"I'm a fool," she said, wiping her eyes. "I'm strung up—not myself."

Claude put his arm round her gently.

"I understand that my attitude about my work must often be very aggravating," he said. "But——"

He stopped, said nothing more.

"Let us believe in the opera," she exclaimed, "your own child. Then others will believe in it, too. Alston does."

She looked up at him, with the tears still shining in her eyes.

"And Jacob Crayford shall."

After a moment she added:

"If only you leave him to me, and don't spoil things."

"How could I spoil my own music?" he asked.

But she only answered:

"Oh, Claude, there are things you don't understand!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

"SO THE darned rester's come back, has he?" Crayford was the speaker. Dressed in a very thin light suit, with a yellow linen coat on his arm, a pair of goggles in one hand and a huge silver cigar-case, "suitably inscribed," in the other, he had just come into the smoking-room of the Excelsior Hotel.

"They gave you the note, then?" said Alston.

"Ey-uh."

Crayford laid the coat down, opened the cigar-case, and took out a huge Havana.

"I guess we'll let the car wait a bit, Alston," he said, lighting up. "Of course she telegraphed him to come."

"I'm quite sure she didn't," said Alston emphatically.

"Think I can't see?" observed Crayford dryly.

"No. But even you can't see what isn't."

"There's not much that is, this eye don't light on. The little lady up at Djen-anne-whatever-you-may-call-it is following up a spoor. And I'm the big game at the end of it. She's out to bring me down, my boy. Well, that's all right. Only don't you two take me for too much of an innocent little thing—that's all."

Alston said nothing, and maintained a cheerful and imperturbable expression.

"She's brought the rester back so as not to miss the opportunity of his life. Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going right up to Djen-anne. I'm going to take the rester by myself, and I'm just going to hear that darned opera. And neither the little lady, nor you's going to get a look in. This is up to me, and you'll just keep right out of it. See?"

"And what am I to do?" asked Alston.

"When I get to Djen-anne I'll open out at once—come right to business. You stop here. As likely as not, the little lady'll come back in the car to take you for a spin. If she does, keep her out till late. You can tell her a good bit depends on it."

"Very well."

"Happen she'll dine with you?" threw out Crayford, always with the same half-humorous dryness.

"Do you mean that you wish me to try and keep Mrs. Heath to dinner?" said Alston with bland formality.

"She might cheer you up. You might cheer each other up."

Charmian did come down from Mustapha in Crayford's big yellow car.

When she returned to Djenan-el-Maqui, in the late evening, she found Claude in the little dining-room.

His face was flushed, his short hair was untidy, and the eyes which he fixed upon her looked excited, tired, and, she thought, something else.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, why should there be? Where have you been?"

"With Alston. He insisted on my keeping out of the way. Crayford, I mean, of course. Has it gone well? Did you play the whole of it—all you've composed, I mean?"

"Yes."

"What did he say? What did he think of it?"

"It isn't easy to know exactly what that kind of man thinks."

"Was he disagreeable? Didn't you get on?"

"Oh, I suppose we did."

"What did he say then?"

"All sorts of things."

"Go on eating. You look dreadfully tired. Tell me some of the things."

"Well, he liked some of it."

"Only some?"

"He seemed to like a good deal. But he suggested quantities of alterations."

"Where? Which part?"

"He says a march should be introduced. You know, in that scene——"

"I know—the soldiers, the Foreign Legion. Well, that would be easy enough. You could do that in a day."

"Do you think one has only to sit down——"

"Two days then—a week if you like! You have wonderful facility when you choose. And what else? Here, I'll pour out the wine. What else?"

"Heaps of things. He wants to pull half the opera to pieces, I think."

"Oh, no, Claudie! You are exaggerating. You always do, dear old boy. And if you do what he says, what then?"

"How d'you mean?"

"Would he take it? Would he produce it?"

"He didn't commit himself."

"Of course not! They never do. But would he? You must have gathered something from his manner, from what he said, what he looked like."

"He seemed very much struck with the libretto. He said there were great opportunities for new scenic effects."

[Continued on page 68]

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IN THE SWIM AT WASHINGTON

Mrs. Edson Bradley

Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury

Madame Riano

MRS. EDSON BRADLEY is one of the New York contingent who has adopted Washington as her Winter home. The beautiful Gardiner Hubbard house on Dupont Circle was purchased by Mr. Bradley and herself five years ago and remodeled in the style of the French Renaissance. This place has been converted into a perfect treasure-house of rare and exquisite works of art. The furnishings were obtained from the palaces and chapels of the Old World and date back many centuries. A private theater and a great ballroom have recently been added to the house.

Mrs. Bradley's jewels are celebrated. In the picture she is wearing her famous pearl necklace.

MRS. E. T. STOTESBURY, who was Mrs. Oliver Cromwell of Washington, is so loyal to the capital that she maintains a home here, keeping it open the year round so that she may come to it at any time. She is not only one of the handsomest, but is always one of the best-dressed, women at any social gathering, either at the Capital, in New York or in her new home in Philadelphia. Mrs. Stotesbury never slavishly follows any fashion, however. Her ideas are more conservative than ultra, and she gives intelligent thought to what best suits her own individuality in clothes. She chooses her colors with as much care as an artist gives to the painting of a picture.

Mr. and Mrs. Stotesbury spent the Summer in Europe, and on their return Mr. Stotesbury has taken an active interest in the political campaign. He is being widely discussed as the possible next Ambassador to Great Britain.

MADAME RIANO is one of a large group of American women who have married into the present Diplomatic Corps. She was well known before her marriage as Miss Alice Ward of Washington. She met Señor Don Juan Riano y Gayangos when he was Secretary of Legation at Washington, and they were married on the eve of his departure for his new post at Paris.

They remained in France until two years ago, when Señor Riano returned to the United States as Minister from Spain, and Washington society was delighted to welcome back the former Miss Ward.

Madame Riano is a slender, graceful young woman of about medium height. She affects great simplicity of dress, which emphasizes her very youthful appearance.

THE CHILD AND THE SCHOOL

A Series of Sound Talks for Thinking People

NO. I—HEREDITY AS FRIEND AND FOE IN EDUCATION

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

INHERITANCE is not a theory, but a fact. We are literally a bud from the parent stem, of one piece with the generation that preceded us, and through it of a thousand generations before that. There is an unbroken chain, or better, stream, of life between us and the earliest appearance of life on this planet. We *have* eternal life, have been alive through all the ages, and shall be as long as life endures. The child as we see him, as he comes under our hand, is the tiniest tip of the apex of a pyramid whose base is buried in the sands of time. He has all the strength of all the ages behind him and within him, driving him onward, pushing him upward, molding his body, fashioning his mind, shaping his character. If we supply a favorable environment for the child, heredity will do the rest.

We Never Did Like Ghosts

WE HAVE always boasted that we were the heirs of all the ages, though even as we said it we have glanced apprehensively over the shoulder, for fear lest some ghost of the past should rise and touch us. Man has ever felt that he was influenced, at times driven and dominated, by some force outside of himself rising out of the past. Somehow we never did like ghosts. We were enormously proud of our ancestors, but desperately afraid of them whenever they stalked clattering down the dimly lighted corridors at the witching hour of midnight. The ancestors that survived in this way always seemed to be wicked ones.

Part of this, of course, was due to our colossal self-conceit. Our successes were easily and obviously due to our own transcendent virtues and abilities; our failures to fate, or inherited tendencies.

Now science, after years of investigation as to whether this devil was as black as he was painted, has turned on the calcium light, and behold! Inheritance, instead of being our worst enemy, is shown to be our best and stanchest friend. We are literally "born—not made;" and considering what we know of ourselves, this is distinctly fortunate.

Particularly strong and vivid has our dread and fear of heredity always been in the realm of education. We had absolutely no confidence in the inborn tendencies of children. The only thing that the little rascals really wanted to be at was mischief. We sternly and consistently repressed every tendency of the child to do anything whatever of his own accord.

"Never mind what you think," was our motto; "you do what I tell you."

Our rules of conduct were horribly and woodenly negative. "Sit still. Don't fidget about. Don't whisper. Don't shuffle your feet," was the monologue that filled their school hours. "Hold up your head, turn out your

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toes, speak when you're spoken to, mind your clothes," was our doddering command. Is it any wonder that the children came to be dumb and stupid in school? They fell into a kind of hypnotic trance, gazing raptly at the teacher, listening to her shrill recitation of admonitions, questions and "vital points" and chanting tunelessly and thinklessly in unison, the capitals of Europe, the Presidents of our country or "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November." Their minds went into a state of suspended animation in school hours.

We Emphasized with the Rod

AS TO the bent of his natural moral tendencies, there was never the slightest doubt. "Spare the rod and spoil the child." "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," were the mottoes which hung upon the walls of the schoolroom as well as at home. And they weren't worked in worsted either, but in hickory, leather and rattan.

The child was a colorless chunk of the raw material of education, of such and such a vintage, without personality or preferences which were to be seriously considered, who was to have certain things done to him so many hours of the day and so many days of the week. If he didn't like what was done to him, so much the better. It was good spiritual discipline for him. If his response was not a verbatim echo of what was said to him, he must say it again and keep on saying it until he was as reliable as a phonograph. In the meantime, he must not be allowed to go on to anything else until he has "got that right." This to encourage initiative and teach him thoroughness!

Is it any wonder that we never found out anything about the child himself, never added a single fact to our knowledge of him for centuries? We never stopped to think.

We Simply Did as We Were Told

OUR grievous fault was that we never looked at the matter with our own eyes, but tamely and stupidly took the word of others for it for century after century. We never took the trouble to look at the child himself, to consider our raw material, to say to ourselves, What is this boy? What forces brought him this far? In which direction is he headed, and what would he tend to do and become if he were left entirely to himself? We asked him his age and what name-label had been pasted on him by his parents, and there our curiosity ended. After that we took him for granted. He was a child, nothing more. Everybody knew what children were.

We simply did as we had been told by our teachers, who had been taught by their teachers, who again had received it from theirs, and so on *ad infinitum*, across the ages, clear back to the Tower of Babel. We thought that the child was new, fresh created by God; when, as a matter of fact, he was as old as an Egyptian pyramid, and like it covered all over with the records of dead and past ages. We thought he was young, when he was really older than we were. We utterly failed to realize, because we were pig-ignorant, that instead of being five years old when he stepped across the threshold of the schoolroom he was ten million and five years old; that every eon of that time had left its mark on him and would sway his growth. Of course, the more ignorant we were the more determined we were to teach him—and thoroughly. We were absolutely sure that unless we were "on the job" day and night, he would never grow up, or, at least, would grow up crooked or run wild, or explode, or come to some bad end. Now we are content to let him grow for himself, with a little assistance over the hard places when he asks for it.

Now We Begin to Know

THE results of recent investigations have shown with overwhelming clearness that mental characteristics are inherited just as definitely and as certainly as bodily ones are and, to a very considerable extent, moral ones also.

All of us have known of scattered instances where children would reproduce the little characteristic habits of thought, tricks of manner, and even turns of expression, not of their parents merely, for there the influence of example and imitation might come in, but, with ludicrous accuracy and faithfulness, of their grandparents, their uncles, and even their great-grandparents, whom they may have never even seen. Collections of data covering thousands of cases bear out these individual impressions.

As a recent example may be cited the very careful study of Dr. W. Peters of the records of three generations of school-children, gathered in the primary schools of Germany and Austria. His results were surprisingly uniform and clear all along the line. Where both parents had good-to-average school records, seventy-six per cent. of their children were above the average, and only twenty-four per cent. in various degrees below par. Where one parent had a good record and the other a poor one, fifty-nine per cent. of the children showed good reports, and forty-one per cent. poorer ones. Where both parents were well below the average, only thirty-eight per cent. of their children won good reports, and sixty-two per cent. fell below par.

This was fairly convincing, but the influence of heredity in mental development did not end here. Taking a series of cases in which the record of the parents was uniformly good, Dr. Peters then investigated the standing of the grandparents, with the interesting result of finding that even in cases where all of the parents were alike good, those children whose grandparents had made the best records showed the highest general averages.

History and local records afford many instances where strong character and intellectual ability have been handed down from father to son for three, five, and even more successive generations. And this occurs in every walk and station of life, although only the more distinguished instances and wealthier families get into the public records.

What Insight and Experience Tell

ALMOST any teacher of insight and experience will tell you that she can gauge, eight times out of ten, the probable ability and final accomplishments of a boy or girl within a few weeks, or at most a few months, after they come under her care.

All that education, even the most elaborate and successful, can do, is to provide a clear field and a favorable environment for the development of such ability as already exists.

It can not create one particle of mental power or of intellect; and it is exceedingly doubtful whether even the most skilful and ingenious system can increase the native intellectual force and original mental "horse-power" of any individual more than five or ten per cent.

It can polish up the wood of the stock and the metal of the lock, but it can not much increase the caliber or the range of the rifle.

A partial exception to the universal inheritance of powers of mind and character, as well as of body, is the case of the genius. The children of a genius almost always fall below our expectations, and a great man is seldom the father of a child of his own ability or caliber. This is apparently for the reason that he is himself such a peculiarly fortunate chance combination, such a lucky accident, as it were. Statistically regarded, he actually occurs only about once in a million births, and hence is hardly likely to occur again in the same family line for many, many generations; although the line which has produced one genius, if followed either forward or backward, will not infrequently show several other individuals within two or three generations of more than the average ability.

So far as hereditary diseases are concerned, the race makes a pretty nearly fresh start, with a clean slate, every generation. Fifty years ago, at least half if not two-thirds of our diseases were believed to be hereditary; now the number has shrunk to a mere handful, and they chiefly diseases and perversions of the nervous system such as give rise to insanity, epilepsy, feeble-mindedness and idiocy.

How Things Do *Not* Run in Families

TUBERCULOSIS, for instance, "runs in families," not because it is inherited by children from their parents, but because children living in the same room, eating the same food, breathing the same air with their parents, are almost certain to be infected by the disease. It is true that a certain amount of influence is exerted by heredity in the transmission of this disease. But this only in the sense of inheriting a weakness which does not permit us to throw off their attack as readily as the average, or, possibly, some slight defect of construction in some particular organ, or part of the body, which renders it easier for an inflammation to get foothold there. It has been shown by careful investigations conducted by students of social conditions in the slums of all countries in the civilized world, that even in spite of the poor food, the poor air, the overcrowding, the contagious diseases, and all the dismal and depressing conditions of slum and tenement life, not less than ninety per cent. of all the babies born in the slums and the tenements are born practically normal and sound in mind and body.

This is not to say that they are born of average size and stature, for they were not. Their mothers have been starved and overworked too savagely before they were born, to allow of that. Simply that they were sound and free from defects of either body or mind, with the full possibilities of vigorous manhood and noble womanhood in them if they were given a fair chance in the matter of food and fresh air and play. Their care, it was found, must begin at a very early stage of their individual existence—before they are yet born; if their mothers were allowed to overwork and underfeed and use up in the struggle for a bare living the strength and the nourishment which ought to have been devoted to the development and perfecting of the new life, children would be born stunted, undersized, feeble, and ready to succumb to any infection that came their way.

The Cheering Message of Modern Science

IN FINE, the cheering message of modern science is, that the age-long debate as to which is the more potent, heredity or environment, breed or pasture, is largely a battle of words, a conflict of terms.

Environment can do much to *thwart and interfere with heredity; little to improve it or modify it in any other way.*

Unfavorable environment, for instance, can do much to spoil the very best heredity, but it can never crush it entirely or even thwart it in the long run in the majority of instances. Its principal effect will be to kill an abnormally large percentage and to stunt many of the remainder. The majority probably, however, if they survive at all, will have kept most of their inherent qualities in spite of even the worst environment.

The heredity of at least ninety-five per cent. of schoolchildren is excellent if only their environment is made to suit it: the real problem of education therefore becomes that of providing such an environment in the school. If we do not get good results from ninety-five per cent. of the children admitted to our schools, we have our environment to blame, not their heredity.

The vast majority of our great men are not born of other great men or of families of transcendent ability or of high degree. They are born as rare patterns in the great kaleidoscope of nature, from the perpetual shuffling and reshuffling of the thousand and one units which determine character and ability; lucky casts of the dice of circumstance. A city of a million inhabitants will have more great men born in it than a town of ten thousand on purely mathematical principles.

What Our Schools Stand For

OUR schools are the real nurseries of our future national life. As it stands at present, we probably permit fully a fourth, if not half, of our geniuses, our scholars, our statesmen, our great scientists, to be starved to death in infancy or in early childhood, stifled in the crowded air of the working man's cottage or tenement, or poisoned by bad food, or killed by the infections of the filthy diseases. When education is made rational, when the school takes for its principal care the health and the vigor of the child, all this frightful waste will be done away with and we shall nearly conserve our human resources.

Nature Is Our Backer

EDUCATION has all the forces of nature, all the strength of heredity on its side and working in its favor, if it will only recognize them and cooperate with them in the right spirit.

Our actual descent is not from the bodies of our ancestors one generation after another, great-grandfather, grandfather, and so on, but from the sex-glands within each one of those successive bodies. The only way in which the sex-gland, the germ-plasm, as Weisman calls it, can be modified, is by changes injurious or otherwise, which take place in the blood and fluid of the body which enclose it. The torch of life is handed down from sex-gland to sex-gland, the body being little more than a lantern, a shelter which protects it from the gusts of circumstances.

Is it for a moment to be supposed that this same resistless force, heredity, which has guided us from one extraordinary transformation stage to another until finally the highest has been reached, is going to desert us and cease its action as soon as we appear in the light of day? It is still at work within us, as actively and purposefully as ever, and if we give it time and scope for its powers it will carry the child onward to the stature of manhood as beautifully and unerringly as the stars move in their courses.

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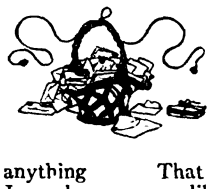
* *The second articles in this series will tell "How The Child Climbs The Family Tree."*

What About Listening?—From A Letter



THERE was an editorial in the October DELINEATOR on "The Power of Talking." It set me thinking about the way people listen. There are only a few people who listen to what you say, unless you talk of personalities. And at the bottom of it is nothing more or less than utter want of sympathy.

I know a very bright, interesting woman, who is well-bred and cultured, as even a stranger can tell at first sight. She very evidently likes me—she says so, and she shows it in all sorts of kindnesses and attentions. She will do anything for me—except listen to me. She doesn't hesitate at all to interrupt whatever I may be saying, so that the current of the conversation is completely changed. And she is utterly unconscious of any impoliteness. She would be really hurt if I told her the truth about herself.

And there's another friend, who is so eager to come to see me and my family that she says her love outruns the speediest train. Yet the minute she arrives I haven't a chance even to welcome her before she's started on an account of her journey—who got off at Blueberry Station and such things, while my Robert and Helen stand waiting to shake hands, as I have taught them to do, until their childish patience is worn out and they steal away to play.

And she keeps on talking, with never a single word that's humanly interesting, until finally I take a candle to show her to her room. Even then, in the middle of my "Good night," she begins a new topic suggested by something on the table.

That is Mrs. Torker, and there are lots like her, but not five women of my acquaintance like dear Mrs. Golden, who has seen the best that the world contains, and is a delightful conversationalist. Yet she always seems to enjoy listening.

How can I make my friend of breeding and culture see her rudeness without hurting her feelings, or insist on having my share of time when Mrs. Torker comes without myself seeming unkind?

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THE BANISHMENT OF GEORGINA

BY JOSEPHINE UNDERWOOD MUNFORD

Author of "Georgina's Trial Lesson"

Illustrated by David Robinson

I HAD just begged Georgina not to, but she would not listen to me. I knew Herr Professor would catch her. But she always rushes ahead when the notion strikes her, and something in the little Knoepfer's playing had struck her funny, so there she was putting it all on the back of her music—the little Knoepfer with a halo round her head, the most ridiculous wiggle to her spine, and the keys all flying around like wild, while Herr Professor sat on his stool wrapped in the most killing admiration. Everybody says the Knoepfer is his pet.

I had had my lesson and had come out alive, thank the Lord! It had been a hard one, because besides the usual number of pupils, two of the Vorbereiterinnen were there with the new pupils they had prepared for Herr Professor, and Herr Skotowski was there from Berlin—all the biggest pianists drop in any time to watch the class—and then that stuck-up Ignaz Schwarz was perched up on a chair, his long legs in their short trousers, just bristling with conceit, and I had to play one of the very pieces that he had on his program that night in the Koelitzheimer Saal. He was a Wunderkind too, but he was not like the little Knoepfer, who was a dear, and we all thought had real genius. But his was just a talent for technique without very much soul it seemed to me, and he was so proud of himself he had almost got to where he couldn't learn any more, and Herr Professor had already almost sent him away twice. Besides, he dresses a whole lot younger than he is, just for effect.

Georgina stood against the wall with her arms folded

But, as I said, Georgina was sitting up there calm as you please, drawing caricatures behind Herr Professor's back. I was scared to death. She had come mighty near being shipped lesson before last, and that would have meant—oh, I don't know what *would* have happened to her! Walter Conrad, at home, the big music manager in New York, is paying for her education over here, and it just seemed to me she had *got* to make good. But it looked as if she kept Herr Professor fidgeting all the time. She has more talent than anybody in the class, some say genius. But it just seems as if something about her makes the Master frantic, and he makes her that way, too. Yet deep down I do believe they admire each other in a drawn-dagger sort of way.

Her lesson came next to the kleine Knoepfer's, and I was hoping that because his pet had had such a good one he would be in a good humor for Georgina's. (To be honest, he doesn't really have a pet, I believe, for he's too big for that, but people say he does.) So I tried to feel cheerful, though something in me went sort of sick as Georgina got up, handed him her music and laid the kronen for her lesson on his piano in an envelope, and seated herself at the Bechstein grand. I knew he would see the caricatures. Georgina had forgotten all about them the minute they were out of her pencil. She is like that about everything.

"What play you, Fräulein?" he asked, and turned the music over in his hands to see. Of course he struck the picture first thing. His bushy eyebrows went up, his lips took on a sharp curve and he just *looked* at Georgina. That was all. But I certainly did tremble. Then I caught sight of that silly Julie Swirszinska, who is so crazy about Georgina, and always moons around her in that picturesque Polish way. She looked so scared it struck me funny, and I managed to settle back in my chair and breathe again.

"Ah, I see! The Fräulein plays artiste." He looked at her sharply. "It were well to remember the danger of *playing* with such a fire."

We all knew well enough what he meant. Georgina was playing with her art, and desecrating her own genius by not working as she ought. He had said that before.

Georgina didn't say anything. She bit her lips, but she did not flinch. The Master asked her over again what she was going to play.

She told him. She had the Chopin Polonaise in A flat, a Beethoven Sonata, a Czerny Study, and a Toccata of Herr Professor's.

When she mentioned the Czerny he looked at her sort of quick and then grunted. "So-o, Fräulein *Artiste* has condescended to bring an étude? That is good. A little technique may be useful even to the greatest. Also spielen Sie."

Georgina played.

Now the Czerny Op. 740 No. 13 is not so terribly hard, but it is tricky. The rhythm tempts you to come in too soon on a beat, and nearly all the accents have to be done with weak fingers because of the way it lies on the keys. So good, slow practise is the only way to get it. No talented bluff, even of Georgina's, could do the trick.

I held my breath. But Georgina just gave her red curls a kind of shake rubbed her hands with her handkerchief and then swept that study off the keys all in one rush. Every note, every accent, every shading was there, like dots on a butterfly's wing. Nothing was missing. So Herr Professor was obliged to see she had worked. He looked kind of taken aback, and then pleased against his will; but he tried to hide it.

"Not unrhythmical," was all he said, and began looking at her other notes.

"I thought you said Toccata from me," he said looking at her sidewise out from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Ja, Herr Professor. I did not think notes would be needed."

"Um Gotteswillen, can I be expected to remember everything I ever wrote!" he blazed out.

I knew he would land on her for her carelessness, but I just couldn't make her get the notes of the Toccata that afternoon. She had lost them and wouldn't look for them—she always memorizes things in about a minute and lays the notes just anywhere—and she didn't tell me until we were leaving the house.

Well, he fumbled about for the notes in his music case, and though Julie Swirszinska looked scared to death at his tone, I knew he was too just to listen unfairly just because he was provoked. No matter how mad he gets with any of us, he never mixes that up with his musical judgment. Why, there was Leo Kosicek, who made his début when I first came, and Herr Professor had given him lessons free for years just because of his big talent, although he didn't mind saying that he couldn't stand him personally—called him a sneaky Polish rat. Another reason I wasn't afraid was because I knew Georgina had worked on that Toccata just like she had on the Étude. Walter Conrad had written her a scorching letter about what she owed him and her future, and so she had worked like fury for a week and hadn't been to walk with that silly Count Baretsky a single time. He used to come early in the morning, just when she had got a good start at her work, and take her off to the Dammerwald for an all day's tramp in the woods. I never did see how she could bother with him. If somebody could just strangle him, Georgina would be all right. My, but she'll set the world on fire if she ever gets down to it! She's got *everything*, talent, training, magnetism and a great big sort of wild red-sunset beauty that takes you by storm.

But I'm forgetting all about that lesson of hers. The Toccata went well, too. He stopped her nearly every line for some suggestion or nuance, but he was just keen about everything in it, and he saw she had been working hard.

"Fräulein has found it worth while to think, nicht wahr?" he said once, and I knew he was pleased, though he had a kind of sarcastically humble air that he always uses with Georgina, as if he thought she was so high and mighty about herself.

I was glad he took a lot of time with the Toccata. How I did pray the Beethoven would come next, and take a long time, so they wouldn't get to the Polonaise. Oh, Georgina is *such* a goose! She had all those splendid things that she had slaved over, and she would stick in that Polonaise that I knew she hadn't really weeded out for weeks. It was one of her star pieces as a Wunderkind, but had got all full of kinks from careless playing. It was such things as this that made the Master fairly foam at the mouth. I had nearly dropped dead when she said she was going to play it.

Sure enough, the Sonata came next. And how she played! It opens with dreamy chords like a wood spirit sighing. Then comes the pattering of rain-drops; then the gathering of storm-clouds and a rush of wind.

The Master leaned forward, his head with its bushy white hair sunk on his chest, his eyes closed. Every now and then his fingers ran soundlessly over the keys of his own piano, in a sort of unwilling sympathy with Georgina.

During the middle movement the door opened noiselessly and Madame Kreisner, America's biggest pianist, slipped in and stood silent against the wall. I didn't even know she was on this side of the world. No one said anything. Everybody was listening.

The last movement came, with its liquid, flowing, surging arpeggios, like woods and water and earth and sky, and mostly like things behind the sky, I guess. Oh, Beethoven is just—well, I think his name is the biggest thing in the world to Georgina. And she plays him that way, too!

The last note came, a whisper in D minor. The Master rose to his feet.

"Mein Gott, what art thou?" he stormed. "Genius or fool? So ein Talent, and then the crime thou dost commit against it!" In his excitement he dropped the "Sie" and was saying "Du" to her. He walked to the window and turned his back.

Georgina did not say a word, but her face was white, and her eyes glittered all blue-green like turquoise, and her hair actually seemed to glow like a live fire. She

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her handkerchief in her hands, and tore it all to little shreds without the least notion what she was doing. Madame Kreisner laid her hand on Georgina's hair as she came past her toward the Master, and even Ignaz Schwarz looked a little less perky. The great Kreisner's eyes were wet and I felt blinky myself, until I caught sight of Julie Swirszinska with the tears running down her face like a shower-bath. She certainly is silly. I wonder Georgina can't see it!

Herr Professor turned from the window with a sigh and saw Madame Kreisner for the first time. He almost kissed her—she was one of his biggest pupils, and though every one said they fought like tigers from her first lesson on, they were devoted to each other. Then he sat down at his piano and turned to Georgina.

"Also, die Polonaise," he said.

I could have died! Even Georgina seemed to realize things a little. To pitch that hashed-up work, great as it is in itself, into the midst of such an atmosphere! It was pure madness.

"Is it not too late, Herr Professor?" she said hesitatingly. "The hour is already far past."

"Aber nein!" he said with extra kindness. "Spielen Sie, spielen Sie!"

Georgina looked suddenly sick. She stood up, fidgeted with her music-rack and screwed the stool up higher. Then she gave me a look I never shall forget. I went cold all over.

She sat down. Oh, Lord! With a crash she began the Polonaise—in the wrong key! It is written in A flat major. She began in D minor, the key of the Sonata.

The Master looked at her inquiringly.

Chromatic fourths follow the opening chord and she dashed off the right number of these, transposing as she went, but in a minute came to a hopeless tangle and stopped. She looked at Herr Professor like a tiger in a trap.

"Verzeihen Sie, I—that is not the key."

"So-o-o?" Oh, that tone! It sounded polite, as if he was holding his temper with a rope. But in a minute I knew he would break loose. "What might have been the key the last time Fräulein noticed?"

She stamped her foot. "I do know. In just a moment."

"Also gut. We will wait."

He fixed his eyes on Georgina in a way to paralyze anybody's memory. You could have heard a pin drop.

She sat there helpless. Why, he got even the Kreisner herself so tangled up once when she was a student that she couldn't tell him which was her right hand and which was her left. And, fond as he is of the little Knoepfer, I saw him scold her so one day about carelessness in leaving her music at home that she couldn't tell him, to save her life, her new address when he asked how far he would have to send for it. Ignaz had to tell him, for her. I knew Georgina was too petrified to think.

He got up and walked all round her and looked at her curiously. Then at last he suggested. "Perhaps A flat. It goes not badly in that key."

Georgina began again. She played that Polonaise just as badly as nobody on earth but a wild talent like hers could do a thing that has rusted in her fingers for weeks. Of course there were beautiful moments here and there, but on the whole it wasn't much better than a scramble. By the time she reached the part near the end where it is soft and almost like a nocturne, she had forgotten, as usual, everything else but the music, and was playing with a dreamy confidence. The Master stood behind her, watching. Suddenly he leaned over and caught her wrist, jerking her hand from the keys.

"Those notes are not Chopin's. They are more yours than his! What do you mean by such insolence to your composer?"

He stormed back to his piano, and began to play. Heavens, what a performance! It was the theme of Chopin's Polonaise to be sure, but what he did do to it! He mixed it up with the most outlandish nonsense, explaining all the time that this was Georgina studying. First came the love theme, right hand, of the novel she was reading while she practised, while the left hand kept up the chords of the Polonaise; next the right hand carried the melody, and the left hand was Count Baretsky's voice in a silly bass begging Georgina to leave her practise and go for a tramp in the woods. (Nothing ever escaped the Master's ears.) It was fiendishly clever and we all sat like so many knots, for we knew we were hearing a wonder we might never hear again in our lives. Even Georgina sat spellbound like the rest of us, forgetting everything but the Master's fury of genius—that is, until he came to Baretsky's name. Then she jumped up, white to the lips.

"That is infamous! In my country no *gentleman* would dare——"

The Master faced her.

"Insolent! Thy Talent has made thee insolent instead of humble. I could swear thou hast not looked at thy Polonaise for a week. It is thus that thou learnest. But await thy *real* concerts—not thy childish glory of playing for Grandmama on Sunday afternoon. Await thy cold public, I say! Then will thy insolence desert thee!"

He snatched her Polonaise from where it lay on the piano and tore it to shreds.

"My insolence *never* deserts me!" cried Georgina proudly, and catching up the Toccata and some other of the Master's music she gave a few jerks and threw the pieces at his feet. It was fire meet fire. Oh, but I could have hugged her!

But my heart nearly choked me. I swallowed it hard, for I knew what was coming. The Kreisner looked as if she was going to speak, then kept quiet. One look at the Master told her it was no use. Julie sobbed out loud. It meant ruin for Georgina. Conrad would drop her when the Master turned her away. Her career was already as good as dead.

Her banishment came quietly and in low tones. Big as was the Master's anger, he showed that he was bigger than it.

Georgina stood against the wall with her arms folded. Her eyes looked positively weird, as if she didn't see a thing in the room. As for me, I was hypnotized. I knew I should feel things later, but at that minute I didn't have a feeling in the world.

When it was over—I don't know how he said it, but we all knew he meant it this time—Georgina turned and left the room. I started to follow, but Professor gave me just one look and I sat down.

"Who plays next?" he said in a voice that sounded calm, but we all knew how torn up he was.

A new pupil, August Schmidt I think his name was, went to the piano. He was a heavy-faced German. His technique was conscientious, but you could tell from the first phrase that he was slow-footed in his soul. It was easy to see that the Master had to force his mind to the lesson. In the midst of it the door opened. Georgina entered like somebody walking in her sleep. Her eyes were wide and staring, and she groped her way to the piano where Herr Schmidt was. He got up as if hypnotized. The Master stared.

Georgina sat down. She began with the Polonaise, and she played it through with an inspired bigness that twisted our hearts. If there were any slips they were such as Chopin himself would have forgiven. With the closing chord I started to clap (I forgot where I was) and the others joined in. But the Master sat in a trance. I know Georgina didn't even hear us. Her strained look relaxed and her mouth took on the twist it always does when she starts out to tease. She struck the opening chords over again—but in D minor. Then came—well, it was just Georgina that we saw every day, but I know what she did was a masterpiece. I can't half tell about it, but it was genius! Her take-off was as great or greater than the Master's himself—for look how much it meant to her!

She began in the wrong key, putting in staccato notes with the left hand for the Master's voice scolding her. Then she went through the fourths and seemed to break down, and began all over again in the right key and imitated the Master's own caricature. It was marvelously like it in spirit even if the notes weren't all the same, and she ended with slow, precise, accented practise, showing that she meant to reform.

Everybody was laughing now except Julie, whose black eyes were popping from her head, and the Master, whose face looked like the Sphinx.

Then at the end of the Polonaise Georgina shifted over into D minor, and began the Beethoven Sonata. We knew she was reminding the Master that there was something to be said on her side, and as she went on with it, I cried and so did everybody else.

She played it even more wonderfully than before. When she finished she walked over to the Master and her eyes were praying hard.

He was at his piano again and his back was toward us. His elbow was on the piano and his head on his hand. His face was hidden. He didn't look up, nor turn his head, nor anything. He just reached out his hand blindly, as if he felt her standing there, and took hold of hers—and kissed it! Her face was turned from us, too, by this time.

We waited a minute, but neither one of them moved. Then Madame Kreisner got up quietly and walked past behind them and out of the room. I followed her, and one by one the rest came after us.

We knew there was no use waiting for any more lessons after that.

WAKING UP A PEOPLE

AND THE MAN WHO DID IT

BY MRS. S. P. VETTER

IN AUGUST, 1910, Dr. Dowling became President of the Louisiana State Board of Health. Since that time he has been actively engaged in a battle with dirt; a most strenuous battle it has been. He has given the State such a "housecleaning" as few States are fortunate enough to get.

No one ever guessed how dirty it was until Dr. Dowling began "pecking" into corners and under things, then came out and told what he had found. He didn't day they are enthusiastic on the subject of pure food and sanitation.

Whenever Dr. Dowling found a dirty place it was "Clean up or shut up," and with the law on his side the dirty place was quickly transformed in order to resume business. He destroyed patent medicines detrimental to health, burned tubercular meat, condemned unsanitary dairies and food not within the pure-food laws. He abolished the roller-towel and the public drinking-cup.

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THE PARIS MODEL

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Illustrated by John Newton Howitt

MANY women find enjoyment in clothes; but Isadora simply and frankly loved them. Not as an artist, for she was no connoisseur of line and color; not from vanity, for she confronted her broad person in the glass with unresentful and unmitigated acceptance, not from social ambition, for she was as good as any one in Ridgefield except the Duprees—and Amy Dupree, for all her rise to fortune, still hailed her as "Dode," or picked her up if there was no one else in the motor. Not even the sex instinct of bright plumage could explain it, for Isadora, after a few years of exuberance and a few more years of wistfulness, had settled contentedly into the thirties, and looked on men as she looked on titles and conservatories and foreign travel—as things exquisitely desirable, but too remote to trouble her.

Clothes made her very happy, that was all. She loved them as she loved little soft new chickens, or baby kittens, or kitteny babies. A bit of lace about her throat filled all her day with glamour. A new fur, coming home in a shiny brown box, irradiated the weeks before with a golden suspense and the months after with a glory of fulfilment. She could not give to such things much direct time, for she was never more than a week or two ahead of her classes, and she had to work very hard to maintain even that distance; but the light lay just beyond the edges of her books and set a softening glow about the bleak corners of the blackboards. It could even make her forget the bogy that stalked her by day and by night, now and then pouncing—for the superintendent was an earnest man, and left no class long unvisited.

It was rainy that Saturday morning, but Isadora's happy eyes saw signs of clearing. The cook hinted that Ridgefield was lonesome, a dire symptom, five of her predecessors having gone that way since the year began, but Isadora's gaiety was for once servant-proof. Even her father's peevish gibe at people who sing before seven could not bring her down. She had "gone without" to the limit of human decency, and now conscience itself did not deny that the time for righteous expenditure had come. Eager, glad, innocently absurd in her exultation, she set out for the city of splendors—as little fitted to pass through it undespoiled as though her hand-satchel were a carpetbag and a wisp of straw adorned her pale brown hair.

The postman met her on the steps with a letter, a big, expansive, slap-dash affair, addressed all over its face in the same wild writing that used to cover notes slipped from Amy Dupree's desk to hers behind obliging desk-lids. She opened it excitedly—so many good things were happening to-day!

DEAR DODE:

Who do you think is coming down over Sunday? Hold on to your heart tight, or it will jump clean out—St-nl-y W-t-rm-n! And he is just as thrilling as you once thought him. I wish Buck Whitney were here, so that we could compare notes on them again. (But I believe Buck is in jail out West for passing bad checks, so you would have the best of it.) Anyway, Stanley wants particularly to see you, and as we shall be off in the car all day, you must come in to dinner Sunday night. Don't fail, or Stanley won't forgive me. He said I was to say to you, *cellar-door and green apples*—whatever that may mean. Seven-thirty.

In haste,

Yours affec'ly,

AMY.

When Isadora received an invitation, her first thought always was:

"Oh, lovely—I'll wear my black," or, "my blue-and-white," as it might happen. The dear details of the occasion's toilet shut out all other considerations: her mind was pressing ruffles and washing lace and renovating slippers before the acceptance could be penned, and by the time the last inspired touch was achieved, and she stood in the splendor of her freshened trimmings—an over-large young woman with a shy smile and the eyes of a glad little girl—the party was virtually over for Isadora. She had had the best part of her good time. But this invitation struck a different note within her, and it resounded all the way to the station. Stanley Waterman—oh, the glamour of those successful days, when her plumpness had bloomed into a brief prettiness, and the heart of a little girl had been just what she ought to have! The baffling, misfit present fell away; again the rustle of large hair ribbons sounded in her ears, and she walked with the swelling consciousness that Stanley Waterman had called her the nicest girl in the class. Not till she was in the train did she reach her usual first consideration.

"Well, it can't be altered, that's all," she decided; "and I shall have to carry it home. Oh, won't it be jolly!" And she actually bounced in her seat, covertly, but with a schoolgirl's joy.

Half an hour after leaving the ferry, she was in the toils. The woman tempted, spreading the wonderful thing as the fowler spreads his net. Having cast it over Isadora's dazed head, she called in an auxiliary tempter, black-robed, coiffed and willowy as herself, and a rapturous duet went on about the miracle that had so fitted madame's lines to this Paris-born creation that was being literally given away. Isadora forgot the bargain foulards, advertised at twenty-nine-fifty, that had brought her to this shop; she forgot that her life in Ridgefield scarcely justified a Paris model. She stood entranced, plump and round-eyed as a helpless robin, while they coiled their sinuous flatteries about her. An enormous gravity—the solemn gravity of intoxication—drew her wide, sweet mouth into a puckered line, and set a ponderous responsibility on her brow. She breathed hard; and the triple mirror showed the rise and fall of silver and lace. The innocent elation with which she had started for the 8.49 train was dead, but, when the tempter and St-nl-y W-t-rm-n had done their work, she fell solidly, without flutterings and strugglings.

"I'll take it," she said, then braced her soul for the panic of dismayed guilt that had always followed the minor falls of the past (the day she had bought her patent-leathers, her lunch had choked her like sawdust). But the very greatness of this *débâcle*, its suddenness and audacity, seemed to have left conscience stunned. She looked on the soft mass of silk and lace, and the only articulate thought of her racing heart was:

"It's mine! And I'll wear it to-morrow!"

Of course her shopping was ended. The limit of human decency must be pushed on, that was all. Isadora went home on the 11.50, and wondered if all the town would not see how different she was from the simple school-teacher of three hours ago.

There were small adjustments to be effected in the gown: "Your maid can do that," the bland tempter had said. Isadora was shut in her room for the greater part of the next thirty-six hours; and to save her soul she could not fix her mind on Monday's lessons. She warned herself in vain, neither subjunctives nor superintendents could scare her to her duty. Her future seemed to bring up like a stopped clock at the hour of seven-thirty Sunday night.

She began at five to dress, because she could not wait any longer. Her happiness was outwardly silent, but inwardly it sang and soared and brought stinging spurts of tears to her eyes, and once drove her down on her simple knees, to stammer:

"It's too beautiful—I haven't deserved it—to think of his remembering cellar-door and green apples! I'll work so hard and be so good—I can't believe I am really to wear it!"

Half-past six struck, and from trying to draw out the preliminaries, she leaped to panic lest she should not be ready in time. She must leave the house in forty minutes—what had she been thinking of! She had the shimmering, silky, lacy thing in her hands when her father's voice called to her sharply from down-stairs. For an instant she stood motionless, frozen with the wickedest thought of her whole life:

"If he has an attack to-night, I'll never forgive him as long as I breathe!" Then she threw on a dressing-gown and opened the door.

Her father stood at the foot of the stairs, reassuringly upright, but there was a telegram in his hand, and, before she opened it, Isadora knew. It was from Amy:

Broken down here in wilds, miles from anywhere; can't get train back till all hours. Dinner off. Frightfully sorry. Stanley sends love. Try again soon.

She read it to her father, because he had waited.

"H'm. I guess they could have got back if they had really wanted to," he said, out of his bitter habit, and shuffled back to his books.

Isadora went heavily up-stairs again. But the pain did not last long, for her spirit was equipped with a standing force, like the leucocytes of a healthy body, always ready to fall on and sweep out the dark poisons of despair. "Try again soon," Amy had said. It was only put off, and she would have the fun of dressing all over again. Moreover, she could now prepare for Monday's lessons, which had suddenly assumed their normal importance. It was really all for the best. So Isadora tenderly put away her Paris model and settled down, somewhat spent with excitement, to bread and milk and Latin grammar. When, the next morning, the superintendent loomed in her doorway, she realized with a gasp that she was a wonderfully taken-care-of young woman. It did not seem strange to her that a thoughtful Providence should have broken down that distant motor to save Isadora from disgrace. She often found It taking just such elaborate pains for her humble good.

In the weeks that followed, Isadora bloomed visibly with her happy secret. Whether the secret were Stanley Waterman or the Paris gown, she could not herself have told. The two seemed magically blended. Amy, going for a train, stopped the motor and leaned over the richly varnished door to pour out Stanley's praises.

"And to think that I chose Buck Whitney," she lamented, vivid and cocksure and daring. "Dode, if you will trade back, I'll throw in Charley Henessy!"

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Wind in the Wires

By Katherine Tynan

THE Southwest wind among the wires
Plays tunes I knew of old.
There's a blue sky above the spires,
A blue sky and a gold.

WHAT magic mist enchants my sight
That I would rise and go,
With an uplifted heart and light,
The paths I used to know?

HIS fingers move among the strings,
He plays the whole day long
On his Aeolian harp the things
I knew when I was young.

THEY are all out, the lights, the fires,
And under wind and rain
The wind among the telegraph-wires
Plays the old tune in vain.

Charley Henessy, once Amy's adorer, had now a wife and five children as well as Ridgefield's leading grocery store, so they laughed together, Isadora with a bubbling gaiety that brought Amy's eyes to her face.

"I don't know about bringing you two together," she objected. "I don't see why I should. He asked about you altogether too warmly."

"But you promised," said happy Isadora.

"Well, I suppose it's better to do it myself and look noble than to—" A whistle brought a startled, "Gracious Peter!" An instant later, her car was breaking all the speed laws of God and man on its way to the station.

Amy kept her promise.

"Stanley is coming down simply to see you," she wrote. "I am hurt about it, but I will play fair. So come to dinner and reminisce about green apples to your heart's content. Don't mind me. Sorry we can't have Buck, too—but he is not going out at present, I believe. Friday night."

The day did finally come. Two unruly scholars had to be kept in after school; but that helped dispose of the afternoon. The cars were not running, but a mile of struggle with wild wind and mud, clumsy skirts and heavy books, was also for the best, for exercise improved the complexion. Isadora burst happily in at her front door, then stopped short, nose lifted, eyes wide with dismay. The breath of a dreadfully familiar drug was in the air, and a frightened servant was running to meet her.

The leucocytes of Isadora's kindly spirit nearly lost that battle; but when she saw her father's face—all the bitterness driven out of it by honest pain—turned relievedly toward her, and felt his grasp on her hand, she was melted into remorseful tenderness. The danger was not over till late that night, and then Isadora, sitting by the spent sleeper, was gravely glad of her evening's work.

"And it is such a bad night—I might have ruined my gown, getting there," she added. It really was for the best.

The next day was Saturday, and Isadora stayed by her father all day, except for a half-hour's run in the bleak twilight. As she hurried home, she saw a motor speeding away from the door; and her heart died within her. She ran and called, but it was too late.

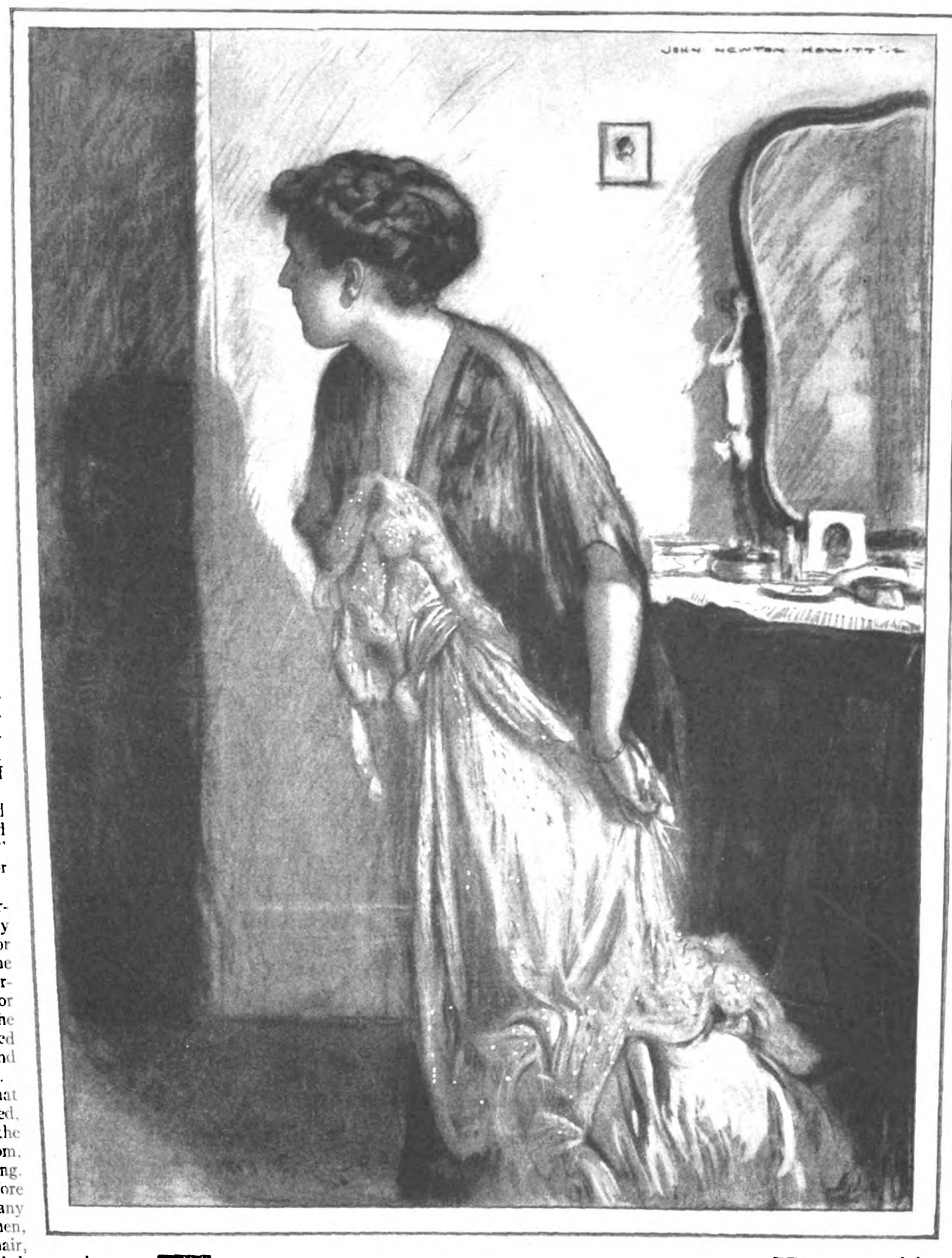
"I can't bear it. Oh, that wasn't fair," she stammered, panting. She carried the two cards up to her room, her eyes slowly reddening. Not until she paused before the mirror was there any light in her darkness. Then, confronting her blown hair, the hideous gray tam-o'-shanter, the ancient cloak, her lament ended in righteous shame.

"Well, if Stanley Waterman had seen you looking like that!" she reproached the forlorn image. Again she had been mercifully taken care of.

The Duprees went to town for the Winter, and the big house was closed; but the happy secret still shone out from Isadora's eyes. Nearly every day she opened the drawer where the Paris model lay, to touch and smooth it, and dream smiling dreams. The superintendent visited her class with increasing faithfulness, and told the school board that he considered a sunny personality as important to the children as high mental efficiency. On the day when she had been asked to serve as patroness of the Sunday-school Christmas festival, he stopped her in the hall.

"You always look as if something good had just happened to you," he said, a little wistfully, for his own dark face had a worn sag. She laughed, shyly confused, but attempted no explanation. How could she tell him that she had Stanley Waterman at home in her bottom drawer?

The patroness of a festival might properly wear a Paris model. At last its hour was at hand. Isadora tried it on at least seven times, to see that all was in order, and, going to church the day before, was haunted by a panic fear lest the house should burn up in her absence. She seemed to smell distant smoke, to hear a faint commotion of bells and galloping horses, as she tried in vain to follow the service. The fear grew to a certainty. Houses were always burning up. And no one even knew about the gown, to save it. She must go.



Isadora tried it on at least seven times

She put her hand to her head as though it ached, trying to prepare those behind her for a sudden departure. But the aisle looked appallingly long, and, while she still faltered, a lean brown hand came over the pew back, offering her a smelling-bottle. The superintendent, whose seat was just back of hers, had borrowed it of a neighbor, and he was looking at her with so kind a concern in his sad face that Isadora blushed to her hair with shame, and settled doggedly to the sermon.

Five minutes later, even the probable fire was forgotten. A little book had just been published, telling how one young woman, by her ambitious finery, had debauched the simple tastes and habits of a whole town; and the worthy doctor took that for his theme, attacking gewgaws and tiaras and foreign-made fripperies with an earnest fist, and warning woman that her garments were a daily force, to elevate or to drag down her community. The awful responsibility of example lay on the head and shoulders of all. Miss Drake thought her new fur set referred to, and tried to look as if she had forgotten its existence; Mrs. Henessy, in a velvet hat with plumes, nearly rose up to explain that the "shape" was a bargain, and she had had the feathers seven years; but Isadora knew who was meant, and her honest heart drooped in shame and dismay. She had not dreamed that her pretty gown could have all those dreadful consequences.

The congregation lingered on the sidewalk to discuss the sermon. Some were angry, some derisive, a few enthusiastic; but the festival patronesses agreed, with more or less laughter, that there was only one thing to be done.

"That settles my pink chiffon," said Sally White. "I shall wear a neat brown gingham." Mrs. Henessy thought that unnecessary.

"But I do think we should be very simple, out of deference to the Doctor," she announced.

"I'll wear my old black," said Isadora with a long sigh; and went home by herself to her unburned house. "It does seem as if I'd never get it worn!" was her only complaint.

The short Winter sped gaily past, and again the house on the hill opened its door and windows, and its equipages dashed through the streets. And Isadora went out daily in her new Spring suit, with prudent layers of flannel underneath and the leaping heart of a child with a birthday coming.

At last, with the breath of awakening Spring, the awaited signal came in at the front door. Amy's writing was more slap-dash than ever, her envelopes larger, her seal more wildly splashed. Isadora carried the letter to her room, that she might be glad unashamed.

DEAR DODIE:

I've been trying to get down to see you, but too rushed. Will you come to my wedding on the fifteenth? The happy man—I'm afraid it is Buck for yours, Dodie. Hasn't it been funny about Stanley and me—as youngsters, we had no use for each other, and yet, when we came together again last Fall, in a week it was all up with both of us. Though, of course, we didn't admit it all in a minute. He is the dearest fellow in the world, and I am wildly happy. It will be a quiet little wedding, but we must have you. Stanley sends love. Wish us joy.

Y'rs affec'ly,
AMY.

The walls swayed, then settled drearily back in their places. The clock plodded toward the next meal hour. In the kitchen below, the new cook sang piercingly of bringing in the sheaves. Isadora sat on the bed with her cheek against the pillow, her heavy eyes fixed on the bleak future. Life was like that. Nothing good ever came true. The wardens of her spirit seemed for once utterly routed.

For half an hour they accepted defeat. Then, slowly, stealthily, they crept out upon the enemy. Despair fell back, grudgingly, unbelievingly, before the coming consolation. Isadora lay rigidly still, as though listening to far-off voices. The line of her wide, sweet lips relaxed; into her fixed eyes crept a faint excitement. Rising, she pulled out the drawer which held the Paris model, and touched it with tremulous fingers. The light came back into her face like a slow, sure dawn after a stormy night.

"Well, anyway, I can wear the gown!" she said aloud.

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"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"

Mr. Frank S. Shankland
Iowa legislator. Having heard of "widows' pensions," Mr. Shankland energetically started in to get a "widows pension" law for Iowa.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey
Judge Lindsey drew up the "Mothers' Compensation Act" which was presented to the voters of Colorado last November under the initiative and referendum law.

Mrs. Clara Cahill Park
The existence of the Massachusetts Commission to Study the Question of the Support of Dependent Minor Children of Widowed Mothers is largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Park.

Mrs. William Grant Brown
President of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, which has 80,000 members. Mrs. Brown is one of the most active leaders in the movement for a "widows' pension" law in New York State.

Miss Helen M. Winslow
Miss Winslow, on behalf of The Delineator, has lectured on the subject of "widows' pensions" before sixty women's clubs in Massachusetts.

Judge E. E. Porterfield
Of Missouri. Judge Porterfield was one of the principal promoters of the first real "widows' pension" law in the United States.

Mr. David F. Tilley
Mr. Tilley is a member of the Massachusetts "widows' pensions" Commission (of which Prof. Robert F. Foerster, of Harvard University, is chairman) and is also a member of the State Board of Charity.

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN OF LIVING MOTHERS

There are Many Thousands of Them in the United States. Let us Give Them Back to their Mothers. Three Cities have Shown Us How. The Delineator, in a practical way, is assisting in this Reconstruction of Homes. Will you? You can.

BY WILLIAM HARD

ON OCTOBER 9, 1912, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Mary Morson, in the City of New York, walked toward the St. Rachel Orphan Asylum. Four children walked beside her—children of her own body. It would be many days before they walked beside her again.*

Half a mile to the south, on East Fifty-ninth Street, at Number 124, in a filing-cabinet, there stood a card which authorized Mrs. Morson to walk with her children toward the St. Rachel Orphan Asylum on her errand of bereavement. This card, in recent ink, displayed the words "commitment papers." Four of Mrs. Morson's children had been "committed" from her to the Asylum.

The filing-cabinets at Number 124 East Fifty-ninth Street (the Children's Bureau of the City of New York) are cemeteries in which thousands of stout white cards bearing the epitaph "commitment papers" have been erected to commemorate the living separation of relatives and the decease of the child-life of living children.

Mrs. Morson had come to Number 124 East Fifty-ninth Street on October 7. She sat, with other applicants, on one of the long wooden benches in the basement. It is a room at which I look with more disquiet than at any other room in my world.

Ten thousand applications were made in it last year for "commitment" of children.

What Mrs. Morson said, when it came her turn, was put down on a card and borne to Mr. Frederick E. Bauer, superintendent, on the floor above.

Mr. Bauer sees cards which tell him that the father of the children who are to be "committed" is sick, or crippled, or insane, and is therefore unable to support them. He sees cards which tell him that the father is a drunkard or a deserter or a prisoner and has left his children without food. All day long he sees cards which show him how thoughtless, how absurd, how cruel, we are in assuming that we have settled the question of the support of a mother and her children when we have made a man stand up before a clergyman or a magistrate and say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

We have depended too heavily, too completely, on the character and the fortune of one person—the father. We have gambled the child's chances of having a home on the father's chances of having an income. We have even gambled the child's chances of having a home on the father's chances of being alive.

A child has committed no crime. He has a right, an undeniable right, to the home care of a mother, even if his father is sick or crippled or insane, even if his father is a drunkard or a deserter or a prisoner *even if his father is dead.*

MR. BAUER read Mrs. Morson's card. It was not an unusual card. It said she was a widow. Mr. Bauer tells me that every year one-fourth of all the cards that come to him, offering to surrender children to institutions, are from widows.

On the following day, October 8, one of Mr. Bauer's office assistants went to Mrs. Morson's home and saw her and the children and the neighbors. The verified record of the case, as common and as sacred as all the rest of the dust out of which man, a little lower than the angels, is made, runs now thus:

Mrs. Morson's husband was a stone-cutter's helper. On September 7, 1912, he came to the end of a short struggle against pneumonia and died. He had earned twelve dollars a week. He was not insured. There was therefore no insurance money. He had belonged to a union. The union gave Mrs. Morson one hundred dollars for the expenses of the funeral.

Mrs. Morson, with no money, scrubbed the floors of the corridors of the flat-building in which she lived. Her flat was one of three rooms on the third floor at the rear. For her scrub-work as janitress she was allowed to live in this flat without paying money rent.

Rent was settled. But food?

Mrs. Morson worked at feathers. They came from a factory to her flat. Mrs. Morson curled and twisted and finished them in order to make hats, and the heads in them, more beautiful. She would have gone on curling and twisting and finishing; but almost immediately there was a lull in trade, and the feathers from the factory came to her flat no more.

So again there was no money for food. Nor was there any regular supply of food, except that every day, from some source unknown to Mrs. Morson, there came to her a consignment of two bottles of milk.

THERE were seven children. There had been at one time eight. The oldest of the eight, who was a boy of fifteen and who might have worked and earned money, was the one who had died. The seven who were left were all under fourteen. The youngest was too young to be out of arms.

A lady came from a settlement and said that it would be wise to send some of the children to an asylum.

A lady came from a charity society and said that a plan could be worked out for helping Mrs. Morson to keep all her children with her. This lady did not come back.

On the first of October the two bottles of milk from the unknown source were changed to one. The supply of milk for the small children was now one bottle a day; and for other food Mrs. Morson could comfort herself only with irregular expectations from neighbors.

A lady from a settlement said again that it would be wise to send some of the children to an asylum. If she had been in Kansas City or in Chicago or in Milwaukee she would have advised Mrs. Morson to go to the Juvenile Court and apply for a "widow's pension" and take the money and make a home in her own flat for her own children, herself. Being in New York, the lady from the settlement thought at once of Asylums, Refuges, Institutions.

Mrs. Morson listened to her while she spoke. She listened absent-mindedly, I imagine, for her thoughts must have been with the lady from the charity society. At any rate, she let the lady from the settlement go away and she awaited the lady from the charity society. She wanted her children, all seven of them, every one of them, every night. But the lady from the charity society did not come back.

So on October 7, at Number 124 East Fifty-ninth Street, Mrs. Morson said that she was willing to give up four of her children. She would keep three, the two oldest and the youngest. She would let four of them go to strangers, to be fed with nutritious food and clothed in serviceable clothes and— Petted? Yes.

Those alien hands that will gently, warmly pull those soft child-bodies close to strange breasts! I wonder if the tears that fall at Number 124 East Fifty-ninth Street do not fall often at the thought not of the cruelties but of the tendernesses that may come to the children when the mother's own hands reach her breasts clutched on nothing.

It was a well-built building to which Mrs. Morson came, with four of her children, on the afternoon of October 9. It stood among other buildings equally well-built. There was a "receiving" building; and a building for little babies all by themselves, with a garden in front of it; and dormitories for the older children; and a majestic church, broad and embracing. Like the front of that church was the face of the priest in charge—experienced, tremendous, gracious.

It is not that the children will not be loved by Mother Church. It is not that the operation on the Morson family was not performed by a kindly surgeon. It is that the operation was unnecessary and should not have been performed at all. It is that the duty and the joy of direct motherhood have been held aloft before the eyes of human mothers for twenty centuries by Mother Church herself. On canvas and in plaster, the Virgin Mother in every city of the world of Christ perpetually holds her child still at her bosom.

Our Lord was not brought up in a Home maintained by the authorities of Nazareth.

Mary Morson, when she had said good-by to the four children, walked away from the St. Rachel Orphan Asylum down the streets of a city in which several thousand—and I use the words soberly—several thousand other mothers were similarly home-bound away from Home-bound children.

I do not speak of the mothers who have lost their children to institutions because of some failure (in health or in work or in character) of husbands still alive. I speak only of mothers who have lost their children because their husbands have ceased to be alive.

And I speak of it as a momentous, monstrous fact that in institutions patronized by the City of New York there are now confined some *sixty-five hundred children of widows!*

MARY MORSON, arriving before the high New York flat-building where she lived, climbed up to the little nest in which she still might keep what was left of her broken brood.

She was fortunate. At Number 124 East Fifty-ninth Street she had met the agent of a great religious charity society, and he had offered to help her to keep three of the children in case she was willing to part with the other four.

Mary Morson, after inquiry, had not been charged with being a bad mother. She was acknowledged to be fit to care for children. She was to be allowed to care for three.

Here, then, were the three—the three she had bought with the four she had lost. The world, somehow, would

* I have not varied the story of Mrs. Morson in any detail except her surname and the name of the institution to which her children were committed.

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not let her be all of the mother she was, but it would let her be at least part of that mother.

Happy Mary Morson! There were many mothers in New York that night, who, with every one of their children "committed" on the cards at the Children's Bureau and filed away for future reference behind institution walls, could not be mothers to any part of the life they had conceived.

Judge Merritt W. Pinckney had them in mind when he spoke at the National Conference of Charities and Correction at Cleveland last June.

"And then," said he, "after you, as judge, have broken up the family circle and have distributed all the little ones among the appropriate institutions, there still remains the mother. What of her? She is mentally and physically and morally sound. She is the victim of circumstances and conditions for which society, and not she, is responsible. What is to become of her? Heart-broken, alone, her children widely separated, not only from her but from each other, weakened now, mentally and physically and morally, by the ruthless tearing of maternal heart-strings, where will her footsteps tend to lead this pitiable object of a State's ingratitude? Will she survive the test and continue to lead an honest, upright life, or will she drift along the line of least resistance, ending in the brothel or in the madhouse?

"The picture is overdrawn, you say? Words can not begin to draw the child's fear, the mother's agony, the collapse of all things strong and holy, at such a time. Watch as I have, for nearly four years, children clinging to a mother's skirts or sobbing in a mother's arms; see the affrighted look on the mother's face, a look akin to that seen only in the eyes of a dumb animal when torn from her young, and you will not say that the picture is overdrawn. You will come to believe with me that society should cherish and encourage and develop, and not destroy, this most sacred thing in human life—a mother's love."

Mrs. Morson's willingness to spend love on all her children, and so to make both them and herself stronger and nobler, was not dammed and narrowed as we have seen it dammed and narrowed by the City of New York because the City could not afford to let it flow to its full flood.

AT THE very moment when the gates of the St. Rachel Orphan Asylum opened to receive the four Morson children, the coffers of the City of New York opened to allow public money to run toward the St. Rachel Orphan Asylum's treasury.

The City of New York pays to the St. Rachel Orphan Asylum, for each Morson child the sum of thirty-two and one-seventh cents a day.

The total bill to the City of New York for the keep of the four Morson children in the month of November was thirty-eight dollars and fifty-seven cents.

The St. Rachel Orphan Asylum earned that money.

Would not Mrs. Morson have been willing to earn that money in that same way?

Her husband, if he had lived through that month, would have earned only fifty-two dollars.

With thirty-eight dollars and fifty-seven cents for just herself and the children, Mrs. Morson would really be better off financially than before her husband's death.

We shall by no means allow her to get into that condition. On the contrary we may very well proceed even farther toward sharpening the edge of her loneliness while at the same time increasing the cost of the keep of her children.

Presently—it is not impossible—the agent of the charity society may come to her and say: "Our funds are low. We need them for many purposes. I think you'd better put your two youngest children in a day nursery and go out yourself and earn some money."

Mrs. Morson will then go down the street every day to work while her two youngest children go up the street to the day nursery. Playing on the nice floors of that nursery and sleeping on its nice beds and eating from its nice dishes, they will cost its managers at least twelve dollars a month.

We shall then be spending thirty-eight dollars and fifty-seven cents plus twelve dollars—that is, fifty dollars and fifty-seven cents—each month on the Morson children; and their mother will see less of them than ever!

In this way we scientifically arrive at the maximum of money and the minimum of mother.

On only one condition will we give any of that fifty-dollars and fifty-seven cents to a mother. *She must not be the mother of the child whom we pay her to mother.*

A widow in the acquaintance of Mrs. William Einstein of the Widowed Mothers' Fund Society was trying to rent a little flat for herself in a certain building. She often spoke to Mrs. Einstein about it. She was resolute in wanting to live in that certain building. Mrs. Einstein suggested other buildings nearer to her. She did not like any of them. There was only one building that attracted her. She would stand in the hallway of it and speak to the tenants as they came in, and inquire if any of them were thinking of going away. Finding that none of them seemed likely to go away for a long time, she again approached Mrs. Einstein and pleaded with her to think of some kind of arrangement which would make a vacancy in that building and put her into it. Mrs. Einstein then asked her insistently why it was that she couldn't get that building out of her mind. The widow said: "Why, the woman they pay to look after one of my babies lives there, and if I could live there too I could watch her every night when she put him to bed."

The City of New York, having "committed" four of the Morson children to the St. Rachel Orphan Asylum, will allow the Asylum, in turn, to entrust (which virtually means "commit") those children to any fit individual *except Mrs. Morson.*

On October 9, 1912, while Mrs. Morson of New York was seeing her children "committed" to strangers, there had already been a large issue of an entirely different kind of "commitment papers" in the three cities of Kansas City, Chicago and Milwaukee.

In those cities, on October 9, there were some 2,000 children who had been "committed" to their own mothers by order of the Juvenile Court. There were some 600 of these mothers; and the county authorities, by order of the Juvenile Court, were paying them a sum of money totaling up to about $12,000 a month.

The money thus paid over is spoken of sometimes as "widows' pensions," sometimes as "mothers' allowances."

The earliest and the most carefully organized of the three systems under which these "pensions" or "allowances" are awarded is the one in Kansas City. Judge Porterfield, of the Kansas City Juvenile Court, says of it: "There is scarcely a law on our statute-books that is giving greater satisfaction or doing more good. It is the most advanced bit of constructive legislation since the first juvenile-court law of this country was passed in Illinois in 1899."

IF MRS. MORSON were in Kansas City:

The settlement lady gives her (from the Juvenile Court) a printed set of questions to answer. In answering them she recounts all the principal events of her past life; but she comes finally to a question which points toward the future. This question is the guide-post to the Kansas City system, and to every other thinkable good system of "widows' pensions." Its purport is: "Will you, if you get a pension, stay at home and mind the children?"

It is not, you see, a "pension" at all. It is not for anything Mrs. Morson has already done. It is for something she is about to do. It is not for benefiting the State by having borne children. It is for benefiting the State by proceeding to feed and clothe and rear them. She is not on the retired list. She is in active service.

Kansas City does not pin a medal on Mrs. Morson. It gives her a job.

When the children come to the working age, the job ceases, and the "pension" ceases with it.

In the interim, if Mrs. Morson neglects the children—that is, if she ceases to work at her job—she is discharged. Her pay stops. Her "pension" is stricken from the Juvenile Court rolls.

In Kansas City, besides the widow, just one other class of women come within the law, namely, the wife of the man who is in prison.

In Milwaukee the law is broader. It is to prevent "separation" of families which, for the sake of the children, ought to be kept together.

The law in Kansas City, though a State law, applies to Kansas City only. The "law" in Milwaukee is merely an order of the local county commissioners.

The Illinois law is broadest in its application, for it covers the whole State; and it is also broadest in its possible operation, for it provides that if the "parents" are "poor," the Juvenile Court, being convinced of their value as parents, may grant them an allowance out of county funds.

The Chicago Juvenile Court, acting in its wisdom under this law, has confined itself very closely to families in which the father has been removed by death.

The distribution, by cities, of the children affected by the three laws mentioned was, in September, as follows:

Kansas City, 150; Chicago, 1,636; Milwaukee, 197.

Thinking of all these children, we are not surprised to observe that the idea which came to their succor is being advanced for the succor of other children elsewhere.

It is advanced in the platform of the Progressive Party in Missouri, as a demand for the extension of the Kansas City system to the rest of the State.

It is advanced in the platform of the Republican Party in Wisconsin, again as a demand for the extension of a local into a State-wide measure.

It is advanced in the platforms of both the Republican and Democratic Parties in California.

Strong, organized movements in its favor have carried it far on its way toward adoption in Colorado, Iowa, Ohio, Massachusetts and New York. It has powerful and active advocates in Minnesota, Michigan and Tennessee. The daily newspapers show that in nineteen other States it has risen at least to the level of serious talk.

IN NEXT month's DELINEATOR I shall present the details—the personal details—of the local movements in Massachusetts and in New York.

I now add just one more fact about New York.

The child taken from its mother and committed to an institution is only one incident in widowed misery. Another incident, and one that is more prevalent, is the child retained desperately by its mother in circumstances which give it too little of clothes and too little of food.

There is a widow, living on one of the streets on the lower East Side, whose children are being kept with her by a charity society—an exceptionally generous charity society. When her rent is paid, she has three dollars a week for food and clothes for herself and four children!

At one time she brought herself to offer one of the children for commitment.

Her application was rejected. Contrasted with other widows who were offering children for commitment, she was well enough off!

As she comes out of her flat-building she turns to the right and confronts the bread-woman. The bread-woman stands with a basket of large black loaves at her feet and a scales in her hand. The widow counts out to her not five but four cents. The bread-woman, with a large knife, carves off an irregular cube of bread, adds to it a slender slice which brings it up to thirteen ounces and wraps it in a newspaper. The widow puts it in her black, flappy, two-handled oilcloth bag.

She turns to a cart in the street. From its broad flat top she picks off twelve tiny tart plums, and gives the cartman two cents.

She enters a grocery and buys eggs—not eggs with whole shells—eggs with cracked shells. The white is oozing from them. She holds up some ten or twelve of them to the light and gazes through them squintingly. She takes away six of them, and leaves ten cents behind her.

She buys milk, a quart of it. Milk-dealers have been raising their price to nine cents. For a quart of this kind of milk she pays six cents.

She buys potatoes. She does not know what potatoes cost by the peck. She can not know. By the pound they cost three cents. She buys two pounds.

She has now bought all that she can afford to buy for one day. She returns, past the bread-woman, to her flat-building.

Her oldest child, a girl, is back from school. She has that self-contradictory complexion, that glowing pallor, which one often sees among the Jews. Though only ten years old, she is already in the sixth grade. When I saw her I saw a model for any painter who wishes to express, on the face of a child, the sensitive emergence of intellect grappling with the amazing ideas of the adult world.

The youngest child, a boy, was shy. Though he lives in crowds, the crowds of the tenement, the crowds of the street, he is shy. He seems almost sullen. His mother calls him. He runs to her; and a full, laughing-crying life wells up in him sparklingly to the eyes with which he regards her.

That she can do for him. Life in him, the life of expression, without which he is but a cluster of celled chemicals, is summoned out of him by her.

Let her feed him.

What We Are Doing. What You Can Do

JUST a week before writing these words I signed ninety-six letters addressed to women's clubs in Massachusetts. In each letter I offered without any cost whatsoever to the club a lecture on "Widows' Pensions," by Miss Helen M. Winslow.

The responses from these letters have already given Miss Winslow all the engagements she can fill for a month. We hope that her work as she travels from town to town will make thousands of active friends for the bill which the Massachusetts "widows' pensions" Commission is going to present to the next Legislature.

From Massachusetts Miss Winslow will go to New York. Her tour there, as in Massachusetts, will be entirely at our expense.

She represents THE DELINEATOR as a member of our staff, but she does not talk about THE DELINEATOR. She talks simply and only about "widows' pensions."

We believe that the cause of "widows' pensions" merits a contribution of time and of effort from any and every organization devoted to the interests of women.

As another part of our own contribution we have brought together from many States after much correspondence all of the important details with regard to "widows' pensions" up to date. These details can not be found collected so completely anywhere else in the country.

We are thus prepared to answer practical questions from people who wish to introduce the "widows' pensions" idea into their own State. We have answered many such questions. We hope to answer many more.

If you are in earnest about "widows' pensions," write to us. We will answer you carefully and fully.

Do you know what one person really in earnest can do? The "widows' pension" bill in Illinois was put through the Legislature really by the immediate efforts of just one person, Henry Neil.

If you can't visit the Legislature you can write to it. If enough people write to it, the bill will pass.

Send us your name and we will tell you when to write and to whom to write.

In sending your name say simply that you want to join The Home League. That is what The Home League means. No dues and no duties except to write three letters to your own legislators to help a cause which you believe in and which you want to help.

Write to William Hard, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING

BY BURGES JOHNSON

YESTERDAY I tore some lace, stuck my finger through it;
Day before I made a face, no one saw me do it.
Once I splattered with the ink, got my dress all spotted,
And there's other things I think that I have forgotted.
Do you s'pose HE came last night? I was always taught he
Wouldn't bring a single mite to a child that's naughty!
But I guess if Santy's house has some children in it,
They're not quiet as a mouse every single minute,
And I guess that Mrs. Claus told him, if he let her,
Not to blame this child, because his aren't any better!

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Mme. Paquin is a brilliant figure in the woman's movement of to-day for it is seldom that such tremendous business success is coupled with so much youth and beauty and generosity. Mme. Paquin's philanthropies are famous

A MATTER OF MILLIONS

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SUCCESSFUL FRENCH DRESSMAKER

By Madame Paquin

Illustrations by Mme. Paquin's own artist, Rosette

The name of Mme. Paquin, the famous Parisian couturière, is so well known in this country that it needs no introduction to the American public. One of the few women dressmakers of note in Paris, her work has been brilliantly successful. The career of a self-made woman—for Mme. Paquin owes her success to neither position nor influence—a career that means hard work, deep study and great native ability, can not fail to be stimulating to other women, whether they are dressmakers or not.

I SUPPOSE if one were altogether under the influence of what Sir Arthur Pinero calls "the artistic temperature" one would not reckon one's success in terms of dollars and cents. But it is so convincing, isn't it? It's all very well to say you're something of a dressmaker. If people happen to like the gowns you make, they'll believe you. If they don't, they will mentally stick their tongue in their cheek and compare your dresses—greatly to their disadvantage—with the work of the dressmaker they particularly affect. But if you say that your business amounts to twelve million francs a year, whether they like your dresses or not they must admit that they are successful.

Perhaps, after all, its money value is as modest and impersonal a rating of my own work as I can give. It is for others to say whether it has originality and beauty, graciousness of line and charm of coloring. I myself can only say what I do and why I do it—half apologetically, although in an article on my own work I can't write about the lovely weather we're having now in Paris, can I? As the Irish egoist said, "I hate to talk about myself, but what else is there?"

My work as a dressmaker has been sufficiently varied to warrant my saying that I know the business from the bottom up. I took up designing very early in my career and both during my husband's lifetime and after his death I have had a very active part in creating and making my own models. This in addition to managing a business that employs fifteen hundred *ouvriers*.

My rue de la Paix establishment I fancy would strike you as rather insignificant on entrance. I have just a little box of an Empire room on the street floor, crowded with lingerie, blouses and accessories. A wide stairway leads up to the show-room, done very simply in a neutral tone of gray that makes a good background for the dresses. The fitting-rooms are also very unpretentious and look out over broad window-ledges banked with flowers on the busy life of the rue de la Paix. The simplicity of my salons is more studied than it seems. My gowns are decidedly elaborate, sumptuous, very decorative in themselves. An ornate background for them would be disturbing, giving the spectator an impression of confusion and detracting from the effect of the models.

"A straight, undeveloped figure that is charmingly youthful"

"Plagiarisms from the paintings of Rembrandt and Frans Hals"

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THE present styles are losing a little of the extreme modernity of look that has distinguished them for two years and taking on something of the picturesqueness of period dresses. They all hark back more or less to the seventeenth century, and many of them are strongly reminiscent of the portraits of the Flemish school at that time. The deep pointed collars, the sleeves that bulge at the elbows, the broad, flat waistlines, low waistcoats and draped skirts are plagiarisms from the paintings of Rembrandt and Frans Hals. There are other influences at work as well, in the panniers of the Pompadour period, the cut of the new Louis Quatorze coats and the Renaissance and Medicean collars.

The lowered waistline that is used this season interests me very much, for I have been using it for several seasons and have been surprised that the general public has not taken it up sooner. One still sees a great deal of the raised and even the high waistline here in Paris, but I have favored the normal line for some time past. I either put my waistline right to the normal position or else drop it to the hips. I use the very long waistline a great deal in many of my new coats and in some of my dresses. When I use the normal waistline I make it large and flat so that the hips still appear small in comparison with the waist size. I use rather wide loose girdles that give a woman a straight, undeveloped figure that is charmingly youthful-looking.

ALMOST all of my skirts are made with draperies, either panniers, draped tunics or spiral skirts. Little else is worn over here, except for morning tailor-mades. Afternoon tailleurs have a simple version of the drapery—frequently just a few plaits across the front, not unlike my first sheath skirt of six years ago. You can take it as a safe rule, though, that as the day goes on the drapery becomes more complicated and involved until it reaches its climax in dinner and ball gowns.

In the waists that I am making at present it is to the collars and sleeves that I turn for the individuality of the blouse. My afternoon gowns are either collarless or else made with an open throat and the high, flaring Medicean or Marie Stuart collar. The flare collar is almost always made of very beautiful lace and boned.

As for sleeves, the long plain close-fitting sleeve, excellent for certain types of dresses, is used so much in Paris that I try to keep away from it. I am very fond of a sleeve that has a decided fulness at the elbow, because it is new and becoming and very picturesque. My sleeves are close-fitting below the elbow if they are long, and if they are short I set them into a wide flaring cuff. On some of my Winter coats I have used a new sleeve that I think no other house has attempted—a sleeve with considerable fulness from the elbow to the wrist and gathered in at the lower edge with several rows of shirrings. The lower edge makes a sort of ruffle over the hand. I also have a new cuff, wider at the bottom than at the top, that I use quite a little on a full bishop sleeve.

My gowns are decidedly elaborate, sumptuous, very decorative in themselves

MY COATS are quite different from any that are being shown in Paris, and it is difficult to say whether they will have a general vogue or not. One of my models has a long close-fitting basque with a very wide ripple skirt or peplum below it and huge flap pockets at the sides. In another, of velvet, the peplum is laid in box plaits which are stitched down to the hipline and flare out below it. I am using these coats because they are in character with the other styles that I am making and because they suit the new draped skirts. My customers like them, but that, as I said before, does not necessarily mean that they will become popular, for the women I dress prefer an individual to a general style.

Many of these coats are made with little vests or waistcoats of tapestry brocade fastened with jeweled buttons. I also use waistcoats in my cutaway coats and fancy that they will be very well liked, as they fill a definite need. Even in our climate, which is much milder than yours, the cutaway coat is a little exposing for Midwinter, and the waistcoat supplements it in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

AS TO materials, I am using at present brocades, matelassés, broadcloths, éponge and silk-faced cloths for day gowns and panne velvets, brochés, satins and laces for evening dresses. I use a great deal of lace, gold and silver embroidery, *stras* and fur as trimmings, especially fine thread lines of dark fur on light-colored dresses.

One of the little dresses that my artist has sketched for this letter is of beige-colored silk-faced cloth, the right side of the waist draped over a foundation of black Liberty satin. The sleeves are set into a deep cuff, and both the waist and draped skirt are trimmed with narrow bands of black skunk.

The afternoon dress sketched by Rosette is of ivory velvet and brocade trimmed with sable. The skirt runs up on the bodice in the familiar bib outline and the full sleeve is sewed into the waist beneath a band of the sable. The evening gown on this page is of Veronese panne velvet with applications of lace over a pink foundation.

These dresses are typical, I think, of my work, for they show the sleeves, collars, waistlines and draperies that I am using and are characteristic of the rather loose, free way in which I work.

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Waist 5874; skirt 5875

[Descriptions of these designs will be found on page 28]

The illustration shows an exquisite dress made from these two designs of broché crêpe de Chine and accordion-plaited chiffon. Three yards and one-half of crêpe de Chine thirty-six inches wide, two yards and seven-eighths of chiffon forty-five inches wide, and two yards and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide for a foundation skirt, will be required for the dress in medium size. When drapery and accordion plaiting are combined in a gown it is the smartest possible.

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Dress 5895; hat 5886

[*Hat 5886 is described in the back of the book*]

Four yards and three-eighths of charmeuse forty-four inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of satin thirty-six inches wide for the Robespierre collar and vest, and one-half yard of chiffon forty inches wide for the frills, will be required for the dress in medium size.

Waist 5883; skirt 5884

[*Descriptions of these designs will be found on page 29*]

Three yards and one-quarter of striped worsted forty-four inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of satin twenty inches wide for the tucker, three-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the collar, and one-half yard of chiffon forty-five inches wide for the collar and yoke-facing, will be required for the medium size.

Waist 5860; skirt 5861

One yard and three-quarters of chiffon forty-five inches wide and one-eighth of a yard of chiffon in a contrasting shade forty-five inches wide for pipings will be required for the waist in the medium size. Two yards and one-quarter of material fifty-four inches wide will be required for the skirt in medium size.

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Waist 5892

[*Described on page 34*]

When the waist is combined with a plain two-piece skirt as above, five yards and seven-eighths of linen thirty-six inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting linen of the same width for the collar and cuffs will be required for the medium size.

Waist 5850

[*Described on page 28*]

Four yards and one-eighth of fancy éponge forty-four inches wide, one-half yard of black satin twenty-seven inches wide, and one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide, will be required for the dress in medium size made from this waist and a plain two-piece skirt.

Waist 5860; skirt 5903

[*Waist 5860 described on page 29*]
[*Skirt 5903 described on page 37*]

When these designs are combined as illustrated, five yards and seven-eighths of fine linen thirty-six inches wide, one-half yard of net forty inches wide, and two yards of Roman ribbon for a sash, will be required for the dress in medium size.

Waist 5898; skirt 5851

[*Waist* 5898 *described on page* 32]
[*Skirt* 5851 *described on page* 28]

Three yards and three-quarters of chiffon forty-five inches wide, three yards and three-eighths of lace edging seven inches wide, and one yard and one-half of lace flouncing twenty-four inches wide, will be required for the medium size.

Waist 5898; skirt 5875

[*Waist* 5898 *described on page* 32]
[*Skirt* 5875 *described on page* 28]

Five yards of broché chiffon forty-five inches wide and five yards of fur banding will be required for the dress made from these designs in medium size, used and trimmed as in the illustration above.

Wrap 5889

[*Wrap* 5889 *described on page* 30]

Five yards and one-quarter of velvet forty-four inches wide and one yard and one-quarter of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar will be required for the wrap in medium size as it is illustrated above.

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SIMPLE WAYS OF DRAPING GRACEFULLY

SOFT BROCADED FABRICS FALL INTO LINES OF GRACE EASILY

DESIGN 5850 will make part of an extremely smart cloth dress for receptions or afternoon cards. Its closing has a distinctive line and its double collar is something very new and chic. Either one of these collars or trimming pieces may, however, be omitted if you prefer the surplice waist without them, and the peplum too, which is to be worn at a slightly raised waistline, is not a necessary part of the design. The one-seam sleeves are sewed into regulation armholes, dart-fitted below the elbow and in full or shorter length. The neck of the French lining may be high with a collar having a straight or curved lower edge or French round. Sponge cloth, Bedford cord and satin are excellent materials for the design, which may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt.

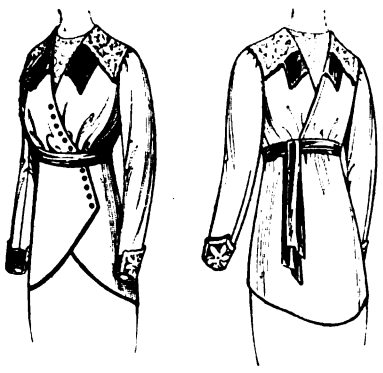
For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with peplum and full-length sleeves.

Design 5850 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

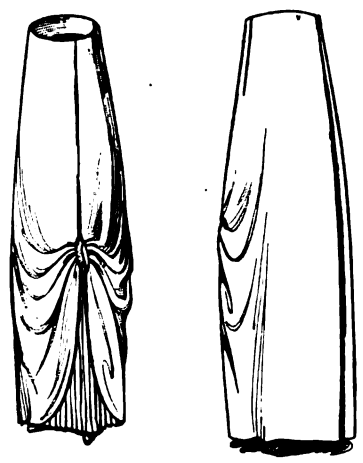
ONE of the most gracefully draped skirts that I have seen is that shown in design 5851, where the drapery is simply cut in and caught up in folds at the side-front seam. There does not need to be a foundation skirt, although a smart effect is gained by cutting away the lower corners to show a section of contrasting material or a plaited portion attached to a foundation. One in three pieces, measuring about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge, is included in the design which you can use if you wish. The draped skirt is in two pieces with a deep plait at the right side of the back, is in round or shorter length, closed at the front or back, and has a slightly raised waistline. It may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist as a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-five or more inches wide will be required for the draped skirt.

Design 5851 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



5850



5851

Waist 5850; skirt 5851

Four yards of broché charmeuse forty-four inches wide, one-half yard of chiffon forty-five inches wide, two yards and five-eighths of insertion, and two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide for a foundation skirt, will be required for the dress in medium size, as it is illustrated above.

SIDE PLAITING UNDER DRAPERY IS VERY CHIC AND CHARMING

WAIST 5874 is a beautifully useful design for accordion-plaited chiffon and a soft silk or satin, or for plaited chiffon or silk and velveteen or broadcloth, attached to a skirt as in the colored illustration or as a separate waist for part of a three-piece dressy suit. It is made with the upper body, which may be accordion or knife plaited, in one with the upper part of the oversleeves, and with a French lining in high, French round or lower neck, with or without full-length or shorter one-seam undersleeves. The peplum at the slightly raised waistline is optional.

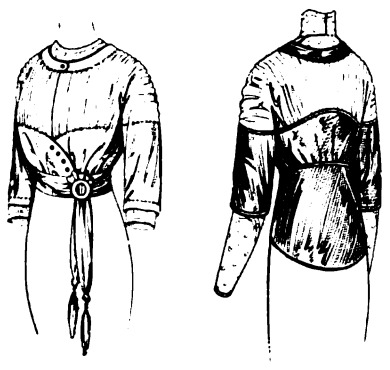
For a woman of medium size, one yard of material forty-five inches wide for the upper body portion, with three-quarters of a yard forty inches wide for the lower body portions, oversleeves and yoke band, and three-eighths of a yard of net forty inches wide for facing the yoke and shorter undersleeves, will be required for the waist without the peplum.

Design 5874 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

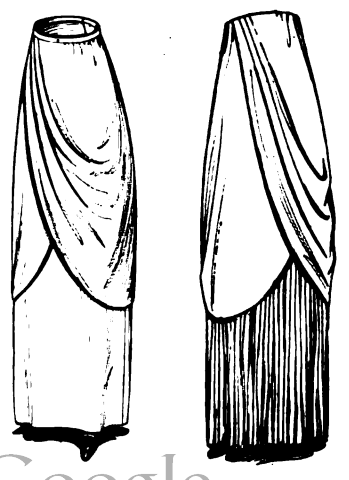
ACCORDION plaiting at the lower part of a skirt is the prettiest thing you can have for a dancing frock. It allows you, too, to use in the skirt the chiffon that is generally used for the upper part of the waist when the rest of the skirt and waist are of one of the heavier soft silks. The rest of the skirt should, of course, be draped. Design 5875 has wonderfully good drapery wound closely about the figure and may be with or without the accordion or side plaited flounce with a straight lower edge. The drapery is in two pieces, the foundation skirt in three. The design has a slightly raised or regulation waistline, is in clearing length and measures about one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge of the foundation. It may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, five yards of material thirty-six inches wide for the drapery and flounce and two yards and five-eighths twenty-seven inches wide for a foundation skirt will be required.

Design 5875 may be obtained in six sizes from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



5874



5875

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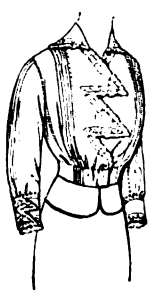
Dress 5895 Waist 5883; skirt 5884 Waist 5860; skirt 5861

NOTHING BUT THE VEST SHOULD SATISFY

YOU IF YOU WISH TO BE SMARTLY GOWNED AND UP TO DATE IT IS REMARKED ON A MAJORITY OF NEW MODELS



5860

SO MANY of the women whom I saw come into a fashionable hotel at the tea-hour the other day were wearing straight narrow gowns that I felt inclined to qualify a statement which I have been making rather often lately, namely, that "everything is draped." A number of the gowns were draped, to be sure, but quite as many were simple one-piece frocks, slender and straight in outline. I noticed some new points, however, in the smartest of them, the most prominent being the buttoned vest and the high-standing, turned-down Robespierre collar.

In design 5895 the Robespierre collar is present and the vest, and there is a peplum with smart cutaway lines and the proper length at the back. The sleeves are the long one-seam ones that are generally used now, sewed into regulation armholes and dart-fitted below the elbow, and the skirt has the popular three or four piece cut. Frills or revers trim the front of the waist. The Robespierre collar may be in either of two styles or with the frills, revers and peplum may be omitted entirely. The French lining may have high or slightly open neck, and the sleeves may be in full or shorter length. The attached skirt is in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline, and measures about two yards at the lower edge in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and one-half yard twenty-seven inches wide for the Robespierre collar and facing the revers will be required for the dress with the three-piece skirt and peplum.

Design 5895 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

THERE are many different kinds of vests being shown in the new gowns and blouses, but none with prettier lines than the one in design 5883. The crossing lines of the inside vest or tucker in combination with the straight tapering lines of the blouse edges are a most individual, smart and becoming arrangement. This tucker may, however, be omitted if you prefer a plain vest. The collar in Robespierre style has a pretty curve in back and makes an effective, simple trimming in a material contrasting with the waist. With the frills shown in the small view, whose use is optional, it is especially attractive. The one-seam sleeves here may be long and dart-fitted below the elbow or shorter, finished with cuffs. They are sewed on below the shoulder, the upper part being in one with the body of the blouse, a construction which gives a long-shouldered effect, considered very smart. High and French necks are possibilities of the French lining, and with the high neck a collar straight or curved at the lower edge may be used. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress of serge, sponge cloth, velveteen, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, corded silks and moiré. If you are already preparing for the Spring, you will like it in cotton ratine or linen.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the collar in Robespierre style, tucker, straight collar and yoke-facing, will be required for the waist with full

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obtained in a Butterick transfer. The back which is preferred for almost any material is the second asset of this design, the back which has a little fulness at the waistline. Straps fastening over this are a smart touch, but not necessary. A seam need only be used at the back if the width of your material requires it, as the skirt may be cut in four or five pieces. It has a slightly raised waistline, is in clearing length, and measures about two yards at the lower edge in medium size. It may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist as a one-piece dress and closed at the front or back.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of striped material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required for the five-piece skirt.

Design 5884 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5860 is so dainty and attractive in chiffon or marquisette that I can suggest nothing better for a light dressy blouse. It need be trimmed, you see, only with tiny satin buttons and a piping of contrasting chiffon around the collar. Its tucks give it a pleasing softness and body, the points at its closing make it individual, and the open neck and short sleeves are appropriate in this kind of a dressy blouse. Quite a different appearing blouse, although it is not any less suitable for dressy occasions, may be made from the same design of crêpe de Chine, charmeuse or messaline with the closing edge in straight outline, a Robespierre instead of a flat collar and long sleeves. The view above shows you that its closing is still decorative and that this collar is very smart. It may be rolled in either of two ways. The neck may be slightly open or high with a collar having a straight or curved lower edge. The sleeves in full or shorter length have one seam and are sewed into slightly deep armholes. A body lining may be used or not under the blouse-waist, which may be eased or drawn down and finished with a skirt extension or peplum when it is used as a separate waist. It may also be attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress. As a separate waist for Spring and Summer, the design is suitable for batiste, lawn, cotton crêpe and cotton marquisette.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the Robespierre collar and cuffs, will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5860 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

WHILE the straight all around plaited skirt may not have achieved the popularity that was expected by its supporters, the attempt to introduce it has had an indisputable effect upon Winter styles in skirts. Nearly all tailored skirts have a few plaits arranged in groups in various ways and places. They do not change the straight lines, for they are pressed flatly in place in a narrow foundation, but they give greater freedom at the lower edge and they make a trimming. They may extend to the waistline and be stitched down to flounce depth, or they may be let in at the lower part of the skirt. The latter method, which is perhaps the better liked, is exemplified in design 5861, an

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NEW NOTES IN COATS ARE

THE CONVERTIBLE AND ROBESPIERRE

EVENING WRAPS WERE NEVER MORE

Coat 5872; skirt 5851

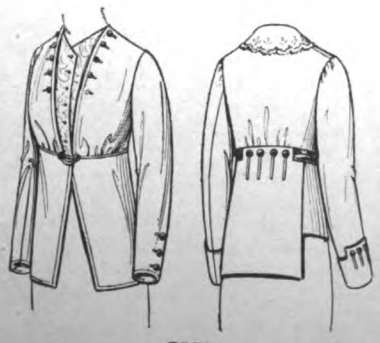
[*Skirt 5851 described on page 28*]

IT MAY seem a bit rash to you to attempt to make the coat of your best suit yourself, but that is because you don't reflect that the coats of dressy suits having softer lines and requiring less scrupulous tailoring than every-day more mannish coats are correspondingly easier for the home dressmaker. Design 5872, for instance, which is taken from an exceedingly smart model, will be scarcely harder to make than a waist. There is fulness you see above the slightly raised waistline, and the collar is softly rolled. You may even omit the collar if you choose, although the suggestion of the Robespierre type in it assures you that it will be smart and becoming. With the vest it strikes a new note in coats. The sleeves may be in either of two styles, and have the fulness at the top slightly gathered or shrunken out, and the back may be twenty-seven or thirty-two inches long and with or without the tab extensions. Velveteen, broadcloth, sponge cloth and serge are materials suggested.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material fifty inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty or more inches wide for the vest will be required for the coat in thirty-two-inch length.

Design 5872 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

When these designs are combined to make the suit illustrated, four yards and one-half of charmeuse forty-four inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of cretonne twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and vest will be required for the medium size. Charmeuse is very chic for an afternoon suit, but not warm enough perhaps for the dead of Winter. Velveteen and broadcloth trimmed with brocaded silk are as suitable for the design and more practical in a severe climate.



5872

DESIGN 5889 illustrates perfectly the silhouette of the new evening wraps, being broad at the upper part and drawn in around the bottom, so that it seems to taper to the feet. It is very loose under the arms, so large and loose that it needs no sleeves, and falls with drapery from there to the lower edge, which curves up in front to a very low fastening, that is, a fastening which is very low when the wrap is made with an open neck and large collar, the collar shown on page 27 and in the small back view. The pointed end which is shown here is an extension on the right front and brings the wrap up high to the throat. Both of these possibilities of the design are taken from ultra-smart new models, and both are graceful and becoming. The length of the wrap, fifty-two inches at the back, is the fashionable one now. Velveteen, plush and broadcloth are the materials chosen for handsome evening coats this Winter by women who want them warm. Satin, corded silk and moiré are also used, but need to be interlined.

For a woman of medium size, five yards and one-quarter of material with nap forty-four inches wide and one yard and one-quarter of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar will be required for the wrap with open neck cut lengthwise. Four yards and seven-eighths of material with nap fifty inches wide will be required for the wrap with pointed end, cut lengthwise.

Design 5889 may be obtained in four sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5889

Wrap 5889

The wrap is illustrated here in velvet trimmed with fur banding, and developed in this way will require in medium size five yards and one-quarter of velvet forty-four inches wide and eight yards and three-quarters of fur banding to edge the front, pointed end, lower edge, neck and sleeves. As a substitute for the fur, marabout trimming may be used or the edge may be finished without trimming. If the coat is made with the collar, all-over lace or broché satin will be effective on it. The end thrown over the shoulder makes a deliciously warm closing for an evening coat.

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THE VEST AND DIVIDED BACK

COLLARS HAVE GAINED GREAT FAVOR

BEAUTIFUL AND VARIED THAN NOW

Coat 5853

Three yards and three-quarters of a heavy fancy cloaking fifty-four inches wide and one-half yard of material thirty-six or more inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required for the coat in medium size. The fur cloths that imitate Persian lamb or caracul make good-looking trimmings for a long, heavy coat. Wool ratine, chinchilla, cheviot, homespun, mixtures and serge are among the materials used for such coats. Velveteen, plush and broadcloth, which will make a dressier coat from the design, are suitable for it on account of its back which is divided at a raised waistline.

THE front of the coat shown in design 5853 is extremely good-looking. Rolled open as in the figure illustration, it has an exceptionally graceful closing line, and revers whose width and length strike one as being in exactly right proportion, while with fronts closed to the throat as in the small view, the effect is equally smart, and the double thickness delightfully warm across the chest. When closed in this way the collar is suggestive of one of the popular Robespierre styles. But attractive as is the coat from the front, it is its back which is really its strong point. This is divided at a slightly raised waistline, and belongs, therefore, unmistakably to this season. Such a back is very generally used on short coats, but is new and still uncommon on the long ones. The slightly deep armholes that are characteristic of this season are also found here, and both of the two lengths most used, fifty-seven and forty-five inches at the back, are possibilities of the design. Suitable materials are mentioned below.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in forty-five-inch length.

Design 5853 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5853

COAT 5905 is an excellent model for the late Winter suit. As it is a very new model which foreshadows early Spring styles, it may be worn with confidence as long as a cloth suit is comfortable, and as it is not in anyway extreme, although so new, it is quite sure to be in good style and standing next year. In making up a suit at this time of year, those are points to be considered. But chiefly to be considered at any time of year when a coat is being selected is the question, Are its lines good? All the novelty in the world won't make it smart if they are faulty. The cut of design 5905 gives it splendid slightly fitting lines, just those which are demanded now by the smart silhouette. The edges are fashionably cut away, and the revers have a width and length which make them graceful and becoming. The back is divided at a slightly raised waistline and has slight fulness in the upper part, as the backs of the best new coats are being cut. It may be twenty-eight or thirty-two inches long. The two-seam sleeves may be put in plainly at the top by shrinking out the fulness or may be slightly gathered. Wool ratine, rough mixtures and heavy serge are the smartest materials now.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material fifty-four inches wide and one-quarter of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the collar will be required for the coat in twenty-eight-inch length.

Design 5905 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

Coat 5905; skirt 5893

[*Skirt 5893 described on page 34*]

Two yards and three-eighths of broadcloth fifty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in medium size, and two yards and one-eighth of striped worsted fifty-four inches wide for the skirt and collar. If the coat is made up with a skirt of the same material, serge, sponge cloth, whip-cord or cheviot, velvet or ribbed silk will be smart on the collar. The skirt is an excellent design for any of these materials and is very up to date with its plaited section at the front.

5905

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A NEW DIRECTION IN THE CLOSING LIN

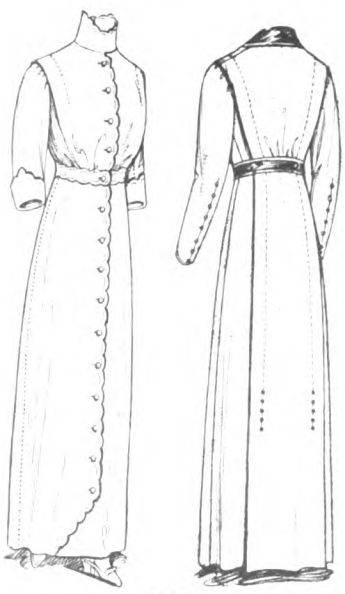
GIVES INDIVIDUALITY TO A DRESS OF THE POPULAR SIMPLE TYPE. A NEW WAY OF DRAPING IS OFFERED

A PLEASING individuality is given to design 5859 by the angle of the closing and the shape of the collar, which while still distinctly of the Robespierre type is uncommonly attractive. Its roll and slightly open front are most becoming too. If you prefer, however, you may close the blouse-waist with a straight line, and make it high neck. You may also use full-length or shorter one-seam dart-fitted sleeves, and a body lining or none. The sleeves are sewed into regulation armholes under Gibson tucks. The skirt attached at a regulation waistline is in five pieces with a plait at each side of a back panel, and measures about two yards and one-eighth at the lower edge with the plaits drawn out.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and seven-eighths of plain or striped material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5859 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5882 will make an attractive, graceful dress for dinners at home and cozy fireside teas, in crêpe de Chine, silk mull, albatross, challis, cotton voile or cotton crêpe. It can be trimmed with itself in one of these soft materials or with fichu drapery of mull, batiste or chiffon. As the blouse-waist and the five-piece skirt are both tucked or gathered, they would not be pretty in a heavier fabric. They are attached at an Empire waistline. The waist may have high or pointed neck, either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves sewed into regulation armholes and be with or without a lining. The skirt may be in medium sweep or round length. In round length it measures about two yards and one-quarter at the lower edge.



5859

For a woman of medium size five yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress without fichu.

Design 5882 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

WAIST 5898 is a charming one for an evening gown with or without the fichu. The fichu helps one to trim the waist with lace or to use a bordered chiffon or crêpe de Chine like the skirt, and is soft and flattering to the figure, but the simple surplice waist without it is one used a great deal in new evening gowns. It is made usually of a transparent fabric beaded with glittering crystals, and is worn with a skirt of a heavier fabric. The overblouse in this design is in one with sleeves in either of two lengths and the French lining is with or without full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves and in high, French round or lower square neck. A tucker is optional. The blouse may be made separately or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with the fichu.

Design 5898 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5882

Dress 5859

WITH the two premises, that you have selected a bordered material for your new gown and that you want to make it with a draped skirt, the inevitable conclusion is that design 5899 is the one for you. This is a gracefully draped skirt which will make up most effectively in a soft bordered crêpe de Chine, voile or chiffon, since the drapery has a straight lower edge and a flounce with a straight lower edge may be attached to the foundation skirt. This is in three pieces in round or shorter length and measures about one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge. The drapery is in one piece, and may be dart-fitted or gathered at a slightly raised or gathered at a regulation waistline. A draped or plain sash is worn at the back. The design may be made separately or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty-two inches wide for the drapery, with two yards and one-half thirty-six inches wide for foundation gores, will be required.

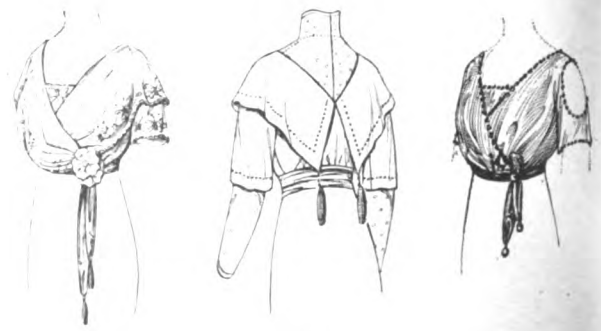
Design 5899 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

THE dress shown in design 5877 probably wouldn't be smart if its lines weren't good, although it has such a smart closing line, smart collar and smart sleeves. It is the lines which count, though, above everything else, and they are about perfect in this dress. The blouse-waist has slightly deep armholes into which full-length or shorter one-seam, dart-fitted sleeves are sewed plainly, and high or open neck. The attached three or four piece skirt has slight fulness in back at the raised waistline, is in clearing length and measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge.

5877

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-quarter of plain or striped material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress with four-piece skirt.

Design 5877 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5898

5899

Four yards and three-eighths of velvet forty-four inches wide and one-half yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required for the dress in medium size. Sponge cloth, Bedford cord, whip-cord, broadcloth, silk poplin, linen, cotton ratine and piqué are equally suitable materials. The closing may be scalloped after a Butterick transfer.

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Dress 5882

Five yards and seven-eighths of crêpe de Chine forty-four inches wide, eight yards of edging and two yards and one-half of banding will be required for the dress in medium size as illustrated above. It might be trimmed quite as charmingly with a fichu of sheer batiste, chiffon or net, edged with a ruffle of the same.

Waist 5898; skirt 5899

Seven yards and three-quarters of bordered silk forty-two inches wide, one-half yard of net forty inches wide for the yoke facing and undersleeves and one yard and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide for the upper part of the foundation gores will be required for the dress in medium size.

Dress 5877

Three yards and seven-eighths of wool éponge forty-four inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of Dresden silk thirty-six inches wide for the collar and belt will be required for the dress in medium size. Button-molds may be covered with the silk or cloth as a trimming for the diagonal closing line.

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TAILORED SKIRTS WITH SIMPLE BLOUSES

MAKE TRIM AND SMART MORNING DRESSES FOR THE STREET

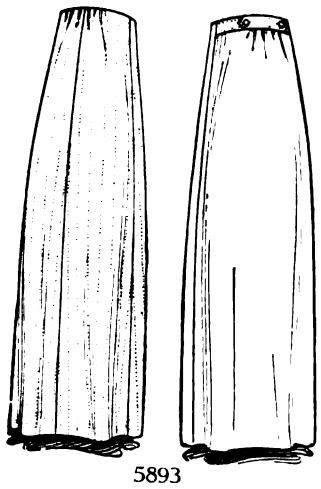
AN INSERTED PLAITED SECTION MAKES A SKIRT SMART

DESIGN 5892 will make an extremely good-looking blouse-waist for wearing with a cloth suit in a dark-toned messaline or crêpe de Chine. Its tucks give a little fulness which is becoming in one of those soft silks, and its front closing is both practical and decorative. Add the peplum, however, and you have a waist which should be used as a part of a dress, one of charmeuse, serge, wool voile, etamine or chiffon broadcloth. It will make an unquestionably smart dress attached to any well-cut skirt, for its peplum has a novel and stylish outline, its collar is in Robespierre style, and its sleeves are the long ones used now, having one seam and being dart-fitted below the elbow and sewed into slightly deep armholes. They may be cut off for shorter length if you wish. The Robespierre collar may be either of two styles and worn with slightly open neck or with an inside collar and yoke facing of net. It may be made of satin on a cloth dress and of lace on a silk one. The three-piece peplum is to be worn at a slightly raised waistline or be replaced by a skirt extension. A body lining is optional.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide and one-quarter yard eighteen or more inches wide for the collar with the low roll will be required for the waist with peplum and full-length sleeves. Two yards and three-quarters of edging will trim the dart-fitted sleeves.

Design 5892 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5892



5893

THE skirt in design 5893 has almost more than its share of desirabilities. It has in the first place faultlessly straight and narrow lines, while it contains at the same time the plaits by which the new skirts are distinguished. At the front it has a well-drawn variation on an extremely fashionable trimming line, and at the back the slight fulness at the waistline which is used so much now. A strap is optional there. The waistline is slightly raised—still the smartest position for it—the length is clearing, and the width at the lower edge is about two yards and one-quarter when the plaits of the inserted section at the lower part of the front are drawn out. The skirt may be cut in three or four pieces, and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material with or without nap forty-four inches wide will be required for the three-piece skirt.

Design 5893 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

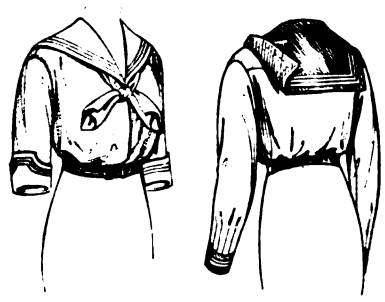
When these designs are combined as they are illustrated on the figure, three yards of fine serge fifty inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the collar in Robespierre style and cuffs and one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the yoke-facing and collar, will be required for the dress in medium size. It will be very smart for the street now and in the Spring.

Waist 5892; skirt 5893

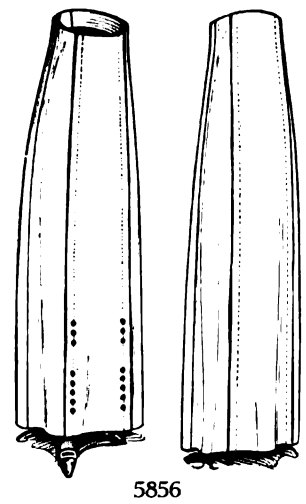
IF YOU are going to have a sailor blouse, have it by all means in regulation naval style. That is, the kind made by smart shops which specialize in these blouses, and the kind, too, that is worn by college girls and sportswomen who know what is correct in outing clothes. You need not be a college girl to want one, for the sailor blouse is a favorite with other young women for morning wear and is as becoming and youthful-looking an informal blouse as any that could be chosen. A good design for one in regulation naval style is the design 5855. This has a yoke-facing with the proper shaping and without seams on the shoulder, a wide collar and long sleeves plaited into the wrist, all in sailor fashion. It is slipped on over the head and may be worn with or without the removable chemisette and standing collar. If you do not insist on these regulation attributes and would find a variation from them more convenient, you may omit the yoke-facing, gather the sleeves or cut them off shorter, and open the blouse at the front. If you want the best style, however, make it as it is shown in the large illustration, of serge, cheviot, duck, drilling, linen or galatea, and trim it with braid and sailor emblems or with a collar of contrasting color.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide or two yards and one-half forty-four inches wide will be required for the blouse with the yoke-facing.

Design 5855 may be obtained in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5855



5856

WHENEVER I have had a chance of late to inspect the early Spring models of leading tailors and manufacturers in the city, I have remarked on the number of skirts with front and back panels that were shown me. Women like them, I was told, because they feel that the panel lines make them appear slenderer about the hips. It is true, I think, that such a skirt is one of the most becoming a woman can wear, and I am glad they are once more "new" and smart. Design 5856 shows one of the new ones. It is cut in six pieces, in clearing length, and so that you can make it with either a slightly raised or regulation waistline. As the closing may be at the back or front, the skirt may be attached to almost any waist or made as a separate skirt. Its width at the lower edge is about two yards in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of plain material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5856 may be obtained in nine sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-eight inches waist, price fifteen cents.

The price of the gas is little, but the value of an iron on the seams of a cloth dress is enormous. Don't neglect that part of the process if you want to be a successful amateur dressmaker. Keep the iron on and whenever there is an edge to be turned, a tuck creased or a wrinkle eliminated, apply it and watch your worries smooth out. Try it on the puckers. It's the secret of the well-tailored look.

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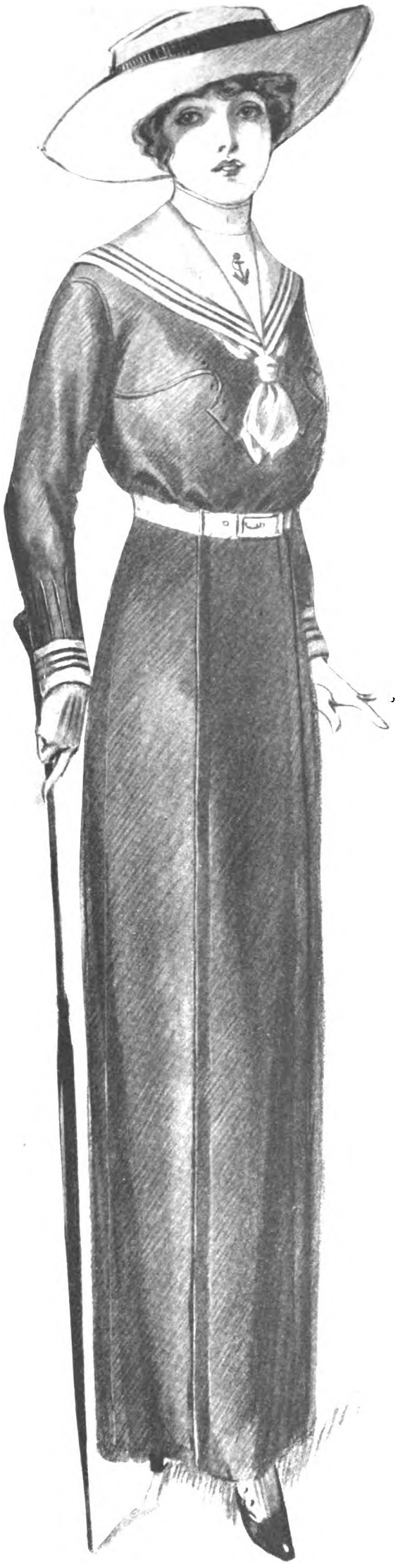


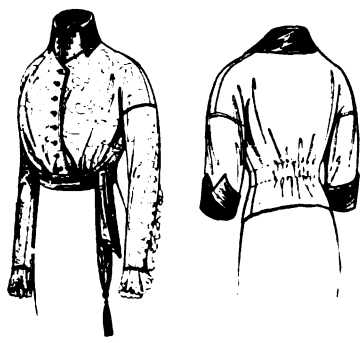
Waist 5855; skirt 5856

When these designs are joined as a dress as in the illustration, three yards and seven-eighths of serge fifty inches wide and three-quarters of a yard of broadcloth fifty inches wide for the sailor collar, shield and cuffs will be required for the medium size. Two yards and one-eighth of braid will be enough for one row. ... obtained for the anchor

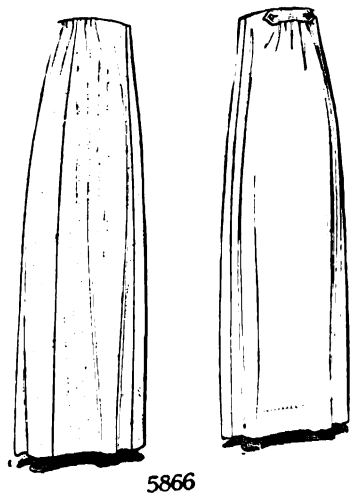
THE white satin blouse of last season which was the usual third part of a tailored suit is this season replaced by the blouse of white broché satin or broché crêpe de Chine. Shops in Paris are displaying a large number of these ready-made, but as yet they are only found in rather exclusive establishments in New York. They are made very simply, with long close sleeves and open necks, but the material is so beautiful that they are dressy enough for almost any occasion at which one may wear a tailored suit. Design 5865 has such simple lines and such a smart cut that it is an excellent model for you to make one of these blouses after. It has the fashionable dropped shoulder to which one-seam sleeves in full or shorter length are attached, the long ones dart-fitted below the elbow, and as there is a seam on the shoulder this cut does not entail the bias back that is sometimes considered its drawback. That it has a Robespierre collar is understood, although you do not always find two such becoming versions of that popular collar as these here. Of course, too, there is a front closing which suggests that the waist may be attached to a front closing skirt to form a simple charmeuse, serge or linen dress. It is a blouse-waist which may be made with or without a body lining. As a separate waist it is also suitable for charmeuse, crêpe meteor, taffeta, messaline, moiré and silk crêpe, in light or dark colors, and as part of a dress to sponge cloth, broadcloth, moiré, satin, cotton ratine, the corded silks and the corded cottons. Its collar may be of a contrasting material or fancy buttons may be the only trimming.

For a woman of medium size, two yards of material thirty-six inches wide or one yard and five-eighths fifty inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves. One-quarter yard of contrasting material twenty inches wide will be necessary for the standing collar. For the waist with shorter sleeves, one yard and three-eighths of material forty inches wide, with one-half yard twenty-seven inches wide for the wide collar and cuffs, will be required.

Design 5865 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5865



5866

FOR a front closing skirt to join to any front closing blouse as a one-piece dress or to use as a separate cloth skirt, you can not choose a better model than design 5866. This shows a skirt with practically perfect lines, straight and slender from the waistline to the foot, the main consideration in a tailored skirt, but not the only recommendation for this one. For here the lines are bound up with a very simple construction and can be obtained easily by even a very inexperienced sewer. And that is the main point for you who are interested in the lines of your own skirt and not in those of the drawing, isn't it? If you are also interested in having your new skirt show its up-to-dateness in its details, you will appreciate the slight fulness at the waistline in back. The skirt fits smoothly about the hips, but is held in with a few gathers at the top across the center of the back. Most of the new skirts, even those of heavy woolen materials, are made in this way, and are considered very becoming and smart. Some have the strap, which may be used here or not, as you choose. A seam is only required at the center of the back by the narrowness of your material, as the skirt may be cut in three or four pieces. It is in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline and measures about two yards at the lower edge in medium size. Almost any material may be made in this way.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of plain material without nap thirty-six inches wide, will be required for the four-piece skirt.

Design 5866 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price ... cents.

Waist 5865; skirt 5866

These two simple, well-cut designs are here combined into a smart cloth dress. Peau de souris is one of the new materials in which it would be good-looking, and sponge cloth is another which is very fashionable. A piping of silk or satin would be an effective trimming on either. Three yards and one-eighth of material fifty-four inches wide will be required for the dress in medium size.

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DAME FASHION'S FORECAST OF

COTTON CREPÊ BIDS FAIR TO BE OVER EMBROIDERY AND FLOUNCING

Dress 5891

When the design is made and trimmed as in the illustration above, two yards and one-quarter of flouncing forty-four inches wide for the skirt, one yard and five-eighths of lawn, swiss or batiste thirty-six inches wide for the waist, one-half yard of net forty inches wide for the collar and yoke-facing, two yards and one-eighth of banding to trim the neck and sleeves and five yards and seven-eighths of velvet ribbon for bands, the belt and bow, will be required for the medium size.

HOW easily design 5908 is trimmed by bretelles of embroidery, isn't it? and what a pretty idea it is to bring them down below the belt. The extensions give a certain chic which bretelles alone have not. You can omit these extensions, though, and the bretelles, too, if you choose. There remains, then, a tucked or gathered waist with a small, square yoke which may have a high or square neck, and either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves sewed into regulation armholes. A body lining may be used or omitted from the design, which may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress.

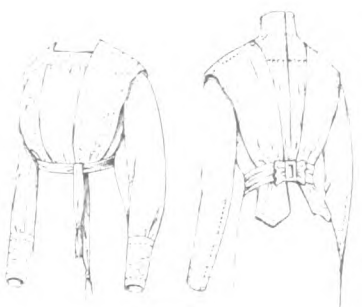
For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-half of material forty inches wide will be required for the waist and one yard and one-half of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide for bretelles.

Design 5908 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

FINE laces are, of course, a beautiful trimming for lingerie dresses, but better than cheap laces are simple tucks as a trimming. Design 5909 is a skirt tucked at the lower part and tucked or gathered at the top. There is not, however, a great deal of fulness, as the skirt is cut in two or three pieces and the lower edge is only about two yards around in medium size. The design is in clearing length, has a regulation or slightly raised waistline, is closed at the side or back, and may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist as a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-half of material forty-four or fifty inches wide will be required for the two-piece skirt.

Design 5909 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

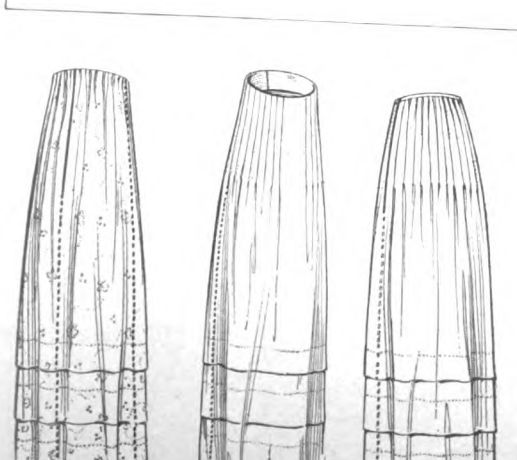


5908

DESIGN 5891 is an excellent model for a dress of any soft or thin material, and especially for one of a bordered material. The tucks in the blouse-waist give a pretty fulness at the sides and the plaits in the skirt allow the lower edge to be kept straight. They may be stitched at the top or fall free. In either case the skirt will have slender, graceful lines, for it measures only about two yards and one-quarter at the lower edge. It is in clearing length and is made with a regulation waistline. The waist may have a high neck with a collar having a straight or curved lower edge or French round or square neck, and either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves, sewed into slightly deep armholes. It may be made with or without a body lining. To reproduce the embroidery illustrated on one small front view, Butterick transfers may be used. In the illustration to the left a band of velvet is used as trimming on the skirt. This is admirable for the tall figure, where extra length is desired.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-eighth of bordered material forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress.

Design 5891 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5909

5891

Waist 5908; skirt 5909

When these designs are combined and trimmed as in the illustration above, six yards of batiste forty-four inches wide, one yard and one-half of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide and six yards and three-quarters of ball fringe will be required for the design in medium size. Cotton crêpe, a newer material for lingerie dresses, which is used in Paris for some very smart frocks, would be effective in this design trimmed with all-over lace.

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SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES

A FAVORITE MATERIAL AND ALL-TO BE VERY EFFECTIVELY USED

DESIGN 5868 has the soft fulness that is needed in a dress of a sheer material and at the same time slim, graceful lines. The ruffle-edged fichu is charming, and the collar has one of the newest fashionable shapes, but a pretty, simple dress can be made from the design without these, trimmed only by its tucks and some hand-embroidery. For that shown here on a small view, a Butterick transfer may be obtained. Narrow edging and insertion may be used to trim the skirt, fichu and collar, or wide banding may be used in the skirt, and wide edging mitered or all-over embroidery used to make the collar. The grouped tucks in the skirt are decorative and do not make it wide or bungling, as the skirt is gored in two or three pieces, and in medium size measures only about two yards and one-eighth at the lower edge. It is in clearing length, and is attached at a slightly raised waistline to a blouse-waist. This has the possibilities of high or open neck, and of either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes. Long sleeves are likely to be used to an extent on Summer dresses, because they are smart, but there will certainly be many short ones also seen.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress with the three-piece skirt without fichu.

Design 5868 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

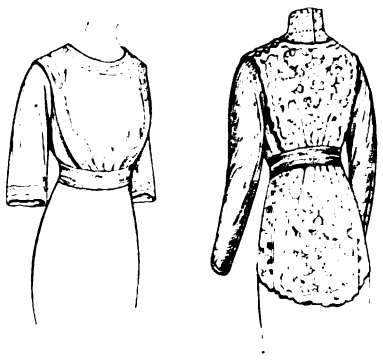
Waist 5902; skirt 5903

When these designs are combined and developed as in the illustration above, two yards and three-eighths of flouncing forty-six inches wide for the skirt, one yard and three-quarters of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide for the jumper, peplum and cuffs, one yard and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide and four yards of ball fringe, will be

EXCELLENT designs for a jumper, peplum and blouse-waist on which they may be used are given in design 5902. This may be cut in high, French or lower round neck, have either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes and a skirt extension or the peplum, and be with or without a body lining. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress. If the peplum is used, it should be at a slightly raised waistline.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the blouse, and one yard and seven-eighths of lace eighteen inches wide for the peplum and jumper.

Design 5902 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5902

FOR bordered materials and flouncings, design 5903 is the best possible skirt design. It has a straight lower edge, a slightly raised or regulation waistline, and may be tucked and slightly gathered at the top with or without an inverted plait at the back, or laid in fine plaits. It measures about two yards and one-eighth at the lower edge without the inverted plait. The design may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

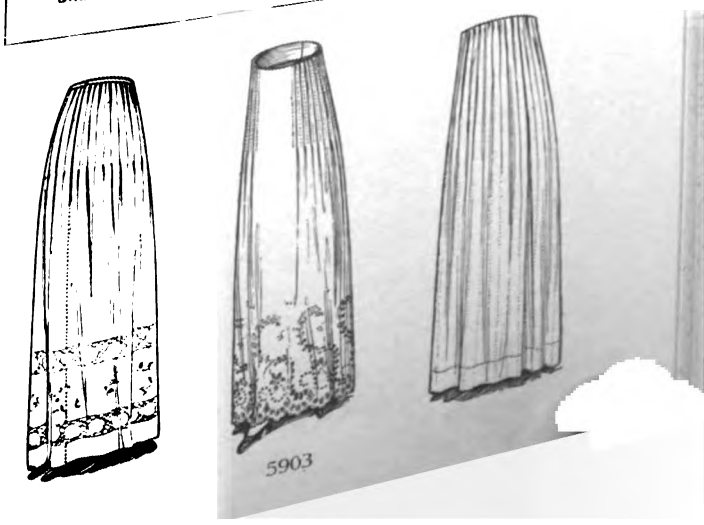
For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-eighths of bordered material forty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5903 may be obtained in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

5868

Dress 5868

When the design is made and trimmed as in the illustration above, five yards and one-quarter of cotton marquisette thirty-six inches wide, four yards and one-quarter of wide filet insertion, two yards and seven-eighths of narrow, and five yards of edging, will be required for the dress in medium size. It is quite as suitable for lawn, batiste, organdy, dimity, silk mull, swiss and net, and may be trimmed with Valenciennes edging, embroidered all-over and banding or hand-embroidery.



5903

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A QUAINT DRESS FOR A COSTUME BAZAAR

THE DESIGN SHOWN BELOW IS AN ACCURATE COPY OF THE JAPANESE DRESS. IT MAKES A CHARMING KIMONO

Dressing-sack 5888

Kimono 5873

Dressing-sack 5888

Two yards and one-half of batiste thirty-six inches wide, four yards of edging, and two yards and three-quarters of ribbon to tie about the waist, will be required for the sack in medium size as it is illustrated above. The embroidery shown may be reproduced by means of Butterick transfers, the scallop and dot from one, and the sprays from another.

5888

A DRESSING-SACK which ought to please a large number of particular women is shown in design 5888. At a glance it may seem to be a sack of a rather usual type, but closer inspection will show you that the type has been improved in just those details about which particular women are exacting. Its back has been made slightly fitting, so that it does not need to be belted in to look trim and neat, and tucks have been added at the front to give greater fulness over the bust, only three at each side, though, not enough to be much work or seem bungling in heavy material. The sleeves are sewed plainly into slightly deep armholes, and have the graceful line of the kimono sleeve with a rather trimmer fit. They may be in full or shorter length. The neck may be open with a large collar or high with a small rolling collar. A design for the feather-stitching shown may be obtained in a Butterick transfer. This is a good design for French flannel, albatross, challis or cotton crêpe.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required.

Design 5888 may be obtained in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5873

A woman of medium size will require nine yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, seven yards and one-half thirty-two inches wide, or seven yards and one-quarter thirty-six inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard of fringe for the sash ends. Japanese figured crêpe is the best material for an inexpensive real Japanese kimono and China silk embroidered for a more luxurious one, but crêpe de Chine may be used, also plain cotton crêpe, albatross, challis and flowered lawns and silks.

Two yards and three-quarters of flowered lawn thirty-two inches wide, five yards and one-quarter of insertion, four yards of edging, three-quarters of a yard of narrow ribbon, and two yards and three-quarters of wide ribbon, will be required for the dressing-sack in medium size, trimmed as in the illustration above.

THERE are kimonos and kimonos, but there is only one real Japanese kimono, and that isn't a kimono at all. Which Chestertonian paradox I feel obliged to explain by saying that what we call a Japanese kimono is the dress of the little Japanese lady. Often she wears it of costly silk, wondrously embroidered, and doesn't feel a bit negligee or kimono-careless in doing it. Her dresses, however, make such charming kimonos for us that they are imported in large numbers for that purpose. They are not cheap, of course, but they are very simple, and if one has the right design one can copy them exactly at home. By using design 5873 and a cotton crêpe, quaintly figured with Japanese flora and fauna, one can have a "real Japanese kimono" with small expense. With its slender lines, long pendent sleeves and wide sash, it is the most graceful garment one could choose for a negligee, and it is so becoming a garb that it is frequently chosen for a fancy-dress ball or costume bazaar. If you are looking at the illustration with that in mind, you may be assured that the design is absolutely true to the Japanese dress. You may go as Heart of Hyacinth, or Madame Chrysanthème and be perfectly in costume in it. A woman, miss or girl may wear the costume and look as if she had stepped off a lacquer tray.

For a woman of medium size, nine yards of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required with the sash.

Design 5873 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-four to forty inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5873

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

By Eleanor Chalmers

NEW TYPES OF DRESSES FOR COTTON AND LINGERIE MATERIALS

MRS. CHALMERS will be very glad to answer any question on dressmaking or tailoring or to advise you in regard to the new styles, materials, colors or trimmings. Explain your difficulty as fully as you can and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer.

I'VE taken cotton and lingerie dresses for the subject of this lesson for two reasons. In the first place you can get more desirable Summer materials in Winter than you can in Summer. That sounds paradoxical—but it's true. Many of the prettiest imported and domestic materials are placed on sale in January, sold out and not replaced, so that you have a wider choice now than you will have later. In the second place, this is rather an off season so far as women's work is concerned. You have more time now for all the pretty hand-work that goes into a lingerie dress than you will have later. It's dainty work, too, and you can catch it up at odd moments as you would your fancy work.

I suppose you've looked at the dresses I've picked out for the article. After the first shock is over I think you'll agree with me that an accordion-plaited skirt or a drapery is much to be desired in a Summer dress. I know your first cry will be, "But they won't wash!" Oh, but they will, though I'm not suggesting that you wash them—at least not often. Every one of the dresses that I've illustrated will wash perfectly. A little later I'll show you how to arrange the draperies so that you won't have any trouble with them when they go to the laundry. The accordion and knife plaited skirts can be laundered just like any others, and sent to the plaiter's to be replaited. I wouldn't recommend either a draped or plaited skirt for a morning dress that you wanted to put in the tub every week. In the first place, they aren't suitable for morning dresses, and, in the second, it would be rather expensive to have a skirt replaited a dozen times during the Summer. But I am suggesting these skirts for afternoon dresses of the type that you would wear to teas, luncheons and garden-parties or to church on Sunday. A dress of that kind doesn't get hard or constant wear and you could easily use it an entire season without having it washed or cleaned.

Gowns of the lingerie order are becoming more and more important from a fashion point of view every season. There was a time when the chief charm of a lingerie dress was in its material and trimming. Now, however, line and style are considered quite as carefully in thin Summer dresses as in any others. I think this is partly due to the fact that Summer materials are constantly becoming more beautiful and more desirable, and the French dressmakers are using them more and more for their smart dresses. A good house in Paris will charge as much, and sometimes more, for a three-piece cotton ratine suit as for one of moiré or poplin or any of the other new silks. So you must disabuse your mind of any idea you may have that a linen or cotton dress is something cheap that can be made up with little regard to style or fit. They are easier to make, of course, than other dresses, for they do not require fitted linings, but you should take just as much care in selecting your models as you would in choosing an afternoon dress for any other season of the year.

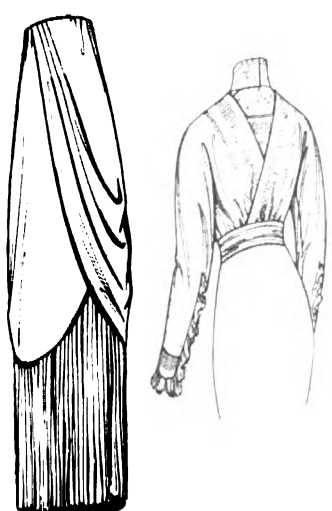
Ill. No. 3. An accordion-plaited dress of cotton crêpe and ratine

MATERIALS.—The newest cotton materials are the sponge tissues and ratines, the very fine cotton crêpes, voiles and marquisettes. The sponge cloths and ratines are usually combined with a thinner material—generally cotton crêpe—just as velvets and cloths are combined with chiffon and silk marquisette. (Illustration No. 3.) Using the thinner material for part of the dress lightens its weight and makes it cooler and more comfortable for warm weather. It is frequently used in three-piece suits of Turkish toweling or ratine, and gives you a thin waist with enough of the skirt material on it to carry out the costume idea. All-white ratine and white crêpe make the most elegant dresses of this type, but the colored ratines are also used, especially the Saxe and Nattier blues and deep cream modes. The sponge diagonals with wide oblique stripes make smart three-piece suits, and white ratine with thread lines of black is recommended by the Paris houses. There are some very beautiful figured ratines in brocade or matelassé effects that are very smart and quite expensive. A great deal of the plain or figured sponge cloth is used as borders on thinner materials.

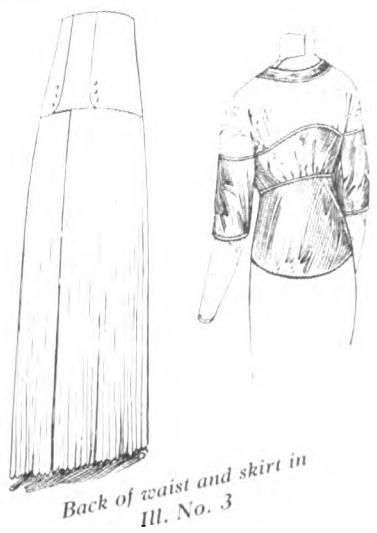
The cotton crêpes that will be used next Summer are very much finer and sheerer than the ones that were used a season or two ago. They are also smoother in surface with less of the crêpe effect in the weave. Both the crêpes and the cotton voiles are shown in plain weaves and in stripes, dots and checks. Sometimes the stripes are silk-finished, sometimes in fancy weaves, and sometimes the crêpes and voiles are striped with ratine, Turkish toweling or cotton agaric—a new material of the sponge order. The striped marquisettes are also very pretty—the open mesh of the material making a pretty combination with the closer weave of the stripes. All these materials—the voiles, crêpes and marquisettes—are shown with borders of ratine, cotton canvas and of figured sponge cloth on a background of the crêpe, voile, etc.

Among the new crêpes and voiles are some very beautiful printed materials with exquisite floral designs in Dresden and Pompadour patterns and colorings. The same materials are also shown embroidered or inset with lace or net. One of the new imported crêpes is striped with gauffered lines outlined with black or colored cotton threads. In another, the material is plain with a plaid border carried out in crossed threads of heavy ratine cotton.

These voiles and crêpes drape beautifully, for they are very soft, and have a little more weight than the thinner cotton materials of the batiste and swiss orders. Lawns, dimities and the plain or embroidered swisses, mulls and batistes are used a great deal and make sweet little Summer dresses. I think they crush and soil rather more quickly than the voiles and crêpes, however, for they are a little more wiry, and so crease and wrinkle quicker. Other types of lingerie dresses are given on pages 65 and 66.



Ill. No. 1. A draped and plaited skirt of all-over embroidery and batiste



Back of waist and skirt in Ill. No. 3

Ill. No. 2. A fichu waist and draped skirt of embroidery flouncing

Back of waist and skirt in Ill. No. 2

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TO make a thing worth while do it as well as you can. Write a letter upon paper that lends itself best to your pen and to your personality, and that paper will in itself be an inspiration to a good letter.

THE letter that you send represents you. After it has been mailed it cannot be recalled. There is that about the completed letter written upon Highland Linen—the letter and the envelope, the color, the fabric finish, the correct size and shape—which does credit to the writer.

THINK of your letter in the hands of your correspondent. What impression does it produce of you? You owe it to yourself to see that you use no paper for writing that is not so good as Highland Linen.

This paper is sold wherever good stationery can be bought, and the price is too low to prevent anyone who likes good paper from having good paper. We will mail samples on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay postage.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

Pittsfield, Mass. New York

TRADE MARK

write it on
HIGHLAND LINEN

FOR THE SMALL WOMAN AND

SOME NEW TAILORED FROCKS AND A SILK OR CHIFFON

Dress 5863 Dress 5906 Dress 5881

IN DRESS 5863 for misses and small women the blouse-waist has an unusually effective neck closing in its small Robespierre collar joined to turned-back revers, new sleeves with the upper part in one with the body and the lower part dart-fitted below the elbow, in full or shorter length, and charmingly becoming optional frills. It may be made with or without a body lining and with high or open neck. The skirt, attached at a slightly raised waistline, is in three or four pieces with slight fulness at the waistline in back and measures about two yards at the lower edge in medium size. Among the materials suitable to the design are sponge cloth, Bedford cord, corduroy, serge, silk poplin, linen and cotton ratine.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide and two yards and one-eighth of lace edging seven inches wide for front frills will be required for the dress as illustrated on the figure.

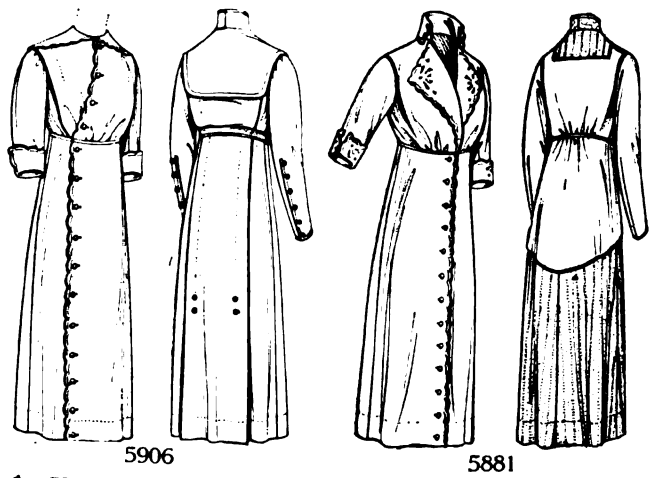
Design 5863 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5906 for misses and small women has lines so good that its very simplicity is smart. The skirt has a raised waistline and the shoulders are broadened by Gibson tucks. The blouse-waist may be eased or drawn down. Both the large collar and the Robespierre are fashionable, but a standing collar may be used if preferred. Full-length or shorter one-seam dart-fitted sleeves sewed into regulation armholes may be used. A plait at each side of a back panel makes the five-piece skirt measure about two yards and one-eighth at the lower edge.

5863

For a miss of sixteen years, seven yards and one-half of material with nap twenty-seven inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required.

Design 5906 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



5906 5881

A SMART model for a miss's or small woman's tailored frock is shown in design 5881. This consists of a waist with a Robespierre collar which may be rolled in either of two ways and with or without a peplum, revers or frills and of an attached three or four piece skirt. The one-seam sleeves which are sewed into slightly deep armholes may be in full length dart-fitted below the elbow or shorter; the neck may be high or open. The skirt has a slightly raised waistline.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-quarter of material fifty inches wide will be required for the dress with three-piece skirt and peplum.

Design 5881 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

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THE MISS TO CHOOSE FROM

WITH FRILLS AND COLLARS
GOWN DRAPED YOUTHFULLY

Dress 5852 Dress 5887

MISSES and small women will find a lovely evening gown in design 5852, one draped as fashionably as any of the older models, but exceptionally simple in the matter of making. The waist may have a becoming low round, French round or high neck and full-length or shorter sleeves sewed in o regulation armholes. The three-piece foundation skirt, attached at

5852 5887

a slightly raised waistline, may be with or without an inserted section at the left side. The drapery is in one piece. The foundation skirt without the plaited section measures in medium size about one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge. Chiffon over satin, a soft Pompadour silk or net will be charming for the design. The beading illustrated on the back view is an adaptation of a Butterick transfer design.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards of material forty-five inches wide for the waist, drapery and inserted section, and two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide for the skirt and body lining, will be required.

Design 5852 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to

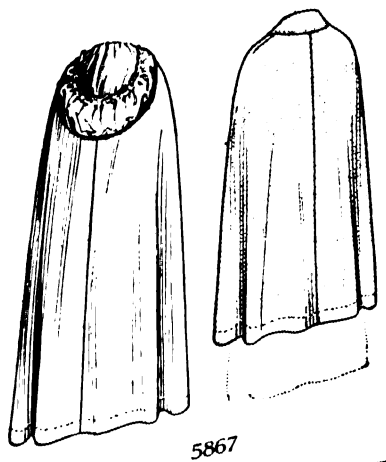
Cape 5867

A CHARMING lingerie dress for misses and small women may be made from design 5887. This has soft fulness in blouse-waist and skirt, laid in dainty tucks or gathers, and may be smartly trimmed by bretelles and a peplum. It may have high or French round neck, and either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves sewed into regulation armholes. The waistline is slightly raised and the width of the two-piece skirt is about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide, one yard and five-eighths of all-over lace eighteen inches wide, three yards and five-eighths of wide insertion and one yard and three-eighths of narrow insertion will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5887 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

THE cape in design 5867 is the modern Dorothy cape for misses and small women. It is narrower than these capes used to be, and requires, therefore, less material, but is quite as graceful and becoming as ever. And it is as incalculably convenient. As long as girls like parties, and as long as they like before-bedtime chats with girls in other dormitories, they will like a cape that can be thrown on so easily. This is cut circular and may be in full or seven-eighths length and with or without the hood or collar. It is prettiest for evening wear in broadcloth in light pastel shades, but more serviceable for knockabout wear in serge or cheviot.



5867

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards of material fifty-four inches wide and one-quarter yard of satin twenty inches wide for the collar will be required for the cape as shown on the figure.

Design 5867 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

Afternoon gown of Bontex Ottoman, hand scalloped in a lighter shade.

Child's frock of green and white Bontex Madras with solid green bands.

This shows two Bontex Wash Fabrics

The name, "Bontex", will not mean much to you until we explain how much it stands for.

Out of hundreds of different unknown grades and various qualities of colored wash materials on the market, there has, for years, been one line which contained excellent summer materials.

This line of materials, although known and respected by dealers, although sold every year by the *millions of bolts*, has not been known by name to the people most interested in them, the *women who wear them*.

So, beginning this season, these materials will be sold under the name, Bontex, and this name will be stamped on the selvage of every yard.

Go to the different dealers in your town and see their selection of Bontex wash fabrics. See the great progress which has been made in the beauty of wash materials. See the delicate, exquisite colorings, the new textures and new weaves. Then you will realize why wash fabrics are so fashionable, why women are using them for their most elaborate as well as simplest gowns.

BONTEX
Wash Fabrics

Bontex Wash Fabrics include: Galatea, Poplins, Zephyrs, fancy Batistes, Pongee, striped, embroidered and plain Voiles, Madras, Piqué, Crêpes, Silk Mull, Ratine, Tissues, Ottomans, etc.

Be sure to look on the selvage for the name Bontex.

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NABISCO

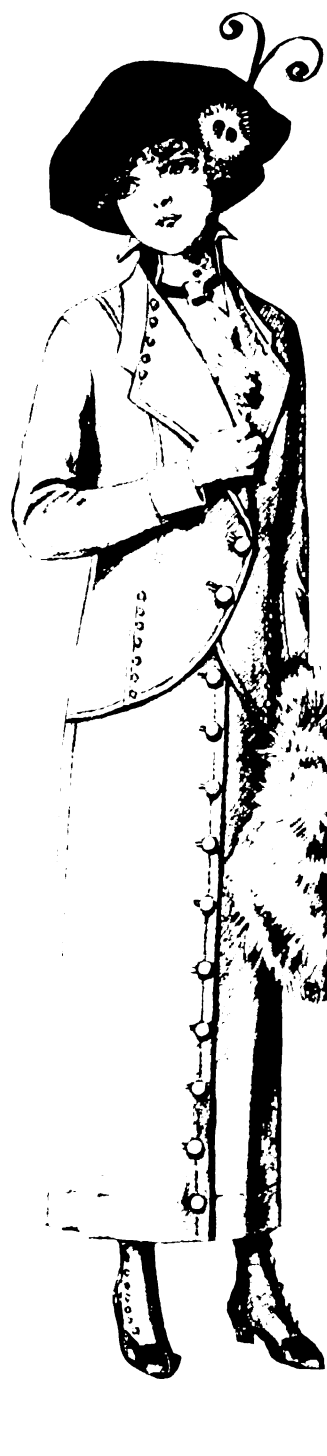
Sugar Wafers

The one dessert confection to be served on any and all occasions—with ices and sherbets, with fruits and beverages.

In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Another dessert confection coated with rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Coat 5896; skirt 5871

Blouse 5870; skirt 5879

Blouse 5870; skirt 5879

DESIGN 5896 is a one-quarter-fitting coat for misses and small women, which may be in either of two lengths, have the fulness at the top of its sleeves slightly gathered or shrunken out, and be with or without the belt, cuffs or extensions at side-front seams.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards of material fifty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in longer length. With skirt 5871 as on the figure, three yards and one-half fifty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the suit.

Design 5896 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

THE skirt in design 5871 for misses and small women is in three or four pieces with a front closing-line, and slight fulness in back at the slightly raised waistline where a strap may be worn or omitted. It measures about two yards at the lower edge. The design may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist of serge, whip-cord or velveteen.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards of plain material without nap forty-four inches wide will be required for the skirt when it is cut in three pieces.

Design 5871 may be obtained in six sizes, fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

A NEW kind of middy blouse for misses and small women is shown in design 5870. It may have either of two styles of full-length one-seam sleeves or shorter sleeves, a sailor or round collar and be with or without the shield, standing collar or pocket.

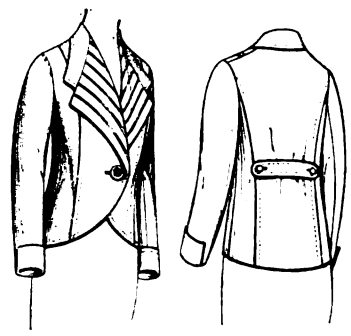
For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide will be required. When it is combined with skirt 5879, as on the center figure, four yards fifty inches wide and three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material fifty inches wide will be required.

Design 5870 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

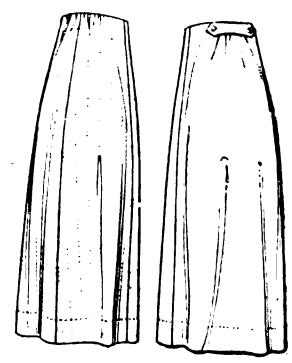
PLAITED panels front and back make design 5879, for misses and small women, smart and becoming. This is a six-piece skirt which has a slightly raised waistline, may be closed at the front or back and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist. It measures about two yards and three-eighths at the lower edge with the plaits drawn out. Serge, cheviot, ratine and peau de souris are suitable materials for it.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and one-quarter of material without nap forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 5879 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



5896



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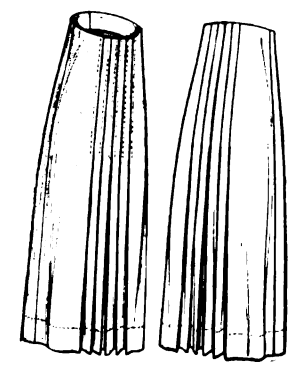
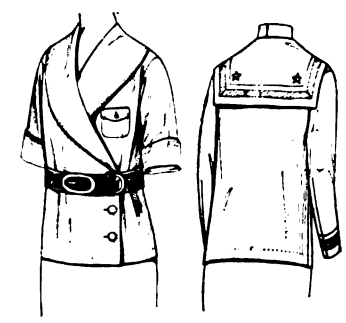


5879



5870

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A NEEDLE, A THREAD AND A LITTLE GIRL

A SEWING-SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN

By Marjorie May

If you want any help with your Winter sewing or advice on the layette for your latest doll baby, write to Marjorie May and she will write back again to you. But be sure to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope so that she will know where to send the answer.

DO YOU remember how we sewed the seams on the wrong side in the flannel sampler with neat little backstitches as far down as where the top of our hem was to be? Then we slashed the seam across for its full width, pushed the raw edges through to the right side, and basted and stitched them on the right side the rest of the way. Look at the sampler to be sure that you do remember, then measure up from the lower edge of the petticoat twice the depth that your hem is going to be, and add three-eighths of an inch to this, and run a colored basting thread around the skirt at this depth to show where the upper edge of the hem is to come. When that's done, sew up all the seams with backstitches as far as the colored basting thread, slash them across here and continue the seams on the right side. I know you're all longing to get the hem turned up and ready for the feather-stitching, aren't you? Then, too, there is that transfer to be basted on. In basting the transfer on, start at the left of the center-back gore, and have the stitches pointing to the left in running around the hem. You do this because, in working the stitches, you will only have to hold the thickness of the hem in your left hand if they run in this direction. With them running the other way, you would have to hold the whole length of the petticoat in one hand, and that would be clumsy for little fingers. Get mother to stamp the transfer for you.

Take off the transfer and feather-stitch your hem.

Are you all finished? Then let us go back to the seams which are on the wrong side. Turn the raw edges under one-eighth of an inch, and baste them down. Then get out your pretty pink or blue silk twist and "catstitch" them.

I suppose you're wondering how you'll get into your petticoat with all the seams stitched up, aren't you? Well, we make a way by folding the back gore exactly in half lengthwise and slashing it down through the fold. The slash should be deep enough to let you get in and out of the petticoat easily. Now, at the lower end of each edge of this slash, make a crosswise slash that is one-quarter of an inch across on the right edge, and one-half inch across on the left edge. The opening, which is called a "placket," is all cut now, and should look like Illustration No. 1. We are going to use the pretty catstitches to finish it, too!

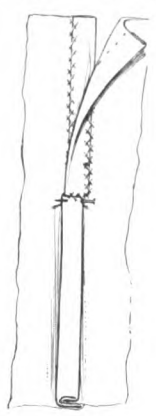
Turn under each edge of the slash one-quarter of an inch and baste it. Then turn these edges under again, three-quarters of an inch this time, and baste them. The placket on the right side looks like Illustration No. 2.

We are ready to catstitch the placket now. Turn the petticoat on the wrong side and start at the top of the hem on the right and catstitch the basted edge. When you get this finished, start at the bottom of the other hem and catstitch it also. Lap the hem on the right edge over the hem on the left edge three-quarters of an inch, and put a pin crosswise at the lower end of the placket to hold the hems in position. Do you see why we made those little crosswise slashes? Now the hems lap easily and through both hems and the right side so as to hold the hems in their position. (Ill. No. 3.) That crosswise pin may be taken out now, and your placket is finished.

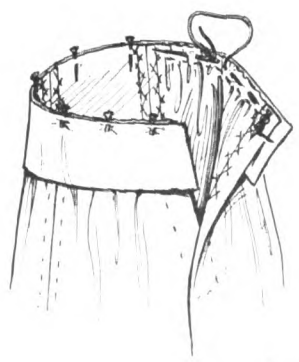
The next thing we are going to do is to gather the top of the petticoat and put it into the waistband. Remember, we put the waistband pattern (piece 7) away carefully. Well, take it out now. One inch and one-half is allowed on each end of the band in case you should need to make it larger, so turn in each end one inch and one-half, then measure its length and write in the book how many inches it measures. Then measure the waistband on one of your flannel petticoats which mother says fits you, and write that in the book. You know that the waistband should fit perfectly easily so that you do not feel any pressure from it at all. So if the band of your finished petticoat measures one-half inch longer than the pattern when both ends are turned in, a quarter of an inch must be used from each end of the band to make it long enough. If it is one-half inch shorter than the pattern waistband, a quarter inch more must be turned in on each end, but the amount taken off or added must be divided equally between the two ends of the band.

Ill. No. 1. The placket opening

Ill. No. 2. Turn the edges under



Ill. No. 3. Catstitch the placket



Ill. No. 4. Pin the center of the band to the center of the front gore

Ill. No. 5. The petticoat as it looks finished

Cut away the material at the ends of the band so that each end of the finished band will be turned under only about three-quarters of an inch. Now lay the pattern on a strong piece of muslin with the long edges in a straight line with the lengthwise or crosswise threads, and the ends turned out. When the waistband is cut, fold it in half lengthwise and crease it, then fold it in half crosswise and make a cross in colored thread at the center.

To gather the petticoat, start at the seam on each side of the front gore, and put your needle in three-eighths of an inch below the top edge. You haven't forgotten that gathering stitches are tiny running stitches, just like those you used at the upper edge of your apron, have you? And you take several little stitches without taking your needle out. The thread should be as long as the upper edge of a side gore and half of the back gore, and number 50 sewing cotton is best for gathering flannel. Run it along the top edge of the petticoat until you reach the feather-stitching on the placket, and stop there. Flannel isn't the kind of material that can be stroked to make the gathers lie flat, so we have to run another row of gathering stitches one-quarter of an inch below the first.

Find the center of your front gore by folding it so that the side seams meet exactly, and mark it with a pin. Pin the center of the band, which you marked with a cross, to the center of the front gore as in Illustration No. 4, and put a few more pins in, up to the seams on the side of the front gore. Now draw up both gathering threads until the top edge of the petticoat just fits the length that the waistband will be when the edges are turned in, and then fasten the thread around the ends of a pin as you did with your apron. Distribute the fulness on the gathering threads so that a little more comes at each side of your placket and back of your hips than on your hips and in front of them. Put a few more pins in to hold the band in correct position while you are basting. (Ill. No. 4.) Baste the band to the right side at the upper edge of your petticoat and then sew it on with backstitches. Be sure to hold the petticoat with the wrong side and gathers toward you as in Illustration No. 4. When you've finished, take out your bastings and turn the ends of the band in, even with the placket edges. Turn the long edge over the gathers, and baste it down and sew it with fine hemming stitches. The ends are finished with fine overhanding stitches, and now I know that the petticoat looks just like a piece of mother's work.

In Illustration No. 5 I have shown the petticoat as it should look finished, and I'm just longing to hear how each little girl's looks, and what color the pretty fancy stitches are done in.

Won't each of you write and tell me all about yours? I just love to get your letters, and I keep them all in a special drawer where I can read them over when I'm not writing my DELINEATOR letter to you. And every now and then we print some of the letters that dear little girls have written me from all over the country. Perhaps one of your letters will appear, too. Did you ever see your name in print before?

First thing in the Morning—

Grape-Nuts

and cream for breakfast.

This food not only has a fascinating flavour, but contains the vital food elements of wheat and barley which Nature easily converts into strength and energy for body and brain.

Try for breakfast, lunch or supper—

Some fruit, a dish of Grape-Nuts with cream, a soft boiled egg, a slice or two of crisp toast and a cup of Postum. You'll be well fed, have energy, and know

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

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"That's right, Nurse; I see you have the real Lysol, in the original bottle. I won't be responsible for an imitation. I know what Lysol will do, because I know what it is."

Lysol

BETTER THAN CARBOLIC ACID

It is necessary to remind you to buy Lysol in regular Lysol unopened packages, because Lysol's daily use in practically every hospital in America, and its almost universal prescription by physicians have aroused widespread attempts at imitation.

Three Sizes: 25c, 50c, $1. Look for Signature of Lehn & Fink on the Label

The three sizes of Lysol are illustrated below for your protection. Any one of them assures you the genuine Lysol and not an imitation which your doctor knows nothing about.

As an antiseptic, disinfectant and for a thousand purposes of household sanitation, nothing equals Lysol. It is better than carbolic acid because it is five times stronger and is not dangerous in solutions of the strength properly used. It is inexpensive.

Write for Interesting
LYSOL BOOKLET

This booklet explains the many uses of Lysol in the home.

LEHN & FINK
101 William Street New York

Buying it in original packages assures getting real "Lysol"

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

BRETELLES are always a becoming trimming on girls' dresses, and in design 5904 they have the usual becomingness and an exceptionally pretty shape. In this dress, moreover, there is tucked or gathered fulness front and back, which is good for thin angles and sheer materials. The neck may be high or French square, the one-seam sleeves in full or shorter length, and the attached straight skirt with or without the tucked or gathered flounce.

For a girl of nine years, three yards and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide, seven yards and seven-eighths of insertion, and ten yards and one-quarter of edging will be required for the dress as illustrated on the figure.

Design 5904 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

Dress 5885 Dress 5880 Dress 5878

Dress 5904

RECENT REQUIREMENTS IN

ARE PEPLUMS, ONE-SIDED REVERS, NORFOLK STYLE. BRETELLES ARE

IN A one-piece dress like design 5885, the work of making is extremely slight. It may have high, French round or square neck, and full-length or shorter sleeves, and may fall free or be drawn in at French depth. Butterick transfers may be obtained for the feather-stitching and spray shown here on the figure view. Nainsook, batiste, lawn and fine linen are suitable materials.

For a child of three years, one yard and one-half of material forty-four inches wide and two yards of edging will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5885 may be obtained in six sizes, from one-half to five years, price ten cents.

EMPIRE dresses are the favorite style now for girls' simple party dresses. They are charmingly quaint and graceful on girlish figures, and they seem dressy without being elaborate. Design 5880 is an unusually desirable design for one, because it can be made so effectively of a bordered material. The lower edge of the skirt is straight, and the trimming-band on the waist can be made of the border cut off and mitered. The sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes. Flouncing, stripes, checks and other soft materials are equally suitable.

For a girl of nine years, four yards and five-eighths of bordered material twenty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 5880 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

5880 5878

5904 5885

THE large collar crossing like a one-sided revers in front trims the little girls' dress 5878 very smartly. The peplum gives it additional chic but may be omitted. There is also excellent style in the skirt, which is one of the new plain skirts that girls are wearing. It is cut in four pieces. The sleeves, which are sewed into slightly deep armholes, may be in full length in either of two styles or shorter, and the neck may be high, collarless or more open.

For a girl of nine years, two yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5878 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

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Dress 5890 Dress 5857 Dress 5901

SMART FROCKS FOR GIRLS

GORED SKIRTS, AND BLOUSES IN ALWAYS A BECOMING TRIMMING

DESIGN 5890 shows a popular type of school and outing dress for girls. Sailor dresses are always well liked, and this which consists of a middy and a separate skirt, is the favorite of its kind. The blouse slips on over the head and has a becoming collar, and the straight plaited or gathered skirt is comfortably attached to a belt or underbody. Either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves may be used, and the neck may be filled by a shield facing on the underbody.

For a girl of nine years, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and three-eighths of a yard fifty inches wide for the collar, cuffs and shield will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5890 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

5890

THE dress in design 5857 is smart because it is in Norfolk style and has excellent lines. The blouse has box plaits, an optional yoke facing, good-looking long shoulders and a pretty collar, while the skirt, attached to an underbody or belt, is a plaited or gathered straight one. The sleeves may be full length in either of two styles or shorter.

For a girl of nine years, two yards and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide for the blouse and one yard and one-half forty-four inches wide for the skirt and collar will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5857 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

5857

AN ADORABLY dainty French dress for a wee little girl is shown in design 5901. Its long blouse may be tucked or gathered at the front or back and have high, collarless or square neck and either of two styles of full-length one-seam sleeves or shorter sleeves. It may be trimmed with bretelles. As they have straight edges and as the attached skirt is straight, flouncing and dainty bordered lawns may be used for the dress.

For a little girl of five years, two yards and three-quarters of flouncing nine inches deep, one yard and seven-eighths of edging five inches wide and seven-eighths of a yard of material thirty-six inches wide, will be required.

Design 5901 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.

5901

COAT 5864, for girls, has a large collar in either of two outlines and a smart back belt which may be omitted. The sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes. Full and shorter lengths are possibilities of the design and a removable shield is provided in it.

For a girl of nine years, two yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide and one yard and three-eighths of lace eighteen inches wide will be required for the coat as on the figure.

Design 5864 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

5864

The Witchery of Cookery

A Hotel Dish At Home

—has rich delicacy of flavour.

A wide-spread desire for something new and appetizing led to a skillful blending of the rich field flavours—wheat, corn and rice, so combined as to produce a food of distinctive flavour and smooth, creamy consistency—

Post Tavern Special

This hot breakfast porridge made its first public appearance and found favour at Michigan's famous Post Tavern at Battle Creek, and absorbed the name.

It is now supplied for home use in tightly sealed packages — thoroughly sterilized — not a hand touching it in manufacture.

Post Tavern Special is appetizing, economical, easy to cook— same as good, old fashioned porridge, and is to be eaten with cream and sugar.

Tomorrow's Breakfast —ask your grocer.

Packages 10 and 15c, except in extreme West.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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YOURS FREE!

Let us send you this beautiful new Fashion Catalogue, containing all the advance styles in wearing apparel for Spring 1913, as well as our wonderful bargains in dainty waists and underwear. Just drop us a postal today and say you want Catalogue No. 57. It will be sent by return mail. Remember WE pay all Mail or Express charges on anything you buy from us, and we Refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied.

A Chic Little Waist

No. 2D19 Waist $1.00 Postage Prepaid

No. 2D19. You will be delighted with this fetching and thoroughly charming little waist. It is made of a fine sheer All-over Embroidered Voile. The back of waist is embroidered just like the front. The new style collar is of plain white voile prettily trimmed with fine crochet buttons. Directoire bow of black velvet, trimmed with a crystal button, shown in the picture, is included with the waist. The sleeves are short and have turn-back cuffs of plain white voile. Fastens in front. Waist comes in white only and in sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. **Our Special Low Price for this dainty waist, Postage Prepaid $1.00**

Do You Keep House?

If you do, you will be charmed with this practical, comfortable and becoming House Dress and Sweeping Cap.

No. 4D21

Only $1.00

For Cap and Dress

Postage or Expressage Prepaid

No. 4D21. This Neat, Serviceable, Well-made House Dress is made of a good quality washable Linon which will wear and launder in the most satisfactory manner. The collar of the dress is made of white cotton corduroy edged with plain Linon. Sleeves are short and have pretty cuffs of cotton corduroy to match the collar. The back of the waist is plain, while the front down the entire length of the dress is trimmed with contrasting color piping. At the joining of the waist and skirt, piping to match defines the waist line. The dress fastens in the front as pictured with fine pearl buttons. The cap is of Linon to match the dress and is daintily trimmed with white cotton corduroy. This is an outfit that any practical housekeeper will be glad to have. It is a big bargain at this low price. Colors: lavender, tan or cadet blue. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure, skirt length 40 inches. Skirts are finished with deep hem. **Price for Cap and Dress, Mail or Express Charges Prepaid . . $1.00**

BELLAS HESS & CO.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Coat 5876 Dress 5854

Dress 5869

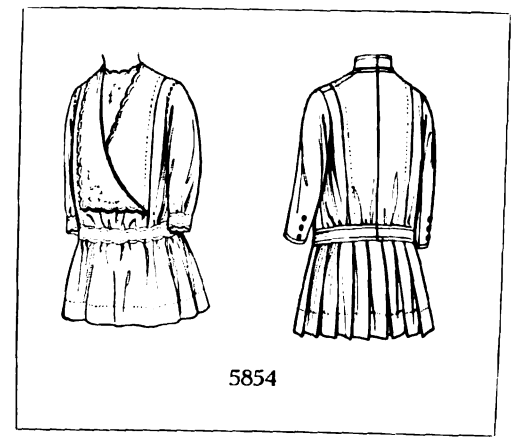
FAULTLESS LINES AND NOVEL DETAILS

GIVE UNMISTAKABLE SMARTNESS TO CHILDREN'S CLOTHES WITHOUT MAKING THEM ANY LESS SIMPLE

NORFOLK coats are eminently fashionable now for all ages, but make especially jaunty and becoming coats for girls and children. A good coat for both Winter and Spring wear with applied straps in Norfolk style is shown in design 5876. There are almost two coats in this design, one for Winter and one for Spring, for the neck can be closed in two entirely different ways—high to the throat with a small rolling collar or much lower down so that the neck is open. With this open neck a large collar, square or rounding at the back, is worn. The coat may also be in full or shorter length. It has sleeves with or without cuffs sewed into slightly deep armholes, and may be worn with or without a belt. Corduroy is a favorite material for Norfolk coats in Winter, and Bedford cord is popular in Spring. The large collar may be embroidered from a Butterick transfer.

For a girl of five years, three yards and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the coat as on the figure.

Design 5876 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

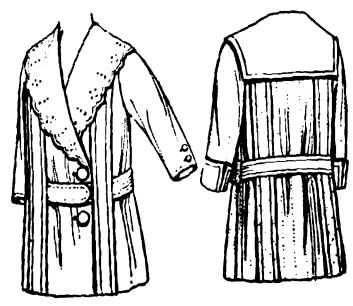


5854

AND why should not wee little girls have dresses as smart as their older sisters, I should like to know? It isn't a question of making them elaborate or fussy or extreme, but only of using a design with smart lines and with some new, distinctly modish feature. From design 5854, for instance, you can make your youngest daughter a cunning and very smart little dress with no more work than a much more ordinary-looking one would take. Its one-sided revers is its striking feature, the rest is all very simple. Either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes, and the straight skirt may be plaited or gathered. A collar may be used or not. Linen, gingham, repp, poplin, chambray, galatea, piqué, cheviot, serge or cashmere will be a good material for the dress. A cotton or linen one will be smart with its revers of white piqué or linen in a contrasting color, one of cashmere trimmed with satin, one of batiste with hand-embroidery. If you desire to embroider the dress you will find Butterick transfers which give pretty designs for a scallop and a dainty spray.

For a little girl of five years, two yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide, and one-half yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the revers and flare cuffs, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5854 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.

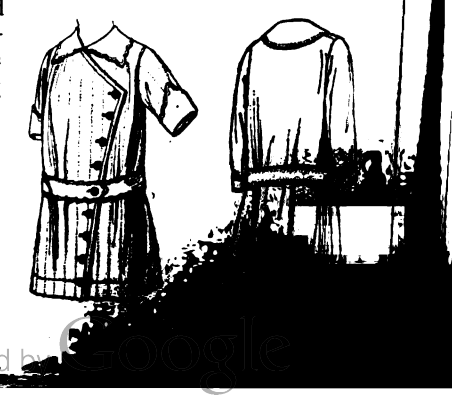


5876

YOU will find the two conditions of smartness in design 5869 as in the other little dress on this page—splendid lines and an up-to-date trimming detail. In a little plain straight dress like this the lines are perhaps the more important; they must be right or the dress will be awkward and unbecoming. The novel feature of this dress is the shape of the closing, which is cut with an angle that is refreshingly individual on a child's frock. There is up-to-dateness also in the way the sleeves are sewed in, into slightly deep armholes. There is becomingness in the collar, for high or slightly open neck. The sleeves may be full length in either of two styles or shorter. For materials I would suggest the heavy cottons, poplin, piqué and galatea for both Spring and Winter wear. A Butterick transfer gives a design for the scallop shown.

For a little girl of five years, two yards and one-half of striped material twenty-seven inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of plain twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and belt will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5869 may be obtained in nine sizes, from two to ten years, price fifteen cents.



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Coat 5858 Dress 5900 Suit 5894

NEW AND SMART THINGS FOR BOYS

JAUNTY VARIATIONS OF THE NORFOLK STYLE
A WEE BABY'S DRESS, DAINTY AND SIMPLE

EVEN long overcoats for little boys show the effect of the popularity of Norfolks, and have frequently an inverted plait with a belt at the back. Design 5858, an extremely smart model for one, has this back, while its front is plain and straight. It is double-breasted, and may be closed high and snug about the throat or rolled open with turned-back lapels. The closing is good-looking either way, and decidedly practical in a changeable climate. Either of two styles of pockets may be made in the coat. For the warm Winter coat, melton, kersey, and chinchilla are materials used; for a lighter coat which will be serviceable in Spring, covert cloth and mixed worsteds are good. Frequent use of the pressing-iron and this design will enable a mother dressmaker to make a well-tailored coat.

For a little boy of seven years, one yard and three-quarters of material fifty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 5858 may be obtained in ten sizes, from three to twelve years, price fifteen cents.

5858

FOR the first baby one thinks only of having dresses dainty and baby-fine, but when cares multiply, one looks for those that can be made to look pretty without much work, that will launder easily and not wear out soon. Design 5900 is desirable on all these counts. When cut with an inverted plait under the arms, which keeps the lower edge straight, it can be made of flouncing with all-over embroidery or fancy tucking for the yoke, and so can be made very pretty and best-like without insertions or hand-work. As the square yoke does not extend to the shoulders, the sleeves do not have to be sewed into it.

5900

The fulness may be tucked or gathered to it, whichever you think easiest and nicest. Two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves are included in the design and two lengths are given, thirty and twenty-seven inches. The dress may also be made with a gored underarm seam, and of nainsook or batiste.

For the one size in which 5900 may be obtained, one yard and three-eighths of flouncing thirty-two inches deep, one-quarter yard of material thirty-six inches wide, and one-eighth of a yard of fancy tucking twenty-two inches wide, will be required. Its price is ten cents.

DESIGN 5894 shows a mighty nobby suit for a boy which isn't any harder to make than commoner kinds of Norfolks. It has a great deal more style than most of those, and such an individuality in its cut that a suit made after it would never seem the product of a home dressmaker. The Norfolk effect of the jacket is given by the belt and the applied tucks, and its jaunty sporting air is repeated in the cut of the knickerbockers. They may be made with cuffs, pulled up as in the figure illustration or bagging slightly over them, or without cuffs in the regulation style. The vest section in the jacket is a detail which is a factor in the individuality of the design, and warmly protective too, but it may be omitted. Suitable materials for a Norfolk suit are cheviot, tweed, serge, worsteds and khaki.

For a boy of nine years, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide or two yards and one-quarter fifty-four inches wide will be required.

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In ten words, the users of **P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap** will tell you that it is not merely soap—not merely a laundress—but that it is a *good laundress for the woman who does her own work.* Therefore you know before you try it that this soap will save time, save money, save the clothes and save you. You have the endorsement of a million users to guide you. Could you ask for any better reference?

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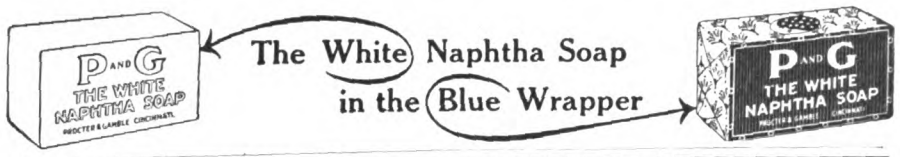

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BOY KNIGHTS' PAGE

GAMES FOR YOUR CLUB'S NEW-YEAR PARTY

NOTE:—Do you know about the Boy Knights of the Round Table? It is a great big club for boys, organized and conducted by THE DELINEATOR to give boys good times and teach them manliness. We want YOU to belong to it. Write to Sir Launcelot, care of THE DELINEATOR, for particulars.

I WANT every one of our Boy Knights' clubs to have a big, jolly New-Year party this year. Invite all those other town boys to come to it, those boys who are not club members but ought to be. Trim your club-room with New-Year greens and plan a jolly feast of sandwiches, hot coffee, roasted apples and toasted marshmallows with which to end the fun. Here are some New-Year party games for you to play. If you want more games write to me.

Circle Marbles

ON YOUR club-room table or upon the floor mark with red crayon or chalk three circles measuring ten, fifteen and twenty inches across, and drawn one inside of the other. These circles are numbered, beginning with the outer one, ten, twenty-five and one hundred. Give each boy a supply of marbles and, taking turns, shoot the marbles at the circles. The object of the game is to try and shoot a marble from a given distance as near the inner circle as possible. One boy is appointed as score-taker, and he keeps tally of each boy's score. Each boy scores the number of counts registered on the circle nearest which his marble stops, and at the end of fifteen minutes the boy with the highest score wins the game.

Bridge Marbles

TO PLAY this jolly indoor marble game you will need to have that knight-with-a-tool-box whittle you a little wooden frame about two feet long, six inches wide and thick enough to stand on the floor. In this frame four arches are cut, three inches high and equally distant from each other. To help this marble board to stand, if the wood you use is not very thick, a support may be nailed to each end. A coat of red paint will make the marble board very gay. When it is finished, stand it a foot or so away from one wall of your club-room, and hang numbered white cards on the wall over the arches in the board, marked five, ten, fifteen and twenty, from right to left, for the four arches.

From the opposite side of the room the boys shoot marbles at the board in turn, and the boy who makes the highest score reckoned according to the number of arches his marble goes through, wins the game.

Winning the Knight's Sword

THIS game will take a little preparation beforehand, but once it is finished it will furnish you with fun, not only for your New-Year party, but for many more club meetings.

Get a quantity of very small dowel sticks from your carpenter—the smaller the better. These are to make the little wooden swords with which the game is played. If you don't feel like buying this stock, ask your butcher for a lot of wooden meat-skewers. These will be quite as satisfactory as the dowel sticks for the game.

With very sharp jack-knives point the ends of these small wooden sticks, and glue hilts to the opposite ends to make them look like real swords. Cut off ends of the sticks for these hilts, or splinters of kindling-wood will make them.

When you have finished two or three dozen of these little wooden swords, paint one bright yellow. This is the Knight's Sword. Get some tiny brass hooks now and screw them into the ends of some of your remaining dowel sticks or meat-skewers, making enough so that each boy who is going to play the game will have one; and find a strong box to hold them all.

To play the game, all the small wooden swords are emptied out of the box in a pile in the center of your table, the Knight's Sword lying at the bottom of the pile. Each of the boys seated around the table is given one of the hooks and may try to take away the swords with it and so reach the Knight's Sword, until he moves one, as in the game of jackstraws. Then he must let another boy try. The boy who is first able to get out the Knight's Sword wins the game.

Indoor "Cat"

THIS is the way the Russian boys play the fine old game that you know as "cat" *indoors* when the snow is too deep in their far-away land for chasing the cat in the open:

On the floor of your club-room draw a chalk circle that measures, if possible, six feet in diameter. In the center of this circle lay the "cat," a piece of wood six inches or so long and whittled to a point at each end. The boys count out or draw lots to determine which one shall have the first chance to play and which must chase the cat. The highest and lowest counts determine this if you are drawing lots.

Then these boys take their places in the circle, and the boy who is to play the cat hits it sharply with a stick, bats it when it is in mid-air and sends it outside the circle. The other boy must now hop upon one foot after the "cat," and, still upon one foot, hit it with his stick, sending it back into the circle again.

It counts as *in* the circle even if it falls on the line, but if the boy fails to get the "cat" back, he has to be "hopper" once more, and until he succeeds. If he does succeed, though, he takes his place among the boys who are looking on at the game and the boy who played the "cat" does the hopping. The boy who was next in order when the lots were drawn plays the "cat."

Building the Council Fire

THIS is the jolliest game of all, and will be a splendid one with which to finish your New-Year party.

Make as many paper slips as there will be boys playing the game. Letter one slip The Fire Maker, and all the rest either Good Wood or Pine Knots, but there should be three times as many Good Wood slips as there are Pine Knots.

The papers are all put in a hat, and each boy chooses one, and then takes his seat on the edge of the room—all except the boy who has drawn the Fire Maker's slip. He stands in the center of the room ready to build his fires. He calls the boys to him, three or four at a time, and places them in groups that represent bundles of wood. Then he begins to bind his bundles of wood and the fun commences.

The Fire Maker walks slowly around the first group of boys, making motions with his hands as if he were binding fagots. As soon as his arms drop, though, the boys in this group take to their heels, those who drew Good Wood slips going to their seats, and those who drew Pine Knot slips chasing the Fire Maker. The Pine Knot boys try to touch the Fire Maker and tag him before he reaches his next bundle of wood. If he gets to this second group of boys and begins going again through the motions of fagot tying he is safe, but if, before reaching them, he is tagged, the Pine Knot who tagged him takes his place and plays Fire Maker, while the former Fire Maker must sit down with the Good Wood boys. The game ends when all the bundles of wood have been used up, when the slips may be put back into the cap, mixed up and drawn over again.

SIR LAUNCELOT.

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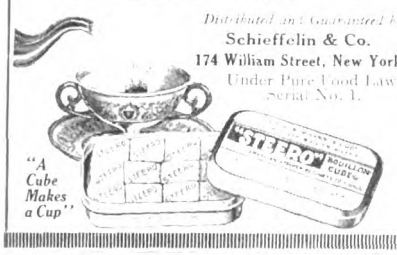

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BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

By James Shelley Hamilton

Floor Games THE boy in H. G. Wells writing about the games that he and the junior Wellses play. They are fascinating games, with inexhaustible possibilities—the kind that give the greatest joy because they keep the imagination and the hands busy at the same time, creating. Every grown-up should read this book, because it points out a quite definite way to become better fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts.

Floor Games, by H. G. Wells. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.00.

The Gold-Fish A LITTLE book youngsters will like because it's a bully Christmas story, with just the kind of reward for well-doing that delights a child's sense of justice, and grown-ups will find joy in for the sympathetic glimpse it gives into the workings of the boy heart and mind.

The Gold-Fish, by Julian Street. (John Lane Co.) 70c.

The Rocket Book A COMPANION to the unique "Hole" and "Slant" books. It is a Peter Newellish depiction of what a rocket did in its flight upward through a sky-scraping apartment-house. It is ingenious and amusing—thoroughly characteristic of one of the most individual and charming of American artists.

The Rocket Book, by Peter Newell. (Harper & Brothers.) $1.25.

Robin Hood THE splendid tales of the Sherwood Forest outlaws retold and repictured. Some of the story-book background necessary to every properly cultivated grown-up mind is missing if these old ballad-stories haven't been read in childhood. Mr. Rhead's version of them is a delight to the eye and to the imagination.

Bold Robin Hood and His Outlaw Band, by Louis Rhead. (Harper & Brothers.) $1.50.

Bee ANATOLE FRANCE'S charming tale of the Princess of the Dwarfs, done into English by Peter Wright. The exquisite drawings in it by Charles Robinson make it one of the most beautiful gift-books that a child could have.

Bee, by Anatole France. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) $2.50.

The Boys' Parkman THIS book is made up of extracts from "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" and "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." They are so selected that they form a connected history, much abbreviated for young readers, but of a quality that is sure to lead to further reading of the great historian.

The Boys' Parkman: Selections from the Historical Works of Francis Parkman, compiled by Louise S. Hasbrouck. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.00.

The Kewpies PICTURES and stories for small children. The Kewpies for this day are what the Brownies were for a generation ago—not so varied, but just as jolly and lovable.

The Kewpies and Dotty Darling, by Rose O'Neill. (George H. Doran Co.) $1.25.

A Child's Book of Warriors TALES of heroes—Greeks, Romans, Saxons, Norsemen—back in the times so long ago that they have become legendary. They are full of the color and spirit of old romance, and belong to one of the dearest play-worlds of childhood. The book is full of pictures—the kind that boys and girls love to fill in from their own paint-box.

A Child's Book of Warriors, by William Canton. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) $2.00.

Pioneer Mothers of America THREE richly illustrated volumes written as a record of the more notable women of the early days of the country, particularly of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods. Their special value lies in their having collected histories that have hitherto been incomplete and scattered, of the women who bore such a great and unacknowledged part in building up the country and establishing its traditions. Every library and historical society ought to own these books.

Pioneer Mothers of America (3 vols.), by Harry Clinton Green and Mary Wolcott Green. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) $12.00.

The Lady AN ATTEMPT—which in its working out becomes a thoroughly successful achievement—to outline through the progress of civilization the position and character of the lady—"the female of the favored social class." It begins with the lady of the ancient Greeks, and passes through the periods into which the history of human growth naturally divides itself, to the lady of the slave States—the last representative of what we are most accustomed to think of in connection with the term "lady." It is a delightfully readable book, written with humor and sympathy, and also with a sound scholarship that will make it the authority on its subject. It is handsomely bound and illustrated.

The Lady, by Emily James Putnam. (Sturgis & Walton Company.) $2.50.

Woman in the Making of America THE majority of histories of our country could not be considered light reading, or books that we would pick up with the intention of whiling away a cheerful hour or so. It is a grateful surprise, therefore, to find how very different an American history just about women can be. It is refreshing to discover how much genuine mirth went into the making of the thirteen original States. In his book "Woman in the Making of America," Mr. Bruce takes us back to the very earliest times when the first settlements were made in this New World, and we find that even in that distant day woman supplied the funny-bone for the Colonies.

She was also as independent and businesslike then as she is now, whenever she felt so inclined. 'Way back in the year 1637, Mr. Bruce tells us, mention is made of a plantation that "was begun at Tecticutt, Mass., by a gentlewoman, an ancient maid, one Mrs. Poole."

Another enterprising lady of the same period, Mrs. Mary Brent, of Maryland, succeeded in keeping the community in which she lived from anything approaching stagnation, by her "goings on." One can read between the lines that she must have been the talk of the town. She even ventured so far, on one occasion, as to appear before the assemblymen and insist that as the attorney of the late Gov. Calvert she should be given vote and voice in the House. Naturally, the legislators were outdone at that, and the Governor denied that Mrs. Brent had any right to any vote whatever. Whereupon the irrepressible Mrs. Brent gave the assemblymen a piece of her mind, then—"turned on her heel," the author relates, "left the astounded legislators staring after her, and walked out to resume the management of her extensive interests."

The volume is brought down through the Revolutionary and Civil Wars to the women of our own time. It is delightfully written and full of witty and amusing incidents.

Woman in the Making of America, by H. Addington Bruce. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

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DIET FOR CHILDREN

GIVE THEM A WELL-BALANCED RATION AND THEY WILL REPAY YOU IN HEALTH

By Amanda Stamford

A WEST SIDE doctor in Chicago (which would be East Side doctor in New York) was called to see the suffering six-months-old offspring of an Italian woman. He had been called often before to save the poor baby the consequences of its mother's ignorance.

"Mrs. Trentoni," he cried, "you've been feeding that baby sausage again!"

"Honest, doctor," Mrs. Trentoni wailed, "it was only watermelon!"

It may seem a far cry from Mrs. Trentoni and her baby who couldn't digest sausage and watermelon, to Mrs. Quincy Whitman who knows better, but it isn't so far as from Mrs. Trentoni's shawl to Mrs. Quincy Whitman's Paris hat. Many little Trentoni babies get through on the sausage-and-watermelon diet, just as many little Whitman babies get through on what their mothers feed them. Not because the diet is good, but because the babies are sturdy.

WITH the Mrs. Quincy Whitmans there frequently comes a sudden let-up in the care and concern with the child's diet after it has emerged from babyhood and is tentatively toddling down the first lanes of childhood. And yet it is just during these years very frequently that those little plantlets of indigestion are set out which mature later in the pie-and-sandwich period of youth. On the theory of the survival of the fittest, it is precisely the Quincy Whitman babies who ought to be most carefully fed, with gradually increasing forays into the regions of strange diet. In other words, the approach to "Intelligent Omnivorousness," which is the ideal for the grown-up diet, ought to be gradually made.

Maybe Mrs. Quincy Whitman never bothers about that if her children seem sturdy.

But maybe they aren't sturdy *enough*. Then Mrs. Quincy Whitman wakes up and goes rapidly to consult a pediatrist, which is Greek and long for the short English child-specialist.

She usually comes away feeling as if she were a picket fence entirely surrounding a large and not too luminous vacuum. For the child-specialist has given her a fine big bunch of "Don'ts!" with many exclamation marks after them like that—! ! ! !

And unless he is a very exceptional specialist indeed, he has framed his questions in such a way that she has given the worst possible account of herself and her care of her child, and she is left with a general feeling of no-'countness and unworthiness, and she is convinced that of all the people who ought not to take care of a child, she is the ought-not-to-est.

From the warmth with which I speak you will gather that I have been to the pediatrists. I have. And as a result I long to address myself to all the Mrs. Quincy Whitmans I can find, and tell them to extend the motto "In Time of Peace Prepare for War" to their own pursuits. Just because your child has never had a stomach-ache, don't despise the lore of the child-doctor. Don't take any chances! Feed that glorious Him or that exquisite Her according to the rules those same child-specialists give us.

And the second is the opposite of the first: Don't pay too much attention to any *one* child-specialist. The only time one of them is unalterably right is when he agrees with all the others. And that agreement is found at these points:

If the child isn't flourishing, it probably does not need medicine, but different hygiene—different or differently treated—food, air, sun.

As to that food: boil all cereals till they are done and then boil them another hour.

Boil all vegetables till they laugh when you mash them—as you must—later.

Forget how to fry.

Then, when you have learned to give only chops, steaks, chicken and white fish, and how to choose fruits, you may enter into a controversy on the subject of bacon, sugar, tomatoes and other articles which you will find allowed by one EMINENT SPECIALIST, and with frothing mouth denied by another equally EMINENT SPECIALIST.

I have seen several of the admittedly most eminent specialists in Chicago and in New York. Not for children who were what the doctors call "ill." Merely for children who were not always as heavy as I thought they ought to be, or for children who were liable to slight attacks of indigestion.

And after years of offering to the children what one specialist told me to give to the children, and of refusing what another told me to refuse them, I have concluded that my experience and my observation at least seem to show that it is not nearly so much a question of what articles are given or withheld, as a question of how those articles are cooked.

This statement of course you must limit reasonably, and it must not be applied to children who have idiosyncrasies against certain articles of diet nor to children who are really not well. It can be applied to children who are reasonably well and fairly normal. And it in principle ought to be applied more widely than it is to all children, including those who never have seen a doctor since they were tiny babies.

Between a free diet list, such as I have included in my menus, which is based upon the diet list of one of the three best-known pediatrists in the United States, and the very restricted diet list of another pediatrist, equally prominent, I believe that the choice will turn out to be a success purely on the basis of the method of cooking.

THERE are certain possible modifications in the method of preparation of many quite ordinary things which every mother ought to know about. The extra-long cooking of vegetables and cereals, the omission of frying, the use of stale breads and of very fresh ripe fruits are stock knowledge. Not so common is an acquaintance with some of the simple recipes I have given herewith for suggested articles in the menu. "Bread pudding," to take a common example, as it would appear on a grown-up's menu, and "bread pudding" as it should be made for children, are two very different things, but, to the child, equally palatable.

As the range of choice is so much more restricted for children than it is for adults, it may seem rather unnecessary to print out a weekly menu. But I have found an outline guide a most convenient and time-saving device. Variety may be gained by transposing a day. And you will have the happy feeling that you have achieved a balanced ration for the children without having to wonder when you last had a lamb chop for them or whether you have given them beets lately.

The menus given here are for the Winter season.

MENUS FOR CHILDREN FROM THREE TO SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
MONDAY		
Apple Sauce *Cracked Wheat with Thin Cream* *Hashed Chicken on Toast*	*Consommé* *White Fish (Broiled)* *Spinach* *Creamed Potatoes** *Bread Pudding**	*Farina with Rich Milk* *Zwieback* *Cup of Thin Cocoa* *Baked Custard*
TUESDAY		
Stewed Prunes *Course Hominy with Milk* *Glass of Milk* *Bacon and Toast*	*Chicken Soup with Rice* *Lamb Chop* *Mashed Potatoes* *Peas* *(With or without Cream Sauce)* *Junket*	*Cream of Wheat with Thin Cream* *Milk* *Stale Corn Bread* *Rice and Figs**
WEDNESDAY		
Orange-Juice *Wheatena and Thin Cream* *Coddled (Jellied) Egg* *Toast and Milk*	*Beefsteak or Chopped Beef* *Creamed Young Onions or String Beans* *Rice** *Ice-Cream (Plain)*	*Oatmeal and Thin Cream* *Graham Bread and Butter* *Prune Soufflé**
THURSDAY		
Baked Apple *Huntley and Palmer Breakfast or Bran Biscuits** *Hominy with Milk* *Glass of Milk* *Lamb Chop*	*Tomato Purée* *Roast Chicken* *Baked Potato* *Creamed Carrots* *Rice Pudding*	*Soft Egg* *Cracked Wheat with Cream* *Graham Bread* *Stewed Apricots or Custard**
FRIDAY		
Orange-Juice *Farina and Cream* *Poached Egg on Toast* *Cocoa*	*Pea Purée* *Roast Beef or Beefsteak* *Mashed Potatoes* *Asparagus Tips or Beets* *Tapioca Cream*	*Mashed Baked Hominy** *Bread and Butter* *Milk* *Soft Egg* *Brown Betty or Baked Apple*
SATURDAY		
Grapefruit (or Juice) *Cream of Wheat Thin Cream* *Corn Bread Stale and Toasted* *Bacon*	*Beef Broth with Rice* *Lamb Chop* *Squash or Lima Beans* *Rice** *Peas* *Blanc-Mange**	*Corn-meal Mush and Milk* *Bran Biscuits** *Stale Bread and Butter* *Cocoa* *Baked Custard*
SUNDAY		
Baked Apple *Cream of Wheat and Cream* *Graham Toast* *Jollied Egg**	*Grapefruit* *Fricasseed Chicken* *Mashed Potatoes* *Lima Beans or Beets* *Ice-Cream (Plain)* *Sponge-Cake*	*Soft Egg* *Jelly Sandwich** *Glass of Milk* *Apple Snow**

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DIET FOR CHILDREN

IN PREPARING cream sauces for children, it is not necessary to use the same method as for adults; less butter should be used, and it is better to heat the milk and thicken with the flour first rubbed up in cold milk or water; then add a small piece of butter just before serving. In this way the butter is not subjected to the high temperature it is in the usual method of preparation.

Bread Pudding*

BREAK pieces of stale bread in even sizes. butter thinly; pile them loosely into a baking-dish. Beat up one or two eggs with two cupfuls of milk: add one tablespoonful of sugar and a little cinnamon. Pour over the bread. Bake fifty minutes. If necessary more milk (seasoned) may be added as the pudding bakes. Many children can handle raisins well, in which case a few may be added. They should be soaked several hours, seeded and chopped.

Rice and Figs*

BOILED rice which has been left over may be utilized, provided it is thoroughly cooked. Stew a half-dozen good figs till tender; chop; mix with one cupful of the rice; add some of the liquor from the figs and about a cupful of milk. Bake in a small open pudding-dish for fifteen minutes. Sugar may be used at discretion.

Rice*

IN USING rice as a vegetable instead of potatoes, I have found that many young children who did not like it plain boiled, even with butter or beef-juice on it, liked it very much when boiled and then heated in milk in a casserole for thirty minutes and served in the casserole.

Bran Biscuits*

USE the bran, not the flour; one-half cupful of wheat bran, one-half cupful of wheat flour; one teaspoonful of baking-powder; one teaspoonful of melted butter, one saltspoonful of salt, enough milk to form good dough to roll out. Bake in moderate oven.

Custard ‡

FOUR eggs to a quart of milk, one large tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla and a dash of almond extract. Sprinkle a pinch of nutmeg and a pinch of cinnamon on each custard if baked in individual casseroles, or over the top of a single one.

Prune Soufflé*

ONE dozen large, well-cooked prunes, chopped fine; some of the juice (according to the size of the eggs); the whites of four eggs beaten to a hard froth. Mix prunes and beaten egg. Butter a baking-dish and bake; begin to bake twenty-five to thirty minutes before time for serving.

Blanc-Mange

THE ordinary corn-starch pudding may be varied by grating into it a little chocolate and adding a bit more sugar.

Mashed Baked Hominy

MASH left-over coarse hominy thoroughly; to each cup of it add one egg and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Bake about thirty-five to forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. When the egg is set it is ready.

Brown Betty

THIN slices of bread or bread-crums placed in a pudding-dish with alternate layers of apples; each layer sprinkled with sugar according to the acidity of the apples. Pour milk enough to cover over all; put in a slow oven and bake until the apples are soft. Children, as a rule, like the pudding much better when it has a light sprinkling of cinnamon over the top. No butter is used except to butter the inside of the dish. Even that is not necessary.

Jelly Sandwich*

ONLY home-made jelly is to be used. This if well made may be spread thinly on slices of bread and butter and used for an occasional dessert.

Apple Snow*

WHITES of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, three tablespoonfuls of thick apple sauce (if the apples were sweetened when stewed, diminish the amount of powdered sugar). Heap in tall glasses and serve cold (uncooked).

Jollied Eggs

A VARIATION on scrambled eggs. Place two tablespoonfuls of milk in a saucepan (no butter); add two slightly beaten eggs. Scramble with fork till eggs are set—not hard.

Broiled Hamburger Steak

THE beef should be cut from the round and passed twice through the meat-chopper. Press the chopped meat into flat steaks about three-quarters of an inch thick. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle a little flour over it, place it in a fine wire broiler, and broil over coals or in a gas-stove.

A LIST OF MEATS, VEGETABLES, FRUITS, BREADS AND CEREALS RECOMMENDED FOR THE CHILDREN'S TABLE

CEREALS

Wheatena*	Farina
Corn-meal*	Cream of wheat
Oatmeal	Cracked wheat
Wheat biscuits †	

MEATS

Bacon †	Hamburg steak
Rare roast beef	Lamb chop
Beefsteak	Broiled chicken
Whitefish	

VEGETABLES

Potatoes	Young beets*
Rice	Squash
Peas	Eggplant †
Beans—all kinds except navy	Spinach
	Asparagus tips
Strained stewed tomatoes †	Stewed onions †
	Stewed celery*
Young carrots	Cauliflower †

DESSERTS

Junket ‡	Corn-starch pudding
Baked custard	
Boiled custard	Plain ice-cream
Plain rice pudding	Tapioca
Bread pudding*	Sponge-cake ‡
Ladyfingers ‡	

EGGS

Give once or twice a day §
Give only jellied (Holt)

Scrambled †	Omelet †
Poached*	

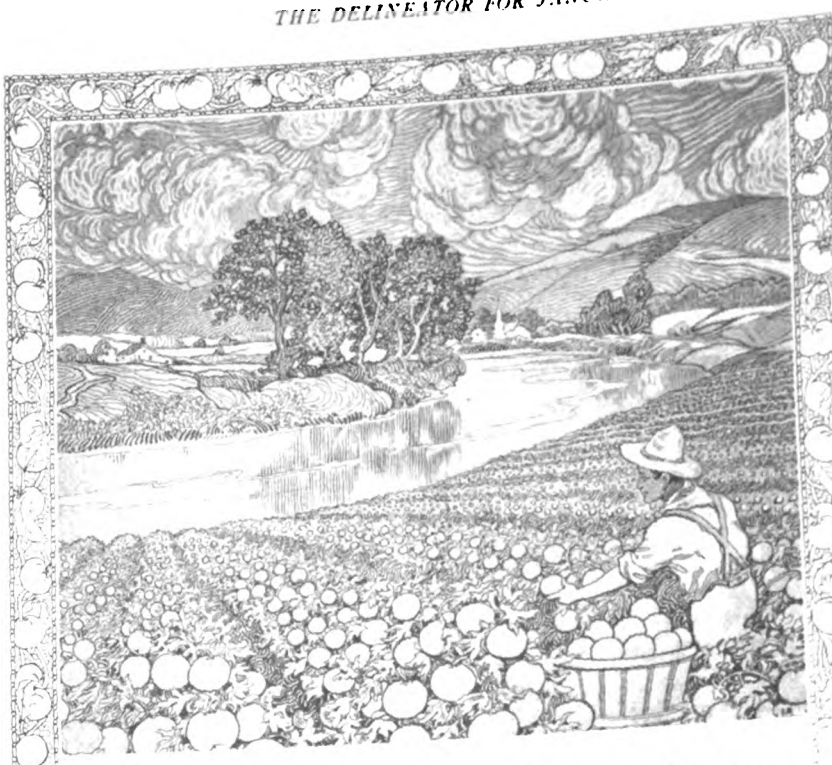
BREADS

Stale white bread	Graham crackers
Graham bread	Zwieback
Huntley and Palmer biscuits	Toast
	Bran biscuits*

FRUITS

Apples—Scraped, raw †	
" Sauce	
" Baked	
Prunes	Grapefruit (juice) ‡
Pears †	Strawberries (juice) ‡
Grapes (juice) ‡	
Peaches ‡	Raspberry (juice) ‡
Apricots ‡	Cherries †

Sugar is a controversial topic.
So are butter and sugar on cereals.
All agree on long cooking of cereals and vegetables.
* Means not mentioned by Holt and Hamilton; authorized by others.
† Means definitely excluded by Holt and Hamilton; authorized by others.
‡ Means not mentioned by Kerley; authorized by Holt and Hamilton.
§ Means excluded by Kerley; authorized by Holt and Hamilton.



THE tomatoes in Snider's Catsup were grown from seed that was carefully selected the previous year, in the best ground and under up-to-date cultivation. They were picked when perfect, red, ripe and luscious. Every bit of their freshness and fine flavor is in

Snider's Tomato Catsup

Made more delicious by the Snider Process of scientifically mingling the tomatoes with the finest spices.

The four recipes below have been extensively used for years.

Fried Oyster Recipe

One pint large oysters — Half cup flour
Half cup milk — Half teaspoon salt
Half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup

Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs; fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot. —*Mrs. Clara L. Street.*

Tomato Sauce Recipe

One tablespoon butter — One tablespoon flour
One cup hot water
Half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup

Heat the butter thoroughly in a granite pan, stir in the flour until smooth, then add catsup and water. Boil for two minutes, stirring constantly.

For spaghetti and macaroni add some "snappy" grated cheese.

Brown Gravy Recipe

One tablespoon Snider's Catsup to all thick gravies for each person to be served

For Soups

Add one and one-half tablespoons Snider's Catsup for each person to be served. Add to soup before removing from stove. Serve hot

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THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

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Koh-i-noor PAT. WALDESPRING DRESS FASTENER

Koh-i-noor Dress Fasteners save time, eye-strain, temper and give better fit, looks, wear and satisfaction. The world's fashion masters, Paquin, Redfern and Worth, all use and endorse Koh-i-noor Fasteners—they have been awarded First Prize wherever shown.

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absorbs every speck of dust it touches. Nothing gets into the air. Our chemical treatment makes it pick up and hold every particle of dust with which it comes in contact.

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all of the following B-B Dustless Specialties: B-B Dustless Mop, B-B Dustless Dust Cloth, B-B Bric-a-Brac Duster. Use them 10 days. If you like them, send us $1.00; otherwise return them without paying a cent.

All Mark mops are not B-B Mops. The genuine B-B Mop has Bare and Look for the Yellow Thread

THE CLOVER CLUB

A CLUB WHERE EVERY GIRL MAY EARN HER OWN MONEY

AS I write, our great Christmas contest for Clover Queen is at its height, and a more exciting, merrier contest you never did see. From California to Maine and from Florida to Washington, every State is vying for the privilege of claiming her.

Who will she be, this girl who may select for herself any fifty-dollar Christmas present she wishes because she has earned the most Clover Club money? What gifts will her four attendants choose? Where will the hundred fascinating bulbs of four-leaf clover go?

One satisfying thing about it all is that the winners will not receive their splendid rewards at the expense of others. Each and every girl of the thousands taking part will be paid for every bit of work accomplished. Best of all, in the Clover Club, opportunity knocks not once but continually. "Each new day is a new beginning."

Indeed it is! Right now opportunity is seeking you girls who, for one reason or another, didn't get into the swing of the Christmas contest. A jolly little contest, just for December, is now on. Five Cloverites are to be made especially happy, for to each of the five doing the best will be given, besides the usual Clover money and Clover gifts, a handsome gold bracelet like the one pictured here.

You'll quite fall in love with it. It's a new extension style, only recently shown in New York shops, and is as beautiful as it is novel. Why don't *you* decide to have one of them *yourself?*

Letters fairly bubbling over with Christmas joy keep fluttering to my desk. A heavy purse maketh a light heart any time of the year, but what of its power at the Yule-tide when every loving heart longs to give, give, give!

Right before me now are these:

Hurrah, in only two days I have earned $6.00! Five of it will go for a gift for hubby, who always before had to pay for his own. Think how grand I feel! Then the spoons you've promised will start a solid silver collection for each of my little daughters. Thank you over and over for letting me in to your "clover." Now I have nibbled, I won't be satisfied till I'm in knee-deep.

MRS. S. I., New York.

I shall bless the day I first wrote inquiring about the Clover Club. The pay is *so* liberal, and the work *so* pleasant that I feel as though I must shout from the housetops: "Girls, join the Clover Club and join to-day!"

A. R. T., Ne Jersey.

Let me second that motion! Come, join this jolliest of all girls' clubs. If "Uncle Sam" can get our little "Guide to Moneyville" to you even a day before the twenty-fifth, you should be able to earn at least a few great bright shiny Christmas dollars. Read this:

After school this afternoon I earned $3.00. I am very glad here is a way for me to earn money, for I am only eleven years old.

M. G., Washington.

If an eleven-year-old can do so well, you who are twice and four times her age, should do even better. Why not test your ability? Start now. Earn some Christmas money and so be ready to greet the New Year with the knowledge that you, too, can earn at least your pocket-money.

When money is our own, the joy of spending is frequently doubled.

The three sterling spoons are lovely. I certainly am glad I joined the Clover Club, and I just can't help writing to tell you what I have done with the money. I have sent two of my aunts the DELINEATOR for one year as a gift, then I have paid the dressmaker for all the sewing she has done for me this season. Just think of it! Besides that I have bought one beautiful evening dress. My grandmother has been very sick in the hospital, and with my Clover money I have bought her fruit and other small things, so just think all the things I have done without having to use my parents' money. There has been so much illness in our family and I am so busy that I have hardly time to do much. We live eight miles from town, too.

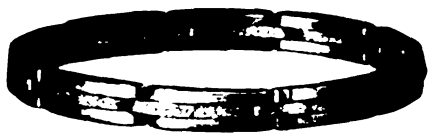
B. N., Pennsylvania.

After Christmas last year, a dear child wrote asking to be enrolled in the Clover Club so she could buy some longed-for books. "You know," she added naively, "people give you books, but they are not always the ones you care for." So, if Santa Claus doesn't bring you just what you want, earn it yourself through the Clover Club!

What a club this is, to be sure! Just one great combination of pleasure and profit!

Mrs. W. P., of Georgia, writes:

The Clover Club is a genuine delight. I can not begin to thank you enough for all the benefits de-

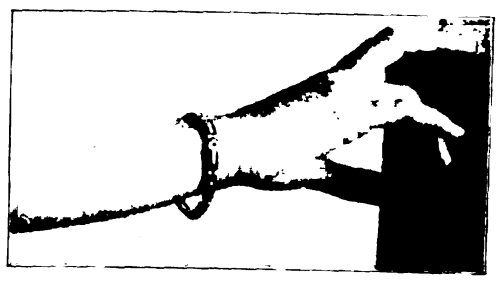


The Latest Thing in a Bracelet
The new extension style

rived there rom. The brooch and spoons are a never-ending source of pleasure to me, so beautiful are they. The brooch attracts admiration everywhere. Then I always feel so important when I begin writing on this lovely paper. Could I have still another box of it? I can't seem to get enough.

If every one of you could only see with your own eyes all the beautiful "encouragers" the Clover Club is now giving! Among the newer ones is a long gold chain now so popular for wearing with a lorgnette, fan, vanity box, coin purse, the various chatelaine articles, or, most practical of all, one's watch. The style we have was selected especially to go with the Elgin watch so many of our girls are receiving. It's a polished cable chain forty-eight inches long with an exquisite little slide in the form of a ball daintily embossed and encrusted with a circle of fifteen tiny pearls.

Be a Cloverite and receive the handsome Clover spoons of solid silver that entitle you to membership in the wonderful Golden Chapter, and these other un-



Why not win one yourself? Five will be given this month as special Clover Prizes

usual gifts. It's no long, arduous way, as our girls will tell you.

I'm so happy! First, because I got the fourth one of those darling spoons, and because this morning's work lets me enter the Golden Chapter. Aren't you surprised? I am, because I never thought such luck could be true, and I've done it all in less than three weeks! I don't know how to thank the Clover Club enough for what it has done for me. It has convinced me that I can do something. I have earned nearly twenty dollars besides those lovely spoons and the Tiffany brooch which I'm anxiously waiting to receive. I know it will be beautiful, for everything in connection with the Clover Club is.

C. V., Staten Island.

When one enters the Golden Chapter, the best of the Clover Club begins. 1913 is going to bring even more. I can't hint at all it will mean, but do let me urge you to belong at the very earliest moment, before the dawn of the New Year, if possible. It will be decidedly to your advantage to do so.

But be a Cloverite anyway! That is worth while of itself. As a middle-aged member, not long ago, wrote:

While money does not make the sun shine, it does help amazingly in brightening up a gloomy day. It is delightful to have some money all my very own to spend as wisely or as recklessly as I choose.

Just a little money often means a great deal of pleasure:

I intend buying with my lastest Clover dollar, two yards of white linen, and with a small cording pattern in it. I will have a nice blouse for my suit. So I will thank you for it, for I shouldn't have been able to afford one just now.

Thank you very much for the spoons and the check. This extra money has helped me very much to prepare for a trip beginning next Thursday. It is rather an expensive journey, so my spending money would have been limited had it not been for the Clover Club.

I want to tell you how proud I am of my work. What do you think I am doing with my money? I am paying for my own music lessons. I am just crazy to join the Golden Chapter and get my beautiful brooch.

I wonder if there is a High School girl in the whole country who won't appreciate this next letter.

There was to be an exciting football game this afternoon between St. Paul Central High School and Duluth Central, and of course I wanted to go. I fretted all day yesterday and a good part of this morning. All of a sudden while I was sitting at the piano, I wheeled around and said: "Mother, I am going to the game after all!" I had an inspiration and—but you have guessed what the inspiration was. I got the money and went to the game, and it may interest you to know that the score was 27 to 0 in *our* favor. We are all tickled to death, and I am so glad that I was able to go. I wish to thank you for it.

— —, one of your Golden Chapter girls, is my chum. One of the first days of school I noticed that she had on an *awfully* dear little pin. I knew at once it was from the Clover Club, for it looked so familiar. It certainly is a darling, and I am simply wild to get mine. One day last week she said she had gotten the most beautiful box of stationery. She brought a sheet to school to show me, and well, you know that I liked it. Thank you for my last spoon and the beautiful embroidery book. I am delighted with both.

Now a word with the girl still outside our Clover ring. Have you got what you wanted by merely reading of what others are doing? Then why wait longer?

Maybe you are like the girl who wrote:

I have read all the Clover Club letters for a long time for some hint of how girls earn money, so I might know whether I could do the same, but I am as puzzled as ever.

It hurts me to think of the opportunities such cautious folk lose. A penny postal, any time, would have brought, free, a little "Guide to Moneyville," brimming over with our delightful secrets.

A few girls, I find, fear that their coming may keep away others with a greater need. Our treasure box, however, is both wide and deep, with plenty for all. Then, too, many a girl works in behalf of some other less fortunate. But whether our members actually need the money themselves or not, each and all do enjoy the lovely gifts, the good cheer, and that worth-while feeling that comes from accomplishment.

An absorbing interest is an excellent pastime—and often more. Read what the wife of a Colorado physician writes:

I am so pleased because my salary check this month will be more than last, but better yet, I have taken such an interest in the work that it has helped my nervousness.

A mother of a bright little four-year-old, living in one of our largest Southern cities, says:

The Clover Club is indeed a veritable field of Clover. I have never enjoyed anything more.

By the way, Mrs. J., who wrote the above, has earned over seventy-five dollars in actual money, besides half again that amount in Clover gifts.

You, too, can turn your desires into dollars by utilizing your spare time. Begin now, *this very hour!* Be one of the fortunate five to receive a prize bracelet for doing the best work during December.

Determine to-day that hereafter you will not live by scrimping and saving, but by *earning*.

"She can who thinks she can!"

Let the Clover Club help you make Christmas and 1913 the best yet. Write to me before bedtime to-night!

Helen [illegible]

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THE MODERN CLUB WOMAN

WHAT WOMEN'S CLUBS REALLY STAND FOR

By Helen M. Winslow

> *"CLUB work has made woman broader in her sympathies as well as in her understanding. It has taught her to be tolerant of the views of those who differ with her. It has given her interests beyond the petty gossip of her neighbors and friends. It has buried personal spite and jealousies. Perhaps, best of all, it has united women of all classes and creeds; it has formed a massive chain of earnest, active women—a chain which stretches from ocean to ocean in this great republic, a chain which binds American womanhood into a vast army of workers for the benefit of humanity."*

WHEN Mr. Taft was Secretary of War, in his anxiety to improve the social condition at Panama, he turned to the women's clubs for help. President Roosevelt had already sent the women relatives of officers, engineers and workers down there, but their discontent and homesickness had made matters worse instead of better. The club women offered Miss Helen Varick Boswell of New York as a remedy. Mr. Taft responded by sending her to the Canal Zone as soon as she could get there. Miss Boswell went, saw and studied the conditions. She found innumerable cliques, much unhappiness and no real democratic life. She visited the eight large towns in the Canal Zone, talked with the women, and after getting acquainted with them made them get acquainted with one another.

Then she formed clubs in each of these towns, getting women of all grades of society to join them, and rousing them all up to a sense of their civic duty. Thus drawn together these women began to be friends, not only to each other, but to everybody in the Zone. They began to study the best methods of living in the tropics, and added beauty and charm to the sanitary conditions already imposed by the men.

In short, they discovered the joy in work for the common good, and this they have never forgotten. Before Miss Boswell returned to New York in 1908, the Canal Zone Federation was formed, and delegates from it came to the "Biennials" of the General Federation, bringing inspiration to others as well as carrying fresh zeal home for themselves. And this is what it means to have Federations of Women's Clubs.

As to tangible results throughout the United States, here are some of them. In eight States the establishment of Juvenile Courts has been materially assisted, and in some cases almost entirely established, by the work of the State Federations. In Alabama the club women have established a model Reform School for boys. Legislation for laws regarding women and children has been pushed to success by club women of fourteen States. The Traveling Library movement has been thoroughly established in the Canal Zone and in nine States.

Active war against the "White Slave Traffic" is being waged by most of the States, particularly in Arizona, Kentucky, Illinois, Maryland and Minnesota. Tuberculosis is being systematically attacked by means of legislative work and public education in seventeen States. Local scholarships for young women are in active operation in several State Federations.

The preservation of the old Missions and of the Hetch Hetchy Valley as a National Park is largely owing to the California club women. The Canal Zone is compiling a list of the flora and fauna of the Isthmus of Panama; Louisiana is doing the same for her State, and valuable work for forestry and waterways has been accomplished by other State Federations.

The playground movement has been successfully inaugurated by the club women of Illinois, Colorado, Massachusetts, Kansas and Ohio. Industrial schools are in successful operation, established or maintained by the Federations, in Georgia, Minnesota, Ohio, South Carolina and Utah. Child-labor legislation is being pushed to a successful issue by club women in nine States.

Most of the State Federations have done yeoman work in civics, civil service, food sanitation and domestic science. In view of all this, it seems incredible that any one can still be found who thinks of this great force for public service as "Ladies' Culture Clubs."

Women on school and State educational boards, women as factory inspectors, equal guardianship laws, the raising in several States of the age of consent, school franchise for women, the compulsory education law, the registration of trained nurses, laws for the punishment of crimes against children, humanitarian laws and humane education, public health improvement and many other phases of advancing civilization are among the various lines along which club women are working throughout the United States.

As an example of the organized work which each State is doing, take this from a report of the New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs, regarding their work toward saving the Palisades of the Hudson, which instead of being given over to "bill-board advertising," are now established as a public, permanent park:

"When the Governor said it was hopeless, when on all sides the men had failed, the persistent club women kept at it until a commission of five, including three Federation members, was appointed by the Governor. So fine was the work of this commission that there is to-day a public recognition of the fact that the New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs saved the Palisades. This Federation is now working for a State reformatory for girls, for the abolishment of the unsightly bill-board, for more women on school boards; and for 'new ideas' in housekeeping. They are also working for a higher appreciation of music among Americans, and to encourage original composition. They hope to materially aid in abolishing the mosquito and housefly; to institute a safe and sane Fourth of July celebration; to advance social purity and to improve school conditions."

And this is but a sample of the thorough work which organized club women are doing everywhere. This is why the woman's club movement has come to be recognized as an important factor in the civilization of to-day—perhaps the most important of any of the organized societies, because of its scope of work. A club can accomplish for a community what an individual never can, and a Federation can multiply by fifty what one club can do.

And yet the greatest value of the club movement, after all, is the influence upon woman herself. Mary I. Wood says of her: "She has become a better homemaker, because the domestic science work of the federated clubs has given her a new understanding of the beauty of a well-ordered home, where the art of housekeeping includes a knowledge of food values, chemistry, sanitation and harmony. She has become a better mother, because she has come to know other mothers; she has studied child life in its many phases; she has come in touch with the great questions of the world which her children must soon face, and she is able to intelligently guide them into paths of greater safety. No greater libel can be cast than the implication that club work detracts from the home. On the contrary, the home life of the club woman is, almost without exception, harmonious, well ordered and happy."

The Appropriate Beverage —
Welch's Grape Juice
"The National Drink"

WELCH'S gives a touch of genial hospitality to the formal and informal social affairs of the winter time. It is always ready to serve plain, and is quickly made into punches and other delicious beverages.

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WELCH'S HOLIDAY PUNCH—This punch, so simply and easily made, has never been equaled or excelled. It delights every one who tries it. Use one pint of WELCH'S, one quart of plain or charged water, the juice of three lemons and one orange, and one cup of sugar. Mix and serve very cold. If you use a punch bowl, garnish with sliced fruits.

This recipe is from "The Hostess and Welch's Grape Juice," our booklet of recipes and suggestions for entertaining, which we send free to any address on request. If you have a daughter in college let us send the booklet to her also.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—
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If unable to obtain WELCH'S of your dealer we will send a trial case of a dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle, mailed, 10c.

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The Burpee Annual

BURPEE'S "SEEDS THAT GROW" are supplied each season direct to many more planters than are the seeds of any other brand. BURPEE'S SEEDS are known the world over as the best it is possible to produce, and are acknowledged the American Standard of Excellence.

In thirty-six years of successful seed selling we have introduced more Novelties that are now in general cultivation than have any three other firms. We produce Selected Stocks upon our own seed farms in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and California, while FORDHOOK FARMS are famous as the largest trial grounds in America. No Government Experimental Station attempts such complete trials each season, and the information here obtained is of incalculable benefit to planters everywhere.

Each season we travel more than 30,000 miles to inspect personally our growing crops, and yet never solicit an order! We ask, therefore, that you give Burpee's Annual for 1913—our "silent salesman"—your careful attention in the quiet of your own home. It is a bright new book of 180 pages, picturing by pen and pencil all that is **best in seeds,** and tells the plain truth. While embellished with colored covers and plates painted from nature, it is A Safe Guide—entirely free from exaggeration.

Simply send us your address today, stating that you saw this advertisement in THE DELINEATOR and the Annual will be mailed at once. A postal card will do—and you will not be annoyed by any "follow-up" letters.

Just for the Kiddies

Who ever saw a child that did not love to dig in the ground? It's as natural for him as it is to breathe. Why not develop in the kiddies a love for flowers and gardening? It's the easiest thing in the world to cultivate a child's interest in growing things if you go at it right, and in so doing you give the youngster an impulse for which he will thank you as long as he lives. With this idea in mind we have had written for the especial benefit of the children one of the most fascinating and interesting books on this subject that has ever been published, entitled—

"Small Gardens for Small Folks"

by that most charming writer Edith Loring Fullerton. It tells in four chapters, profusely illustrated, in a most enticing, absorbing and thoroughly practical way, the "why and wherefore" of successful gardening. We are so sure of an enthusiastic welcome for this little book, not only on the part of the children, but teachers and mothers as well, that we have published over 200,000 copies in the first edition, to be sent out with a special packet of—

Seeds for Children's Gardens

which we tell all about on pages 107, 108 and 109 of **The Burpee Annual.** In order to supply the demand which we feel sure this new departure of ours will create, we have prepared the following special—

Ready-Made Collection

For 25 Cts. we will mail one "Children's Packet" each of *Semple's Branching Asters,—Imperial Centaurea,—Fordhook Favorite Dianthus,—Variegated Tall Queen Nasturtiums, —Imperial German Pansies,—Fordhook Phlox Drummondii,—Burpee's Superb Spencer Sweet Peas* in Unequaled Mixture as grown by us in California,—*Burpee's Columbia Beet,—Burpee's Golden Bantam Sweet Corn,—Burpee's Iceberg Lettuce,—White Icicle Radish* and *Chalk's Early Jewel Tomato,* together with the book "SMALL GARDENS FOR SMALL FOLKS." Five of these collections (with five books) will be mailed for $1.00 and sent to five separate addresses, if so directed. To each address we will mail also a free copy of THE BURPEE ANNUAL FOR 1913, if requested. **Write Today—Don't put it off. And be sure to state that you read our offer in THE DELINEATOR.**

W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia
Largest Mail-Order Seed House

THE HOME KINDERGARTEN

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Note to Mothers: THE DELINEATOR *wishes to help mothers in giving children kindergarten training at home. Miss Bailey will outline kindergarten work in reply to questions on the subject. Write her, care of* THE DELINEATOR, *enclosing a self-addressed envelope.*

Talk to Mothers

Giving Your Child a Book

"WHAT kind of a book shall father bring you?" a small girl was questioned the other day.

"Oh, *any* book," came the reply with a happy nonchalance, "as long as it can be my very own and stay up in my room."

She voiced the craving of every child. *Your* child needs his very own "five-foot" book-shelf that he may grow up with and which will meet the needs of his developing and expanding imagination. But each book that we put on this nursery book-shelf should be selected having in mind what it is going to *do* for the child.

Will it frighten him? Will it hurt his appreciation of beauty by its rude colors and poor art? Will it give him warped, twisted ideas of his world?

Rather, will the book that you put into your child's hands make him happy? Will its illustrations help him to love good pictures? Will it teach him something?

If a child can have only four books, it will be possible to give him between the covers of these four all that he needs in child literature during his earlier years.

One book should be very beautiful pictorially. Every baby loves color, and a good colored picture of one of his Mother Goose friends, his pet animals, his toys, will be a feast for his soul, almost. He should be taught care in handling it, and turning its beautiful pages will be his happy privilege.

One book will answer the queries of our dear little Question Mark. It should furnish material to be read to the child to help him understand his environment. Every child is wonderfully, buoyantly interested in animals and stars and trees and waters and the land of little creatures down under his feet. Too often we let his questions in regard to nature phenomena pass unheeded. Let us give him a book that will answer them.

Our third book will be a big, magical collection of child stories; those stories that take a child out of himself and into the Places of Fancy; stories that make children brave, happy, unselfish, good.

One more book, a *doing* one. It will be, perhaps, more a mother's book than the child's, for it will give hints and helps for keeping small hands active, child eyes wider open, child brains busy. It will be a book of games, of suggestions for child hand-work; a book of child busy-ness.

With these four books, or many books of each of these four classes, a child will begin his home education in an efficient, result-making way.

Games that Make Brain Stuff

"WHAT shall I play now?"

Down through the ages pipes the small voice. The baby asked the question yesterday. He will ask the same question to-morrow.

Perhaps you fail to answer the beseeching little questioner. Helping him to play means procuring new toys, giving of your own time, leaving your work.

So you thought, but it need not. You may plan merry kindergarten games that will interest even a very little child and educate him as well.

Dr. Montessori has rediscovered for us that a child who is quick to *see,* to *feel,* to *hear,* is a bright child. Let us spend five minutes each day in playing a sense game with the children.

To train your child's sense of sight, test with his kindergarten balls his knowledge of the six rainbow colors. Then play a hide-and-seek game with the colors. Lay the balls—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet—in a row. Blindfold the baby, "who doesn't know what to play," and take away one of the colors, asking him to try and tell you, with opened eyes, which color is gone. Begin with the colors with which he is most familiar, but gradually make the game more difficult by hiding difficult colors, or two and more balls at a time. To vary the game lay the colored balls in a certain order, blindfold the child, change the order of the balls and let him with his eyes open try to rearrange the balls in their former color order.

A *feeling* game may be played with any small household objects. Fill a small work-bag with things which the child has seen—spools, a tiny doll, a thimble, a closed penknife, a dozen or more of these familiar objects which a child knows and can name. Give him an opportunity to feel of the bag and name as many objects as he can through "the eyes in the finger-tips." In the kitchen, spoons, small pans, the biscuit-cutter,—any available object—may be hidden in a towel and given to the child for him to recognize by feeling. The sewing-room gives a wonderful field for training the child's touch sense. Let him handle cloth of various textures—wool, velvet, cotton, linen, silk—until he can tell the difference between them. Then let him feel of one, blindfolded, and tell the name through the sense of touch.

The game may be continued, using the child's playthings. Ask him to clasp his hands behind his back. Then slip into them, without his seeing them, his familiar toys, one at a time—a block, a ball, a toy animal, one of the wooden people from the Noah's Ark—and let him name the toys without seeing them.

Games that train a child's sense of hearing are quite as delightful as these. Blindfold the baby, blow a tiny whistle and let him try to find you by the sound alone. To vary the game, the child may impersonate one of his loved Boy Blue's lambs. He hides in some part of the house and mother blows the horn that calls the sheep back to the fold. Then he tries to find her by following in the trail of the sound. Still another way of playing the game is to use a sleigh-bell or the bells on the child's horse reins. This time mother impersonates Santa Claus, hides, rings the bells and the child finds her again by the sense of hearing.

We must not neglect the sense of taste and of smell in this mind training. Dulness of any of the senses means mental dulness. Just a moment spared the child each day for taste and odor training will mean brain stimulating.

Let the small boy or girl, with closed eyes, taste certain foodstuffs—sweet, sour, bitter, salt—and try to determine and name his sensations. Let him experience, also without seeing, many contrasting odors—sweet, aromatic, pungent.

We take our own senses and those of our children so for granted, forgetting that they are the gateways to the soul. Let us begin to-morrow, seeing to it that our children's senses at least are kept open, alert, ready.

List of Books for Mothers' Reading

"The Nursery Rhyme-Book," arranged by Andrew Lang.

"Stories and Story-Telling," by Angela M. Keyes.

"The Montessori Mother," by Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

"Nature Songs for Children," by Fanny Knowlton.

The Sweet that Nature Gave to Children

Instead of candy give the children something equally good, something really healthful and nourishing; give them all they want of Nature's sweetmeat—

Dromedary Dates

From the Garden of Eden

The special dust-proof carton in which they are neatly layered and wrapped, keeps them clean, soft and fresh, with all their original richness retained. Try them; then you will know what you have missed in buying the usual dry bulk dates from an open wooden box.

If not at grocer's or fruit store we will mail **Sample Size Package for 10c.**

Eat Dromedary Dates as they come from the package; or make them into delicious buns, muffins, waffles, bread, or soufflés and puddings. Send your dealer's name and receive

Book of 100 Prize Recipes—FREE

Ask your dealer also for Dromedary Figs, and particularly for **DROMEDARY Fresh-keeping COCOANUT.** Sample of cocoanut free.

THE HILLS BROS. CO.
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FREE OIL

Generous sample "3-in-One" for your sewing machine; oils perfectly; won't gum, collect dust, turn rancid; lasts long; free from acid. Write 3 IN 1 OIL CO., 10 Bdwy., N. Y.

CRÊME ELCAYA

"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

The favorite beauty aid of well-groomed women everywhere.

All Dealers Nation-Wide sell ELCAYA
JAMES C. CRANE, Sole Agent, 108 Fulton St. N.Y.

For the Home Kindergarten

An absolutely practical, authoritative and clear book about the Montessori Method.

A Montessori Mother

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Tells just what American mothers want to know about this new method of training young children.

Gives a simple and wonderfully interesting account of what goes on in a Montessori school, describes the apparatus, possible home additions or substitutes for it, and the principles underlying its use.

This book is approved by Dr. Montessori.

With helpful pictures of the apparatus and of children at work. $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35.

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. West 33d St. New York.

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SNAPS

"EASY DOES IT" WITH MANY OF THE NEW FASHIONS

HAVE you ever watched a coat lining change colors almost under your very eyes? You can see it in Paris on most of the smart women who have fur coats. They have separate linings made in different colored satins and brocades and each lining is supplied with a set of snap fasteners. It's the easiest thing in the world to take out one lining and put in another and it isn't nearly as extravagant as it sounds. For example, over light-colored dresses you ought to wear a white or pale-colored lining. But that same lining would soil in no time if you wore it over a dark-colored velvet or cloth dress. So a second lining is a practical money-saving idea.

THE easily managed things are the ones that recommend themselves to women who have many demands on their time. On this score, as well as others, the new draped skirts are bound to become popular with women who do their own sewing. The chief argument in their favor, from the dress-making point of view, is that they are so easy to make. There is practically no fitting, and the drapery is only a question of a few plaits or tacks. Furthermore a drapery trims a skirt in the most desirable manner possible and saves the time and expense usually demanded by costly trimmings.

Have you ever made a hat? Of course you've trimmed them—you wouldn't be a woman if you hadn't stuck a feather on at some time in your career. But have you ever made a whole hat? If you haven't, now is your chance to begin with one of the new tam-o'-shanters. You don't have to have any skill as a milliner. All you need is a pair of scissors and a sewing-machine. Your ten-year old could make one in an afternoon if you gave her a bit of velvet and a good pattern. They are very good-looking. And everybody's wearing them.

HAVE you tried an accordion-plaited skirt yet? Speaking of easy things to do, they are quite the easiest, for you see you don't have to do it. You just cut them out and send them to the plaiter's. He does the work, and all you have to do is to join them to a belt band or a foundation when they are finished.

IF YOU like to loaf through your sewing without attempting anything particularly strenuous, let me recommend the new evening wraps. Some of them are cut in two pieces and all you have to do is to join the long seam at the center of the back and the two short seams on the shoulders. There are no sleeves and in some cases no collars. Most of them are lined, to be sure, but what's a lining? And if you live in the South, or are making the wrap for Summer, you can use a chiffon cloth for the coat and do away with the lining altogether.

SUMMER DRESS TRIMMINGS

By Albertine J. Gould

PARIS dressmakers are responsible for the beautiful new dress trimmings we are showing on the color page. What can be more charming than the center figure of the child in the simple little crêpe frock embroidered in wool?

Voiles, crêpes, batiste, net, linen are the materials which are being favored by these new trimmings. Crewel or Germantown wools are used for the embroidery. Wools and cretonnes can be laundered, but the former loses a lot of its softness in washing and pressing, so it is well to have the garment dry cleaned. Cretonne washes well, but an extra safeguard may be taken by using strong salt and water to set the color before applying the cretonne. Cretonne costs from twenty-five cents to two dollars and a half a yard. The latter has the wonderful shadow effect. The cretonne patterns shown on the color page cost twenty-five or thirty cents a yard with the exception of the tapestry cretonne, Figure No. 7, which was one dollar and a quarter a yard.

The first illustration shows a dainty little bouquet effect surrounded by lace insertion. This effect is good for borders or where a spot of color is desired.

Illustrations Nos. 2 and 3 show nosegay effects, which should be scattered over the entire gown, just the way that Paul Poiret uses wool flowers on chiffons. The flowers are carefully cut away from the background with tiny scissors and are applied to the dress with machine-stitching or with backstitching. Ornamental stitches may be used to finish.

Illustrations 4 and 5 are two repeats of Butterick transfer 10442. Two different color suggestions are given. No. 6 is a clever development in wools of transfer pattern for motifs. Beads and gold thread are combined with the wool.

No. 7 is a beautiful cretonne banding in tapestry effect. Note the narrow edge which looks like black outlining.

A banding like No. 8 is especially suitable for children's clothes. Little rosettes can be made from the wreaths of roses, shirring lace under the outer edge.

No. 9 illustrates a section of floral cretonne banding applied to net. This net band may now be used as a border.

No. 10 illustrates a wreath, which may be applied directly to the material or set on net and used in medallion style.

11 and 12 are details of the palm leaf and banding used on the child's dress.

Nos. 14, 15 and 16 are three different color schemes for the motifs No. 10441, which are shown on a dress on another page in this magazine.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

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J. F. BIRMINGHAM, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st *day of* October, 1912.

[SEAL] JAMES B. SHEEHAN, *Notary Public.*

(My commission expires March 30, 1914.)

Is There An Easier Way To Get Spending Money

than by simply asking your friends and neighbors to let you forward their subscription to THE DELINEATOR and EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Surely you know a dozen or twenty people who already are, or would like to be, subscribers to these splendid magazines. By sending us their subscriptions you make liberal commissions on each order and share in the distribution of

$53,000 in Cash Prizes

with which we are rewarding our helpers this Fall and Winter.

A good many prizes are being awarded this month to those who send only four or five subscriptions. Why not see what you can do? Write at once for all the particulars to

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Butterick Building, New York

P. S.—If you can not try for these prizes yourself, won't you do some friend a favor by telling them about our offer?

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This Book of Bargains Is Yours—FREE!

January and February Bargains!

Big Bargains in timely things for mid-winter—and in the always needed things.

Bargains in the first of Spring's bright new styles.

Such is now your opportunity!

This Money-Saving Bargain Book will be ready December 26th. Don't *you* miss the saving it offers. Don't *you* lose the dollars it will mean to you. Write now—at once for your copy.

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Skirt	2.98	Petticoat	.98
		Combination	.98

You will notice we speak of "Our Prices." By this we mean "NATIONAL" Prices—prices so very low that they mean dollars in saving to you. And such are the prices—such are the bargains on every page of this Bargain Book we want to send you free.

"Why these great bargains?" you ask.

Madam, these are to foreshadow the saving for you in the next "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book.

These January and February Bargains are to give you a foretaste of the pleasure that will be yours in the beautiful styles shown in your next "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book.

These bargains are the proof of what is to come—of the saving that will be yours on your new Spring outfit. They are the proof of "NATIONAL" lower prices that will this Spring save you dollars.

So write for your January and February Bargain Book. And write for it now—lest you forget and lose its saving.

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We prepay postage and expressage on all our goods to any part of the United States. Every "NATIONAL" garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag attached. This tag says that you may return any garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money, and pay express charges both ways.

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This Book is Free

How WATER Bottles with DISEASE

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Written by a leading New York physician, it tells many important but little-known facts about the proper use of the hot water bottle, ice bag and fountain syringe.

When to use the water bottle and what temperature to have the water; when and how the ice bag should be applied; how to relieve earache, neuralgia and other simple aches—these and other helpful hints are in its pages.

You are also shown how much more satisfactory it is to buy the "Kantleek" Water Bottles, Fountain Syringes and other rubber goods which carry our two-year Guarantee of service and quality.

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WITH Pneu Form and a properly fitted waist lining it is possible to make and complete a most elaborate gown without a single [illegible]. Pneu Form is your pneumatic self. [illegible] figure, including the hips, with [illegible] skirt length.

[illegible] "It's You," Full-[illegible] Bust.

It's You

FOR THE EMBROIDERY-HOOP

NEW DESIGNS FOR FASCINATING HAND-WORK

By Ethel M. Harris

AS WELCOME as the flowers that come in the Spring are new designs to the embroiderer. It is the delightful variety that is so appealing to the feminine mind. Sometimes we have to revolutionize our ideas to accept present-day fancies, but to be truly progressive one has to keep abreast the times. Did you see "Milestones" this Winter? Where in every act there was at least one individual who refused to give up his or her old-fashioned ideas, also ways, with the result that other people swept ahead of them in the current of life. We have simply got to change our views when just occasion demands it.

Take the new use of wools on diaphanous materials, such as chiffon, net, voile (cotton or silk), transparent crêpes and such like—at first glance they strike the observer as clumsy, poor taste, even gaudy. But is it not true that often because we don't admire a thing we quickly term it bad taste? Wool embroidery is a new phase of embroidery, and should readily be recognized as an important factor in embroidery for two reasons—one is, the coarseness of the wool; the other, the boldness of the work—lots of effect for little work.

The figure illustrated on this page shows how attractive the motifs of Butterick transfer No. 10441 are applied to the soft chiffon drapery of an evening dress.

The stitch that is used is the buttonhole, such as is used in Roman cut-work, only the stitches are a little deeper. To give a yet bolder appearance to the embroidery, the inner circles may be worked over a very heavy stiletto. On white a good Oriental effect in coloring will be produced by working the flowers in lavender, parrot green, flame yellow and red.

The motifs of No. 10441 worked in wool on chiffon, price, 15 cents

An attractive centerpiece which is thirty-six inches in diameter is shown at the lower left-hand side of this page, under the number 10444. It is suitable either for a tea-table or may be used as a centerpiece between meals on a round table. The flowers may be in eyelet and the leaves in satin-stitch. The dots in the butterfly wings may be in eyelet. A forty-inch square of linen will be needed for this piece, as the transfer is thirty-six inches and an inch or so of material should be allowed to extend beyond the design. Use marking cotton No. 20 for the embroidery. About one dozen skeins will be required.

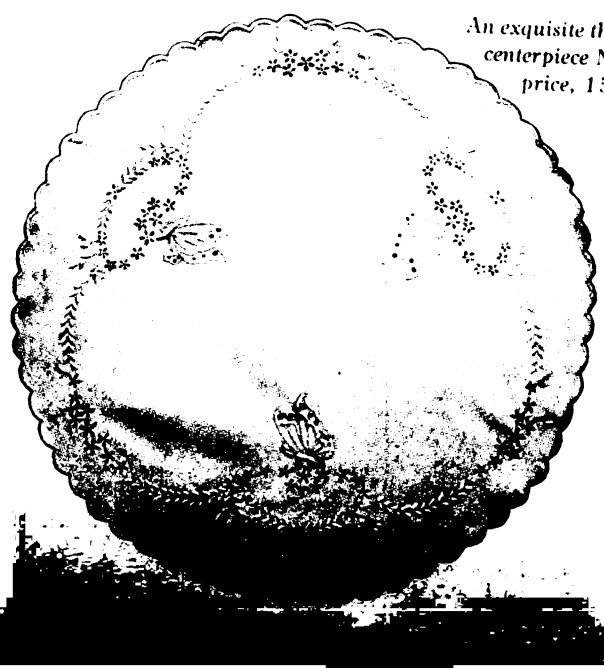
Twelve doilies are given this month under the number 10443 to match the centerpiece, plate and bread-and-butter doilies which we have previously issued. These doilies are shown at the lower right corner of this page. Each one measures four and one-half inches in diameter. They are intended for tumbler doilies.

They can be used very nicely in conjunction with centerpiece 10444. For a design as tiny as this, use marking cotton No. 25. The entire design may be carried out in either satin-stitch or eyelet work.

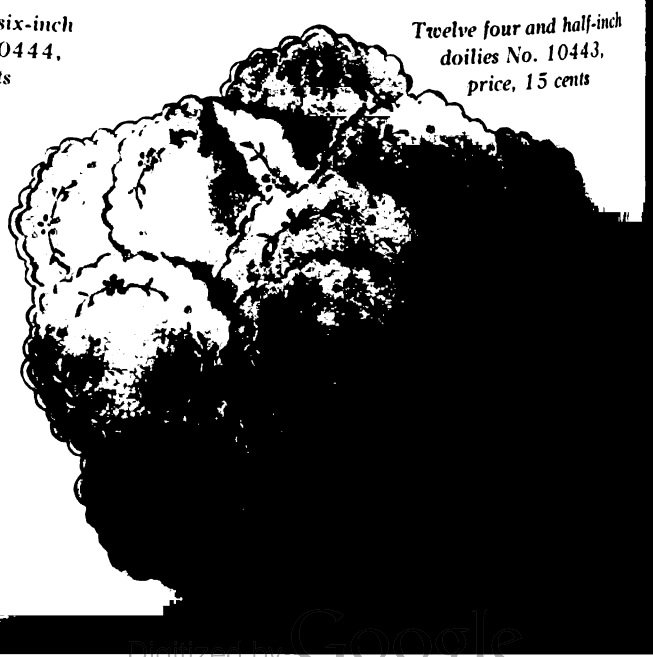
There seems to be a perfect furore in the fancy-work world for towels. No girl is well equipped to face the struggles and perplexities of housekeeping without a generous supply of small towels. The size towel design we are giving this month is fifteen inches. A fifteen-inch towel is usually thirty inches in length. For that reason the fancy design should not occupy too large a proportion of the towel, or the towel will degenerate into a show piece, and of all things guard against cluttering the new home with things which have no reason for filling up space other than beauty. Let beauty and usefulness be combined, and the happy ideal is obtained.

Three towels are given in transfer No. 10439 on following page. The upper towel is for cross-stitching.

[*Continued on page* 63]



An exquisite thirty-six-inch centerpiece No. 10444, price, 15 cents



Twelve four and half-inch doilies No. 10443, price, 15 cents

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BEAUTY OF Skin and Hair

Enhanced by

CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

No other emollients do so much for the complexion, hair and hands, nor do it so quickly and economically. Their use tends to prevent pore-clogging, pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

Tender-faced men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Liberal sample free.

15¢ At Druggists Grocers

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Make Healthy Singing Birds

You can keep your bird healthy, lively and cheerful, in perfect plumage and full song the year round and *never need tonics and medicines*, if you feed

MAX GEISLER'S ROLLER SEEDS and German Bird Biscuit

The *only* perfectly *balanced* food. Nourishes the bird's whole body, prevents sickness, improves the voice.

ETTA ANDREWS, Colwood, Mich., says: "*Since I received the seed and bird biscuit, my bird has begun to sing just fine. I will not use any other seed but yours after this.*"

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MAX GEISLER'S REMEDIES cure all bird ills. Valuable bird book free for your druggist's name. Write today.

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No one can tell where your gown is fastened when you use

PEET'S PATENT Invisible Eyes and Spring Hooks

the triangle," and the name "Peet's" on every envelope. Never sold on cards.

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Your Baby

Should be Kept Warm with Soft *"Non-Nettle"* WHITE FLANNELS

Teaseled Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the ruinous teaseling process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. (25c to $1.00 a yard.) We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. **We only sell direct.**

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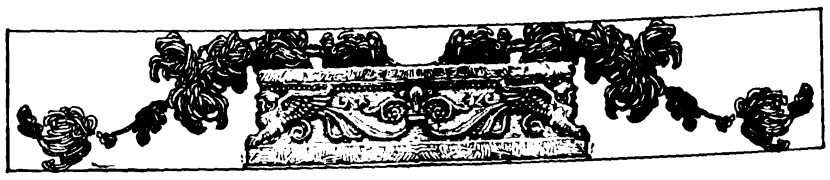
FOR 25 CENTS we will include a complete set of Modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost $1.50 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

The Lamson Bros. Co. 340 Summit St., Toledo, O.



FOR THE EMBROIDERY-HOOP

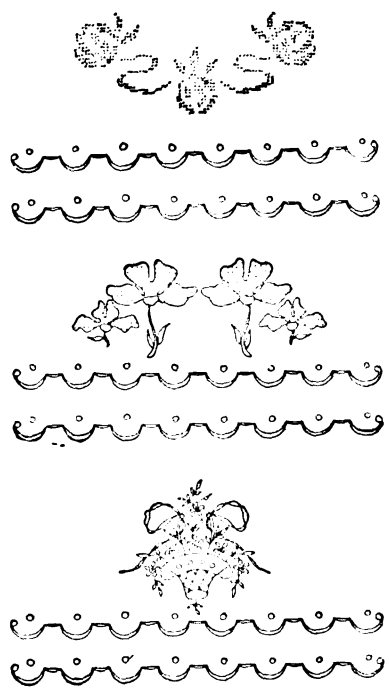
[*Continued from page 62*]

The flowers may be in rose pink and the leaves and scroll in green. The dot above the scallop should be in color and the scallop itself in white. It will be necessary to slightly pad the scallop before working the buttonholing. This design may be used on a hemstitched towel by omitting the scallop edge.

The second towel is a conventionalized poppy pattern. The flower may be in punch work, for which a large three-sided or round sail needle will be required. If punch work is not desired in the flowers, they may be carried out in seeding and outlining. The stems and leaves may be in satin-stitch.

The fine linen thread which comes in skeins may be used for the punch work. A rather good effect will be obtained by working the punch work in color and using a heavy colored thread for the outlining, and a fine colored thread for the stems and leaves as well as the scallop edge itself.

The third towel, to my mind, is the most charming. Just a little basket of flowers. The flowers and leaves should be in eyelet. The bow-knots may be either in satin-stitch or in seeding and outline. The handle of the basket is in satin-stitch, the single lines on the basket in outlining and the dots on the upper part of the basket may either be solid or eyelet. The entire design is best worked in marking cotton No. 20. Damask, huck or towel linen may be used for these towels.

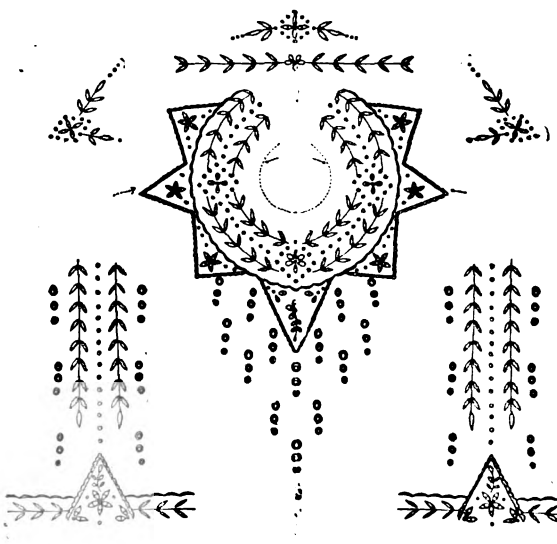


The three towels are included in transfers of No. 10439, price, 15 cents

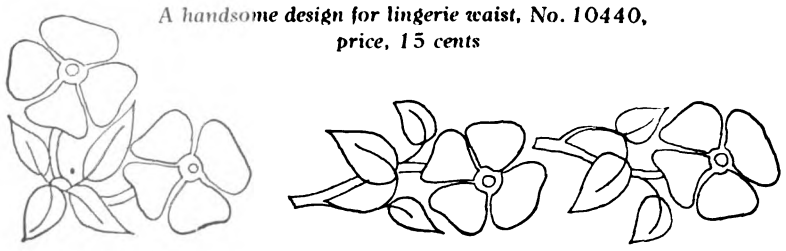
Another beautiful design for a French lingerie waist is given under the No. 10440. You know the French still stick to the theory that the smartest lingerie waist is the one that is fairly smothered in embroidery and closes in the back. Two points have to be kept in mind in regard to design No. 10440. One is that the shoulder seam should be joined first before stamping, also the sleeves should be sewed in the underarm seams, and that both the waist proper and the sleeves should not be sewed. Veining inserted at all the joinings makes a more attractive finish. Cuffs and pieces for the upper part of the sleeve portion are provided. The narrow real Irish crochet beading may be used above the hem of the cuff and below the hem of the collar. In stamping this pattern cut the cuff portions and stamp them in the right position and then stamp the two sections for the sleeves about two inches from the armhole seam.

If a waist closing in the front is desired, just use the groups of dots which are given below the yoke portion. Extra groups of dots are given, so if those below the yoke are not sufficient for your purpose add the others. For a center-front-closing waist, the Robespierre collar is needed. We are giving three little motifs, two for the corners and one for back. The collar may be finished with lace.

Banding No. 10442 is particularly suitable for wool embroidery. It may be used as a banding or the motifs may be cut apart and used as desired.



A handsome design for lingerie waist, No. 10440, price, 15 cents



A good band for wool embroidery, No. 10442, price, 15 cents

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TIMELY DESIGNS FOR THE WINTER

HATS AND COLLARS THAT EVERYBODY IS WEARING

A WRAPPER WHICH ALL CHILDREN NEED

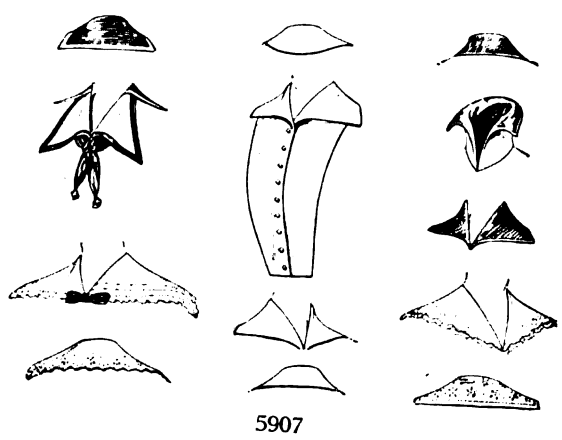
FOR the Winter of 1912-13, the tam-o'-shanter is certainly the hat characteristic. In other seasons the peach basket, the mushroom, the turban or the tricorne may have prevailed; it is the turn of the tam-o'-shanter now. One sees it worn for best and for common, on women, misses, girls and children, with velvet suits and Mackinaw coats, on Broadway and on Fifth Avenue. Countless versions of it are possible, and the ways in which it may be trimmed are legion, but there is something about it always which is jauntily becoming and youthful-looking.

5886

Several different fashionable models are reproduced in design 5886. There is a hat with a gathered crown and flaring band, a plain and a six-gored crown and two other styles of band. They are all so easy to make that there is no reason why any woman should not make her own. She can use the material of her velvet suit, or a plush or corded silk in the same color, the tweed or worsted of her knockabout coat, or fur or satin.

In ladies' size, three-quarters of a yard of material thirty-six or forty-four inches wide will be required for the hat with the gored or plain crown. One-quarter yard of silk twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the lining, three-eighths of a yard of crinoline twenty-seven inches wide for interlining and three-eighths of a yard of buckram or butchers' linen thirty-six inches wide for interlining the band.

Design 5886 may be obtained in four sizes, children's, girls', misses' and ladies', price fifteen cents.



5907

WHAT kind of a collar are you looking for? Before you tell me, I'll warrant it's in design 5907. If you have a certain shape in mind it must be one you have seen on some particularly attractive new gown or blouse, and most of those that one does see are found in this collection. Not all are here, of course, for collars are countless this season, but there is a good selection of the smartest and the most becoming. It is a year when the collar makes the dress. More than that, it is a year when a new collar will make over an old dress. One of these on a blouse that needs freshening up will do wonders for it. That with the wide points over the shoulders, which can be made of lace or embroidery edging, is particularly new and attractive, and the one with the high roll, reminding one of the Medici, is exceedingly smart. The Robespierre collar with the vest is excellent with a coat. For materials, satin, moiré, chiffon, ratine, batiste and crêtonne are used.

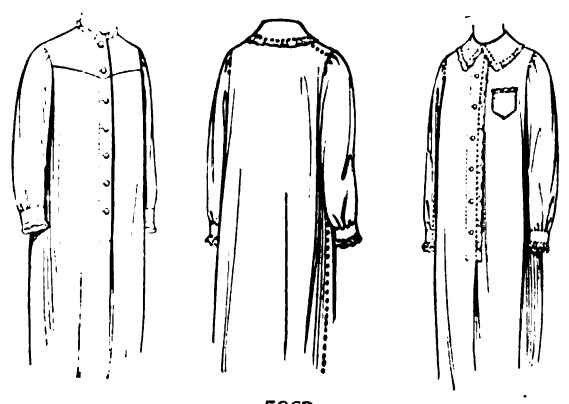
In medium size, the collar with the vest will require five-eighths of a yard of material thirty-six inches wide, the sailor collar with the points one yard and one-eighth of edging five inches wide, the collar with the high roll three-eighths of a yard of material twenty or more inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty inches wide.

Design 5907 may be obtained in three sizes, small, medium and large, price fifteen cents.

A SACK nightgown with long sleeves and high neck is not to be sniffed at when the mercury is dropping down to zero and the cold is trying to get under the covers. One of flannel or flannelet is reveled in rather, though it may not be so dainty and fetching as a round-necked Empire affair of batiste and lace. A nightgown made from design 5862 for misses and small women will not be unattractive, however, for its cut, though plain, is good, and its collar is pretty and becoming. It may be with or without the applied front and back yokes and pocket, and without the collar, too, if one chooses. Of muslin, long-cloth or cambric trimmed with narrow edging, it will be serviceable and good-looking. Nainsook is a finer and daintier material.

For a miss of sixteen years, five yards and one-eighth of material twenty-seven inches wide, and three yards and three-eighths of edging to trim the collar, front, wristbands and pocket, will be required.

Design 5862 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



5862

THE very diminutiveness of a child's wrapper, its quaint, reduced expression, makes it an appealingly attractive little garment. Its usefulness can never be doubted by the child who has worn one, although it may not be quite realized, perhaps, by those grown accustomed to shivers and shawls. As a bathrobe it is really a necessity; as a garb for a little invalid's breakfast it is a boon and a luxury. A quaint and pretty model for one is shown in design 5897 for girls, children and infants. The charm of its lines is due to its Empire cut, which gives it a shaping and style like a mother's own negligee. Its collar is also attractive and it has good-looking, smooth shoulders, the sleeves being sewed plainly into deep armholes. They may be in full or shorter length, as one likes. Flannel, flannelet, challis, albatross, eider-down and cotton crêpe make it an attractive and useful garment and gift. A design for feather-stitching may be obtained in a Butterick transfer.

For a child of five years, two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs, will be required.

Design 5897 may be obtained in eight sizes, from infants to thirteen years, price ten cents.

5897

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

NEW TYPES OF DRESSES FOR COTTON AND LINGERIE MATERIALS

By Eleanor Chalmers

TRIMMINGS AND COLORS. A great deal of lace will be used on both cotton and lingerie dresses next Summer. Filet, macramé, Cluny, Venise, Bohemian, Carrickmacross and shadow laces are extremely popular and can be had in all widths and at all prices. The combination of lace and embroidery is much used abroad and is always exquisitely dainty. The smartest embroideries are the new cut-work embroideries, Venetian, medieval, sometimes called Italian relief work, wool embroidery done in buttonhole or satin-stitch, English eyelet, punch work and satin-stitch. The satin-stitch is frequently used with insets of filet net or lace or with Cluny medallions.

Embroidered flouncings promise to be very good again and are a boon to women who have little time for their sewing. The English eyelet embroideries are especially good and are frequently used with lace. Embroidery bandings are used for trimming, and the all-over embroideries are used for entire dresses or in combination with some other material.

Borders really come under the head of materials, but they take the place of trimming and make the prettiest of inexpensive, easily made dresses.

White is either the whole color scheme or the foundation of most Summer dresses. All white is used a great deal, especially in the heavier cotton materials and for three-piece suits. It is also used in thinner materials with some touch or trimming of color. In mulls, batistes, swisses, etc., the second color is usually introduced in sashes or girdles of ribbon, silk, satin or velvet and sometimes of net or tulle. The best colors for these sashes are deep royal blue, Nattier and Saxe blue, emerald green, crimson, red and yellow. These colors are also used in corsage bouquets of artificial flowers.

Ill. No. 4. Cotton crêpe, voile or marquisette trimmed with folds of colored satin

Ill. No. 5. You could use motifs of wool embroidery instead of the cretonne trimming

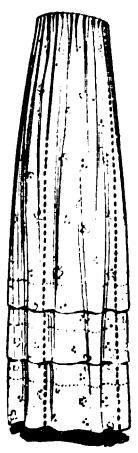
In cotton crêpe, voile and marquisette, the newest colored trimmings are of cretonne or wool embroidery. The cretonnes are used as motifs and bandings (see illustrations, page 60) and are very quaint and pretty. In using cretonne as a banding, the cretonne pattern is usually cut out and sewed flat to the dress material either by machine or by hand. (Ills. Nos. 7, 8 and 9, page 60.) The cretonne can also be used on wide bands of filet net, outlining the edge of the cretonne with soutache.

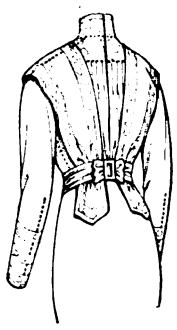
When the cretonne is used as motifs the design can either be cut out (Ills. Nos. 2, 3, and 10, page 60) and stitched to the dress or the cretonne can be cut in a medallion shape and set into the dress material with lace insertion. (Ill. No. 1, page 60.) Or the center of the cretonne motif can be cut out, the motif laid over fine net and an edging of narrow Valenciennes lace used under its outer edge to give it a rosette effect. (Ill. No. 13, page 60.)

The wool embroideries are also very effective and very easy to do, for they work up quickly. They are usually worked in Germantown or crewel wools in very bright crude colors—brick reds, apple green, magenta pinks, etc.

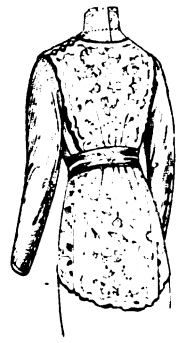
WASHING. The wool embroideries do not wash nicely and I would not advise them on a tub dress. The colors do not run, but the wool looks flat and stringy after it has been washed. You can use it on any dress that is to be cleaned. Wool embroidery should never be ironed.

The cretonne trimmings wash perfectly. Soak them first in hot water and salt to set the color just as you would any colored cotton material. Let them stand until the water is cool and wash them with a mild soap and hot water. The colors will not run at all.





The back of the waist and skirt in Ill. No. 4



The back of the waist and skirt in Ill. No. 5

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

NEW TYPES OF DRESSES FOR COTTON AND LINGERIE MATERIALS

ALL the dresses that I have illustrated in this article have some new feature that makes them particularly interesting. In Illustration No. 1 the thing that will catch your eye first is the draped and plaited skirt. But the waist is quite as good as the skirt, for it has the new long, close, kimono sleeve, and the waist is surplice at the front and back. It is made of all-over English eyelet embroidery in rather a bold pattern. The edges of the surplice and the wrist edges of the sleeves are trimmed with white ball fringe, and the little chemisette is of dotted lace net under a tucker of embroidery edging. The drapery of the skirt is made of the all-over embroidery edged with ball fringe.

The underskirt or flounce is of plain white batiste accordion-plaited and joined to a foundation skirt of batiste or lawn. The whole foundation skirt is sewn to a separate belt and basted inside the waist at the normal waistline. The drapery can be tacked to the foundation skirt at the front and back.

When the dress is laundered the foundation skirt should be ripped out and laundered separately, sending it to the plaiter's afterward to be replaited.

THE dress in Ill. No. 2 gives you a chance to use flouncing or bordered materials in one of the new fichu waists and draped skirts. The fichu, tucker and oversleeves are all made of English eyelet-embroidered flouncing inset with lace. The chemisette and undersleeves are of filet net edged with narrow lace.

The drapery and underskirt are also made of the flouncing, and the underskirt is joined to a foundation of plain lawn or batiste. The drapery and underskirt can be handled in the way I suggested for the skirt in Illustration No. 1. The sash panel at the back of the skirt can be made of wide ribbon matching the girdle, of plain white batiste or lawn matching the material of the flouncing, or it can be made of embroidery banding matching the design of the flouncing.

The dress in Illustration No. 3 is an excellent suggestion for the combination of ratine or sponge cloth and fine cotton crêpe, voile or marquisette. The skirt and the upper part of the waist are accordion or knife plaited and should be made of the thin material. The lower part of the sleeves and waist, the peplum and the little circular trimming-band at the throat are of the ratine. The upper and lower parts of the waist and sleeves are joined together with machine hemstitching, and the waist and sleeves are trimmed with small ivory half-ball buttons. The dress is worn with a narrow white patent-leather belt at the slightly raised waistline.

The dress in Illustration No. 4 can be made of cotton crêpe, voile or marquisette. The bretelles are embroidered and scalloped by hand and the edges of the scalloping are underfaced with folds of colored satin. The same combination of embroidery and satin is used on the bands on the front and back of the waist and the cuffs on the sleeves. The chemisette is of plain net with a fold of the satin at the top of the high collar, and there is a pretty girdle and bow of the satin at the normal waistline.

Illustration No. 5 is a dress that can be made of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, etc., and trimmed with motifs of cretonne set in with lace insertion like medallions. The waist has one of the new jumpers, a very pretty sleeve sewed into a slightly deep armhole, and a very graceful peplum. The edges of the jumper, cuff and peplum are trimmed with lace edging, and the little chemisette is of fine lace net. You could use motifs worked in wool embroidery instead of cretonne if you liked, and it would give you a very smart little dress.

The dress in Illustration No. 6 is a perfect darling, I think, and belongs to the softer, daintier materials of the mull, batiste, handkerchief linen and swiss orders. The collar and bands on the sleeves are embroidered by hand and the draped fichu is trimmed with a lace-edged ruffle and lace insertion. The skirt is tucked in clusters at the top and trimmed at the bottom with lace insertion and hand-embroidered motifs let in with lace.

In washing colored embroideries worked in cotton floss, set the colors, following the same directions that I gave for the cretonnes.

on page 65.

Ill. No. 6. "—belongs to the softer, daintier materials of the mull and batiste orders."

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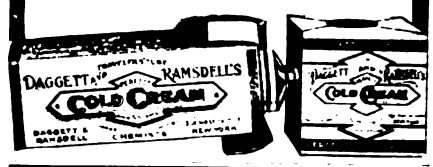

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THE WAY OF AMBITION

[*Continued from page 10*]

"He is going to take it! He is! He is!" she cried exultantly. "I knew he would. I always knew! Why, why do you look so grim, Claudie?"

She threw one arm round his neck and kissed him.

"Don't look like that when we are on the eve of everything we've been working for, waiting—longing for, for months and years! Claude, just think! you are going to be another Jacques Sennier! It's too wonderful. And yet I knew it. Didn't I tell you that night in the opera house? I said it would be so. Didn't I? Can you deny it?"

"You are going too fast, Charmian. I'm not at all sure that I shall be able to consent to make changes in the opera."

Then began a curious conflict which lasted for days, between Claude Heath on the one side, and Charmian, Alston Lake and Crayford on the other. It was really a tragic conflict, for it was, Claude believed, the last stand made by an artist in defence of his art. Never had he felt so much alone as during these days of conflict. Yet he was in his own home, with a wife who was working for him, a devoted friend who was longing for his success, and a man who was seriously thinking of bringing him and his work into the notice of the vast world that loves opera. No one knew of his loneliness. No one even suspected it. And comedy hung, as it ever does, about the heels of tragedy.

Crayford revealed himself in this conflict. He was a self-made man, and, before he "went in" for opera, had been a showman all over the States, and had made a quantity of money. He had run a menagerie, more than one circus, had taken about a "fake hypnotist," a "living magnet" and other delights. Then he had "started in" as a music-hall manager. More recently he had been one of the first men to see the possibilities in moving pictures, and had made a big pile with cinematograph halls. But always, even from the beginning, beneath the blatant cleverness, the vulgar ingenuities of the showman, there had been something else: something that had ambition not wholly vulgar; that had ideals, furtive perhaps, but definite; that had aspirations. And this something, that was of the soul of the man, was incessantly feeling its way through the absurdities, the vulgarities, the deceptions, the inanities, toward a goal that was worth the winning. Crayford had always wanted to be one of the recognized leaders of what he called "high-class artistic enterprise" in the States, and especially in his native city of New York. And he was ready to spend a lot of his "pile" to get there.

Of late years he had been getting there. He had run a fine theater on Broadway, and had "presented" several native and foreign stars in productions which had been remarkable for the beauty and novelty of the staging and "effects." And, finally, he had built an opera-house, and had "put up" a big fight against the mighty interests concentrated in the New York Metropolitan. He had dropped thousands upon thousands of dollars. But he was now a very rich man, and he was a man who was prepared to lose thousands on the road if he reached the goal at last. He was a good fighter, a man of grit, a man with a busy brain and a profound belief in his own capacities. And he was remarkably clever. Somehow he had picked up three foreign languages. Somehow he had learned a good deal about a variety of subjects, among them music. Combative, he would yield to no opinion, even on matters of which he knew far less than did those opposed to him. But he had a natural "flair" which often carried him happily through difficult situations, and helped him to "win out all right" in the end. The old habit of the showman made him inclined to look on those whom he presented in his various enterprises as material, and sometimes battled with an artistic instinct which often led him to pick out what was good from the seething mass of mediocrity. He believed profoundly in names. But he believed also in "new blood" and was forever on the lookout for it.

He felt pretty sure he had found "new blood" at Djenan-el-Maqui.

But Claude must trust him, bow to him, be ready to follow his lead of a long experience if he was to do anything with Claude's work. Great names he let alone. They had captured the public and had to be trusted. But people without names must be malleable as wax is. Otherwise he would not touch them.

The opera was promising, but it had to be "made over," and Crayford was absolutely resolved that made over it should be in accordance with his ideas.

"I don't spend thousands over a thing unless I have my say in what it's to be like," he remarked, with a twist of his body, at a crisis of the conflict with Claude. "It's me that is out to lose if the darned thing's a failure."

There was a silence. The discussion had been long and ardent. Outside, the heat brooded almost sternly over the land, for the sky was covered with a film of gray, unbroken by any crevice through which the blue could be seen. It was a day on which nerves get unstrung; on which the calmest, most equable people are apt to lose their tempers suddenly, unexpectedly.

Claude had felt as if he were being steadily thrashed with light little rods, which drew no blood, but which were gradually bruising him, bruising every part of him. But when Crayford said these last sentences it seemed to Claude as if the blood came oozing out in tiny drops. And from the very depths of him, of the real genuine man who lay in concealment, rose a lava stream of contempt, of rage. He opened his lips to give it freedom. But Charmian spoke quickly, anxiously, and her eyes traveled swiftly from Claude's face to Alston's and to Crayford's.

"Then if we—I mean if my husband does what you wish you *will* spend thousands over it?" she said, "you *will* produce it, give it its chance?"

Never yet had that question been asked. Never had Crayford said anything definite. Charmian's abrupt interposition was a challenge. It held Claude dumb, despite that rage of contempt.

There was a moment of tense silence.

Crayford's eyebrows twitched violently, and he turned the big cigar that was between his lips round and round. Then he took it out of his mouth, looked at Charmian, and said:

"Ey-uh!"

Charmian turned and looked into Claude's eyes. She did not say a word. But her eyes were a mandate, and they were also a plea. They drove back, beat down the hidden man into the depths where he made his dwelling.

"Well," said Crayford, roughly, almost rudely, to Claude, "how's it going to be? I want to know just where I am in this thing. This aren't the only enterprise I've got on the stocks by a long way. I wasn't born and bred a nigger, nor yet an Arab, and I can't sit sweltering here forever, trying to find out where I am, and where I'm coming to. We've got to get down to business. The little lady is worth a ton of men, composers or not. She's got us to the point, and now there's no getting away from it. I'm stuck, dead stuck, on this libretto. I'm not saying a word against you and your music. Why, my boy"—his tone was becoming almost paternal—"all I, all we want is your own good. All we want is a big success, like that chap Sennier has made, or a bit bigger—eh, little lady? Why should you think we are your enemies?"

"Enemies! I never said that!" interrupted Claude.

His face was burning. He was perspiring. He was longing to break out of the room, out of the villa, to rush away—away into some desert place, and to be alone.

"Who says such things? No, but you look it, you look it."

"I can't help—how would you have me look?"

"Now, my boy, don't get angry!"

"Claude, we all only want——"

"I know! I know!" He clenched his wet hands. "Well, tell me what you want, all you want, and I'll try to do it."

"That's talking!" cried Crayford.

And from that moment they started it.

While Claude was working on the new alterations and developments devised by Crayford—and he worked like a slave, driven on by the expectations of those about him. Lake studied the baritone part in the opera with enthusiasm, and Crayford and Charmian "put their heads together" over the scenery and the "effects."

It had been decided that the opera should be produced at the New Era Opera House some time in the New Year, if Claude carried out faithfully all the changes which Crayford demanded.

"He will. He has promised to do everything you wish!" said Charmian.

"You stand by and see to it, little lady," said Crayford. "Happen when I'm gone—when the slave-driver's gone, eh?—he'll get slack, begin to think he knows more about it than I do. He's not too pleased making the changes. I can see that."

"It will be all right, I promise you. Claude isn't so mad as to lose the chance you are offering him."

"I'll tell you something—only you needn't go telling everybody."

"I won't tell a soul."

"Well, I'm going to run Claude against Jacques Sennier. Mind you, I wouldn't do it if it wasn't for the libretto. Seems to me the music is good enough to carry it, and it's going to be a lot better, now I've made it over. Sennier's new opera is expected to be ready for March at latest. We'll produce ours"—Charmian thrilled at that word—"just about the same time, a day or two before, or after. I'll get together a cast that no opera house in this world or the next can better. I'll have scenery and effects such as haven't been seen on any stage in the world before. I'll show the Metropolitan what opera is, and I'll give them and Sennier a knockout. But Claude's got to back me up. I don't sign any contract till every note in his score's in its place."

"But you'll be in America when he finishes it."

"That don't matter. You're here to see he don't make any changes from what I've fixed on. We've got that all cut and dried now. It's only the writing's got to be done. I'll trust him for that. But there's not a scene that's to be cut out, or a situation to be altered, now I've fixed everything up. If you cable me, 'Opera finished according to decision,' I'll take your word, get out a contract, and go right ahead. You'll have to bring him over."

"Of course! Of course!"

"And I'll get up a boom for you both that'll make the Senniers look like old bones."

He suddenly twisted his body, stuck out his under jaw, and said in a grim and determined voice which Charmian scarcely recognized as his:

"I've got to down the Metropolitan crowd this Winter. I've got to do it if I spend four hundred thousand dollars over it."

He stared at Charmian, and added after a moment of silence:

"And this is the only opera I've found that might help me to do it, though I've searched all Europe. So now you know just where we are. It's a fight, little lady! And it's up to us to be the top dogs at the finish of it."

"And we will be the top dogs!" she exclaimed.

From that moment she regarded Claude as a weapon in the fight which must be won if she were to achieve her great ambition.

[*To be continued*]

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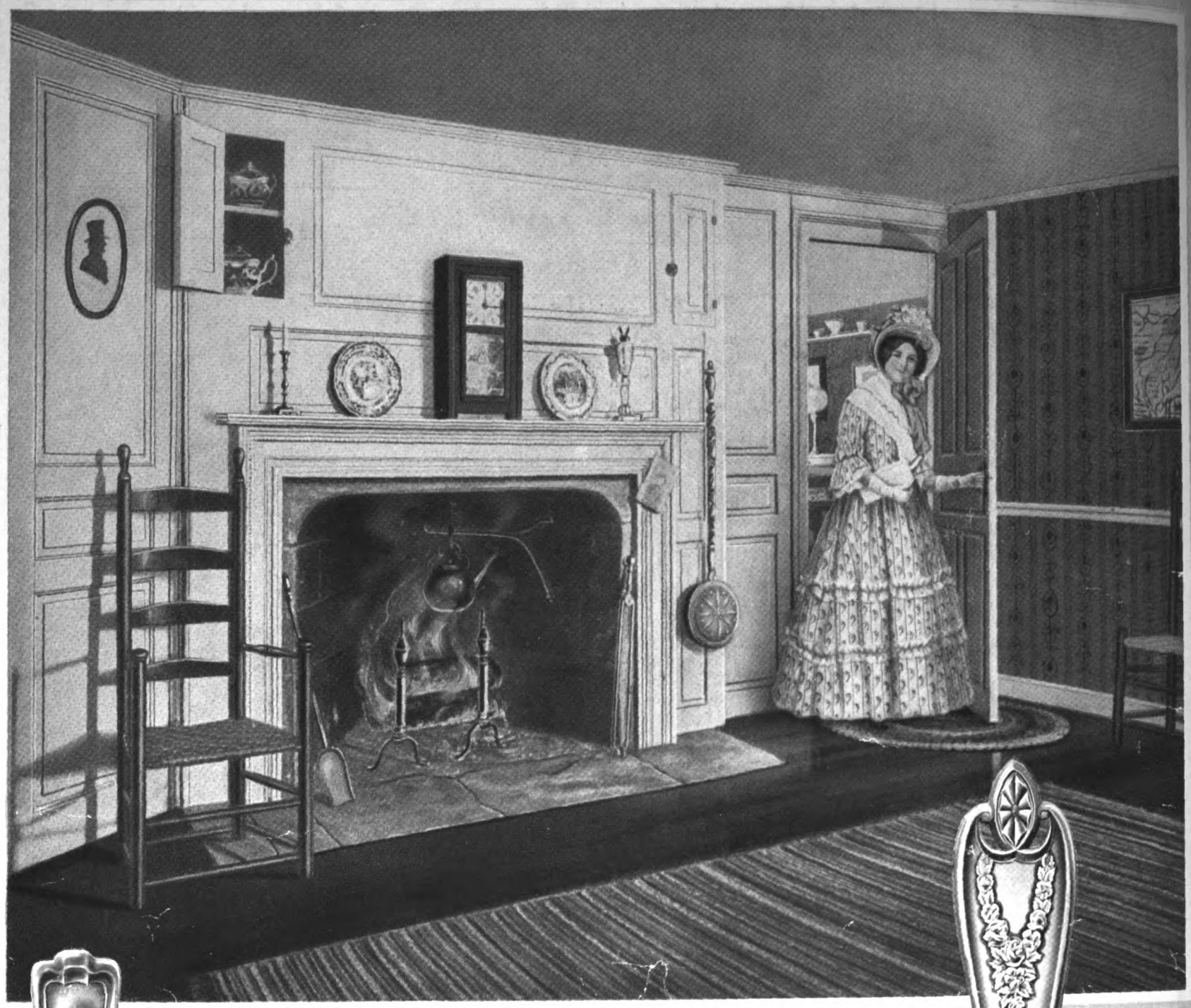

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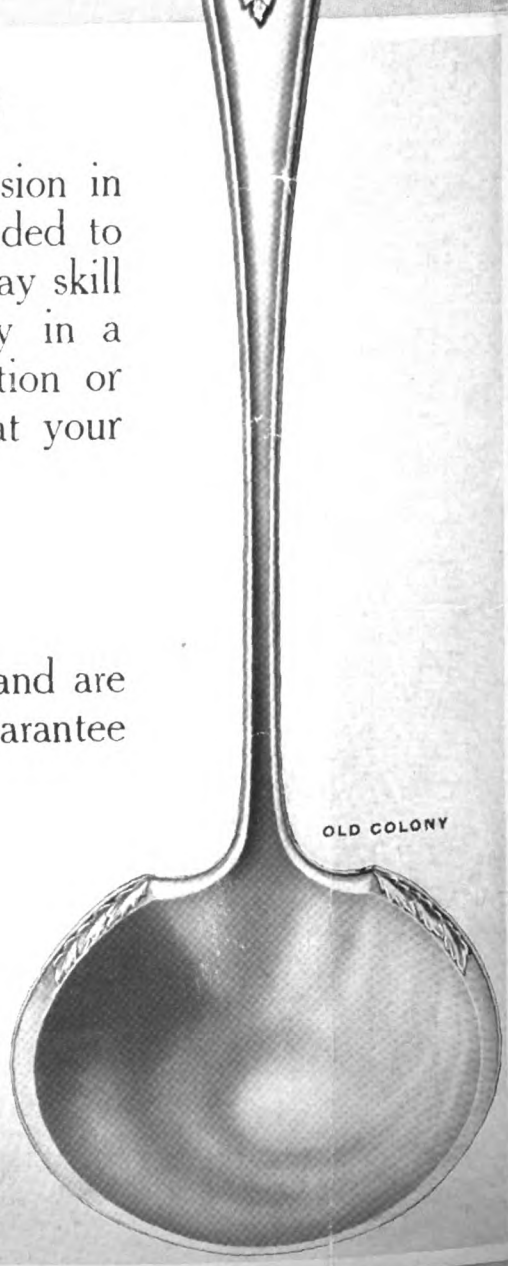

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Vol. LXXXI No. 2

THE DELINEATOR

GEORGE BARR BAKER, *Managing Editor*

Sterling Notes

Explaining the picture on page 78

By Corwin Knapp Linson

THERE could not possibly be two geographical points with less in common than the corner of Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, and the village of Sterling, Massachusetts. No one unacquainted with the facts would by the wildest guess hit upon the connecting link. But the big building at Spring and Macdougal is only doing on a grand scale that which was started fifty years ago in Sterling, when Mr. Butterick, in a little house now standing at the head of the Common, dreamed of the possibilities of a bit of cut paper. That was the first Butterick pattern!

You can see the house in the picture on page 78.

Sterling is the very antithesis of Spring and Macdougal. There is not one quick-lunch sign in all its borders! The quiet of the ages broods over its roofs. Red squirrels chattered at me from the trees—magnificent century-old English elms—as at an intruder. Strolling about, enjoying the play of flickering sunlit patches in the shade of the great elms, one would only think of Sterling as a sweet old place where nothing was ever done that touched the life of the great outside. Such places are populated by being born into, not by immigration. They are family corporations.

In Mr. Butterick's day there was no trolley buzzing past his door. Imagine a lady boarding a car with a balloon depending from her waist! Seating space, too, would be rather limited, wouldn't it? That is almost the only important difference between the town of fifty years ago and now, for to-day the whirr of the witches' broomsticks is part of the regular street sounds—by far the dominant part!

There are two other changes. The old hotel is gone, for one. And there is some doubt if fifty years ago there were any trees on the Common. But now! Just go up on the hillsides—Sterling lies as in a nest—climb upward across the pastures, thick with outcropping rocks, fenced with gray boulders. Sniff the bracing air, under the chestnut trees or in the apple orchards, and try to search out the village streets! They are hidden under the tree-tops. Now and then you glimpse a white house-side, a purplish roof or two. These and the three graceful church spires are all that are visible. The wind blows briskly over the hilltops, it stirs the foliage masses below, but in the streets it is scarcely felt, they are so thickly canopied in green.

Sterling must have been of some importance quite early in life, for Lafayette thought it worth while to please its people with a visit, on his way from Portsmouth to New York in 1824. The board of selectmen did the honors at eleven o'clock of that notable September morning.

He passed under a triumphal arch and spoke from a carpeted platform fronting the Congregational Church to an audience of men, women, and children who thronged to do homage to the popular hero of the Revolution.

When he reentered his carriage—not his *car*, mind you, but his *carriage*—and went on behind his horses to Worcester, he was saluted with artillery and ringing acclamations.

Sterling dates its incorporation from April 25, 1781, and some good old New England names are recorded with its purchase deed. This was made in 1701 to "John Moore, John Houghton, and Nathaniel Wilder," and signed in the presence of three Indians and Jonathan Wilder and John Guild.

The village is well-behaved in its old age. Barring the inn, which is not strictly in the village itself, its one drinking-place is the town pump. Consequently, a policeman is yet to be discovered there. And after dark a few windows blink at one, while the rare strollers abroad startle one by their unexpectedness.

And, by the way, isn't there something comfortably suggestive about the name? Sterling sounds like something genuine, doesn't it? That is why THE DELINEATOR commissioned me to go to Sterling and paint a picture of the town. The only departure I have made from the town as it actually looks to-day is in leaving out the car track, restoring the old hotel, cutting out the trees and introducing the costumes of 1863, the year in which the Butterick pattern was born.

A limited number of copies of "The Delineator Girl" in full color may be had for ten cents each.

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"Yes, Crisco makes as fine a cake as the best butter and costs but half as much."

Any woman who uses Crisco for cake making will tell you so.

Why shouldn't it?

It is even richer than butter. Butter is almost one-fifth water. Crisco is 100 per cent. shortening.

It is shortening of the best grade. Strictly vegetable in origin and manufactured by a scientific process which produces a product of the highest quality and of absolute uniformity.

It has only a mild, delicate, natural odor and flavor.

It is absolutely pure and clean—easy to digest, perfectly wholesome.

It is of just the right consistency—neither too hard nor too soft—to cream readily with the other ingredients.

In a word,

CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening For Cake Making

embodies *everything* that, up to the present, has enabled butter alone to produce the most delicious cake.

In addition, it makes the cake keep fresh so much longer that women need bake but once a week to have fresh cake all the time.

Yet, with all these desirable qualities, Crisco costs only half as much as butter.

Women are as successful with their bakings as when they used butter. Women who always have been careful to use the best butter, now are enthusiastic about Crisco. Is not the promise of such perfect satisfaction and great economy enough to make *you* try it?

GET a package from your grocer today. Try Crisco in your favorite cake recipe. Try it also in frying and for pastry, bread and biscuits. It gives such pleasing results in the most delicate cake that it must be greatly superior to ordinary fats for all other kinds of cooking.

Use a fifth less of Crisco than you would of butter or lard. When using it where you would butter, add salt in the proportion of a level teaspoonful to each cupful of Crisco.

This Free Cook Book

shows through 100 tested recipes the best way to use Crisco throughout your cooking. Send for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. F, Cincinnati, Ohio

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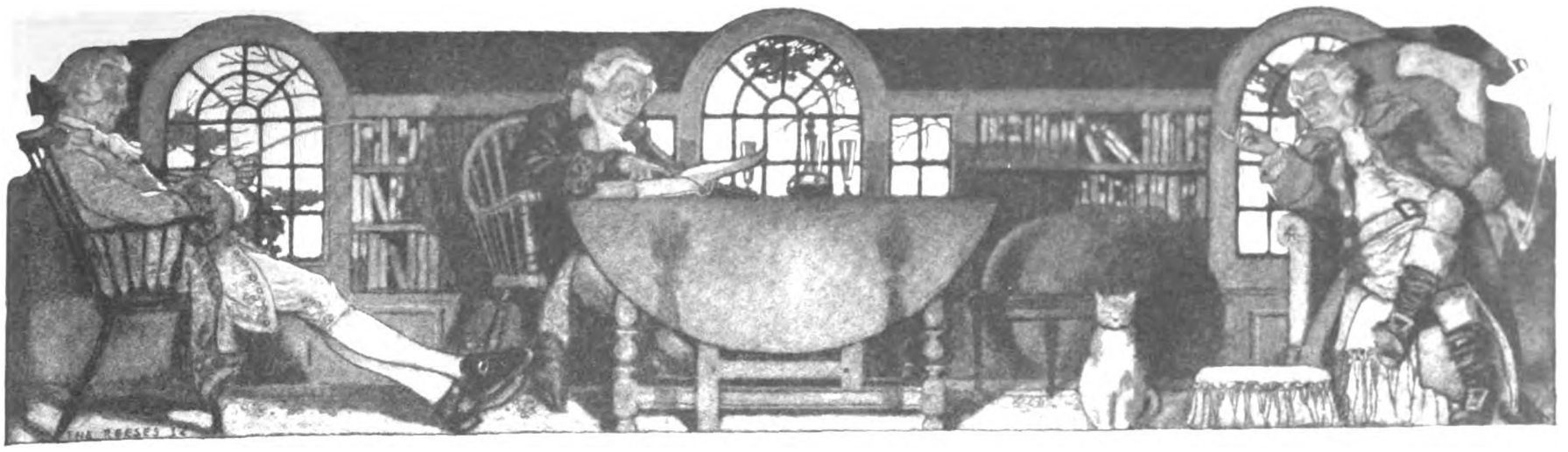


On the Way to Happiness

Her Gift to You

A WOMAN sends us this thought in a letter to the Editor, and we are glad to give it out to you:

Many homes might easily be more helpful in being places of rest, inspiration and cheer to those who come as invited guests. There are so many lonely people who hunger for a little of the sweetness of home life. Hospitality that is lovingly designed to give pleasure rather than to make pleasure for ourselves, is a great privilege for those who have learned the joy of being of service to others. If you could only believe the gratitude which discouraged and lonely guests feel and perhaps but falteringly express, it would repay the trouble of opening your homes to such, not so much in groups but as individuals. A homey heart talk sometimes can make the world over new for one who craves being understood more than being amused or entertained.

This message came in a one-page letter from a busy woman who had just been made over new by an evening of friendly hospitality. We love to get letters like that, and when we can we like to share them with you. It is pleasant to picture the influence of such a message when multiplied for a million homes by our big, noisy printing-press. But it is her gift to you.

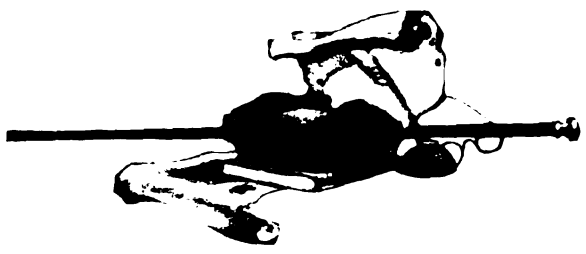
Conquering Jealousy

CAN we conquer jealousy, and if so, how? That is the question a woman asks us to discuss for her benefit, and as she says, for thousands of others. There is only one final answer, and that is, Yes, we can—if we have been so unfortunate as to let it have a place in our lives. And how? By understanding it. What is jealousy? It is a belief that something we love is not all ours. Sometimes, sad to say, it isn't, and closing our eyes won't remedy it, neither will letting our hearts boil over within us. But in most cases where a nagging, discomforting jealousy exists there is no foundation to it but misinterpreted facts. Selfishness and narrow-mindedness tend to distort the imagination so that what is straight appears crooked to us. Some women distrust their husbands in spite of a lifetime of fidelity, just because they are too selfish to see clearly that friendship between men and women can exist and be noble and helpful and yet not in the least detract from the sanctity of home ties. Putting an evil construction on every expression of friendship and friendly acquaintance is not love; and a spirit that would exact love by frowns and snarly insinuations does not deserve love and does not know the real meaning of the word. True love is confidence, and also generosity that would gladly share with others some of the radiating blessings of the one beloved, knowing that it does not imply a wavering of affection, but a natural and beautiful extension of friendly influence. The New Commandment, understood, conquers jealousy.

On Accepting Maternity

WHAT should the wife, the bride, the bride-elect, and the young woman who hopes to be a bride, think about the coming of children? To many, whose hearts are in tune with life and love, this is no troublesome question, but one of the beautiful realities of human life. But to millions, yes, to millions, it is a troublesome question, a question that brings doubts and fears and rebellion and sadness, and sometimes it diverts life from its normal channels. Many women who are now happy wives and mothers have come up out of that state of doubt and rebellion into the joyful acceptance of motherhood, its trials and its blessings. If such women, those who have felt deeply on both sides of the question, would write a letter giving the narrative of their change of attitude, and those letters could be published, it would be a great contribution to right living. We invite fifty wives and mothers whose experiences may be helpful to others to write us a letter, and we will print such portions of the letters as we can give space to, and compress the spirit of them all into a message to all who are still at war within themselves as to how to deport themselves toward the mystery and the beauty of orderly maternity.

Letters in response to this should be addressed to "Baby Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City."



Life's Valentine

OH, HEART! know this and rejoice: You were created to love and to be loved, and all the laws of your being and all the principles of the Universe move for each and all toward that consummation.

If you have found love, rejoice and bear testimony to the world that love satisfies, purifies, elevates and opens the vision of an eternity of joy.

If love has not yet come to you, believe in your heart that it will come, and know that all powers are working to bring it to you in the right time and way. Let hope of its coming be a light in your soul, and the joy of its promise will be as a foretaste of its presence.

If your love has gone forth and met no response, and even if its priceless offering has been spurned, let the suffering purify your heart that some time, somehow, somewhere, it may be a worthier gift to lay upon the altar of a love that shall satisfy all your being.

Lose faith, if you must, in all things human, but do not lose faith in love. Cherish the vision of love as that which outlasts time, unfolds toward divine perfection, compensates all sorrow, explains the reason for Creation, and lifts His creatures, in pairs, forever upward toward the heart of God.

The gift of love between two responsive hearts, and its ever-expanding joy—this is Life's Valentine.

The William Booth Memorial

WHEN General William Booth, the venerable founder of the Salvation Army, passed away on August 20, 1912, it was said that he had perhaps made more friends and fewer enemies than any other man in human history. All his enemies came forward in a solid phalanx some fifty years ago when the work began in the poorest quarters of London, but when the results were seen, and the methods better understood, the enemies fell back and the friends came forward, until within the lifetime of this one man the work of the Salvation Army was established and flourishing in fifty-nine countries and colonies, supported financially by sixteen governments, and endorsed by the leaders and rulers in all lands. The transformations in individual lives, from drunkards to reformers, from lives of lowest shame to lives of purity and happy usefulness, are among the marvels of religion. In every nation throughout the world funds are now being collected as the tribute of the nations to the memory of the Founder of the Salvation Army, to be expended in the erection and equipment of a chain of Training Colleges that shall encircle the world, each nation providing for its own. America's tribute is planned to be two great Training Colleges, one in New York and one in Chicago, and the sum of $1,000,000 is the amount which has been estimated as necessary, which includes an Endowment Fund of $450,000. These Training Colleges are designed to give to Salvation Army officers the preparation in the theory and practise of humanitarian work which experience has proved is necessary to success. There will be few who love the common good, who sympathize with the destitute and churchless, and who delight to honor the heroism and the vision of the pioneer, who will not wish to be represented in so worthy a tribute to so worthy a man as General William Booth, and to so worthy a work as that being done by the world's foremost charitable organization which he founded and directed to its unique place among the agencies for human welfare.

The Boy and the Book

WHEN boys choose their own books in the libraries, and live enraptured in their pages, what kind of books do they mostly choose? Data, gathered from hundreds of librarians and other sources, show that the boy's free choice of books gravitates to certain things as surely as a few years later they become interested in girls. At this stage, say ten to fifteen, the boy is in love with, not girls, but—heroes. It is not limited to admiration, it is love, adoration. He forms his life ideals from the impressions he gets from the heroes of his books. Few things influence his character more deeply. Other books may contain good advice, or tell how to do things, or appeal to his religious nature, but such books at their best touch him lightly indeed when compared with the gripping fascination of hero books.

How to direct the boy's reading to the selection of such hero books as will have the best influence in the right development of character—that is the task that has been undertaken by the literary consultants of the Boy Scouts of America. They gathered the data, and made the analysis, to find where was the vital spot to touch in influencing boys through the reading they voluntarily do.

The plan includes a provision whereby a mother of a Boy Scout may write for information and explain the needs of her boy, and a list of books will be selected to fit his case. The literary department will also issue copious lists of hero books, giving preference to those that have a distinct effect on moral education, and eliminating the heroes that are not worthy of being adored. Mothers and librarians will have access to such lists, so their influence can be exerted in the selection of proper hero books, and boys of certain proclivities will be grouped and special lists provided to suit the needs of each group.

These heroes that boys love so well divide themselves into various classes, such as heroes of adventure, heroes of sport, heroes of war, heroes of success, heroes of service, heroes of daring, heroes of chivalry, heroes of patriotism, heroes of field, forest and frontier, the latter being of special interest to Boy Scouts. Various other heroes are mentioned in the classifications. In each group books are selected to strike the dominant note of interest to boys, as in the heroes of adventure it has been discovered, by tests and otherwise, that what most fascinates the boy is the resourcefulness with which a hero got out of a difficult situation. This note of resourcefulness, then, must be sounded at its best by a resourceful hero whose methods are worthy of admiration.

YOU will find that mothers who are careful about the temperature of the children's bath are just as particular about the soap.

Invariably they use Ivory.

They do this because they realize how important it is to use a mild, pure soap and because they know how grateful Ivory Soap is to the tenderest skin and what a buoyant feeling of perfect, healthy cleanliness it gives.

The more critical people are, the more they appreciate Ivory Soap for the bath and toilet. It offers every desired quality: It lathers freely. It rinses easily. It is pure. It is mild. It is free from uncombined alkali. It is made of the best materials of which soap can be made. It is inexpensive. And—it floats.

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MY STEPDAUGHTER

Last month we published the real story of a real girl under the title "My Stepmother." Here is a self-revealment equally convincing

I DID not "born" her, to use the quaint expression of my mountaineer neighbors. She came to be my daughter when she was eighteen.

"When I wrote to you about my trip to A—— did I tell you that I have a little daughter there at college? She has been there two years, is quite contented and will likely be in school for three years more. You won't mind, will you, dear? She is all I have, and you could never find a sweeter or 'amiabler' little girl anywhere. I am mighty sure you will like her very much. She has inherited good taste, and that guarantees that she will like you tremendously."

The world seemed topsy-turvy as I read those words from my so-soon-to-be husband. A daughter! That meant sharing him. He had let me believe he was all mine. Had he not written, "My wife died in—," naming a date a dozen years back; "since then I have been alone"? And I would have to share him with a daughter!

"Poor little thing," I said, after what seemed a very long time, "she will have to share him with me too. Perhaps she won't like it any better than I do."

I suppose what we call our better self had conquered by the time I answered his letter, for I wrote:

"I can't understand how it happened that I never heard of Marjorie. I was so taken by surprise, hurt, too, that you had not told me about her. I've been thinking of her so much to-day. My mind has been leaping into the future, and I have been thinking that the young girlhood that should have come to me and did not, shall be for her, if she will only let me love her. Everybody tries to prejudice a child against the woman who takes the place that was her mother's. Children get such terrifying ideas of stepmothers—they suffer so. How old is she? I don't want her to like me; I want her to love me with her whole heart. I want her to come to me with the things it is far, far better for girls to go to older women with, than to lock and ponder in their hearts. I never confided in my mother. She did not know how to get at me. Young girls are hard to understand. It takes more than patience, more than tact—it takes love to understand a girl, for she doesn't understand herself. And so I'm mighty glad you haven't made the mistake of marrying some giddy young thing, because she, the giddy young thing you might have married, would be too occupied with herself, and maybe with you, to give a thought to your daughter. If your little daughter will be *my* little daughter too, we shall be very happy. A world of three is certainly less selfish than a world of two."

The First Bitter Lessons

WORDS are easy to write, easy to utter, but, oh, how hard to live! I know that the letter I wrote my fiancé was an honest one; that I was honest in my desire that the three of us live together harmoniously and happily.

We were married in the late Fall and went to my husband's home on Christmas Eve. The next day Marjorie came to us for the holidays.

Looking back I realize that the girl made no definite impression on me. Although unconscious of it and under no circumstances giddy, I was not unlike the imaginary woman I had warned my husband against, so occupied was I with him and my own emotions. When her vacation was over I was glad. I felt freer, my husband was more natural with me and I felt that he was freer too.

The following Summer we took a house on the seashore. Marjorie came straight to me from her school. I say "to me" because her father was away from us much of the time. The aunt who had cared for the girl from her infancy came too. My husband was not well and I was greatly troubled about his health. I was busy, too, for my one servant was untrained. There seemed always a butter man or a man with fish or vegetables at the door, and while I rushed here and there, doing the thousand and one things that women do when they acquire a husband and a house, the girl, who had no duties, sat for hours on the step that led down to the water, her listless eyes fixed on the sea.

My husband was overwrought, highly nervous. I felt that to complain of Marjorie's idleness and her—to me—noticeable dissatisfaction and unhappiness would only add to his burden.

I think now that I should have given her little duties in a kind but tactful way. But I was overwrought and highly nervous too. That Summer brought new, crowding perplexities to occupy me, and the relative who up to this time had had the bringing up of Marjorie was in my house. It was not easy to interfere.

"Does Lady Clara Vere de Vere never do anything? Does she never help you?" my husband asked one day when Marjorie had sat motionless for hours looking out to sea.

"She would help me if I asked her," I answered.

He looked out at her, "She is lonely," he said, and his face softened. "We are old for her. Let her have some young friend down."

Pretty soon I went out to talk to her about it. Before I spoke, she turned a tragic face on me. "You are expecting company soon, aren't you?" I said yes. "If they don't come soon I'll go wild."

Lonely and Discontented

"'GO WILD!'" I repeated her words, honestly bewildered. I apologized that I was so busy. I suggested that she walk in the near-by wood. She said she never walked alone. A row on the bay. She didn't like rowing alone. That she read. She had read everything in the house. I proposed that she study, and she gravely told me that she had been studying all her life. Then I said that we saw that she was lonely and we were sorry, and we wanted her to ask a young friend down. She replied listlessly that she did not know whom to invite.

I left her, baffled. She seemed such a strange young girl to me. I said some vague thing to her father about not having known any young girls very intimately since my own young girlhood—which seemed so very far away.

One morning I was on the water with her when a red motor-boat shot past us. "Isn't it lovely! Look, look!" I cried. "I don't want to look," she answered. "It makes me angry that we haven't such things."

I went to her father with that little speech. "And she won't ask for transfers on the street-cars because she thinks the conductor will think we are poor," I added.

When my friends did come, one of them said to me: "What are you going to do with your husband's daughter? She has the most dissatisfied face I ever saw."

I never thought of the letter I had written my husband in which I said I would love his daughter, but many, many times in the run of that Summer I thought of his letter to me in which he had said "a sweeter or 'amiabler' little girl you could never find anywhere." Many, many times I went to my room and turned the pages of a calendar that hung there, counting off the time until she would return to school.

It was nothing, yet it was everything. Her clothes lay on the floor where she dropped them; her room was untidy. I complained to her aunt about Marjorie's washing. I was trying very hard to reduce expenses, and I said so. "I can't help it," she said. "Last Summer Marjorie's washing was so heavy that I did mine myself. She knows nothing of economy."

One day my husband said to me: "Next Summer Marjorie and her aunt can go somewhere together as they have always done. And you and I won't bother with a house. You look tired out. I know you have had a hard Summer. Sometimes I feel that everybody is rigid with restraint and really ready to fly at each other's throats. We have our little tiffs, you and I, but we forgive and forget. Funny little thing, married tiffs. They don't seem to leave any scars."

"It's because we love each other," I said. "It's a paradox. Because we love we misunderstand; because we love we forgive."

My husband never asked me if I loved his daughter. Once he told me that it was not essential that we love each other, but that he hoped we would get along pleasantly.

I believe my first real pulse-beat of interest in Marjorie was one morning when she tore the embroidery of her linen dress, stepped out of it and walked away, leaving it on the portico. When her aunt came out she picked it up. I asked her to leave it there. Marjorie's face showed surprise when she found her skirt where she left it. She looked at the aunt who had been her faithful slave since childhood.

"I want you to mend your dress, Marjorie," I said pleasantly. With what her father had called her "Lady Vere de Vere manner" she told me that her aunt mended her clothes.

"She isn't going to mend this," I said. "You are going to mend it, or I am."

I think I had never, until that moment when she walked away, realized how spoiled she was. But presently she came back, picked the dress up and told me she would mend it. I kissed her.

Another day we were in the rowboat when she contradicted me. I think now that I misunderstood her and that she misunderstood me—we had been brought together by circumstances, not drawn together by love, each for the other. But that day I brought her up sharply. She turned the boat shoreward.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To shore," she answered.

"You are not." It was the first command I had ever given.

"I am," she defied. "I am going to my father. He will be just to me."

"Your father told me this very morning," I retorted, "that he knew you were trying me very severely; that he wished I could get you out of the idea that you were a princess got into the wrong cradle at birth."

Marjorie burst into tears—the first tears I had ever seen her shed. I managed to talk to her quietly although I was excited and angry, too, and I told her I would not mention the affair to her father. The impulse to apologize for my severity seized me as she turned the boat seaward, but I resisted it. Some days later she left for school.

The next Summer Marjorie and I went away together, leaving her father, who was to join us later. And now I had some well-defined ideas about her. She had no resources within herself. Her ideas of life were garnered from the books she had read—books of her own choosing. Man loomed large on her horizon—an idealized creature of her dreams. Day by day she scanned the landscape as she waited for him to come, as knights came of old.

I introduced her to some young fellows of her own age. She surprised me by scuttling to the shelter of my skirts and looking out at them for all the world like a frightened young partridge. I began to accept invitations for her. I found that she was timid under the reserve she had always shown—that she was painfully conscious of herself.

I went away and left her in a house running over with girls, girls who had to work and did it cheerfully. Pretty soon she was writing, "I am embroidering a centerpiece. To-day I finished a shirt-waist—made it all myself. This week the hours have gone on wings."

United in Sorrow

I LIKE to remember that I wrote all these little things to Marjorie's father; like to remember that I never told him of her faults but treasured all the praise I could; that I wrote, "Think of the hours going on wings for Marjorie! She is coming out. She is getting interested in doing things." And once I wrote, "We decided to walk home the other night before I left and not wait for the car. Marjorie gave our transfers to a poor old lame fellow stumbling along. It was your kind spirit in her, dear." I like to remember that I wrote thus to him, for when next I saw Marjorie she had no father.

Poor child. Poor fatherless, homeless child. I did not want her. Over and over, frantically, I told myself that I did not. Fortunately I told nobody else. I didn't want her. I didn't want my own people. I wanted to hide in some deep wood as animals hide when hurt to the death.

She clung to me, would hardly let me out of her sight, slept with me. I moved through days that held only patience and the passionate longing for the privilege of solitude.

"Isn't there any one to whom you can marry her?" a woman of my acquaintance asked one day.

"Heaven forbid!" I answered. "She isn't ready for marriage. When she is, I want her to make her own choice. I made mine."

IT HAS been more than a year since the lady asked me if I could not marry Marjorie to some one and thus be free of my responsibility. If she should put the question to me again, again my answer would be that the girl is not ready for marriage. Marjorie thinks she is. Recently two of her girl chums have married, and

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she has "mooned" dreadfully during their honeymoon absence.

Several times in the past year Marjorie, the girl who would not speak to a man unless she was holding on to me, who could not look at a sunset unless she dragged me along to look at it too, has done little things that are either innocent or bold. I have talked it out, because of a rather lonely habit I have formed, with a picture that stands on my mantel.

"You know," I have said to him, "how foolishly romantic she is. I haven't spoken to her about these little things. I believe that each holds its own little lesson. Up to the day she came to me she lived the life of an old woman with an old woman. She wasn't brought up with a lot of young fellows around. She knows men as they are in books—in fool books."

I came back from an absence of ten days not long ago to hear on all sides that Marjorie had an affair—the man a bird of passage dropped down for a few weeks into our quiet life. I met the man. He was almost as young as Marjorie, good-looking, cultured, attractive.

I had her under close inspection the next few days. She was restless, flitting here and there, at the piano a good deal, drifting from one dreamy nocturne into another. She did not eat; confessed that she was not sleeping well. The night before the young man left I asked him to dinner. After dinner they went off somewhere to keep an engagement of some kind, and the friend who had looked after Marjorie in my absence dropped in. She told me some of the things the girl had done. She seemed troubled.

"It isn't the foolish things she has done," she said. "Nancy or Ethel or Elizabeth might have done these same things and I would not give it a thought—it's the temperament you've got to reckon with. There's danger in a temperament like hers."

After the friend left me I sat staring out the window into the moonlit night. The young girl that had been I, passed in shadowy review, but I dismissed her. She was no help because she was so different. I summoned all the girls I knew to my aid, tried to remember how they acted when with young men, what they said. One came unbidden. I had passed her humble home not many hours before. She had been such a gay, innocent little thing—and so short a time ago. As I passed she was on the little cottage porch and she had looked at me, had looked at me over the child that lay in her arms, the sadness and the knowledge of life's mysteries in her eyes. The pity of it! The travesty of such fatherhood; the tragedy of such motherhood. Sadness where there should have been joy; shame where there should have been pride.

I sprang to my feet, hurling the night-marish moment from me. My Marjorie, innocent but foolish, had fallen in love and was wearing her girl-heart on the outside for all her world to see.

"My Marjorie!" I had never said those words before.

Their voices as they entered the house drifted up to me, gay, laughing voices. At the sound I leaned from the window, breathing deep, deep of the night.

As I moved about restlessly a half-formed thought suddenly crystallized. The situation, if my friend's surmise were true, rested with the young man. And I didn't know what to expect of him. He was going away—the length of the land away. The night was golden, the room candle-lit to accord with Marjorie's own romantic nature. I wondered if she turned her eyes on him, and they are pretty eyes, as I had seen her do. Pretty eyes, full of innocent, wistful sorrow that a young man must go the length of the land away, softly curved young body drooping toward him too——

I went down. Marjorie was not resentful, but I think she felt bewildered. The young man may have understood; he left in a little while. When I told her good night she gave back my kiss sweetly. I lingered. There was something very lonely and wistful about her. I wondered if her own mother would have gathered Marjorie into her arms, and if she would have sobbed it all out to her. Her reserve was like a wall. There seemed nothing to do but to softly close the door.

"It had to come," I said, standing in my own room in front of the mantel, my eyes level with a pair of pictured eyes. "If she never sees him again, and since he isn't in love with her she probably never will, she can look back on it with a smile. She can look back without reproach, without pain. I—I told you once that I was going to love her——"

His lips smiled mockingly. "You never have," they seem to say.

"The love you gave me, the love I gave you, is spontaneous, cosmic—the rush of a mountain torrent—the coming together of atoms—life's big loves, and not in our control," I reply to him gently. "But there is a different love—it comes with adjustment, association, mutual dependence. Maybe I have never loved her, but now I am going to."

I know that Marjorie's face is losing its dissatisfaction. She is almost never idle now, and whatever she does, from the making of a shirt-waist to a salad, shows creative ability, originality. In a way, I have fashioned her. She came to me from an environment that dwarfed her.

"Marjorie and her aunt wrangle like children," her father told me in those first days of our marriage. "But always, always Marjorie conquers." Recently she said to me, "I wish you could have gotten me when I was five years old." That was very nice of her, you must acknowledge. And at another time, "When you told me that Mr. A.," mentioning a man she knows, "was common, I knew in my heart that you were right, but I was not willing to acknowledge it. He is—cheap."

In a way, then, she is my creation. She accepts my opinions, reads my books, likes my friends. I realize the seriousness of my responsibility. She is impulsive, yet reserved. Sensitive to praise or blame, responsive—and above all, impressionable. I realize that she needs a guiding hand on her shoulder, a hand steady enough to hold, light enough not to cripple her individuality, until her own young eyes discern false values from true.

"We lead a very quiet life," Marjorie said to me the other day, "and I don't get the same chance with men that the other girls do. I'm twenty-one. When I get out from here next time I'd better make hay, hadn't I? There was a man who seemed to like me—you remember? I met him just twice. He was wickedly rich. It would have been grand, wouldn't it?"

Marjorie! Marjorie! Twenty-one? I am sure there's a mistake about your years, that the figures have been twisted—turned around, and that you are only twelve. Life's a funny thing. I look at my daughter and I don't know whether to weep or laugh. I, descended from a line of women who would let love, the fox-pup, if unrequited tear their vitals and make no sign.

"Marjorie," I said to her, "you remember we met a lady not long ago who told us her daughter was engaged. We laughed, you remember, because the lady said, 'Isn't it wonderful?' Poor lady! she has such stacks of daughters. Marjorie, it is wonderful. Your father said those very words to me—'Isn't it wonderful?' I guess Adam in that first pink dawn said them to Eve—ancient, eternally young words. I don't imagine they felt very rich either. Riches don't make men and women cling together and whisper those words to each other. They are uttered at the flood of just one tide.

"Have the courage to wait, dear child. I am not just speaking empty words to you. I waited. Scrub floors if necessary, pick cotton in the fields, but keep your freedom. Some day you'll hear the call of your real mate. I know this isn't worldly advice, but it is heart advice."

There come times when all the dikes that I have tried to build strong and brave to shut out a desolate sea give down. Then, standing at my mantel, following the habit that some people might think lonely, I say, "There's nothing in all God's bright, beautiful world that amounts to a row of beans in a hill. I want my own happiness. And my own happiness is you."

The mockery dies from the eyes of my picture—eyes that looked deep into human lives with a clairvoyance that men called genius. Tenderness floods the face—tenderness, not mockery.

"I was a fighter," his lips seem to say, "and you will fight on without me. I did my best, and you will do your best."

"Yes," I whisper, "I will do my best."

Some one has said that no one of us is old who has the least little bit of future toward which he looks, and there is much I would do for Marjorie.

FEBRUARY IN LONDON

By Katherine Tynan

THE gray streets of London are sweeter than the rose,
The gray streets of London when the West Wind blows.
The wild wind, the fresh wind, brings home the Spring again,
And I turn my face to meet her in the softest rain.

The tired folk and busy they put their cares away
With "Never mind to-morrow, since life is good to-day."
They are wondering what ails them, the West Wind blows so sweet,
With a flash of green and silver in the saddest street.

There's dappled sky above us if the smoke would let us see,
In dingy squares and crescents there's a thrush upon the tree.
The rain like little fingers comes with a soft surprise
And is smoothing out the wrinkles 'round the weary eyes.

The rain and the West Wind that set the flowers to start
They wash the grime from all the soul, the grief from the heart.
And who would you be meeting as you walk the murky town
But Spring that's like a daffodil in a golden gown?

The girls beside the pavements they carry golden store
Of wallflowers and hyacinths and violets galore.
The soft speech of Limerick I heard as I went by,
And the blue eyes of Ireland were like a glint of sky.

The West Wind is blowing on people stepping light;
They wonder what is on them—they feel so queer and bright.
The softest rain is falling, and while the West Wind blows
The gray streets of London are sweeter than the rose.

LOVE

AND WOMAN'S WHOLE EXISTENCE

A Common-Sense Valentine

By Lida A. Churchill

THE creative force that made no two plants or planets, no two blades of grass or grains of sand, alike, has decreed absolute individualism in every person as well as in every thing. The penalty of submerging entirely one's individuality in that of another, of subserving all one's interests to those of a second person, is to enfeeble the will, to atrophy the intellect, to belittle the soul.

Happiness, that great glowing, gleaming, illuminating thing to which every one has a right and should lay claim, is the outcome of every marriage or love relation that has a right to be, and it is kindled and kept burning when the spiritual flint of the one meets the spiritual steel of the other, making light and flame and warmth. The sweetest, closest lifelong loves we have on record are those where the wife and husband stood each a full-orbed planet, whose mingled rays made a path of radiance between the two, where walked Respect, Admiration and Love, an invincible and godlike trio.

As happiness is the outcome of every love relation that has a right to exist, so unhappiness is the result of every one that has no right to exist. There are thousands of girls who are in love with love and so eager to meet their ideals that they give themselves and all they have to some unworthy, only to be disillusioned and disappointed. But no disgrace attaches to having been deceived in another person and one's own asking heart: the disgrace comes when one allows herself to be held in contact with unworthiness or swayed by false sentiment when she recognizes them as such.

It is a healthy tonic to realize the fact that one can live more honorably without any close love than with a love that belittles and shrivels and makes for negation.

Let the woman who thinks that because of an unfortunate love-affair she is "ruined," realize the tremendously uplifting truth that *no life can be ruined or permanently disabled or disfigured without its own consent.* No one can make her a failure but herself. Bereavement and deception and loneliness, and the hard fighting and harder holding on which victory necessitates, are not easy, but in the end there is a sense of uprightness, of freedom, of whole-souled, clean-thoughted, clear-highwayed life, with all the natural loves—those of parents and family, of friends, of hopes to be made realities, of labors to be wrought unto accomplishment; of the living, abiding, actual dwelling with the Father and Friend whose love shines through and makes sacred and sustaining and satisfactory all other loves that are happy, wholesome and desirable.

Indeed, it is only in the great White Light of love for and from God that one certainly learns to attract and recognize the worthy love, the satisfying affection which leaves no taste nor room for the soul-searing passions or the grosser loves, and to stand nobly, wholesomely, happily alone with the Giver of the Light, or with the souls that by it are revealed.

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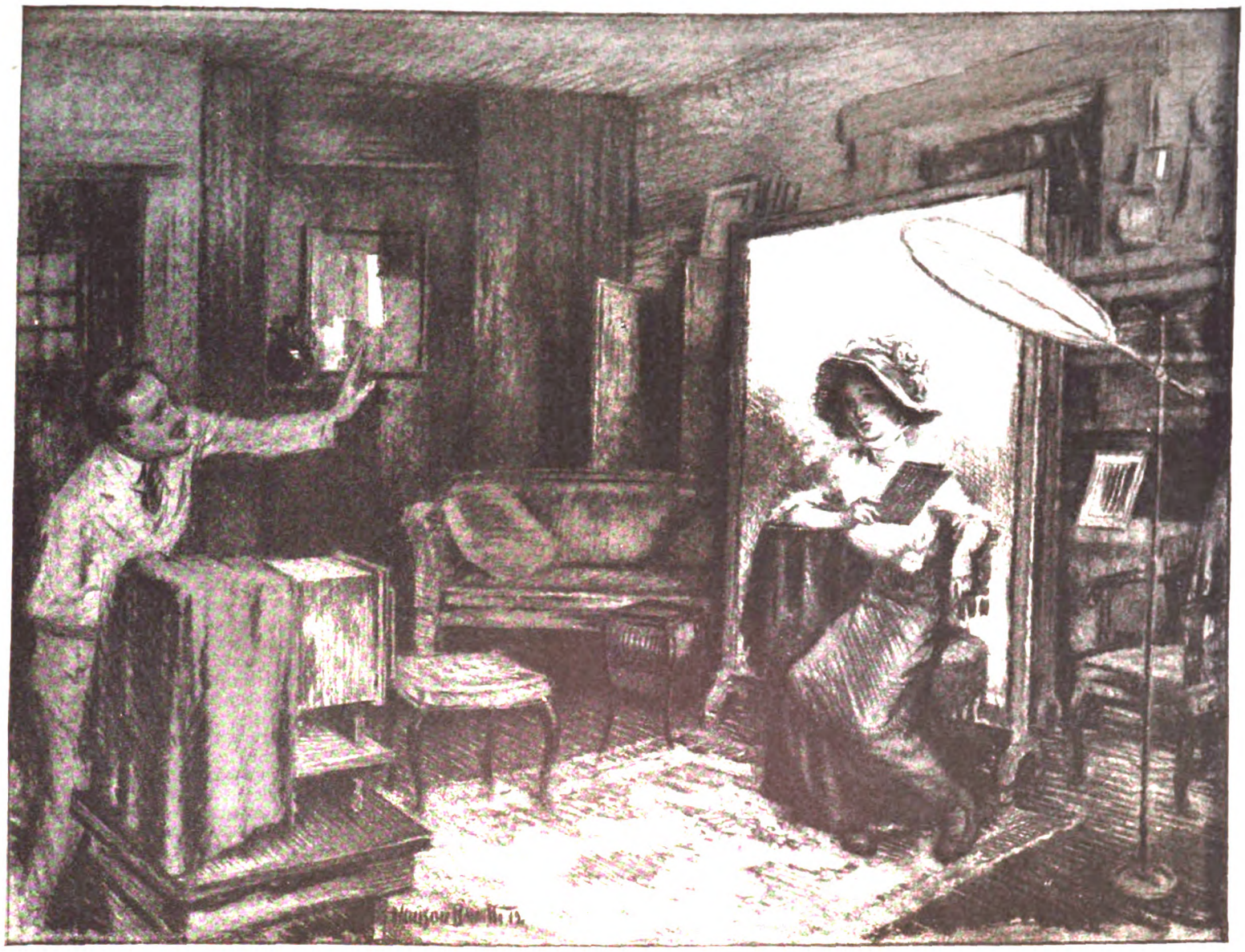

"Hold that! One—two—three— Good!"

THE IDEAL

BY CLARICE VALLETTE McCAULEY

Illustrated by Hanson Booth

SHE was a thin little creature, drab-colored and negative, with a face and body so plain and ill-nourished that they discouraged ornamentation. In the course of her day's work, moreover, some of the black, greasy dust found its way from the granite and tinware and cheap crockery she was forever handling to her face; and at night, after her supper, she would perform her inadequate ablutions in hard water with cheap soap, and sigh at her reflected self in the wavy looking-glass that hung over her washstand. She was sorry for that poor little girl, sorry for her homely face, and sorriest of all about her hair, because it almost seemed as though nature had meant that to be pretty. At least, there was plenty of it, fine and soft as a baby's; but it was only a nondescript brown, somewhat the worse for dust and neglect, and she had long since left off trying to make it curl.

Once, in a fit of desperation, she had bought an invincible crimper, warranted to Marcel horse-hair, if properly applied, and it had been so successful that she had groaned over the incongruity of those sleek, waxen waves, and had gone to the store with her hair still wet from her efforts to undo her folly.

Since then she had not cared so much. Denied the inalienable right of girlhood—to be, at least, a little pretty—it had not seemed even worth while to be neat. So the cheap skirts sagged or hiked, the poorly ironed waists lacked a few more buttons, and the Dutch necks continued to loop ungracefully at the throat. Altogether— Are you tired of hearing about her? I feel almost like apologizing for introducing her at all; she was such an unattractive little girl, you see.

And yet, there was something mighty fine about Annie Karlin, as there is about most of us, if you'll not be too quick to turn away. She was never too tired to do a favor, never too smart to be told, and she admired all the pretty girls so sincerely, so honestly, so hopelessly, that even the belle of the store—who waited at the novelty and jewelry counters—began to try, good-naturedly enough, to pique little Annie into taking more thought for her complexion and her pompadour.

"Goodness knows, Annie Karlin!" she would argue noisily, "just because you're *plain* is no reason for lookin' such a fright. You'll be losin' your job that way, next. Some fine day we'll get a boss that ain't near-sighted—then it'll be the merry old cannery for you! Why'n time don't you git a rat an' some combs? Say! I seen some dandy belts down to Stacey's f'r a quarter—marked down from sev'nty-five cents. There ain't nothin' like a good belt an' a few safety pins to stiff'n up a girl's backbone. An' they got a sale of pumps, too—small sizes; you c'd git a fit in 'em for eighty-nine cents. Why don't you git yourself a pair? Huh?"

And Annie would nod and smile, and say she'd think about it. Annie never told any one that five of her weekly six dollars went toward the expenses of her aunt's little flat. One can't do much on a dollar a week, even with lunches from home and a passion for walking.

It was about this time that Annie took to going one block out of her way every night, just for the sake of stopping to look into the show-cases of a world-famed photographer, whose portraits of stage celebrities were admired wherever stage celebrities were known. Annie would stand for a long ten minutes studying the beautiful profiles, the wonderful shoulders, the exquisite arms; and then, with a longing sigh and a wistful little droop of her childish mouth, drag her feet over the weary blocks to the tiny flat on Throop Street, where the only works of art were hardly calculated to inspire.

The redecoration of Manfred's show-cases was always the signal for Annie to revel in the charms of a whole new gallery of stage favorites. Annie didn't know any of them by name; she couldn't tell Maxine Elliott from Maude Adams, or Julia Marlowe from the latest little chorus girl who had broken through into the front row; but she knew their good points by heart, and pondered often on the relative merits of straight noses or cleft chins, soulful eyes or coquettish, blonde hair or dark—until, all the time she wasn't employed in punching the cash register and making change, she was appraising such physical charms as her customers possessed.

One bright Spring day, when the Easter display of artificial flowers had pushed the agateware all the way back against the wall, and absorbed the services of its little saleslady, three visions of youthful loveliness came to Annie's counter and began to buy—and buy—and buy—flowers of all descriptions; and soon she had gathered from their laughing comments on blue roses and red violets that they were wanted for photographic purposes only. Meanwhile the girls kept tossing flowers into Annie's apron until they were piled up to her chin; then their leader—a cherub-faced blonde—bethought herself of a difficulty.

"Oh, pshaw!" she cried in evident disappointment, "we forgot; they don't deliver things!"

"Yes'm, we do," ventured Annie gently. "We deliver any purchase over a dollar."

"Oh, joy! Will these go real soon?"

"Why—not till to-morrow morning. We don't make but two deliveries a day—and the twelve o'clock's just gone."

"Oh, sugar!" exclaimed the pretty blonde. "We belong to the new show that's rehearsing at the Columbia, and we're going to have some photos taken this afternoon. We thought we could have the flowers sent over

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to Manfred's studio; we'd take them ourselves, only we've got our costumes to carry, and——"

The manager was approaching the group with questioning glance. Annie turned to him quickly.

"They've bought nearly four dollars' worth of flowers, Mr. Cox, and they'd like 'em delivered at Manfred's right away. I'll take 'em over, if you say so; it's my lunch-time."

It was no new thing for Annie's lunch hour to be given over to errands, but this one brought its own reward. Who would ever have supposed that a photographer's studio could be such a bewildering place, with its soft carpets and mirrors and portraits of beautiful women? Why, even the girls in the waiting-room, and the maid to whom she delivered the flowers, were beautiful.

Annie was absent-minded all that afternoon. She had been captured by an impulse, imprisoned by a desire so strong that nothing else mattered. If only—in after years when she was old and wrinkled—she could point to a beautiful photograph and say: "That's me—*when I was seventeen!*"

The first step was to inquire the cost; the second, to save the money. With miserly care she treasured each dime and quarter, and by the middle of August she had laid by the necessary ten dollars with which to gratify her wish. She had something else, too; a quaint little waist that she had spent the long Summer twilights in making. In her dead mother's trunk she had found a crumpled, yellowing bundle of sheer lawn and narrow insertion and tiny edging. This, when unrolled, proved to be a baby's christening dress, and Annie scarcely needed the little picture of herself at six months to decide that it had been her own. She wondered if she dared use the hallowed thing—it seemed almost sacrilege, yet somehow she felt that her mother wouldn't mind. The little dress was long and full, yet when it had been ripped and washed and ironed—oh, so tenderly, lest it fall apart—and every scrap of edging and embroidery, insertion and ruffling laid out with loving care, Annie scarcely dared cut into it, lest one snip too much ruin her chances. Again and again while she sewed, making tiny stitches with the finest of thread, she caught herself peeping wistfully through doors ajar, into mysterious realms; then over her thin cheeks a faint flush would spread, and the gray eyes would grow dark with dreams, and the rocker would keep time to unsung lullabies that hummed at her heart.

At last she ventured to the photographer's. She was frightened—horribly; she moved as in a nightmare. Every one looked at her so coldly. The girl who made out her receipt and assigned her a dressing-room was polite, but puzzled; the pretty maid who proffered her services so eagerly, vanished at once when she discovered that Annie was dressed for the sitting and hadn't even expected to rearrange her hair. By the time the girl had summoned her to the studio Annie's hands were like ice, she could scarcely walk, and her lips trembled with mortification, chagrin, embarrassment.

In the studio, the operator—all in cool white duck—received the slip from her hands, and, busying himself with the camera, said carelessly:

"Just head and shoulders, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, please," said Annie. "I wouldn't like my skirt to show."

He threw her a keen, comprehensive glance, under which she shriveled into nothingness. Annie felt that he knew just how much her heels needed straightening, and how faded was her cheap blue skirt.

But this photographer was an artist—and, more than that, he was a conscientious man who argued that, being employed by a world-renowned firm, he owed an equal duty to all its patrons. Ordinarily he would have admitted that it was a greater joy to pose a beautiful model than a plain one, but on this particular morning his patience had been severely tried by one of the exalted who had not hesitated to be exacting, imperious, whimsical; so that he turned to the pathetic little figure with positive relief.

"Now, little lady—if you'll sit right here; so! Just make yourself comfortable; I'll not be ready for some time. Guess it's pretty hot out, isn't it?"

He seemed not to expect a reply, but bustled about the studio, arranging a background, drawing out screens, and studying the pale face fleetingly, meanwhile, from different angles.

Finally, dropped lightly between his chatter, the question:

"Want an every-day pose—or a fancy picture?"

Annie caught her breath. She was beginning to feel more at ease with this nice man who talked so pleasantly.

"Oh, a fancy picture—if I can."

"To be sure; why not? We don't get our pictures taken every day. What's the use of seeing yourself on a bit of pasteboard looking just like you do three hundred and sixty-five days in the year?"

"Oh, if you only could make me look different!"

"Different, eh? Why—how do you want to look?"

The answer was too naïve to admit of misconstruction. Besides, it was barely breathed:

"I want—to look—*beautiful!*"

"That's what we're here for," laughed the operator cheerily. "Let me see. If I may trouble you to stand up; chin down a little, please. No—a little more to the right—that's it! Just look at me. Hm—that's the position for you, I think. Now, if you'll be good enough to move back to that screen."

Annie walked as in a dream. Suddenly she stopped.

"I wish your hair was dressed differently," the photographer was muttering. She caught her courage by the throat; there were tears in the eyes that looked so bravely, so humbly at the mighty man before her.

"I don't care what you do to me, if you can only make me look like some of those down-stairs. Surely they aren't all as lovely as they look in their photographs, are they?"

The half-puzzled expression on the operator's face vanished. He had caught the meaning of the girl's longing. He left the room for a moment and returned with some photographs mounted in folders. Then he posed her deftly, quickly, talking all the while.

"So! Could you let down part of this hair? Just a little—that's it, to frame up the neck, you know. No; only one side. Now, as we're going to want your hands——"

"Oh they're so thin," wailed Annie.

"Don't you let that bother you; they'll be in deep shadow. And we'll work up the shadows with this bit of brown velvet. That's better; does away with so much white—gives something for the hands to melt into. There! I want you to hold these folders. Don't be afraid to spread your fingers; hold them naturally, so! Beautiful woman—isn't she?"

"Beautiful!" sighed Annie, raising her eyes for a moment to his.

"Ah! That's fine. Well, we can't all look the same, you know." He was focusing, shifting the screens, fastening back a strand of the soft, straight hair, putting in plate-holders, working with lightning-like rapidity.

"There!" he said, his hand on the bulb, "don't move, whatever you do; though you may look at me when you talk to me. It takes a good many different things to make up a fine photo. That picture you're holding, now; that light effect was hard to get, but it surely brought out the curve of the neck. Beautiful neck and shoulders, aren't they?"

"Beautiful!" repeated Annie, dutifully raising her eyes to his.

"Hold that! One—two—three— Good! We've got that one, and it'll be a bird. Just to make sure of it we'll take another as you are now. Surprised, eh? Didn't know it could be over so quickly. Now—one—two—three— Ah! That ought to be very fine. I think you'll be satisfied with these."

"Oh, I know I will," murmured Annie, backing awkwardly out of the studio.

The photographer dropped into a chair and mopped his brow.

"Lord bless my soul!" he muttered whimsically. "If I don't have to work hard one way, I do another. Poor little kid! Hope they turn out all right. I suppose they're for some absent sweetheart—since she's so set on looking pretty."

GRATITUDE

By Louise Raum

I WONDER does the bee forget the flower,
That gave him perfect nectar on his way?
I wonder does the winged, radiant hour
Forget the splendor of the long June day
From which he caught the garment for his soul?
I wonder does my friend of friends forget,
As in an ashen wind his years unroll,
Her who gave beauty to his life's regret?

II

IT WAS October when Orrin Richards, an ambitious young reporter, blew into Manfred's one day, intent on begging pictures to use in illustrating a feature story for the Sunday edition. The attendant left him glancing over the cases, and when she returned, in addition to the half-dozen pulchritudinous blondes and brunettes he had selected and laid aside, he held in his hand a picture which he was studying with a rather curious expression.

"Oh, you can't have that one," said the attendant.

"Why not? It's a fancy picture, isn't it?"

"Y-yes; but she's not a professional."

"Who is she, anyway?"

"I don't know."

"Go look it up, won't you?"

"Now, Mr. Richards; you know we never give the names of our——"

"Oh, cut it out! You know very well you'd do anything for me."

"Huh! Do you think she's pretty?"

"Don't *you?*"

"No, I don't! Dandy lighting; but my—the girl's weird though she has got expressive eyes and rather nice hair."

"Do I get her name?"

"Oh, well—I suppose if I must! You've made *me* curious, now."

Whereupon Orrin Richards received a decided shock. The lady's name was Annie Karlin, and she lived on Throop Street.

Though he left the picture, he remembered the name and address. Moreover, on two different occasions his reportorial duties took him past the tenement where Annie lived, and each time he resolutely banished the impulse that grew stronger each day to write to her.

One day the Sunday editor supplied the excuse. Richard's first article had been a success, and the editor suggested a second one—a galaxy of beauties whose appeal did not consist either in curves or coloring. He mentioned several famous actresses as likely to fill the bill.

Richards thought of his little unknown. He saw a sensational possibility; then imagined the caption: "She Lives in Chicago—Who is She?"

He wrote to Annie—and her reply surprised him. She was young—even younger than he had supposed—her letter showed so conclusively that her school-days were not far behind. It was legible, and not illiterate, though painfully stilted in its opening and closing paragraphs, but the burden of it was a refusal of his request. The reason she gave was that she was not really pretty—that the picture was just a fancy one, and not a true likeness.

Now, Richards should have considered this refusal final, but he didn't. Furthermore, it never once occurred to him that the girl might be disingenuously fishing. He wrote that if he might have a picture for himself, he would never use it without permission.

Annie answered—in the manner that she felt her aunt would have wished—that she did not doubt his word, but that she couldn't give her picture to a stranger. This brought a request for permission to call, and precipitated a panic in Annie's soul that resulted in her stealing out late that night to mail a package and a letter. He might have the picture on two conditions—that he would never print it in the paper, and never—never—never try to see her!

Richards thought her foolishly timid. He was just a well-meaning and homesick Hoosier, he said, who would have been proud to take her out once in a while when he could get off from his work, but he would respect her wishes. Surely, however, she could write to him, if he wrote to her.

The next morning Annie bought a box of the best stationery the ten-cent store afforded, and a nickel's worth of pen-points. Then she opened her heart wide to the romance for which she had been starving.

Her evenings became a service, with Beauty and Love and Cleanliness for its litany. She developed a veritable passion for being clean; her ablutions became a rite. The stingy little cakes of scented soap were replaced by large white ones that made worlds of lather. She kept herself up to the standard of that one moment when she had been found fair. She began to see that women who bend over the wash-tub all day long, for a living, can scarcely be blamed if they neglect those at home; and Annie's aunt was not loath to be relieved of the care of the girl's waists and neckwear. Before long, Annie graduated from the crockery department, and moved on through hosiery and handkerchiefs, to souvenir postals and stationery, and thence to the ribbon counter in a *real* department store.

Meanwhile, her correspondence with Orrin Richards went gravely on. He gave her impulses an anchor, kept her ideal ever before her; for always, even in the most matter-of-fact of his letters, there was a reference to the picture and what it had grown to mean to him. Naively, Annie admitted that she had never dared show it to any one, but that at night when the door was locked, she brought them all out and talked to them—"her sisters," she called them.

Gradually, Richards came to know something of the virginal seclusion in which the girl's soul lived—partly by intuition, partly by her fluttering, enforced confessions when he pushed her too hard.

There were times when Annie, looking at the bonny face of the man who said he loved her (he had sent her a picture when he asked to call) could scarcely refrain from hailing him to her side. The thought that he was in the same city, walking the same streets with her, was torture. Not because she dared not meet him, but because she was ashamed to think that she dared not. Something told the untaught girl that love should be strong enough to risk disillusionments—yet that was exactly what she could not bring herself to do—not yet at least.

Her soul, divided against itself, left her body an easy prey to illness. There came a time when for a whole week Orrin Richards received no letters. Nor, for the matter of that, could Annie read those he sent. When at last, she was able to sit up and do so, her final struggle was sharp and short.

One of the boy cousins, coming in from school to see if she wanted anything, found her with a pencil scrawl in her hands and a look of ineffable contentment upon her pale face.

The letter Annie sent had said: "Any time." She was dressed and ready for him as early as eight o'clock the next morning. It was ten before he ventured.

He looked a big, embarrassed boy, as he stood for a moment within the door, hardly knowing what his attitude should be. But when he caught sight of the pathetic little figure that had risen to meet him, he sprang forward suddenly and gathered her up in his arms.

"You poor little girl; why didn't you send for me? What's it all been about, anyway? I could understand your feeling shy, at first; but afterward—what made you so stubborn?"

Trying to explain, she broke down, sobbing, incoherent, clinging to him hungrily.

"Oh, I've been such a wicked, selfish girl; but I thought I'd rather go without you all my life than see the disappointment in your face. Every time I looked in there——" she pointed to the mirror.

"What!" cried Orrin hotly. "That thing? Even my charms aren't proof against a glass like that," he laughed. "Why—if it wasn't bad luck I'd smash it for you. Here! If you want to see what you're really like—look in my eyes!"

Annie did. But all she could see there was love and understanding, and the great big shaggy devotion of a strong man. Suddenly she caught her breath, looked down a minute, then, with all her soul in her eyes, looked up.

"Annie!" he cried, triumphant. "You darling! Why, you're just the living image of the picture I've been loving all these months."

Over Annie's soul there settled a wonderful peace. She did not know that to those who live sincerely with an ideal it is sometimes given to realize it. Whether it was magic, or the blindness of love, or the purifying influence of a great desire, she did not try to fathom; she only knew that here was one to whom she would always be beautiful.

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FROM THE PAINTING BY MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHEIN. THIS IS THE SECOND OF OUR HISTORIC SERIES, "FIFTY YEARS OF DELINEATOR GIRLS," DEPICTING THE CHANGING FASHIONS DURING THE HALF CENTURY SINCE EBENEZER BUTTERICK CUT HIS FIRST PAPER PATTERN IN 1863.

THE CURTSY—1873

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Painted for THE DELINEATOR *by Corwin Knapp Linson*

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN STERLING

a little town which is responsible for two things that are known in every household. It was here that a school-teacher named Mary Sawyer wrote the immortal tale of "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB." Her house is still standing, and we shall have a picture of it later. From here also came the men who made a world-wide business out of Mr. Butterick's first paper pattern.

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LYING FOR PEACE'S SAKE

BY THE HON. JOHN J. FRESCHI

CITY MAGISTRATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

THE editors of THE DELINEATOR hold that lying is one of the worst evils in the world. Yet here is a wise, experienced, noble-minded judge who finds some excuse for the wife or husband who lies to avoid trouble in the family. He states the case with terrible clearness, and gives one reason for our growing divorce evil.

ASK the disillusioned husband or wife to name a cardinal cause of marital dissensions and—provided they are not momentarily influenced by some other grievance—the answer will be *petty lying*.

In truth, there is scarcely a case of marital discord of whatever sort, including separation or divorce, in which charges of mendacity are not hurled back and forth.

Yet I have heard cynical students of domesticity assert in all seriousness that marital troubles can be *averted only by lying*.

Which is correct?

Remember, we are not considering the *moral* right or wrong of lying. Thus far I must admit that careful observation has inclined me toward the opinion of the cynics.

Most husbands and wives who lie to each other do so solely in the interests of domestic peace. In hundreds of cases I have observed that lying was not the real *cause* of the trouble—the lying was employed to *conceal* the cause. Conversely, in every case of serious dissension both frankly did as they pleased and said what they thought, regardless of whether or not it was distasteful to the other. And usually they dealt in truths.

Understand, I am speaking only of the petty lying to cover petty infractions, so general among married folk. But remember that from petty causes grow dissensions and incompatibility, and that more divorces result from incompatibility than from infidelity.

I do not attempt to justify marital lying on the grounds of expediency. Yet it is distinctly unfair to lay all the blame on the prevaricators. Usually their lies are *forced* or *invited*.

Marital mendacity is a measure of self-defense. Investigate, as I have, and usually you will find that the lied-to have well-defined streaks of intolerance, are selfishly exacting, are vain or greedy. What, then, can you expect? Unless they have married human ciphers who surrender utterly, either they are certain to reap a harvest of untruth, or the hapless mate a cyclone of dissension.

The Real Test of a Lie

ONE might preach forever that such mendacity is *immoral*. The only hope of cure rests in demonstrating that it is *unnecessary*. Reform fails because the burden of blame is always passed on the prevaricator. Could we but drive home to the righteous that the inspiration of the lying rests largely in themselves, then this one marital problem would be half solved.

It was a young husband and wife scarcely beyond the honeymoon season whose marital troubles brought them to court. She was a precise little body, and he—to accept her story—an untrustworthy man with no sense of marital stability.

He was frivolous, she affirmed, and in order to do things to which she objected, he lied unceasingly to her. But she always found him out; and because she rebuked him, he finally became sullen and neglectful.

"I'm only human," asserted the man. "From the first day she started nagging. All the time it was, 'You *mustn't do this*,' or 'You *must* do that.' What I thought didn't figure. I had to stop doing things I liked if she disapproved; I had to do things I didn't like because she thought they were right. If I took a glass of beer there was a fuss; if I wouldn't go to church with her there was a fuss."

Humble folk, these, but their story was the story of many unhappy homes.

It Was the Woman's Fault

HERE was a woman of puritanical convictions, mated to a man of absolutely different temperament. Instead of yielding partly, she had expected him to do all the yielding.

She may not have reflected sufficiently to discover that she expected him to do all the adjusting. The one at fault seldom does. But the result was just as bad as though she had known what she was doing. If she expected happiness, it was her duty to find out how to secure happiness. She had tried to fashion the home ties with chains of despotism—had attempted reform through coercion, that poor substitute for fidelity. He had sought *relief* in petty lying.

This woman believed, as do all such women, that their troubles were due to his lying, when in truth they were due to her own bigotry.

"A single case proves nothing," the moralist will assert. How account for the fact that the evil has become the almost axiomatic corollary of wedlock?

Marital lying reigns because the world is *full* of husbands and wives who try to usurp the whole government of the home. They pass arbitrary laws based on a personal code; elect themselves judges, and above all, are irrepressible marital detectives ever on the search for infractions. Their favorite device is the domestic "third degree." It is no more efficacious than the third degree in police usage.

People under duress of whatever sort instinctively turn to lies. It is but the mental running away from punishment.

It was an undersized, pompous man, who in court offered as collateral proof of his wife's untrustworthiness the fact that he had discovered her in a most amazing lie. Shaking his finger at the shrinking little woman, he thundered the terrible charge that for months she had been buying cakes and pies from a neighbor and pretending to him that they were her own baking. It had made him a laughing-stock, he said.

It was impossible to restrain the outburst of mirth in the court. Indeed, at first I was impelled to smile. Then I caught the appealing, frightened look on the woman's face, and the real pathos of the situation grew upon me.

It was easy enough to elicit the facts. The husband's stomach was his god. He had railed incessantly at his wife's attempts at bakery, sneered at her, cast up to her the skill of other women.

She Lied Because She Loved Him

TO HOLD her husband's esteem, to win commendation, that timorous woman, hungry for appreciation, had resorted to deception.

This man called his wife a sneak—despised her, as I think did almost every unthinking person who heard. In particular the women present sneered. It is a singular thing that there is scarcely a woman who does not assert that *she* wouldn't pretend *this* or *that*, when as a matter of fact almost every woman is pretending something else to the same general purpose.

"Lie about the household expenses," declares one; "well, I guess not!" Meanwhile she is coaxing her husband for a new dress, tickling his vanity, telling him how other women envy her in having so generous a husband; in her innocent heart she is thinking what a stingy old curmudgeon he is that he won't give her dresses unless she sacrifices her self-respect by lying to him.

All very well for the moralist to prove, *theoretically*, that it is inexcusable for a woman to lie to placate an unreasonable man; but every woman knows her own husband, and the sterling value of absolute truth is not so manifest to her when its employment spells marital discomfort.

The fact is that men and women who resort to such dissimulation *must* do so in order to hold their mates in bonds of felicity. They do not differ in one iota from the aging man, who, in order to be the most welcome companion of his young wife, pretends interest in hobbies which he really despises; who when he is tired assents eagerly to a trip to the theater or dance; declares he was delighted when he was bored; pretends vivacity when he is in the glooms.

When the Truth Is Cruel

BUT if he is lying, so are the wives who for policy's sake pretend they are blind to these devices. Imagine the resentment of the fond husband whose wife criticizes his simulated vivacity thus: "George, when you try to cut up like a boy you are ridiculous. People will think you are in your dotage."

Such cruel frankness does obtain in some families. And from the brutal truth-tellers come the squabbles, alienation, and finally the defection of husband or wife to another who has sympathy—or at least interest enough to pretend sympathy.

In matrimony, I have observed, dissimulation is moral or immoral according to the way it affects the person interested. For example, the man who closes his eyes to his wife's failings is in her view a considerate husband; the man who tries to close his wife's eyes to his own failings is a sneak. The fibs that flatter a woman's vanity are "compliments;" the truthful criticisms that sting are "nagging."

A French writer has asserted that when married couples cease to lie to each other they have ceased to love each other. There is considerable truth in that. To be sure it does not at all follow that when a man ceases to lie, he has ceased to love; but this much is conclusive—that no matter how much a man may indulge petty vices, so long as he lies to conceal them he still desires his wife's respect and affection.

In a case before me the chief plaint of the wife, who alleged cruel treatment, was that her husband was forever insulting her. Nailed down to specific examples, the husband admitted that he did say harsh things. He did tell her that her cooking was enough to kill anybody; that she was ugly; that she was a gossip, and so on *ad nauseam*. "But," he asserted, "I was only telling the truth, and everybody knows it is the truth."

He Was Really Tired of Her

THERE was the reason it stung her. *It was the truth*. Tacitly, she admitted this herself. "I may not be a good cook, etc.," she admitted tearfully, "but he's a brute or he wouldn't be pushing it down my throat all the time!" In her heart she knew that her husband was tired of her.

"Love is blind," runs an irreverent joke, "and marriage is an eye-opener." Like all aphorisms, it contains a strong vein of philosophy. But dissension does not come about because a husband or wife awakens to the faults of the mate. Just as often it follows because husbands or wives discover that their own failings are entirely apparent to the mate.

I have noticed that the very man who will pass over imperfections in his wife becomes a raging lion when his own imperfections are bared and waved in his face. Back of it all is vanity. He is drawn to her in courtship largely because she seemed to approve his every thought and action. It is the most potent flattery of romance.

The world laughs at the matron who boasts that her husband is still so much in love that he can not see attractions in any other woman. She is not imaginative—simply gullible.

"Just see that pretty girl," she remarks to her husband. He glances about in a most inquiring manner, passes over the stunning blonde, and then remarks in a puzzled way: "What girl? I don't see any pretty girl." The chances are, he had approving eyes on that blonde; but he is experience wise. Perhaps in his unsophisticated days he incautiously admired other women, and he has not forgotten the hysterical scene that followed and the charge that he was ceasing to love his own, own wife.

Nobody Really Wants to Lie

PERHAPS the most general grievance of embittered wives who come to court is that their husbands lie to them in order to stay out at night and run around. Can any one believe that any man finds pleasure in inventing those intricate lies about business engagements and the like?

How much easier and more satisfactory if he could say frankly: "Some of the fellows want to make a round of the cafés and see the cabaret shows. Yes; we'll probably be out late; but I've been staying home so much I'm getting foggy. A frolic is just what I need."

The sensible and liberal wives get the real explanation; but many wives—young wives particularly—believe that if their husbands display the slightest interest in any amusement which does not include them they are growing cold, selfish, neglectful.

There was the illustrious case of one young husband who pretended that he belonged to a secret society in order that he might have one evening a week to romp about with chums of his bachelor days. The man did no real harm. He was a kind and good husband. He loved his wife too much to hurt her by the admission that he could find happiness away from her side.

The point is that *just as long as she believed his story she was happy and contented*. But when she learned the truth through a busybody neighbor, there was a fearful row. She maintained that she was *not* angered by his *action*, but solely because he had lied to her. She believed this so strongly herself that she made him believe it.

There was a reconciliation when he swore never to

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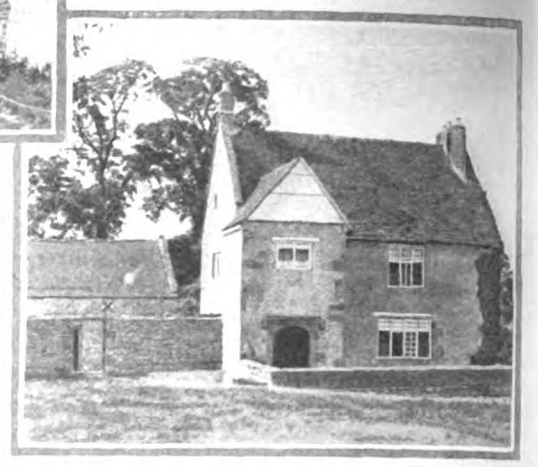
OUR COUNTRY'S ANCESTRAL HOME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMPSON

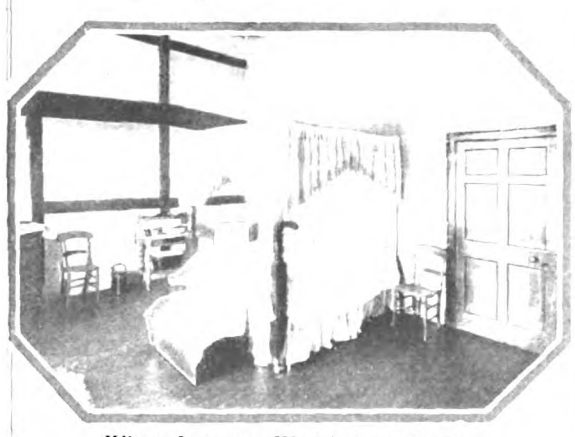
SULGRAVE MANOR, the ancestral home of the Washingtons in England, was presented to Laurence Washington, the earliest of George Washington's progenitors of whom we know anything, as a reward for his services to his country more than three hundred years ago. Reverses of fortune made it necessary for his son to relinquish the Manor House and occupy the modest cottage illustrated on this page.

It is near Sulgrave Manor, in the little village of Brington, a town full of memories and relics of the Washington family. This little house is called the Washington House, and it is unchanged since the early days when the first Washington entered its doors. The latticed windows are still there from which our George's ancestors must often have looked, and the carved balustrade in the picture still leads to the bedroom where many Washingtons were born.

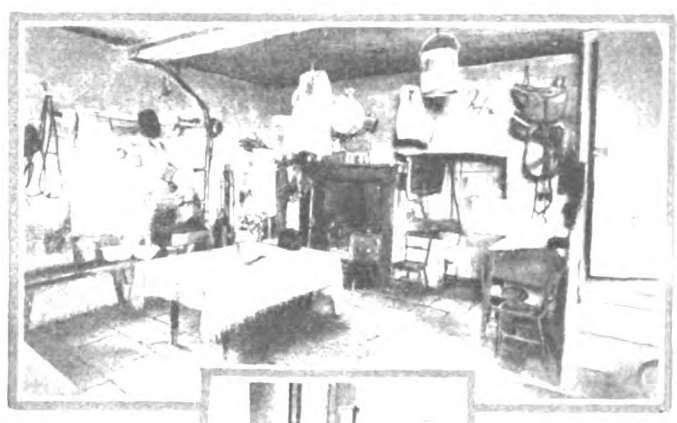
The church at Sulgrave



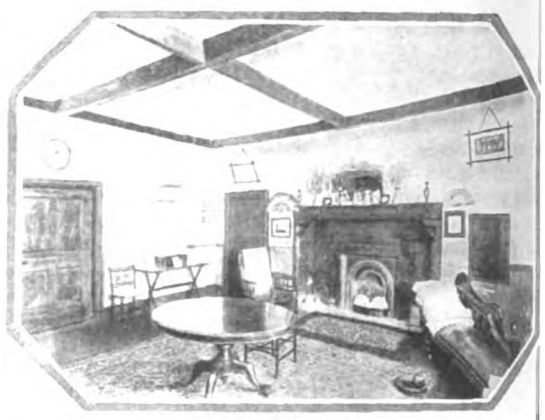
The "Washington House"



Where Laurence Washington, Junior, was born



The village street, the church and (below) the staircase of the house



Dining-room and kitchen (in the center) at Sulgrave

It is good to think that the traditions of the family of the father of our democratic country are more closely associated with the humbler home rather than the more elaborate Manor, three interior views of which are here shown. The larger house is still preserved in somewhat its original form, furnishings and all.

The Washingtons were all home lovers. They were also deeply religious, earnest people. There are many curious objects that relate to the family in the beautiful church at Sulgrave, pictured here, which they attended. Among other things there is an alms-chest containing valuables and a number of interesting brasses representing various members of the Washington family dressed in the elaborate costume of the Elizabethan age. We like to know that the coat of arms of these early Washingtons, also, wherever it is found, always shows plainly the stars and stripes.

lie again to her. He kept his word. He continued the weekly outings and told her about it. He was also frank about other petty habits he had been hiding. When she became incessantly complaining, he became defiant. They ended in the divorce court.

Moralists may assert that this was because he had sacrificed her respect and confidence by the original error of lying. That may be so; but if it was so, will any one assert that the wife served her own happiness or his by holding him to account for an error he had repented?

Unfortunately, settled distrust often ensnares where petty mendacity is disclosed, and for this reason, before stated, that the wife who is lied to in little things, usually is an unreasoning wife.

Why He Deserted His Wife

IN A certain case the man had been arrested for deserting his wife. There was no question of failure to support, since he had left their thriving little business in her hands.

"She nagged me so much I couldn't stand it," explained the man. "She was always accusing me of wrongdoing. If I wasn't home on the minute she said I was after another woman. I'd prove to her that she was wrong; but the very next time she made the same old charges. Oh, it was awful."

"I couldn't believe him," said the wife. "I had caught him in lies."

"Little lies, yes," admitted the man. "Once I said I was on business, and she found I was at a boxing-match."

"A man who lies in little things can not be trusted in big things," announced the wife with a finality that showed how hopeless was any thought of permanent reconciliation.

All of us have noticed that the very men and women

LYING FOR PEACE'S SAKE

who most loudly assert that their mates should be liberal with them are usually the last to extend liberality. When these self-blinded mortals prevaricate, it is simply because they want peace, *not because they did wrong.*

In almost every married pair there is one nature stronger than the other; not more intelligent, of necessity, but more forceful. The one who is domineering insists on being deferred to in everything or there is constant dissension.

It Was to Save Her Child

THE case of parents haled to court because their child did not attend school regularly, occurs to me. The father was furious because the mother had known of the boy's truant-playing. "She lied to me, your Honor," he asserted; "when I asked her how the boy was doing, she said 'fine.'"

I quickly got the reason for that woman's duplicity. She believed in moral suasion, augmented by moderate punishment. The father was a strenuous disciple of the rod—in fact, when in anger he carried his theory to brutality. The mother realized that the boy should be punished, but rather than turn him over to the father's cruelty, she had lied and allowed him to escape scot-free.

Mother-love was back of this mendacity; and when there comes a tug of war with that protective instinct, the result is already written.

Again, there was the outraged husband who accused his wife of flagrant lying, and even of "stealing." She had, it appeared, been deceiving him about the grocer's and butcher's bills, padding the accounts and retaining the money.

Then the wife's embittered explanation: her husband was stingy. He would only allow her a very small amount for clothing for herself and children, although they had to make an appearance with people who spent twice as much. Extravagance! was his constant cry. She should purchase cheaper articles.

The purloined money had been "wasted" in adding to the amounts he allowed for shoes, hats and other necessary apparel. But though, obviously, he benefited in the long run by the quality of the dearer goods, the only thing that occurred to him was that he had been defied, cheated, lied to.

Men and women who force their mates to pretend submission are in effect lying to themselves—simply using the mate as a phonograph to repeat their own opinions. For the sad reality is that although lovers are willing and happy to submit to each other while romance is in its flush, afterward they are not so willing to submit.

Petty marital lying will generally obtain until there is more independence in the partnership. The outlook is not promising. Rare curiosities are the husbands or wives who do not assert a definite control over the actions of their mates.

Right here the mendacity of wedded life takes root. Habits and inclinations are stronger than marital agreements. They pretend to submit, and continue to pretend until they are found out, and, after that, defiance and dissension.

I am far from holding a brief for petty lying. It is a deplorable condition, and the more deplorable because absolutely unnecessary, were marriage approached generally in a less selfish spirit.

Between really intelligent husbands and wives there is little of petty lying. They enter wedlock for equal companionship, not with the thought of acquiring mental slaves. They are liberal and tolerant; there is no excuse for lying. And, significantly, between such people there is very little dissension and practically no divorce.

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The linen fold pattern

IS YOUR HOUSE HONEST?

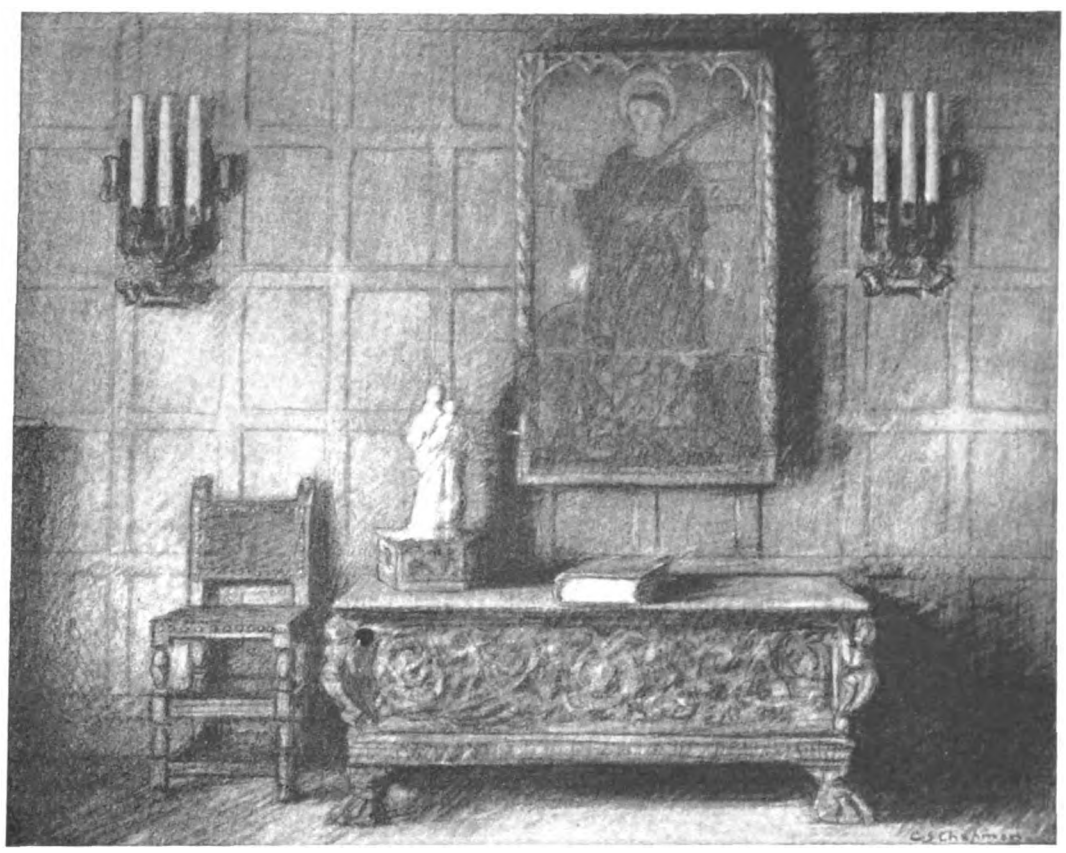
V. The Tradition of Wood-Paneling

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

A paneling of pew doors

WE MAY borrow ideas from the European and the Oriental for the small elegancies of our houses, but for the substantial things we depend on the English tradition. We may feel ourselves quite superior to our English neighbors in many things, but we must admit that when it comes to building a home the Englishman builds best; because he places his family first, and determines to make a house that will be home to his family for generations. We build small houses, or buy them, and then when we can "afford" it we buy bigger ones, and on and on and on! Not all of us—but an appalling number of us—look upon our homes as temporary stopping places en route to a vague affluence. We do most things very much better than we do our houses.

We think of the things that make old English castles and manor-houses distinguished for their beauty as being remote from our possibilities. The superb oak furniture, the historic paneling, mellow with age and hard usage, are not for the likes of us! And yet, the humblest Tudor farmhouses that are left have the same dignified paneling, the same well-built furniture, made by the hands of the ignorant cottagers themselves. We assert that we are the most "efficient," the most "successful" people in the world, and yet with all our efficiency we can not embellish the interior of our houses with our hands. We can not build a joint stool, or plan a paneled wall. In sharpening our wits we have forgotten how to use our hands. The unlettered peasant can produce furniture that will last for hundreds of years, but the carefully educated son of America is unable to put up a kitchen shelf for his mother. I know it isn't within the province of these articles to discuss the technical education, or lack of it, of American boys and girls, but when women write me so helplessly of their inability to have the simplest conveniences in their houses, I feel it is all so wrong! I am sure we can never hope to have real homes until we are willing to think and plan and work for them, and recognize them as permanent.



An Elizabethan paneling in a New York house

Now this matter of paneling. It seems expensive and remote to most of you, and yet it is within the means of the average man who builds a house. Of course, the cost of paneling varies with the locality, but machine-made lumber has lessened the cost everywhere. There are few sections in America where there is not plenty of lumber available at reasonable prices. Except in the desert country of the Southwest, there are dozens of native woods to be had in all localities that are suitable for paneling. The country is full of little sawmills where you can have your lumber finished to order, and it would be the simplest thing in the world for a man to plan paneled walls for one or all of the important rooms of his house—the hall, stairway, living-room, and dining-room—which could be executed by any carpenter. Once paneled, they will last forever. There will be no after cost.

The trouble with us is we have not learned to look about us, to utilize the materials nearest us. We have so many beautiful woods—ash, oak, elm, birch, maple, poplar, yellow and white pine, chestnut, cypress, cherry, walnut, the California redwood, and other local woods, all suitable for interior woodwork. The English ideal of paneling is oak, but certainly many other coarse-grained woods are very beautiful when properly stained and waxed. New woods have an unpleasant rawness, and with the exception of a few of the more expensive woods (notably walnut and cherry) they should be stained before being waxed. Even the woods of the most beautiful grain and color are improved by an application of a light stain, because a stain brings out the lights and shadows of the grain as nothing else can.

I have seen so many houses with woodwork of yellow pine covered with a thick coat of shellac and then a coat of varnish, applied directly to the raw wood. The result is a hideous, cheap, glaring and glassy wood. I have seen other houses which had trim and paneling of the same wood with a little brown stain rubbed in, and then an application of black wax, and the effect was as good as an English oak paneling. Hardwood should always be waxed, never varnished. The glare of the varnish kills the soft, mellow quality of the wood.

In old England, before paneling was used, walls were rough and primitive masses of stone and mortar, hung with arras and tapestries and leather to keep out the cold. The first paneling (and indeed much of modern English paneling) was hand-cut and carved, the result of great labor and thought and nicety of workmanship. The paneling of a family was handed down in the wills, along with the plate and the tapestries. If the family moved to another home, the paneling was moved too. Paneling began as a wainscot at the bottom of the wall, with the heavy hangings above it, and as the beauty of cleanliness and comfort became appreciated the loose hangings were removed and used as decorations, and the walls were lined with carved oblongs of wood to the line of the ceiling, or to the line of a frieze. It is said that Henry III. was the first king to use paneling, and he embellished the wood with gay colors and gold. From this painted paneling to the simple rectagonals of oak of Elizabeth's time is a great jump, and many beautiful and elaborate patterns of the intervening periods are still in evidence, notably the linen fold, at the top of this page.

The Elizabethan paneling in Mr. Thomas's New York house, which is shown on this page, might be called the standard English paneling, because it is to be found in thousands of English houses, old and new. The wall is made up of rather small rectagonal panels, framed with a flat and narrow molding. On page 127 we are giving a working drawing of this paneling, with approximate dimensions. Sometimes the oblong is larger, and sometimes smaller, but whether it be found in Powis Castle or an humble farmhouse the proportions of the panels are the same.

I have seen this pattern used in ever so many houses lately, and it is always good, whether it be stained brown or gray, or painted cream or white. I have seen a room with the pattern on a foundation of pulp board, the oblongs framed with two and one-half-inch strips of wood, the whole painted white. This, of course, reduced the cost of paneling to a nominal figure, and the effect was very good. At this point I am sure one of my readers will arise and say, "This violates your title: pulp board is not 'honest' when it is used as wood!" So I defend my approval of the use of the pulp board by pleading that the chief use of paneling is to give the wall of a room dignity and beauty, and to give an apparent strength to the walls of the room. I should not advocate the combination of a pulp board and wood when the paneling was to be stained, but when it is to be painted cream or white what difference does it make?

White painted paneling is a perfect background for furniture of woods of finer grain—walnut, mahogany, rosewood, and so forth. The first vogue of white paneling was in the time of Queen Anne, when much of the heavy oak furniture gave way to the elegant new woods, and it became necessary to find a new background. Obviously, oak paneling belonged to oak furniture, and so white paint was applied to paneling of cheaper woods, and was quite in keeping with the satiny furniture and the soft damasks. The crude tapestries and the sturdy oak furniture and the velvety brown of oak paneling is first in every Englishman's favor, however, and always will be.

The linen-fold pattern shown at the top of this page is as well known as the plain rectangular panel, but the old linen-fold work was always done by hand, when every man was his own carpenter, architect and furniture maker, and now it is so expensive that it is seen only in the more princely houses. Certain English firms supply the linen-fold paneling carved by hand, but it costs about two dollars a square foot. The same firms supply a plain rectangular paneling at about fifty cents a square foot. You may now appreciate our advantage over the Englishman, for we can panel our walls at a fraction of this amount. I have seen recently a Colonial hall, long and wide and high of ceiling, paneled in white rectagonals for twenty dollars! Old wood and home labor made this possible.

I am showing the detail of the linen fold because, while it may not be available for many of us Americans, it is full of suggestion to the man who likes to use his tools. I have seen a beautiful oak chest made up of squares carved in the linen-fold manner, built by a young student of a technical school.

In a house recently built on Long Island there is an enormous living-room paneled with chestnut. Ordinarily chestnut is expensive, but in the localities where the chestnut-trees are dying, the lumber can be bought for very little, and these people were wise enough to seize this opportunity. Chestnut has a wonderful rosy tone in its natural state, and a soft, gray stain has been rubbed into the paneling, showing rosy lights.

There is a house in Boston in which the huge living-hall is paneled with cypress, an upright paneling of broad boards running from the baseboard to the frieze line. Narrow boards of the same wood are applied where the broad boards meet, just as the narrow boards are applied to the rectangular paneling, except in the upright paneling they run straight from the baseboard to frieze line, where they are finished with a projecting molding of the same wood. This cypress paneling had a little brown stain rubbed in and was then waxed, and the effect is very soft and mellow.

There is a little picture at the top of the page which shows an unusual farmhouse paneling composed of old

[Continued on page 127]

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THE WAY OF AMBITION

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Ambition—the desire to be an influence beyond the smart social circle into which she was born—dominates the life of Charmian Mansfield. It leads her into a marriage with Claude Heath, a retiring but gifted young composer whom she feels she can inspire to great things. The vogue of Mrs. Shiffney, a leader in London musical circles, and the fame of a French composer, Jacques Sennier, whose career has been entirely molded by his energetic wife, centers her ambition on one definite point. She gets her husband to write an opera, though he knows that his talents are not at all fitted for that form of expression; and through a young American singer named Lake she gets the opera accepted for production by Jacob Crayford, who has opened an opera-house in New York in opposition to the Metropolitan. But their married life is a barren sort of thing. Each vaguely misses something essential to a happy relationship, and without realizing that love is what they long for, goes all the harder into the fight for fame.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

ON A January evening in the following year, Claude and Charmian had just finished dinner in their sitting-room on the eighth floor of the St. Regis Hotel in New York.

Claude went to open the big window, pulling aside the blind, while Charmian curled herself up on the padded sofa. And as, in a moment, the roar of the gigantic city swelled in a fierce crescendo, she leaned forward, listening intently, half smiling, with an eager light in her eyes.

"What a city it is!" she said, as Claude turned and came towards her. "It makes London seem almost like a village. I'm glad it is here the opera is to be given for the first time."

"So am I!" he said, sitting down.

But he spoke almost gloomily, looking at the floor. His face was white and his left hand, as it hung down between his knees, fluttered. He lifted it, turning the fingers inward.

"Why?" Charmian said. He looked up at her.

"Oh, I—they are all strangers here."

She said nothing, and just then the telephone sounded. Mr. Alston Lake was below asking if Mr. Heath was in.

In a moment he entered, looking enthusiastic, full of cheerfulness and vitality, bringing with him an atmosphere, which Charmian savored almost greedily, of expectation and virile optimism.

"My!" he said, as he shook them both by the hand. "You look settled in for the night."

"So we are," said Charmian. Alston laughed.

"I've come to take you to the theater."

"But they're not rehearsing to-night," said Claude.

"No, but Crayford's trying effects. He sent me to fetch you. They're all up on the stage trying to get the locust effect."

"The locusts! Wait a minute, Alston! I'll change my gown."

She hurried out of the room.

"Well, old chap, what's up? You don't look too pleased", said Alston to Claude as the door shut. "Don't you want to turn out? But we must put our backs into this, you know. The fight's on, and a bully big fight it is. Seen the papers to-day?"

"No. I haven't had a minute. I've been going through the orchestration with Meroni."

"What does he say?"

"He was very nice," answered Claude evasively. "But what's in the papers?"

"A bit of news that's made Crayford bristle like a scrubbing-brush. The Metropolitan's changed the date for the production of Sennier's new opera, put it forward by nearly a fortnight, pledged themselves to be ready by the first of March."

"What does it matter?"

"Well, I like that! It takes all the wind out of our sails! In a big race the getting off is half the battle. We were coming first. But if I know anything of Crayford we shall come first even now. It's all Madame Sennier. She's mad against Crayford and the opera—and you, and she's specially mad against Mrs. Charmian. The papers to-night are full of a lot of nonsense about the libretto."

"Which libretto?"

"Yours. Apparently Madame Sennier's been saying it was really written for Sennier and had been promised to him."

"How abominable! I shall——"

"I know, but I wouldn't. Crayford says it will give value to the libretto, prepare the public mind for a master-

As he disappeared Charmian and Alston looked after him. Then Alston came nearer to her, and they began to talk in rather low voices.

"The fight's on!"

How Claude hated those words, how he hated the truth which they expressed! To-night, in New York, as he went to fetch his overcoat, he wondered why Fate had led him into this situation; why he had been doomed to become a sort of miserable center of intrigue, recrimination, discussion, praise, blame, dissension. No man, surely, on the face of the earth had loved tranquillity more than he had. Few men had more surely possessed it. He had known his soul and he had been its faithful guardian once long ago, surely centuries ago! That he should be the cause of battle, what an irony!

Events and periods! and little details! And who or what had guided him through the maze of them? And whither was he going? Whither and to what was he hastening?

His marriage and the new life came back to him. He heard the maids whispering together on the stairs in Kensington Square, and the sound of the street-organ in the frost. He saw the studio in Renwick Place, Charmian coming in with books of poetry in her hands. There had been the beginning of that which led to Algiers, and now to New York, his abdication. There he had taken the first step down from the throne of his own knowledge of himself.

He saw a gulf, black beneath him.

But Charmian called.

"Claude, do make haste!"

He caught up hat and gloves and went out into the lobby.

"What a time you've been! We—are you very tired?"

"Not a bit. Come along!"

Their taxi turned to the right into Fifth Avenue, and rushed toward Central Park. Under a lamp Claude saw a colored woman wearing a huge pink hat. She seemed to be gazing at him, and her large lips parted in a smile. In an instant she was gone. But Claude could not forget her. In his excitement and fatigue he thought of her as a great goblin woman, and her smile was a terrible grin of bitter sarcasm stretching across the world. Charmian and Alston were talking unweariedly. Claude did not hear what they were saying. He saw snowflakes floating down between the lights, strangely pure and remote, lost, wandered from some delicate world where the fragile things are worshipped. And with a strange emotion his heart turned to the now remote children of his imagination, those children with whom he had sat alone by his wood fire on lonely evenings, when the pale blue flames had struck on his eyes like the soft notes of a flute

of it made it look to him even vaster than it was.

"The maw! and I am to fill it!" Claude thought.

Mr. Mulworth, the stage director, appeared, running sidewise down an uncovered avenue between two rows of seats close to the stage, and came upon Claude.

"Oh, Mr. Crayford is here. He wants very much to see you."

"Where is he?"

"Somewhere behind. I think he's looking at camels. Can you come with me?"

"Of course!"

He went off quickly with Mr. Mulworth.

"Let us go and sit down at the back, Alston," said Charmian. "They don't seem to be trying the locusts yet."

They sat down in a dark box at the back of the orchestra seats. Far off, across a huge space, they saw the immense stage, lit up now by an amber glow which came not from the footlights but from above. The stage was set with a scene representing an oasis in the desert, with yellow sand in the distance. Among some tufted palms stood three or four stage-hands, pale, dusty, in shirt-sleeves. At the extreme back of the scene, against the horizon, Mr. Mulworth crossed, with a thick-set, lantern-jawed and very bald man. Claude followed two or three yards behind them, and disappeared. His face looked ghastly under the stream of amber light.

"It's dreadful to see people on the stage not made up!" said Charmian. "They all look so corpse-like. Oh, Alston, are we going to have a success?"

"What! You beginning to doubt!"

"No, no. But when I see this huge dark theater I can't help thinking, 'shall we fill it?' What a fight art is! I never realized till now that we are on a battle-field. Alston, I feel I would almost rather die than fail."

"Fail! But——"

"Oh, quite rather die!"

"In any case it couldn't be your failure."

She turned and looked at him in the heavy dimness.

"Couldn't it?"

"You didn't write the libretto. You didn't compose the music."

"And yet," she said, in a low tense voice, "it would be my failure if the opera failed, because but for me it never would have been written, never have been produced out here. Alston, it's a great responsibility. And I never really understood how great till I saw Claude go across the stage just now. He looked so—he looked!——"

She broke off.

"What is it, Mrs. Charmian?"

"He looked like a victim, I thought."

"Every one does in that light unless—there's Crayford."

At this moment Mr. Crayford came upon the stage from the side on which Claude had just vanished. He had a soft hat on the back of his head and a cigar in his mouth.

"He doesn't!" whispered Charmian.

"Now go ahead!" roared Crayford. "Work your motors and let's see."

There was a sound like a rushing, mighty wind.

AT TWO o'clock in the morning Crayford was still smoking, still watching, still shouting. Charmian and Alston were still in the darkness of the box, gazing, listening, sometimes talking. They had not seen Claude again. If he came into the front of the theater they meant to call him. But he did not come. The hours had flown, and now, when Alston looked at his watch, and told Charmian the time, she could scarcely believe him.

"Where can Claude be?"

"I'll go behind."

Charmian was alone. She had nodded in reply to Alston's remark. To-night she felt rather anxious about

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silent and strong demand, the demand of a powerful, vital country.

She thought of Claude crossing the stage under the amber light, she looked into the vast dim theater with its thousands of empty seats, and excitement and fear burned in her, mingled together. Then something determined in her, the thing perhaps which had enabled her to take Claude for her husband, and, later, to play a predominant part in his life, rose up and drove out the fear. "It is fear which saps the will, fear which disintegrates, fear which calls to failure." She was able to say that to herself and to cast fear away. And her mind repeated the words she had often heard Crayford utter: "It's up to us now to bring the thing off, and we've just got to bring it off!"

Half past two in the morning! What could Claude be doing? Was Alston never coming back? Charmian suddenly began to feel tired and cold. She buttoned her sealskin coat up to her throat. For a moment there was no one on the stage. From behind the scenes came no longer the clever imitation of a roaring wind. An abrupt inaction, that was like desolation, made the great house seem oddly vacant. She sat staring rather vaguely at the palms and the yellow sands.

After she had sat thus for perhaps some five minutes she saw Claude walk hastily on to the stage. He had a large black notebook and a pencil in his hand, and seemed in search of some one. Crayford came on brusquely from the opposite side of the scene and met him. They began to confer together.

The box door behind Charmian was opened and Alston came in.

"Old Claude's too busy to come. He wants me to take you home."

"What has he been doing all this time?" Her voice was weary and anxious.

"No end of things. It's just as I said. Crayford's determined to be first in the field. This move of the Metropolitan has put him on the run, and he'll keep every one in the theater running till the opera's out. Claude's been with the reporters behind, and having a hairy-teary heart to heart with Enid Mardon. Come, Mrs. Charmian!"

"But I don't like to leave Claude."

"There's nothing for us to do, and he'll follow us as soon as ever he can. I'll just leave you at the hotel."

"What's the matter with Miss Mardon?" Charmian asked anxiously, as she got up to go.

"Oh, everything! She was in one of her devil's moments to-night, wanted everything altered. She's a great artist, but as destructive as a monkey. She must pull everything to pieces as a beginning. So she's pulling her part to pieces now."

"How did Claude take it?"

"Very quietly. Tell the truth, I think he's a bit tired out to-night."

"Alston," Charmian said, stopping in the corridor. "I won't go home without him. No, I won't. We must stick to Claude, back him up till the end. Take me down into the orchestra. I'm going to sit where he can see us."

"He'll send us away."

"Oh, no, he won't!" she replied with determination.

The Madame Sennier spirit was upon her in full force.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

IT WAS nearly four o'clock when they left the theater. Alston said he would drive with them to the hotel and take the cab on to his rooms in Madison Avenue. But when they reached the hotel Claude asked him to come in.

"I can't go to bed," he said.

"But, Claude, it's past four," said Charmian.

"I know. But after all this excitement sleep would be out of the question. Come in, Alston, we'll have something to eat, smoke a cigar and try to quiet down."

"Right you are! I feel as lively as anything."

"It would be rather fun," said Charmian. "And I'm fearfully hungry."

At supper they were all unusually talkative, unusually, excitedly intimate. Instead of "quieting down," Claude became almost feverishly vivacious. Although his cheeks were pale, and under his eyes there were dark shadows, he seemed to have got rid of all his fatigue.

"The climate here carries one on marvelously," he exclaimed. "When I think that I wanted to go to bed just before you came, Alston."

He threw out his hand with a laugh.

"I say, let us make a bargain!" he cried.

"What is it, old chap?"

"Let us—just we three—have supper together after the first performance. I couldn't stand a supper-party with a lot of semi-strangers."

"I do care for my husband to be a success. But there's more than that. Yes, yes, there is!"

"I'll come!"

Cigars were lighted, and talk flooded the warm red room. Words rushed to the lips of them all. Charmian lay back on the sofa, with big cushions piled under her head, and Claude, sometimes walking about the room, told them the history of the night in the theater. They interrupted, put questions, made comments, protested, argued, encouraged, exclaimed.

Reporter after reporter had come to interview Claude on the libretto-scandal, as they called it. It seemed that Madame Sennier had made her libelous statement in a violent fit of temper, brought on by a bad rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera-House. Annie Meredith, who was to sing the big rôle in Sennier's new opera, and who was much greater as an actress than as a vocalist, had complained of the weakness of the libretto and had attacked Madame Sennier for having made Jacques set it. Thereupon the great Henriette had lost all control of her powerful temperament. The secret bitterness engendered in her by her failure to capture the libretto of Gillier had found vent in the outburst, which, no doubt, with plenty of amplifications, had got into the evening papers. The management at first had wished to attempt the impossible, to try to muzzle the reporters. But their publicity agent knew better. Madame Sennier had been carried by temper into stupidity. She had made a false move. The only thing to do was to make a sensation of it.

One of the reporters had mentioned Gillier, who had arrived and been interviewed at the dock. He had evidently been delighted to find his work a "storm-center," but had declined to commit himself to any direct statement of facts. The impression left on the reporter by him, however, had been that a fight had raged for the possession of his libretto, which must have been won by the Heaths, since Claude Heath had set it to music. Or had the fight really been between Joseph Crayford and the management of the Metropolitan Opera-House? Gillier had finally remarked: "I must leave it to you, Messieurs. All that matters to me that my poor work should be helped to success by music and scenery, acting and singing. I am not responsible for what Madame Sennier, or any one else, says to you."

"Then what do they really believe?" exclaimed Charmian excitedly, raising herself up on the cushions and resting one flushed, burning, cheek on her hand.

"The worst, no doubt!" said Alston.

"What does it matter?" said Claude.

Quickly he took out of a box, clipped, lighted and began to smoke a fresh cigar.

"What does anything matter so long as we have a success, a big, resounding success?"

Charmian and Alston exchanged glances, half astonished, half congratulatory.

"I never realized till I came here," Claude continued, "the necessity of success to one who wants to continue doing good work. It is like the breaths of air drawn into the lungs at regular intervals by the swimmer in a race, who, to get pace, keeps his head low, his mouth under water half the time. I've simply got to win this race. And if anything helps, even lies from Madame Sennier and the sly deceit of Gillier, I mean to welcome it. That's the only thing to do. Crayford is right. I didn't see it at first, but I see it now. It's no earthly use, the artist trying to keep himself and his talent in cotton-wool in these days. If you've got anything to give the public it doesn't do to be sensitive about what people say and think. I had a lecture to-night from Crayford on the uses of advertising which has enlightened me."

"What did he say?" interjected Alston.

"'My boy, if I were producing some goods, and it would help any to let them think I'd killed my mother, and robbed my father of his last nickel, d' you think I'd put them right, switch them on to the truth? Not at all! I'd get them all around me, and I'd say, "See here, boys, mother's gone to glory, and father's in the poorhouse, but it isn't up to me to say why. That's my affair. I know I can rely on you all to keep my name before the public."'"

Charmian and Alston broke into laughter, but Claude's face continued to look grave and excited.

"I used to be almost afraid of celebrity, I think. But now I want it, I need it. America had made me need it."

"This is the country that wakes people up," said Alston.

"It drives me almost mad!" cried Claude, with a sudden violence.

"Claudie!" exclaimed Charmian.

"It does! There's something here that pumps nervous energy into one until one's body and mind seem to be swirling in a mill-race. When I think of my life in Mullion House, and my life here!"

Charmian with a quick movement, sat upright on the sofa.

"Then you do realize—" she began, almost excitedly. She paused, gazing at Claude.

The two men looked at her.

"What is it?" Claude said at length, as she remained silent.

"You do realize that I did see something for you that you hadn't seen for yourself, when you shut yourself and your talent in, when you wouldn't look at, wouldn't touch the world?"

"Of course. I hadn't courage then. I dreaded contact with life. Now I defy life to get the better of me. I know it and I'm beginning to know how to deal with it. I say, let us plan out our campaign if Madame Sennier persists in her accusations."

He sat down between them and they talked till the dawn crept along the sky.

When at last Alston had gone Charmian was standing by the writing-table, which was in an angle of the room on the right of the window. As Alston went out her eyes fell on an envelope, lying by itself a little apart from the letters with which the table was strewn. Scarcely thinking about what she was doing she stretched out her hand. Her intention was to put the envelope with its fellows. But when she took it up she saw it had not been opened and contained a letter or note, addressed to Claude.

"Why, here's a letter for you, Claude!" she s-

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"SNOW WHITE"

A GRIMM FAIRY TALE MADE INTO A JOLLY FAIRY PLAY

BY JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON

Illustrated by Frances Delehanty

PLAY producers have discovered children this year. Real "kid" plays—not the old-time pantomimes, but plays as carefully written and mounted and acted as anything grown-ups have ever had—have been produced by at least three of the foremost American managers.

Winthrop Ames started it with "Snow White," at the Little Theatre. Then came David Belasco with his Christmas play, "The Good Little Devil," and George C. Tyler with his Children's Theatre on top of the Century. Mr. Ames has made some of the most artistic dramatic productions this country has known. This new thing he has done belongs with the best of them, and a great part of his success in it is due to the fact that he has considered an audience of children as intelligent as any other audience, and not "played down" to them. In being serious with them he has been delightful.

The pictures show what "Snow White" is better than anything else can. Seeing it is like sitting down in a good-sized, comfortable library and having a big colored picture-book come to life and open itself out in front of you—the Little Theatre is so much more a room one is fond of sitting in than it is a theater, and the scenes of the play are so exactly the old fairy-tale come true.

The scenery helps immensely to give the play its picture-book quality. It doesn't attempt to be realistic, ever. Even in the house of the *Seven Dwarfs*, the beds are picture-book beds. *Snow White* and the dwarfs managed to sleep in them, but nobody else could. The Queen's throne-room is a room straight out of fairy-land, with a glimpse of Maxfield Parrish sea and sky out beyond; and the woods where *Snow White* followed the brown bird and talked to it, are the woods of *Red Riding Hood* and all the story-book people.

The Witch and her three cats

Queen Brangomar

The pedler woman

BUT for all that, the play is very real, if to be real means to hold and excite and charm you. I saw it first at a rehearsal, coming in through a lobby where the children were playing puss-in-the-corner—more than half the people in the play are children, who played games all over the theater when they weren't on the stage. There was nothing at all to create any illusion; the stage was entirely bare, save for the Queen's throne all by itself on one side and some carpenters and painters working on some scenery at the back. Everybody was in every-day clothes. Except that it was a theater with a stage and a few odd bits of scenery, there wasn't a thing to suggest that a play was being prepared for production.

Then Mr. Platt, who is the stage director, sat down on the throne and called all the actors about him, and began to talk to them. The children sat around him, listening, and every once in a while they would break into little exclamations, or laugh. I thought he was telling them a story, and went nearer so I could hear. He was telling them merely what they had been working on for weeks—the story of "Snow White." But they listened as if it were something new. His way of telling it put a different color into the things they knew so thoroughly by heart; it was full of revealing little lights that gave a fresh insight into the old characters and situations. It brightened up the spirit of the play and made it alive. Then, while they were still under the spell of it, he ran rapidly over the mistakes they had been making, and the improvements they ought to make, showing where they had been out of key and how to make it right. Then they began the rehearsal.

With all the interruptions that come in rehearsing, the play "went." I'm not sure it wasn't more real then than it was later at the actual performance with scenery and costumes and lights and an audience. It gave the imagination work to do instead of letting one sit back and be just an onlooker, with no way to help in the building up of the illusion. It put one back in the joyous mood of the child who gets more fun out of one wabbly little house fashioned with blocks by his own hands than he could out of any number of fine ready-made edifices from a toy-shop.

But it was the play itself that made that possible—the simple, direct tale of the abused little Princess, told [illegible] that come from [illegible] I saw it as regular audiences see it, and then I think I paid more attention to the children who were looking on than I did to the children who were acting. There was almost no need of watching the stage to know what was happening there. You could get all the tightening and loosening of the dramatic interest from the tense way two hundred small bodies stretched up in their seats or settled back again with long sighs of pleasure and relief. They were so absorbed that they virtually lived the play. One little girl, when the dwarfs came back after the wicked queen had put the poisoned comb in *Snow White's* hair and then hidden her, stood up in her seat and cried out frantically: "She's under the table! Oh, look under the table!"

Snow White and Prince Florimond

I think fairy-tales must make the best plays for children, they contain so completely the romance of childhood. It is romance, anyway, that makes the plays people like best. "Snow White" has all the most appealing ingredients—the Cinderella heroine who is put to work in the kitchen by the cruel stepmother, the handsome young Prince who comes and finds her out, the old witch, the friendly dwarfs, and after all the tribulation the "happy ever after" ending. It is just the old Grimm tale, with some more added to it, so thoroughly in keeping with the original that the Brothers Grimm might have written the whole thing themselves.

IT OPENS in the throne-room, with the little girls who are the maids-of-honor to the *Princess Snow White*, playing. They get the Princess to come from the kitchen and join in their dancing for a little while, and in the midst of it arrives *Prince Florimond*, sent by his father to ask *Snow White's* hand in marriage. The wicked *Queen Brangomar* falls into a rage of jealousy that so handsome a young prince should have fallen in love with her stepdaughter, and after telling the Prince he must wait for a year and a day before he can have his answer, she announces that *Snow White* is to be sent away to a boarding-school to complete her education before she is married. Then *Snow White* departs in the care of the head huntsman, who is under orders to kill her, and bring back her heart as proof that he has obeyed.

He brings back a heart, and the Queen takes it to the old witch whose charms have made and kept her the most beautiful queen in seven kingdoms. The witch is really a quite nice old lady, though peppery, who wishes to retire from the witch business; but before retiring she wants to make one more magic, something to give herself a beautiful head of golden hair. The only ingredient she needs is the heart of a young girl—and that the wicked Queen is ready to furnish for her. The potion is mixed, and the witch dips her head into the caldron. But when it comes out, instead of beautiful golden hair, her head is covered with curly little pigs' tails. So the Queen learns that the huntsman killed a pig instead of *Snow White*, and from a magic mirror she finds out that the Princess is living with the *Seven Dwarfs* in the forest, and that the Princess is far more fair than she.

Then, because she begs so hard, the witch promises to help her once more, for the last time. She gets out her disguises and her poisons, and the Queen goes to the hut of the *Seven Dwarfs* as a pedler woman selling a poisoned comb. She manages to get the comb in *Snow White's* hair, but before she can count the hundred necessary for it to take effect, the dwarfs come in and rescue the Princess. But back comes the Queen, as a one-eyed pieman this time, with a handsome apple which she herself bites into to show that it is safe. So *Snow White* eats a bit of the poisoned side of the apple and dies, and the magic mirror tells the Queen that she is once more the fairest queen in seven kingdoms.

A YEAR passes, and a day, and *Prince Florimond* returns for his bride. Just as the Queen is telling him of *Snow White's* death, comes the tramp-tramp of the dwarfs, who are bearing the Princess back to the palace in her crystal coffin. In the hubbub that greets their arrival, a sudden jar of the coffin jolts the bit of poisoned apple from *Snow White's* throat and she comes to life again. In a fury of rage the Queen smashes her magic mirror and all her beauty flees. She is all at once as hideous in appearance as she is in nature.

And the Prince marries the Princess, and they live happily ever after.

Years ago "Peter Pan" showed the way back to the story-book land that no good soul with hopes of Heaven ever quite grows away from. It has taken the wise-acres of the theatrical world a long time to see what the enormous success of Mr. Barrie's play really meant. Perhaps they do not see, even yet, but that will not matter very much if they only follow, as they always have, where some one else has blazed a remunerative trail; and stick, as business considerations will compel them to do, to the standard set by the trail-blazer. "Snow White" and the other children plays will at least speak persuasively to them through the box-offices, and the country is full of [illegible] little kids who are just waiting to stand in.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

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"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"

1913 STYLES IN LAWS

The New Models Now Being Shown to Women Customers in our State Capitol Buildings at the Opening of the Annual Legislative Season

BY WILLIAM HARD

MANY legislatures are this moment at the start of their regular sessions. What are they going to do for women? Home women. Wives and mothers.

The answer is that they are going to do a great deal. The time has gone by when Statesmanship was confined to things outside of home life. We have come to a time when the Home is one of the Special Interests of the State, just as Railways are a Special Interest and just as Agriculture is a Special Interest, requiring special legislation.

Looking at it in another way, we might say that women and children to-day are large consumers of legislation and that in almost every legislature meeting this year a considerable number of new laws will be designed and manufactured for their use.

Since this is so, it would seem that the presence of women in legislatures would be desirable unless it is felt that, like children, they would not have sound judgment as to their own interests and welfare.

Among the numerous legislative wares which will be pushed across the legislative counter this year to women and children, I pick out principally those which are modeled on ideas already discussed in this department. It will be interesting to see those ideas growing into facts in the legislation of 1913.

From Mrs. Edith West, President of the Nevada State Federation of Women's Clubs, and from Miss Bird M. Wilson, Vice-President, I have received a copy of the following resolution adopted by the Nevada State Federation of Women's Clubs at its recent convention at Goldfield:

> The Nevada Federation of Women's Clubs, realizing the splendid work being done by THE DELINEATOR and by Mr. William Hard in securing helpful legislation for women and children, and especially in the work they are at present engaged upon, in the campaign for the passage of a joint-guardianship bill in this and other States, does hereby RESOLVE: That this Federation convey to Mr. Hard its thorough appreciation of the work being done in this behalf, and its assurance that the Federation will render all the assistance possible in such work in this State.

IT IS pleasant, while working upward on a long and steep path, to receive such encouragement. It is more than pleasant, because it makes us feel sure that there will be a complete joint-guardianship law in every State in this Union some day, and some day soon.

We continue to believe that the joint-guardianship bill printed in our first Home League Bulletin is the most complete joint-guardianship bill ever drafted. We continue to believe that a joint-guardianship bill ought to be "complete." That is, we continue to believe that mothers ought to have precisely equal rights with fathers not only to the "custody and control" of children, but also to their "services and earnings" and also to the management of their property.

We were confirmed, all over again, in this belief by a case recently cited to us from Georgia.*

A mother, a father and a daughter, driving in a buggy, were run down by a train. The daughter was injured for life. The father, within an hour, died. The mother, surviving, sued the Southern Railway Company for the injuries to her daughter, now an invalid.

*Georgia Supreme Court Reports, Volume 126, Page 795.

This mother, left without a husband, claimed in her suit that the Southern Railway Company had deprived her of the "services and earnings" of her daughter. Such is the technical assertion which must be made in such cases. This mother made it, just as the father would have made it if he had not been killed.

Coming from him, it would have been received. Coming from her, it was rejected. She was not the owner of her daughter's services and earnings. She had no right to bring the suit. She could recover no compensation for the permanent injury done to her daughter's health.

One does not need a brain as large as Daniel Webster's to see that in such circumstances the widow is more likely to be in need of compensation than the husband would have been if he had lived. Yet the law would have given it to him, while it denies it to her.

The only safe course is to establish an absolute equality of rights, once for all, between father and mother in relation to children.

WE SINCERELY hope that absolute equality of rights will appear in the joint-guardianship law which seems almost certain to be enacted this Winter by the first suffrage legislature of California.

"Joint-Guardianship" is number two in the "official list" of measures composing the "First Legislative Platform, 1912-1913, of the California Federation of Women's Clubs."

Mrs. George Edward Swan, Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Federation, in one of her communications to the clubs of the State, spoke of THE DELINEATOR'S joint-guardianship work in words which we are proud to quote; and she included in them an invitation which we are glad to repeat and emphasize.

"The joint-guardianship law," said Mrs. Swan, "is most thoroughly treated by Mr. William Hard through the Home League Bulletins. Nothing could be more illuminating on this subject than THE DELINEATOR articles. 'To find out what the Law of the Home is, and to make it what it ought to be' is the purpose of the Home League. I beg that every woman will send her name to, Mr. William Hard, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York, and ask for these bulletins."

We shall respond to all such requests promptly.

In several other States (besides Nevada and California) the prospects for a strong fight on behalf of joint-guardianship are excellent. I must go on, however, to mention other fights for other ideas.

A writer for *The Stylus*, of Houston, Texas, went to get an interview not long ago from Mrs. Hortense Ward, who practises law in Houston in partnership with her husband, Mr. W. H. Ward, lately elected county judge. I quote from that interview in *The Stylus*.

"'Mrs. Ward,' I said, seating myself in a comfortable office chair opposite the slight and graceful, gray-eyed, dark-haired lady in white shirt-waist and gray business skirt with white boots to match—'Mrs. Ward, when your husband goes on the bench month after next, how will you feel the first time you appear before him as an attorney presenting a case?'

"Now I would here set down the statement that the lady did not laugh at me. But she did laugh. She had a right to, as presently I discovered. She said:

"'Why, that couldn't be!'

"'Why?' I demanded, in all my innocent ignorance.

"'Well, just because under the community property law of Texas my appearance as an attorney would disqualify Mr. Ward from sitting as judge in the case. Don't you see?'

"'Explain to me, please,' I said in all humbleness. 'I do not see.'

"'I'll illustrate,' said Mrs. Ward. 'Under the community property law of Texas whatever a married woman may earn is community property, over which her husband has absolute control, to do with as he likes. So the fee I would be earning in presenting a case would belong to him legally, and that would disqualify him from sitting as judge in the case. He would be a legal participant in the fees resulting from the case.'

"It was perfectly clear now."

So reports the interviewer, Mr. I. Stirling.

Now, what was comedy in the Ward family might turn out to be tragedy in some other family. The principle that whatever money comes to the wife should be at the absolute disposition of the husband can not but lead to wrong and wretchedness when the husband, weak or wicked, yields to the temptation to be the plunderer which the law allows him to be.

WHILE I was in Houston last year a local doctor told me of the following local incident:

A married woman was hurt in a railway accident. The railway was guilty of negligence. It therefore owed money to the married woman. This money, since it was coming to her during her marriage, was, of course, community property. All community property is collectible by the husband. This married woman's husband had been in the habit of deserting her from time to time. When she was hurt, he returned to her; collected her judgment against the railway; took the money; went away. She was left penniless, a cripple.

The community property law, unless further amended, gives a husband more power over his wife than any one human being ought to have over any other human being.

For instance, in the *San Antonio Express* of October 23, 1912, there appeared the following news item:

"The first woman in Bexar County to petition a court to remove her legal disabilities of marriage, and to have that petition granted, was Mrs. Julia H. Riegler of this city. Mrs. Riegler in her petition presented yesterday stated that she has interests in the Riegler Delicatessen Store and in the Riegler Ice Cream Company. Mrs. Riegler, with the full consent of her husband, presented her petition in the Forty-fifth District Court, and by the action of Judge J. L. Camp of that court now becomes a 'feme sole.'"

That is, Mrs. Riegler, by the action of Judge Camp, regained the legal powers which were hers when she was a "feme sole" (meaning "unmarried woman"). Without these powers Mrs. Riegler could not legally build up any business of her own.

The law under which Mrs. Riegler was thus conceded the right to buy and to sell and to make profits and to be in business for herself contains two very oppressive provisions. First, the married woman who wishes to be in business *must* have the consent of her husband. Second, she *must* have the consent of the district judge. She must have the consent of two other human beings before she can enjoy the elementary human right of controlling the profits of her own industry.

It ought not to be within the power of any human being to deny that right to any other human being. The me-

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of Texas realize this fact as keenly as do the women. In fact, I think the men are more anxious to get rid of the power which the law now gives them than the women are to deprive them of it. Most Texas men whom I have met are embarrassed by their legal riches. They are eager to donate some of it to their women folks.

A bill giving married women a complete control of their own separate property and of their own personal earnings has therefore been prepared and has been introduced into the legislature.

In some early Spring issue of THE DELINEATOR I hope to give an account of the history of that bill.

Already many legislators are on record as favoring it. Most of the big newspapers in the State have commended it editorially. Men legislators, men editors, men lawyers, are working for it as enthusiastically as the women leaders of women's organizations. The leaflet and bulletins sent out by THE DELINEATOR have been reprinted several times to meet the demand.

WHEN I come to telling the story of this Texas campaign, with an account of the men and women engaged in it, I believe that it will stand, for the facts in it, as a worthy chapter in the development of the State which gave to this country its first law preserving the family homestead, the shelter of the wife and of the children, from being sold to satisfy the debts of the husband.

In Tennessee there will be a bill, a property-rights bill, resembling the bill in Texas. As in the case of Texas, I will reserve my account of it to a future issue. I will say here only that the purpose of the Tennessee bill is illustrated by a decision made some years since by Chief Justice Bleckley of Georgia.

There was a Georgia case in which a husband had agreed that if his wife took boarders the money she earned should be hers. The case got to the Supreme Court, and Judge Bleckley thus passed on it:

> The legal unity of husband and wife has, in Georgia, for most purposes, been dissolved and a legal duality established. A wife is a wife, and not a husband, as she was formerly. Legislative chemistry has analyzed the conjugal unit, and it is no longer treated as an element but as a compound of two elements. A husband can make a gift to his own wife, though she lives in the same house with him and attends to her household duties, as easily as he can make a present to his neighbor's wife. This puts her on an equality with other ladies and looks like progress. Under the new order of things, when he induces her to enter into the business of keeping boarders and promises to let her have all the proceeds, he is allowed to keep his promise, if she keeps the boarders. It would seem that the law ought to tolerate him in being faithful to his word, even though he has pledged it only to his wife; and we think it does.*

In Tennessee a wife in many matters is still, as Judge Bleckley puts it, not a wife but a husband. She loses her head when she gets married, and thereafter her husband is her head for most mental purposes in the field of law. One may say, in fact, that she not only loses her head but her soul too, for her legal right to violate her contracts and to break her solemn word in business dealings would have disastrous spiritual results on any human being in whom an immortal soul still resided.

The bill now in the Tennessee Legislature provides (at least in part) that hereafter in listening to a married woman it shall be legally possible to be properly polite and believe what she is saying. If she says, for instance, that in case you now sell her your horse she will pay you out of the money her father is going to leave her in his will, the law will no longer uphold her in refusing to give you that money and in leaving you to recoup yourself by taking back the horse, which by that time is dead.

In our Home League Bulletin for Tennessee, which we are distributing widely in Tennessee in support of the bill above mentioned, we call attention to the fact that Tennessee, with its strong and beautiful social life, with its close regard for family ties, and with its population so largely of straight English-speaking descent, has preserved the old English-American common-law view of the married woman more completely than any other State in the Union.

EVEN in England itself, however, that view has now been abandoned. The English woman is the full legal owner and manager of her own general property, and for practical daily purposes her word is as good as a man's.

We confidently believe, therefore, that the men and women who are supporting the proposed new law in Tennessee are in harmony with the spirit of the age, which demands that a female soul shall be as competent and as accountable as a male soul, and we further confidently believe that their support of that new law will be successful.

We appeal to all our readers in Texas and in Tennessee to support the men and women who are supporting the new "property rights" bills in those two States. We shall be glad to send you their names on request. And we repeat our offer that to all our readers who join The Home League we will at the proper times send the names of the members of the Legislature who have introduced those bills, and the names of the chairmen of the committees to which those bills are referred, in order that letters may be written to them expressing approval of the bills and requesting a favorable consideration of them.

We wish that there were going to be legislative doings of concern to married women in Alaska. We entertain that wish because of the following letter, which, coming all the way from Alaska, makes us see the extent of the interest felt by our readers in this subject.

Hadley, Alaska, via Ketchikan,
October 21, 1912.

DEAR SIR:

An invitation to join "The Home League" appears in THE DELINEATOR for November and with special reference to helping to secure good and just laws for women. As this is one of the most needed and worthy things of the present day to work for, my wife and I respectfully ask to be permitted to join "The Home League." Although situated in far-away Alaska, where communications and mail facilities are slow, we take perhaps as much interest in what is going on in the world as any. Sincerely hoping the League will be the cause of getting better and more just laws for women than what are now on the statute-books in most of the States, we remain,

Very sincerely yours, MRS. and MR. PAUL NORDSTROM.

*Georgia Supreme Court Reports, Volume 78, Page 499.

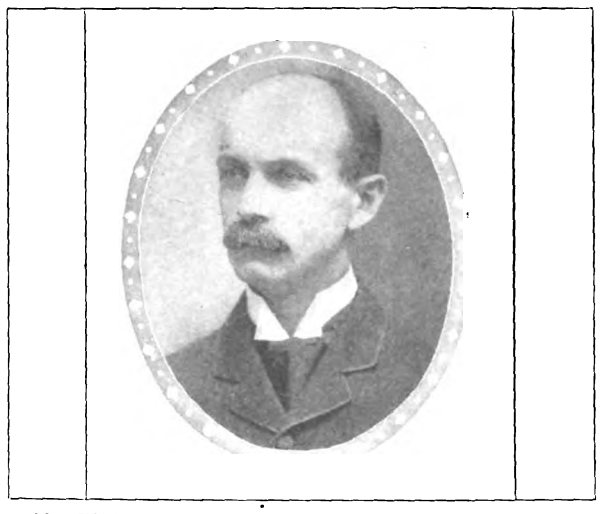
PASSING from property rights to "widows' pensions," more accurately called "State allowances to mothers," we already have one victory to report. In Colorado the bill supported by Judge Lindsey for "compensation" to mothers who would otherwise have to surrender their children to institutions was adopted by the people of the State, on a referendum vote, on election day in November. A short account of that event is given in the following letter:

Judge's Chambers, Juvenile Court, Denver, Colorado.
November 21, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. HARD:

It may interest you to know that, although the Mothers' Compensation Act was bitterly, vindictively, viciously and malignantly fought by many "fashionable" and "philanthropic" women, it has been carried by an overwhelming majority. A few "fashionable" women, the average woman, the average mother and the working woman were with us.

Sincerely yours, BEN B. LINDSEY.



Mr. William H. Baldwin—A retired manufacturer giving his leisure largely to studying and improving legislation for preventing the wide spread destitution caused by husbands and fathers who desert or fail to support their wives and children. An account of this important work will appear in next month's DELINEATOR.

Mrs. Snow Rich—Chairman of the legislative committee of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs; strongly favors and energetically supports the campaign in Massachusetts for allowances out of public funds to widows to enable them to keep their children with them and to bring them up in their own homes.

We do not understand the reasons for the opposition mentioned by Judge Lindsey and we do not criticize that opposition. We reserve our judgment about it till we are further informed.

In Colorado it ought not now to be possible that any such thing should come to pass as was recently reported from Chicago in the newspaper telegraph dispatches. On October 29 those dispatches carried the following incident:

"A mother's tearful plea for her daughter, lost through misfortune, failed to-day to overcome the love which the girl had developed for a kind foster-mother when the two forces were matched in the county court here, and Mrs. Lena W. Mappin went back home to Hot Springs, Arkansas, disappointed and broken-hearted.

"Mrs. Helena Mildner, who has reared little Anna, daughter of Mrs. Mappin by a former marriage, retained the custody of the girl. Mrs. Mappin, *at a time when she was crushed by financial adversity*, had been obliged to allow the girl to be taken from her. The girl had then grown up with her foster-mother and naturally had come to love her.

"Judge Owens in the county court let the final decision in the case be made by the girl herself. She looked at both women and said: 'I don't know my real mama. Mrs. Mildner is very good to me. I want her to keep on being my mama.' The court let her decision stand."

It was most creditable to Mrs. Mildner that the little girl's decision should have been what it was. But, assuming that the facts of the case are correctly stated by the dispatches, it is monstrous that mere poverty should ever have put the little girl where she would forget her own mother and give to some other good woman the affection which her own mother, by the highest law of life, should have had.

Miss Helen M. Winslow, on behalf of THE DELINEATOR, has been lecturing on "widows' pensions" to women's clubs in Massachusetts. THE DELINEATOR will follow up Miss Winslow's lecture course with a State-wide distribution of printed matter showing the results obtained by "widows' pensions" laws elsewhere and the need existing for such a law in Massachusetts.

The Massachusetts sentiment in favor of a "widows' pensions" law owes much of its strength to the work done by the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. H. C. Mulligan, its president, and Mrs. Snow Rich, the chairman of its legislative committee, have been earnest and active in the highest degree in arousing the interest of their own membership and of the general public.

I MAY here remark incidentally that the influence of women's clubs on legislatures will be tested in a new way this Winter in the State of California. Everybody knows that women's organizations are numerous. Everybody knows also that the ideas advanced by those organizations are numerous—so numerous, in fact, as sometimes to make the legislator say that no one idea out of the whole number could have been very carefully considered.

Mrs. Swan, chairman of the Legislative Committee of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, with this problem in mind, sent out a letter last Fall which seems to me to be a strong indication of the increasing skill and strength of women in what might be called "Scientific Management of Club Influence."

Part of this letter ran thus:

"The California Federation of Women's Clubs, through its chairman of legislation, invites all State organizations of women to cooperate with it in forming a central committee, or *State Legislative Council of Women*, by appointing one of their number to represent them in such a council. The purpose of this body will be to prevent duplication of work and expense; to bring together experts from each society who can plan mutually for better work than would be possible alone; to decide how much legislation it is wise to ask for; and to see that this is prepared by responsible organizations. Also, to select a small committee to be in Sacramento (the State capital) during the session of the legislature to look after all interests involved in such legislation. All expense required for such a council of women must be met by the organizations forming it."

This is most certainly an idea of which any "efficiency engineer" would approve.

To get all the women's organizations of a State into one representative group for legislative purposes; to discard and forget the ideas which are comparatively unimportant or comparatively hopeless; to take the ideas which seem biggest and strongest and have them put into the best words by the best experts; and then to introduce those ideas into the legislature with the concentrated power of all the women's organizations of the State massed behind them and with the unsleeping eye of a permanent committee at the State capital fixed upon them till their fate is settled—this is a plan which will not be carried out easily, but it represents the ideal (and it is a high ideal) toward which the women's organizations of the United States are moving.

I suppose that, as an exhibit of the interests of women in the legislatures of this year, the "official" platform of the California Federation of Women's Clubs is especially worthy of record.

LOOKING forward to their first suffrage legislature, the women of California have been particularly energetic in trying to analyze and outline their needs and wishes. Those of them who express themselves through the Legislative Committee of the State Federation have built a platform which contains seventeen planks. Looking at those planks, we can see excellent illustrations of the ideas that have risen to the top in the thinking of the American woman of to-day.

Here follow the seventeen planks:

1. Health Certificate for Marriage. (The implication is that marriage licenses should not be issued to those who fail to secure health certificates.)
2. Joint Guardianship.
3. Community Property. (At present the husband can dispose of all community property, except homestead, at his pleasure.)
4. Compensation for Mothers. (Referring to what in THE DELINEATOR has usually been called "widows' pensions.")
5. Maternity Homes.
6. Psychopathic Parole Societies. (Meaning organizations for giving home care to persons afflicted with mental disease who have recovered sufficiently to make it safe and proper to discharge them from strict hospital control.)
7. Minimum Wage for Women.
8. State Registration of Nurses.
9. Women's Building at State Fair.
10. Iowa Injunction and Abatement Act. (Directed against disorderly social-evil districts in cities.)
11. State Training-School for Girls.
12. Raising the Age of Majority for girls to twenty-one. (The argument being that it is unfair to girls to allow them to consent to propositions affecting their property interests at any earlier age than is assigned for boys.)
13. Ethical, Vocational and Hygienic Training in Public Schools.
14. Tuberculin Test for Dairies. (For pure milk.)
15. To compel Fathers to Support Illegitimate Children.
16. To Enforce the Laws for the Protection of Children.
17. Police women. (A better name for them would be "Street Matrons," just as in police stations we already have "Station Matrons.")

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HUMAN BEINGS

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Author of "Dr. Rast," "The Nine-Tenths," etc.

Illustrated by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer

EARLY one June morning, Doctor Rast and Nell decided that on that day little Davy's adenoids had to come out. The tall Doctor put his arms about his young wife and drew her close, for fear was in their hearts.

"It's nothing," he assured her (and himself). "Utterly nothing. Don't I do it every day? In school, I line the children up, and nip 'em out one after the other."

"Without chloroform?" asked Nell.

"Without anything."

"Do they cry much?" Her voice softened: "Poor little things."

"Yes—" he looked away, "they cry."

"Sharply?"

He smiled: "Each his own way."

"Look," said Nell.

They were standing in the little back kitchen, and there on the floor before them Davy, in his blue rompers, was busily playing with a toy engine, bending over it, addressing it, telling it, "Don't step on me now," crying out "Ding-dong, ding-dong," or "Tee-choo, tee-choo, tee-choo."

"He looks just like you," whispered Nell.

They clung to each other.

"Oh," said the young mother, echoing the words of all mothers of earth, "if I could only go through it for him."

The Doctor laughed strangely.

"Nell," he said, "be careful. We'll make a mountain of a mole-hill. Why, it's utterly nothing."

She whispered: "Ah, it's Davy." Then her lips quivered: "Morris! he'll shriek, he'll cry his heart out; it will be an awful shock; it will kill him. All along I've felt that something was going to happen to him. Nothing so lovely can last, Morris!" she closed her eyes. "Wait a while yet, wait a while!"

"But," he urged, "it's the cause of all his troubles—his colds and sore throats. Let's face it now, Nell."

She laughed softly.

"I know I'm foolish, dear. But the pain——"

"There won't be any."

She looked up. "Won't be any? Why?" Her cheeks paled.

"Yes," he murmured, "he's only three. We'll give him chloroform."

She was breathless:

"Put that thing on his face and smother him—make him feel as if he were drowning—Morris!"

He looked sadly at her:

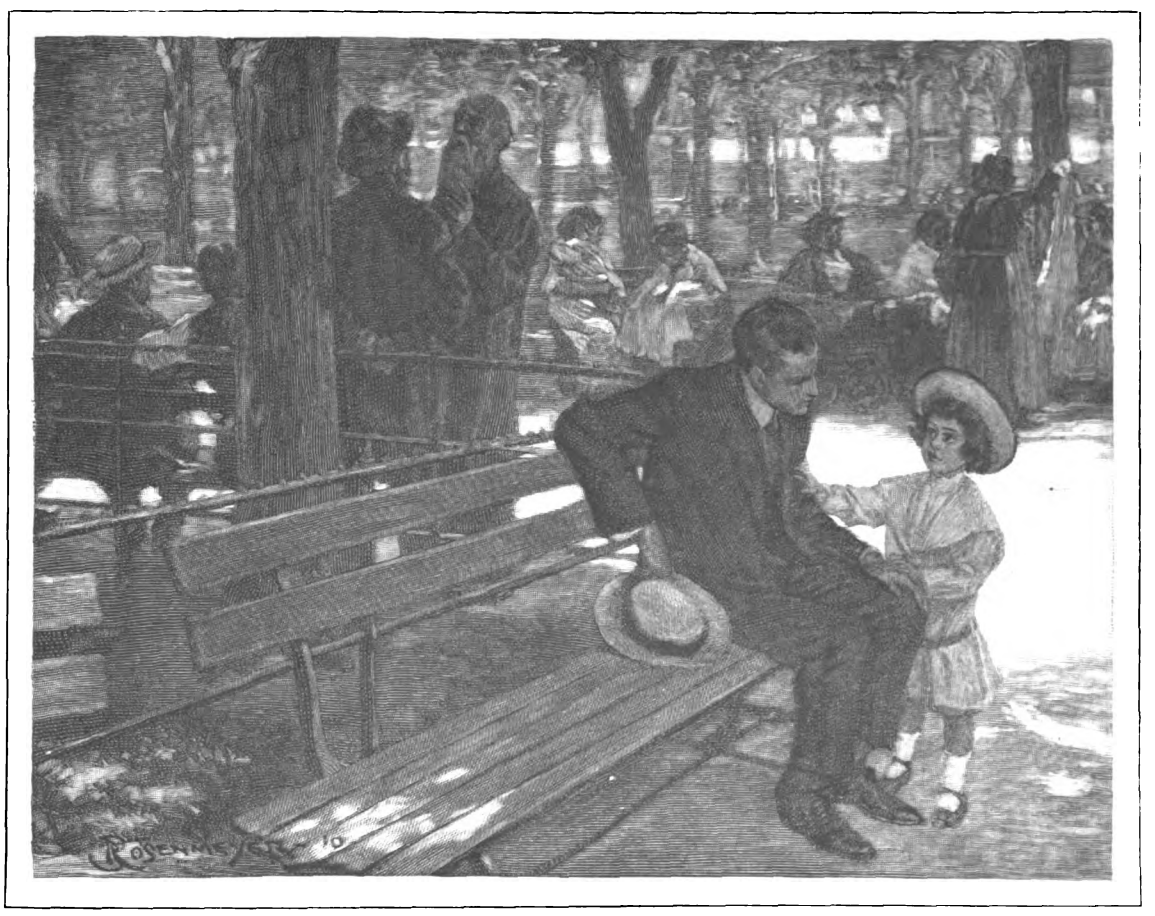
"In ten minutes it will be over."

Then he kissed her:

"Come, dear—we must."

Her voice was unspeakably sad:

"There's always something, Morris, always something."



"Daddy, tell me a 'tory"

SO DAVY went without his breakfast, and his parents felt blackness in the air of the sweet blue morning. Then, at ten, the Doctor took the little fellow for a walk. They stepped out on the squalid East Side street together, the little hand in the big one, and they turned to say good-by to the young mother, who stood in the doorway, leaning forward, her beautiful face poignantly melancholy, her large eyes glistening.

"Wave good-by to mother," said the Doctor.

Davy waved gently. Davy was in one of his gentle moods, sweet smiling, dreamy. His eyes had a far-away look, a wistfulness that made the mother think he was not destined for long life. "Whom the gods love——"

"Good-by! Good-by!" she cried.

"Mother, good-by!" called Davy.

The Doctor and his wife looked at each other, lips smiling, eyes sad.

"Ah," said Nell, "he doesn't know what is going to hit him! It's a shame!"

Then Davy waved again, and his father gripped the little hand and led the boy away. They walked into the Playground Park. That morning was too perfect; too beautiful was the mighty heaven, with its all-radiant sunfire and its flawless blue; too sweet and cool the delightful air; too miraculous the silvery light that shimmered through the world. The rich green trees swayed their shade across the paved walk; the old men on the benches basked like ancient dogs in the sun; the four walls of tenements about the park looked down shining and distinct. In such a world what could be wrong? Here was harmony of light, air, earth, sky, and people; here was melody of sparrow and bluebird; here was a bit of Nature that seemed more alive than human nature, so that a man walked, as it were, dripping with life. Yet the tall dark man who held his son by the hand, felt as if he were in the tumbrel on the way to the guillotine.

He sat down on a bench and Davy played before him, casting crums to sparrows. The little fellow, chasing the affrighted birds, cried out: "Come here! Why don't you come here!" and seemed amazed at the stupidness of the feathered things. The Doctor watched him with ever-deepening sadness. He knew that cutting out adenoids was a trifling matter; he did it daily to other children; and yet just because this was his own son, his well-beloved son, the tiny knife-nip loomed into a life-and-death fact. He almost reproached himself for being too much of a home man; too much of a husband and a father. Most men were different. But he—he had sunk the heart-roots of his soul in his own home, finding there an intensity of life through close relationship which nowhere else was possible. If he had been as others——

A young man, passing, greeted the Doctor, and stood a moment before him. The Doctor noticed his pale and discontented face.

"What's the matter, Benny?" he asked.

The young man had paused to unload his heart.

"Doctor," he cried, "I hate everything."

"What everything?"

"This city—my job—people—life. It's too tame—nothing doing—I want adventure. I wish I could go off to Africa somewhere and get into dangers."

The Doctor laughed sadly:

"You don't need to go to Africa for adventure, Benny. Just stay where you are, get married and have children."

And after the young man left the Doctor pondered over the thought. Yes, there are adventures more hazardous and daring and dramatic in any family life on the next street. Yes, in his own life. He looked at his beautiful boy—he saw the dreamy face with its wild-rose cheeks, its freshness, its mystery. So dream-like, yet so real!

Davy came up wistfully and leaned between his knees and looked up in his face.

"Daddy," he said in his low, melodious voice, "tell me a 'tory."

"What about?" ("Oh!" thought the Doctor, "you poor boy! What is this I am going to do to you?")

"About a train!" said Davy.

"Come!" said the Doctor.

He lifted his son to his lap, put an arm about him and drew him close.

"Once," he murmured, "there was a train—it had an engine that coughed and went ding-dong, and let off steam——"

He paused to draw the child closer, for his heart ached at the child's touch. And then very quietly Davy's head sank back and his body twitched. The Doctor gave a low cry. Davy was subject to convulsions and somehow now (was it from exhaustion, faintness or what?) the little fellow had given way to one.

It was as if an assassin had plunged a knife into the Doctor's heart.

"Davy!" he cried.

He leaped up. Pressing the senseless body close he strode madly through the park, his eyes on the shining sightless eyes of the boy. So—it had come! It had come! He raced between amazed people round the corner of East Broadway, he dashed into the hallway, and stuck one finger out and held it against the bell-button. Nell flung wide the door.

He cried out:

"Nell—Davy's got a convulsion! A bath, quick!"

"Convulsion?" she cried.

She turned and sped before him.

"Quick! quick! quick!" She seized the boy. "I've got it all ready—all ready."

Then, sitting down, and wildly muttering, "Oh! Oh!" she, with the Doctor's aid, pulled off the little clothes and dipped the limp body in warm water. The shining eyes closed; the boy slept.

They put him in his crib in the inner room, and sank together on the edge of the bed at his side. Their arms went round each other. Nell gave a great sob.

"Oh, how did it happen?" she cried.

"How? I don't know. Just a coincidence. He went off."

He felt as if a bitter breath came up from his heart to his mouth.

Nell sobbed bitterly:

"Why should such things happen to him? So innocent, so good, so beautiful. I know—it's because we love him too much. Oh, I just felt it coming all along."

The Doctor spoke harshly:

"It's not all joy having a child. It's more like vivisection—the Powers that be dig knives into our hearts."

"Morris," cried Nell, a little wildly, "it had been better for him and us if he had never been born—yes, and if we had never been born!"

He laughed strangely, despairingly:

"And the queer thing is, he and we are all going to die. Here we worry, and let our hearts be tortured, and yet when we are dead, what will it all matter? What difference will it make?"

"S-sh!" said Nell, "there's the phone."

HE AROSE and strode into the front office, and seized the telephone.

"Hello!"

"Dr. Rast?"

"Yes."

"This is East Side Hospital. We've a man here dying with consumption—Herman Bernstein, 102 Stanton Street. Says you know him."

"I do. Dying?"

"Be dead to-night—thank God! Says his wife and two children need food, need it in a hurry. Says you can get some society after them. Is it O. K.?"

"O. K."

"Good-by."

The Doctor put down the phone. His face was white. He strode softly back to the bedroom.

"Nell," he whispered, "the Bernsteins are starving—Herman's dying in the hospital. I've got to rush."

Nell leaped up.

"Can you leave the baby alone?"

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THE CHILD AND THE SCHOOL

A Series of Sound Talks for Thinking People

NO. II MEDIAEVAL EDUCATION AND MODERN CHILDREN

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

GROWTH is the chief and only important business of the child, and the duty of education is to assist that growth. The schoolroom should be tolerated in so far as it makes for health, and not one whit further. Schools primarily were never built for health, and the only way to make many of them healthful or even sanitary is to tear them down. School ought to be, and must be made the wholesomest and healthiest place in the world for the child. It can not be too strongly insisted upon that the problem is no longer to improve the hygienic conditions of the schoolroom so that it will do no physical harm to the child, but to make it promote his health and increase his vigor, both bodily and mentally.

It was not that the early public systems of education ignored, or were even indifferent to, the physical welfare of the child in the schoolroom: it was simply that they did not conceive that it came within their scope, or indeed that it was any of their business to take any interest or interfere in such matters.

Indeed, the tendency rather was to magnify such physical discomforts as the hardness of the benches, the crampedness of the posture, the wearisomeness of confinement, into means of grace and methods of discipline, preparing the child for the hardships and struggle of his future life and showing him that there was "no nonsense" about education, nor any royal road to learning. Schools were places for discipline and detention, like jails, and were built and run with just about as much regard to the health of the inmates.

What the Homes Send to the Schools

THIS was not such a serious and vital matter for the health and welfare of the school-child when schools kept until "the money run out," and three months in the Winter and six weeks each in the Fall and Spring were considered a full school year. But as school terms were gradually lengthened, and vacations shortened, until the child came to spend more of his waking hours in the schoolroom than in any other one place, an entirely new problem presented itself, and the science of school-hygiene was born.

It was not just school-hygiene that was born, but a new era and new standards of home-hygiene as well. The school began to be critical of the raw material of scholarship delivered to it by the home, and justly. Chester Scott is a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed youngster, but he has a cast in one eye and can't see half his letters properly.

Mina Jacobs is a dear, sweet, well-behaved little thing, but she breathes through her mouth and talks through her nose when she isn't using it to snuffle with, and is so pathetically stupid and easily tired.

Ikie Jenkins is a fine sturdy chap, steady as a horse and willing for anything, but so deaf that he misses half that's said to him, and so spluttery and snorty in his conversation that he makes everybody near him nervous if they are wearing anything that will water-spot. Carl Conrad is fair-faced, bright-haired, smart as a whip; but he's fourth in the family and wears his father's coat cut down to fit his older brother, "rich with the spoils of time" in the form of the accumulated perspirations of three generations, which fairly takes away your breath when you lean over him to correct his sums.

Essie Pratt is as quiet as a mouse and always has "perfect" marks for deportment, but she's a poor, colorless, whity-brown little mite, with gray teeth and lank, greasy hair and a pasty-white, pimply complexion. She has a musty odor about her and a clothes-bag sort of look, as if she'd never been well ventilated or thoroughly scrubbed and brushed in her life.

All these things stood out vividly in the hard, dry light of the schoolroom, against its gaunt walls and bare floors, as they never did in the hazy intimate atmosphere of the home. Mothers were too busy with other things to look, and too tired to see much if they did. Fathers never saw their children by daylight, except for a few uncomfortable and piety-ridden hours on Sunday. Besides, as the home is apt to be pitched in the same key as the child, he fits into the landscape there, strikes no discordant note.

Not the least potent factor in making the old-fashioned schoolroom hard to ventilate properly was the clothing and hair and teeth and socks of the pupils—and teacher.

How the School Used to Pass Things Around

WITH such a cargo on board, was it any wonder that the schoolroom, with doors that were always shut and windows that wouldn't open, often became a hotbed for the spread of infectious diseases and a hatchery and free distributor of parasites of all sorts? It was a regular clearing-house for children's diseases, for colds, sore throats and catarrh. If you wanted anything that was going in the neighborhood, you could catch it there.

A score of careless little tricks and casual but not too fastidious ways of doing things, which though undesirable were comparatively harmless in the home, became fraught with serious peril in the school. The indispensable slate was cleaned of its array of figures by the simple and labor-saving process of spitting on it and rubbing them out with your fingers, or if you were extra cleanly, with the cuff of your sleeve, or the corner of your apron. Then when a new "exercise" had been scrawled upon its saliva-smeared surface, like a plate-culture in a laboratory, it was passed on down the line to be corrected and otherwise pawed over.

Pencils, after being sucked hard all day long in the agonies of composition or computation, were gathered up in boxes at night and redistributed the next morning with the cheerful impartiality of the rising sun, which shineth alike upon the evil and the good.

It was considered a grievous breach of the holiest traditions of hospitality to refuse a bite of your apple or a suck of your candy-stick to any applicant not actually beyond the pale of respectability. When you rose to go to the blackboard or to stand in line and spell, you slipped your tongue-clogging wad of chewing-gum out of your mouth and passed it back to your bosom friend—to be kept warm and limber until you came back.

Fortunately, most children's diseases, so called, are not carried to children by adults, nor do they pass them on to the members of their families, as most of the latter have already had them and are immune. Moreover, the chances of catching any infection in the open air are distinctly slight, so that the chief risk of infection to a child at home is from the chance visits of his playmates or his visits to their houses. When he falls ill he does not spread the infection further, so long as he is confined to the house, his family usually being immune, unless there be an unprotected sister or brother of nearly his own age.

But when all the young children of the neighborhood were gathered together into one room, or house, for several hours, regularly every day, all the susceptible material in the community, so to speak, was exposed at once to any chance infection, and epidemics gathered headway and spread with appalling swiftness.

The Old-time Schoolmarm

THEN often the teachers of our childhood days left something to be desired from a sanitary point of view. They were innocent of any but the crudest knowledge of the laws of health, or the needs of children's lungs or eyes or nerves, for such subjects played no part in their examination or precious "certifikit."

Physical fitness, or even freedom from infectious disease, was never considered in their selection, save occasionally in outlying rural districts, where they were required to be stout enough to whip the biggest boy when the occasion demanded. They might be dyspeptic or consumptive, grouchy or wheezing, slovenly and unsanitary in habits, careless in dress, eccentric in temper.

Who of us can not recall the teacher whose most vivid memory is the sound of her thick, soft, sticky cough followed by expectoration into her handkerchief, or the ancient and acid virgin who would never permit a window to be opened because the cold air made her "neurology" worse, and who would savagely refuse permission to quench thirst or respond to the most imperative calls of nature whenever she had "one of her bad days"? Who can forget the teacher who banged the heads of unruly boys together or against the desks, or stuffed dirty wet mittens into stubborn or rebellious mouths?

Not merely intelligence, good judgment and good character should be required of a teacher, but also good health and good temper—and as much good looks and good taste in dress as the gods permit.

No sooner is the word "education" pronounced than we instantly retire into one of the dampest and darkest of our intellectual coal-bunkers and lock the door behind us. If we are building a house, we build for the future and as far into the future as we possibly can. We put in every modern improvement that we can afford: weight-hung windows, steam heat, sanitary plumbing, electric lights, vacuum-cleaners. Even if we are so far out in the suburbs that city water and electric lights have not come down our street yet, we leave a room for the bathroom, and put the wires in the walls of the house, against the time when these comforts will be available. We build extra rooms against the time when the twins will need a bedroom apiece, and we leave provision for the adding on of a bay window, or the building out of a sleeping-porch or up-stairs balcony, when we can afford it.

Our Antique Methods with Children

BUT when it comes to the instruction or "building" of our child, we treat him as if he were a log cabin with mud floor, or even a cave shelter. We intend his house to be a noble, sunlit mansion, but we think the only way to insure this result is to start it as a one-room shack on a back street. Everything depends, we solemnly opine, upon his being thoroughly grounded in First Principles, such first principles or essentials being usually the driest and deadest parts of our own early instruction, which we learned because we were compelled to, and then very promptly and sensibly forgot all about.

He must go back and begin at the beginning, repeating the mistakes and suffering for the follies of our ancestors. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers would be hopeless "back-numbers" in the commerce, the science, the transportation and enterprise of to-day, but "*they* knew just what children needed when it comes to schooling!" If you doubt it, look at our own phenomenal success in consequence of their training! Let the children first learn the old things, the well-settled things, the things that we are sure of, at least half of which are wrong—and pick up the novelties for himself later. His history must be all ancient history; no period less antiquated than half a century or, better still, a century old, need apply for a moment; his language either the musty dead bones of modern speech or the dead languages of extinct civilizations. The conviction is gradually implanted in him that anything which happened in the past, however trivial, is vastly truer and more important than anything that can occur in the insignificant present; that the characters which he learns about in school were of higher order and superior clay to the ordinary mortals that he sees on the street or meets in the home. The information which is imparted to him in the schoolroom is sacredly and reverentially different from anything that he may pick up by himself from experience or by vulgar word of mouth.

If any rash reformer suggests that we should begin by trying to give the child some little idea of the steam-driven, electric-lighted, telephone-connected, science-emancipated world of to-day, into which he is born, and let him delve in the dusty records of the past later when he has found himself in the present, we should be promptly and icily rebuked for our irrationality in starting to build a house from the roof; when all we want to do is to start the poor youngster on the ground floor in the sunlight and fresh air, instead of down in the cellar among the rats and the cobwebs.

The attitude of the old education was frankly not to train a man to live by his own labor, but to take advantage of the labor of others, and the training in even the very best of our schools up to twenty-five years ago was most deplorably clerical.

Every step in advance brings penalties with it. The higher we climb, the more risk of dizziness and the harder the bump. We are proud, and justly so, of our splendid progress in both the science and art of education. A few centuries ago education was purely a home industry, and children received their training for life more or less haphazard from their surroundings.

The method had its advantages. The fortunate few who were favorably born received a training which, for breadth, symmetry and wholesomeness, was almost ideal. "To ride and to shoot and to speak the truth" was their real curriculum. But the unfortunate many were kicked up, rather than brought up, or at best, like *Topsy*, "jest growed." To him that had was given a training that increased his dexterity in taking away from him that had not even that which he might have had.

Even when education began to be set apart as an art in itself, and certain individuals began to specialize in the training of the young, their schools were simply magnified family circles. They received their pupils into their own houses in groups a little larger than the family

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IN THE SWIM AT WASHINGTON

Miss Edith Gracie, daughter of Colonel Archibald Gracie, U. S. A., is a rather studious young woman who gives as much of her time to the writing of plays as she does to society. She has already had one or two dramatic sketches of hers produced at The Playhouse, Washington's smart dramatic club.

Mrs. Walter B. Brooks, Jr.

Mrs. Brooks was a reigning belle when a débutante here and since her marriage is equally popular as a young matron. Her baby was recently christened.

Miss Margaret Draper, daughter of the late General William F. Draper, at one time Ambassador to Rome. Every year since she was a tiny girl Mrs. Draper has given a fancy-dress ball for her daughter. The Draper ball has become one of the big annual institutions of Washington's social life.

Miss Frances Hodges, a débutante of last season, who is the daughter of Colonel Harry F. Hodges, Colonel Goethals's assistant in the construction of the Panama Canal. Miss Hodges is identified principally with the army set.

circle, and assumed the responsibility for their feeding, clothing, housing and moral training, as well as their intellectual welfare and progress. The hygiene of the school was simply the hygiene of the home.

These were still the days when education was regarded as a privilege, when the training that it gave was the training of a superior, ruling, ornamental class. But when the conscience of the community at last awoke to the conception of education as the right of the many instead of the privilege of the few, then a new hygienic situation arose. The school became a place for the assembling of tens and hundreds of children for brief periods daily, and for the sole purpose of purely mental instruction and training, with but little responsibility for their moral and none whatever for their physical welfare.

The Old and the New

WHAT we are pleased to term our mind is the stupidest part of us. It is our minds and not our bodies that get into ruts and then turn to glorifying the ruts, gilding their edges, studding the sides of them with diamonds and boasting of their steepness and height.

It is not so much the mind of the teacher, of the high-school board, or even of the college professor or president—though some of these have much to answer for—that has clung lovingly to the ruts of the muddy country lane called formal education, but the mind of the average parent and of the average citizen, no more and no less.

But the intentions have been of the very best and kindest. It was the very tenderness of his regard for his little ones, of his fear for the risks that they would run in their future life, that made him cling so tightly to the ideals, the standards, the safe and narrow paths of the past, to give them their start in life. Indeed, at the very same time that he was committing his boy or girl to the absurdities and the trivialities of the schoolroom, he was giving him the best and most practical training for life that could well be conceived. Save for the hours spent in school, the boy was the almost constant companion of the best teacher ever invented—his father, and the girl of the wisest and most loving adviser she will ever have on earth—her mother.

But what is there now to take the place of this vast school of manual training for life which was in session three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year? Nothing in sight but the schoolroom! The more we improve the school, the more nearly we make it approach a good home; and ultimately, when all homes are good and intelligent and sanitary, we may have no need of a formal schoolroom at all under, say, fifteen years of age.

But of course it is not fair to blame the school because it does not now bear this burden, which up to fifty and even thirty-five years ago it was never expected to carry. What we do blame it for, however, is that it has taken what was originally planned to be about a tithe of the child's education and training for life and has extended it to cover nearly two-thirds of his working time. It is no wonder that it has stretched it out remarkably thin in places.

It is all very well to give a child an hour or two a day for a few months in the year of theory and ornamental education, provided that you left him at least two-thirds of his time to get practical experience in. But when you come to shut the youngster up and feed him on solid, unmitigated, undiluted theory for five, or, including home study, seven, hours a day for two hundred days out of the year, it is altogether too much of a good thing.

The Vanity of Book-Larnin'

TAKE all the text-books required in all the different branches in the eighth grade of our common schools, which are supposed to represent the sum total of the information which the child has acquired in the eight years of school life, and sit down with them in a pile on your desk, you will find that you can read them through, aloud, speaking clearly and distinctly, all seven or eight of them, from cover to cover, in about twenty-two hours. Can any one for a moment believe that it will take the average child eight years of the two hundred days of five hours each, that is to say, eight thousand hours, to learn and assimilate information which could be repeated to him complete in twenty-two hours?

The fundamental fault of this reverent preservation, under glass case, in our schools of the ideals and methods of the past is that these ten commandments, as devoutly received as from Sinai, were intended solely as occupations for the leisure and ornaments for the mind and person of idle, non-producing classes. The unanimous verdict of men of affairs, not merely business men and mere money-makers, but of professional men, of military men, of officials and those in public life, is that our present system of schooling is unpractical. And men of affairs are absolutely right: it was never intended in the beginning to be anything else. It accepted as a fixed and settled state of affairs, divinely ordained, that the many should be ignorant and poor and overworked, while the few should live delicately and well in purple and fine linen at their expense, without even soiling their hands.

Just as we are breaking up our asylums into cottage and farm colonies, our orphan asylums into agencies for placing children in homes, so we must break that modern Brain Factory which we call a ward school into a dozen smaller units, each with its playground, baseball and football green, its gardens, swimming-pool and shops.

Our schools should set themselves to train the great seventy-five per cent. of humanity who do the world's work and move with their own shoulders the wheels of progress, instead of catering to those who live more or less honestly off the labor of others. The demand for clerical workers must always necessarily be limited. They are middlemen, distributors, directors. The real work of the world is done, the real honor of the world belongs, the real rewards of the future are coming, to the intelligent craftsman; the man who creates with his fingers, who idealizes things with his own hands and his own brain; who stands self-supporting, self-respecting, and owing nothing to any man, before th

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The Russian blouse is very good just now, for it is new

THE SAVING GRACE

As mantua-makers to half the courts of Europe, we can not lay claim to any great degree of unworldliness

IN ORTHODOX circles it is the broad highway that is usually considered the primrose path that leads to destruction. But in this age of inversions, when scientists assure us that the child is older than the man, and woman has violently undertaken to prove that she is not the weaker vessel, one is not surprised to find that it is the straight and narrow fashions that have been particularly obnoxious to the unworldly. Paris has minced along decorously enough, worn ecclesiastical reds and purples and buttoned her curate coats beneath her shovel hats, and been more cried out upon than ever for her trouble.

As mantua-makers to half the courts of Europe, we can not lay claim to any great degree of unworldliness, and yet we have not been particularly enamored of the straight, narrow silhouette and are heartily glad that the fashions of the coming year have the saving grace of greater bouffancy and shapeliness. To be sure, there is no increase in the width of skirts at the bottom, but everything is draped and caught up into soft folds and gathers so that lines are no longer hard and sharp and constrained.

Discreet Costumes for the Morning Walk

FOR the Spring we have modified our tailored skirts by means of plaits, simple draperies and crossover tunic effects, so that they are perfectly comfortable for walking. Of course the *vraie Parisienne* never really walks as American women do—at least not when she is in town. One never sees her on the street. When she walks she drives or motors out to the Bois and takes her promenade through the woods, stopping at the quaint thatch-roofed dairy of the Pré Catalin or on the terrace of Armenonville for her chocolate or buttermilk. It is a solemn function with her, a propitiation for the sins of her five meals a day and late risings, more solitary, less diverting and less brilliant than your afternoon walk on Fifth Avenue. But with that nice attention to detail, that feeling for perfection that is perhaps her strongest characteristic, the Parisian makes as careful a study of her walking dress as she does of her dinner gowns. Her small hat is perfect, her veil faultless, her costume subdued in color, severe in cut, her gloves and shoes immaculate.

For this purpose we are making our suits with rather straight, rather short coats, big revers, long sleeves, and simple raised-waistline skirts, using soft woolen materials, serges, cheviots and the lighter weight wool ratines and sponge cloths. With suits of this kind are worn plaited blouses of soft silk or flannel with flat, Byronic collars and smart ties. Curiously enough, perhaps because the tailor-made is not indigenous to our soil, the Frenchwoman is far trimmer and neater in it than either the American or the English woman. Too much so, in fact. One is a little too conscious of her corsets. She looks too much dressed in what is really a half-dress costume. On the other hand, her formal afternoon dresses have a look of careless grace that is quite lacking in American-made clothes. Odd, isn't it? and rather interesting. Perhaps it is because you live so much more in the street than we do that you feel more at home in your tailor-mades, while the Frenchwoman is only at ease in house or carriage dresses.

The Russian Blouse is to be Reckoned With

OUR afternoon suits, for example, are not meant for street wear at all. We are making some of our semi-tailored coats in three-quarter length—too long to be comfortable for walking in warm weather. Many of them have a cape-like effect over the arms that hides the waist entirely. Others are buttoned up the side and belted in at the waist in the Russian blouse style. They are made with necklace collars and wristbands of marabout, and some of them have shaped peplums, and others have rather full gathered skirts like the Cossack blouses. The Russian blouse effect is very good just now, for it is distinctly new, and yet is enough like the peplum waists of the past year to keep it from being too sharp and sudden a change to be popular.

For afternoon suits we use many three-quarter and seven-eighths length sleeves and long skirts, as they are more elegant than long sleeves and short skirts. In semi-tailored suits the skirt is always draped, and sometimes the drapery is used over a fine, knife-plaited underskirt. For these afternoon suits we are using quantities of moiré, corded silk, silk poplin, satin, silk éponge, broché silks and matelassés. The latter are very beautiful—a sort of quilted silk figure on a flat, lusterless ground. [illegible] made [illegible] part of the suit [illegible] marquisette or [illegible]

By
Jean Philippe, Jacques
and
Jean Charles Worth

Photographs by l'Atelier Taponier

We have always been rather special on brocades and damassés manufactured after our own patterns

A suit of this kind is a tailor-made in name only

FOR afternoon dresses we are using brocades and damasked silks, broché crêpe de Chines and crêpe meteors, and they are even richer and more beautiful this year than they have been before. We have always been rather special on brocades and damassés, and have had them manufactured especially for our use after our own patterns even in years when no other houses were using them. To us they are so beautiful, so rich, such a wonderful setting for a lovely woman, that we never consider whether they are in so-called fashion or not. They are like all really and intrinsically beautiful things, quite above any shifting criteria of style.

For our evening gowns we use the velvet embossed satins and chiffons and also the metal brocades. One of our new materials this Spring is a velvet stamped voile, that is very beautiful in its texture and designs.

Our evening bodices are always made of lace, chiffon or tulle, with just a point or bib of the skirt material running up on the waist. Our evening gowns are trimmed mostly with rhinestone embroidery, garlands of flowers and bands of fur or marabout. The evening dress photographed for this article is of white and gold brocade. The bodice opens at the front and back over some very lovely gold lace, mounted on a foundation of pale pink satin caught up in front with a motif of gold and diamond embroidery. The right sleeve is made of white chiffon edged with fur, while the left is black Chantilly lace weighted with a heavy jet tassel. The skirt is draped over a chiffon underskirt edged with fur. The hair ornament is a band of diamonds holding an aigrette of paradise osprey.

The Movable Armhole and the New Sleeves

EVENING sleeves are cut in one with the bodice, but we use the ordinary armhole, the low armhole and the drop shoulder as well as the kimono sleeve in our day dresses. For morning wear sleeves are long and mostly close-fitting, though draped sleeves and a wrinkled mousquetaire sleeve are also used. In formal afternoon dresses and in the bodices of the semi-tailored suits the sleeve is usually short, though we sometimes use the long sleeve even in our more elegant afternoon costumes. For example, in the dress of black satin and marabout on the other page the satin sleeve is cut in one with the blouse, and comes below the elbow, while there is a full kilted undersleeve of white chiffon caught into the wrist by a band of marabout and buttoned to the sleeve itself with gold-embroidered buttons and loops. The guimpe as well as the undersleeves is of white chiffon, and a white silk cloth is used for the underskirt and sash. Both the skirt and the underskirt are hemmed with marabout, and the gold buttons and loops are used the entire length of the opening on the skirt. The yoke on the skirt runs up into a bib on the lower part of the waist, and both the yoke and bib are richly embroidered with gold thread and black silk cord. The flat shallow collar is cut in a point on the shoulder and is edged with the gold buttons.

In both the tailor-made costumes that were sketched for this letter the coats are more or less on the Russian blouse order. The suit on the opposite page is of beige-colored taffeta trimmed with collar and cuff facing of blue taffeta and self-colored silk tassels. The long, close-fitting sleeves are stitched into the coat below the shoulder. The peplum is draped at the front, and its lower edges are turned up in revers and caught to the drapery with tassels. The skirt has the crosswise cut at the front, and is slightly draped at the back.

Afternoon Tailleurs Tailor-mades in Name Only

THE other tailor-made is distinctly an afternoon *tailleur* for the restaurants or races. It is made of raven-blue brocade with a blouse that closes at the left side, and a long cutaway peplum draped in plaits at the front. The draped tunic opens over a buttoned waistcoat or vest effect of white satin, and below the waistcoat is a plaited underskirt of royal-blue satin. The collar and cuffs are of white satin. A suit of this kind is a tailor-made in name only. The only thing that warrants it in assuming the name of a suit is that it has a jacket and skirt.

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Shirt-waist 5930; skirt 5911

[*Shirt-waist* 5930 *described on page* 103]

[*Skirt* 5911 *described on page* 105]

Two yards and one-quarter of cotton repp thirty-six inches wide will be required for the shirt-waist in medium size and three yards and three-eighths thirty-six inches wide for the skirt. They are both trim and practical designs for outing wear.

Dress 5913

[*Described on page* 98]

[*A special description of these designs will be found on page* 141]

Six yards and one-half of cotton voile twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress in medium size. Designs for the hand-embroidery shown may be obtained in Butterick transfers, the fancy scallop in one and the motifs in an adaptation of another.

Coat 5950; skirt 5944

[*Coat* 5950 *described on page* 100]

[*Skirt* 5944 *described on page* 104]

Five yards and three-eighths of wool diagonal forty-four inches wide and one-quarter yard of satin twenty inches wide for the wide collar will be required for the suit made from these two designs in medium size.

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Dress 5953

[*Described on page* 100]

Four yards of linen thirty-six inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required for the dress in medium size as it is illustrated above.

Dress 5956

[*Described on page* 99]

[*A special description of these designs will be found on page* **141**]

Four yards and one-eighth of cotton crêpe thirty-six inches wide, one-half yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar and cuffs, one-half yard of net forty inches wide and two yards and one-half of insertion, will be required for the medium size.

Waist 5968; skirt 5964

[*Waist 5968 described on page* 99]
[*Skirt 5964 described on page* 94]

When these designs are combined three yards and three-eighths of crêpe meteor forty-four inches wide and two yards and three-eighths of chiffon forty-five inches wide for the blouse, sleeve cuffs, collar and frill, will be required for the medium

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THE DEMAND FOR A TOUCH OF DRAPERY

HAS PRODUCED TWO AND THREE PIECE SKIRTS CAUGHT UP VERY SIMPLY AT ONE SEAM. THE BEST LIKED IS RATHER LOW. A BIT IN THE WAIST IS HARMONIOUS

JUST a touch of drapery is the demand now in skirts, and the supply in response consists chiefly of skirts in few pieces caught up in folds at one seam. Skirts without foundations, themselves draped slightly, are preferred to draped tunics, although in evening gowns where veiled effects are used tunics are a necessity. As evening gowns are, however, more often of a soft broché silk, which may be made up without a foundation, the draped skirt is more used for those too. In elaborate gowns tunic effects are frequently seen with the drapery caught up under a curving lapped portion. There is a skirt on this order shown on page 98, which is dressier with its train and slit than those shown on this page. Those here are the best that you could find for street or house dresses of charmeuse, crêpe meteor or silk poplin, and are admirable also for suit skirts in the woolens that are soft enough to drape gracefully. They are extraordinarily easy to handle, easier even than the plain two or three piece skirts which have undoubtedly owed part of their great popularity to their simple construction, for the drapery softens the lines and requires less particular fitting and pressing. It is placed low enough in both of these skirts not to widen the figure. Another becoming disposition of simple drapery is found in a two-piece skirt illustrated on page 100. In this the drapery is caught up at each side seam, and the effect is really very smart. The new waists are made with very soft lines, blousing slightly over the belt and showing occasional touches of drapery too.

5963- 5964 5934—5935

SIMILAR drapery in the waist reproduced in design 5963 and the skirt with which it is shown, makes them peculiarly suitable to join as a one-piece dress. The two closings are in line also, and the curves of the waist harmonize with the curving seam of the skirt. Such a correspondence is not necessary in designs which may be used together, but it makes a particularly smart and pleasing combination. The touch of drapery is new in a waist, although draped skirts have been accepted for some time. It is softening to the lines of the figure and makes the waist not only chic but becoming. The line of the closing is graceful and becoming also, and the collar and revers have excellent proportions. The sleeves found here are the ones used on almost all the French dresses. They are closely fitted on the forearm by a dart running to the elbow, but they are cut with extra length which causes them to wrinkle softly between the elbow and wrist. At the top they are sewed into slightly deep armholes. They have one seam and may be used in shorter length if desired. A French lining may be in high neck with a collar straight or curved at the lower edge or French neck. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt of fine serge, broadcloth, wool voile, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, moiré, broché or faille.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the revers, large collar and to trim, and one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide or net forty inches wide for the straight collar and yoke-facing, will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5963 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

VESTS are strikingly characteristic of the new gowns and blouses and long, closely-fitting sleeves are almost ubiquitous on them. The vest effect of the waist shown in design 5934 has as pretty an outline as any that I have seen, and will be found becoming to any figure and particularly so to stout women. The curves of the low surplice crossing are really exceptionally graceful and flattering. Also excellent in style and good for stout figures are the regulation armholes into which the sleeves are sewed, they being in full or shorter length with one seam, the long ones dart-fitted below the elbow. There is a new pointed collar on this waist, too. A standing collar straight or curved at the lower edge may be made on the French lining which may be cut in high or French neck. The waist may be eased or drawn down, the slight blouse over the belt which the first gives being present in almost all French models. It may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress of almost any material. Wool dresses for Spring are being shown in sponge cloth, light, soft qualities of wool ratine, fine serge and Bedford cord, and silk ones in the inevitable charmeuse, its greatest rival, crêpe meteor, moiré and the ribbed weaves. Vests and collars are most often of white satin, broché or of all-over lace. A scallop design for an embroidered collar may be obtained in a Butterick transfer.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-quarter of material forty inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the tucker, pointed collar and cuffs, and one-half yard of net forty inches wide for the straight collar and shorter yoke-facing, will be required for the waist with shorter sleeves.

Design 5934 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5964 is the skirt of a beautiful model in mustard-colored brocaded charmeuse which one of the famous French dressmakers has sent out many times in this and other shades and materials. It has been chosen by women who want graceful, chic reception gowns in the soft clinging silks and satins now fashionable and by women requiring smart cloth dresses for wearing with separate coats to restaurant luncheons and afternoon *causeries*. The skirt has even been used for that part of two and three piece cloth suits with coats more or less severely tailored. As part of a dress it is a suitable design for charmeuse, crêpe meteor, silk poplin, faille, moiré, crêpe de Chine, prunella, wool voile and peau de souris, and as a suit skirt for broadcloth, fine serge and softly woven cheviots. French dressmakers also use drapery for Summer gowns, and when there is so little of it as there is here, the style is not an unpractical one even for tub skirts. The folds are very shallow, and can be ironed quite as easily as the old plaited and gathered skirts we used to wear. A soft material, whether it be wool, silk or cotton, is, however, required by the design. The folds directly at the front are a trifle more trying than at the side, and must not be made in a material which will stick out or bag heavily. Since almost all of the new materials are made to be draped, though, there is little danger of selecting one that will be unsuitable. Cotton ratine, soft linen, cotton crêpe, voile and marquisette are Summer materials that may be used. When the skirt is made in something very fine and soft the back may be handled a little differently than it is shown here, that is, the slight fulness above the hips at the back may be gathered instead of being laid in dart tucks. The skirt is cut in three pieces, in clearing length, and with a slightly raised waistline. It may be closed at the front or back.

5934

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material without nap thirty-six inches wide, or two yards and one-half without nap forty-four inches wide, or two yards and one-half with nap fifty-four inches wide, will be required.

Design 5964 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

SOMETHING had to be done to avert an imminent clash between the faithful devotees of the two-piece skirt and the growing number of drapists. There was no use in trying to persuade women to give up the two-piece skirt, no indeed, not when it had only two seams to be sewed and could be cut out and put together in no time, but it was just as vain to try to stem the flowing waves of drapery. Somebody offered a simple solution, a draped two-piece skirt, and both camps accepted the compromise. The best of the simply draped skirts are now cut in that way and looped up at one or both seams. In design 5935 the drapery is very gracefully arranged under an angle in the side-front seam. It disappears at the side, leaving the back of the skirt plain except for a tuck seam at the right side, and it does not widen the silhouette. This remains extremely straight and slender, the skirt measuring only about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge in medium size. The design has a slightly raised waistline, is in clearing length, may be closed at the front or back, and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist as a one-piece dress. It is suitable for the skirt of a late Winter or Spring suit, cloth street dress or a silk or satin afternoon gown. Until you have tried draping the suit cloths, or seen it done, the idea may seem a bit extreme, but it is not in reality. When the drapery is so low as it is here and the folds so shallow, the result is not bungling but very graceful. Fine serge, broadcloth, sponge cloth and peau de souris drape excellently. The silks, those manufactured now, are all soft enough to drape well, and usually wide enough for a two-piece skirt. Cotton ratine and linen are also used by French dressmakers in draped designs. There is no objection at all to them if you can have the skirt dry-cleaned, and for laundering them successfully it is only necessary to open the seam and catch it up again afterward.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four or more inches wide will be sufficient.

Design 5935 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

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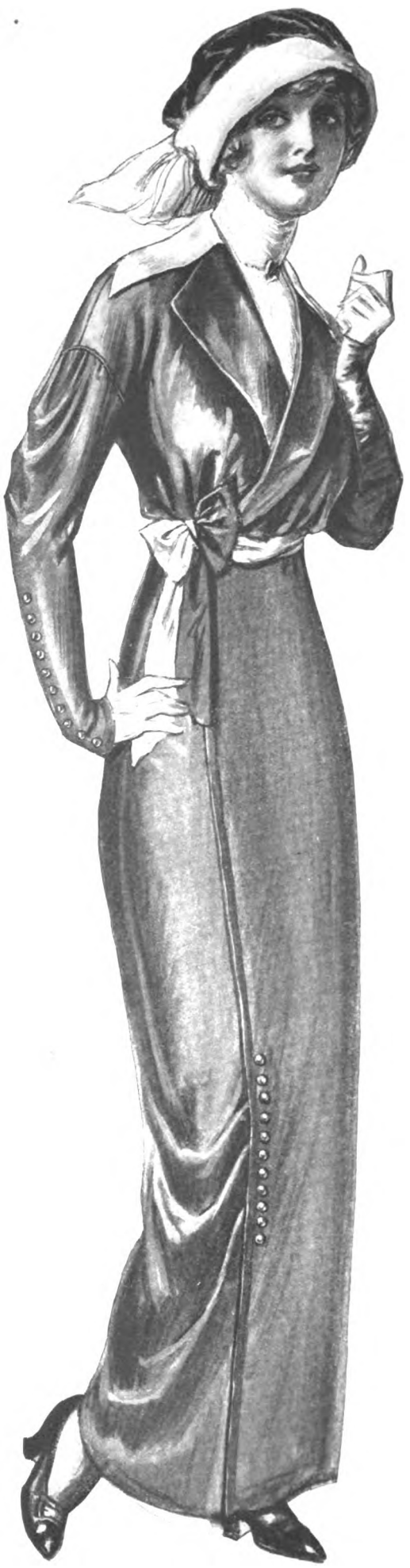
Waist 5968; skirt 5969

ARE ALREADY SEEN

AND THE WISE WOMAN SUMMER WARDROBE

Four yards of cotton crêpe thirty-two inches wide for the skirt, jumper, collar and cuffs, one yard and one-quarter of all-over lace forty inches wide for the blouse, and two yards of lace insertion to trim the skirt, will be required for the dress made from these two designs in the medium size trimmed as in the illustration above. The edges of the jumper, collar and cuffs are finished with fagoting, a touch of hand-work which adds to the distinction of the dress but is not necessary. Cotton voile and marquisette, lawn, batiste, organdy, dimity and mull are other materials used for Summer dresses, but they are not quite so smart as cotton crêpe. A charming Summer silk dress could be made from these designs of daintily flowered crêpe de Chine, with sleeves of net or chiffon. Sleeves of another color—the jockey style, it is called—are evidently going to be characteristic of Spring dresses. Most of them will be long, but for Midsummer frocks shorter ones are bound to be used for comfort's sake.



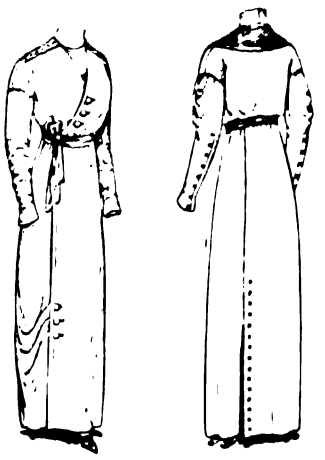
Dress 5956

Drapery in a gown does not mean that it is an elaborate one or that it is not perfectly suitable for the street. Even suit skirts in the new soft woolen materials show a touch of it, and charmeuse and crêpe meteor almost must be draped. The draped sleeve is the last conclusion to which the style has been carried. Don't you think it charming? The dress illustrated above will require four yards and one-eighth of charmeuse forty-four inches wide, one-quarter of a yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the large collar, and one-half yard of all-over lace net forty inches wide for the standing collar and yoke-facing.

THE dress shown in design 5956 is a smart and artistic model for any of the fashionable silks or for the wools that are soft enough to drape gracefully. Its collar and optional revers are an effective, stylish trimming for the surplice waist, but the chief distinction of this is found in the draped sleeves. The other sleeve, wrinkled along the arm and fitted with a dart below the elbow, is also used a great deal, and may be cut in shorter length. The upper part of both is in one with the body of the waist which may be eased or drawn down over a French lining which may be in high or French neck. Admirable points in the skirt are the disposition of the drapery, and the deep plait at the left side of the back. It is in two pieces, in clearing length, has a regulation waistline and measures about two yards at the lower edge with plait drawn out.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide, and one-quarter of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar, will be required.

Design 5956 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5956

IN EVERY group of well-dressed women nowadays one notices a number wearing waists with sleeves of a contrasting material or color, like the jockey style. Design 5968 shows one of these pictured as part of an effective lingerie dress, but it is quite as suitable for combinations of cloth and satin or silk and chiffon. The design consists of a plain body with either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes, and with or without the Robespierre collar and frill, a French lining in high or slightly open neck, and a surplice jumper which may be omitted. It may be eased over the belt or drawn down, and made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt.

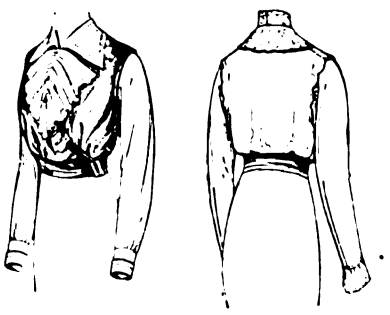
For a woman of medium size, one yard and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, with one yard and seven-eighths twenty-seven inches wide for the jumper, will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5968 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

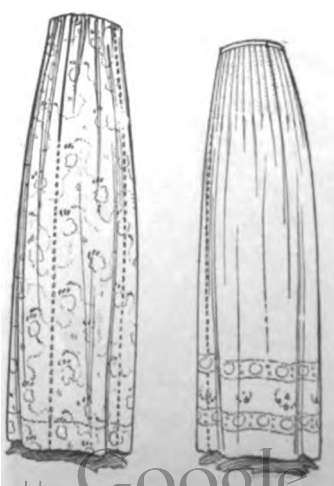
I SHOULDN'T be surprised to hear that you have been somewhat at a loss how to make the skirts of your simple Summer dresses. You certainly don't want a perfectly plain tight skirt nor a skirt with plaits for a dress of a sheer material, and you are probably hesitating over drapery for one that is to be frequently washed. But have you looked at design 5969? You'll find there, I think, a satisfactory solution for your problem. This is a skirt cut in the popular two or three piece way, but tucked or gathered at the top so that it has a soft and pretty fulness. It is not wide—it measures only about two yards at the lower edge in medium size—but it is graceful. It may be made with a slightly raised or regulation waistline, and as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four or fifty inches wide will be required for the two-piece skirt.

Design 5969 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



5968



5969

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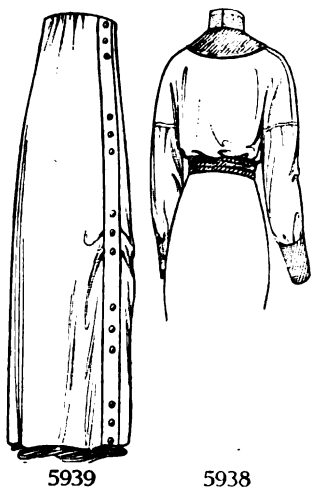
YOUR FAVORITE TWO-PIECE SKIRT DRAPED

AND A DESIGN FOR THE SMART MANNISH TOP-COAT WHICH WOMEN ARE ADOPTING FOR MORNING WALKS

THE waist shown in design 5938 has a very graceful and becoming line at the front. It crosses in a way to give a pretty V-shaped neck opening, and then cuts away to show a little triangular vest, a smart modern touch. The body of the waist is cut in one with the upper part of the sleeves to give the fashionable dropped shoulder effect, and may be eased over the belt or drawn down. Two styles of sleeves, one in full or shorter length cut with an insert which corresponds with the front of the waist, and one slightly gathered to the upper part and again into a deep cuff, are given in the design for one's choice. There are also the possibilities of high or slightly open neck, as the French lining may be so cut, and has with the high a collar straight or curved at the lower edge. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress of satin, broché, corded silks, serge, broadcloth or linen.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5938 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5939 5938

A VALUABLE suggestion for simple drapery is seen in design 5939, which is your favorite two-piece skirt caught up at the sides in soft folds. This is an excellent design for the skirt of a tailored suit, as the drapery will not be bungling in cloth, but it is also suitable for the soft silks and satins, and will make a graceful skirt for an afternoon gown. On a cloth skirt the trimming strap placed along the seam over the drapery will add something to the effect, although it is not at all necessary. There is a little fulness at the top in back, which is liked in any material to relieve the sometimes trying severity of the flat back. The waistline is slightly raised, the length is clearing, and the width at the lower edge is about one yard and three-quarters in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required, or two yards and one-half with nap fifty-four inches wide.

Design 5939 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

BRIGHT pedestrian weather brings out onto the Avenue mornings many smart mannish top-coats in covert cloth, whip-cord and other suitings. These are worn by women, you understand, and by women who are fashionable from the crown of their tams to the heels of their cloth-top boots. They have taken up these coats with great zest, appreciating their convenience and finding them extraordinarily becoming, as well as smart. From design 5961 you will see how very like a man's overcoat they are. They are box-fitted, with two-seam sleeves sewed plainly into slightly deep armholes and with notched or shawl collars.

5961 5950

Waist 5938; skirt 5939

These two designs are new, graceful and simple, and together will make a smart and becoming dress for the street or at home. In medium size, as it is illustrated above, it will require three yards and one-half of brocaded crêpe de Chine forty-four inches wide and one-half yard of heavy all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar, vest, and inserted sections in the sleeves. Fine serge, ratine and charmeuse are other suitable materials.

A belt at the back, cuffs and large pockets are found on the smartest of them, but they may be omitted here. The length at the back may be forty-two or forty-five inches.

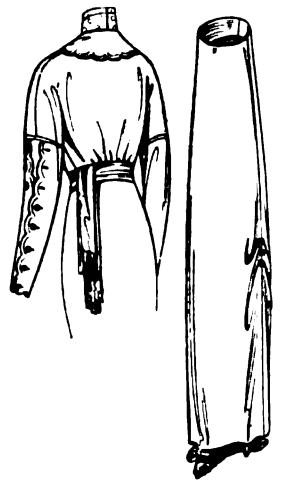
For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material fifty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in longer length.

Design 5961 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

LONG cutaway coats are to continue their present vogue into next Spring, if one can judge from the advance models now being shown. A Spring model for one, distinguished in some respects from the Winter's coats, is shown in design 5950, in combination with a skirt which makes with it an extraordinarily smart suit. This coat may be thirty-eight or twenty-nine inches long at the back and may be with or without revers. It has the broad collar which is seen a great deal on dresses but is new on coats, and two-seam sleeves with the fulness at the top slightly gathered or shrunken out.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-quarter of material forty-four inches wide, one-quarter of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar, and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty inches wide for bands to trim, will be required for the coat in twenty-nine inches length.

Design 5950 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

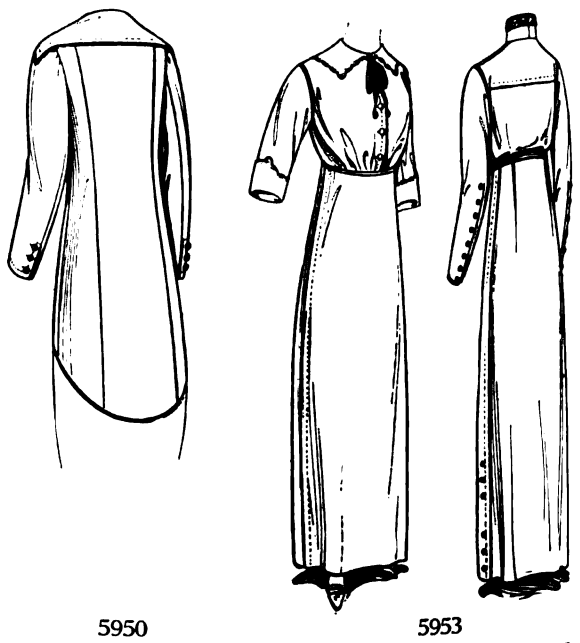


5938 5939

DESIGN 5953 shows a new model for a simple one-piece dress which has been very much admired. Its lines are so good and its cut is so up to date that it is really one of the best that you could select for a dress on which you don't want to put a great deal of work, but in which you want to look well-gowned. Its yoke-facings, which may be omitted, are a distinctly modern touch on it, its wrinkled sleeves are another, and the plaited or gathered fulness at the waistline in back is a third. The design consists of a blouse-waist which may be eased or drawn down and may be with or without a body-lining and an attached two or three-piece skirt. It is provided with two styles of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves which are sewed into slightly deep armholes and with a large and standing collar. The waistline is slightly raised, the length clearing and the width at the lower edge about two yards in medium size. Serge, sponge cloth, ratine, whip-cord, linen and cotton ratine are smart materials for such a dress. To reproduce the embroidered scallop shown on one small view than which there is no better finish for a simple, linen Summer dress a Butterick transfer may be obtained.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and seven-eighths of material without nap forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress with the two-piece skirt.

Design 5953 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5950 5953

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Coat 5961 Coat 5950; skirt 5931 Dress 5953

[*Skirt 5931 described on page 103*]

A great many smart women are wearing box-fitted, three-quarter-length top-coats of covert cloth, very mannishly cut and tailored, for their morning walks. The design for one which is shown here will require two yards and three-quarters of covert cloth fifty-four inches wide for the medium size.

When these designs are combined to make the suit illustrated above, four yards and one-quarter of ratine fifty inches wide and one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide to cover the revers will be required for the medium size. Serge, whip-cord, mixtures or striped suitings may be substituted for the ratine.

The model has been successful in both serge and charmeuse and will assuredly be good-looking in moiré, silk poplin, wool ratine, Bedford cord, linen or piqué. In medium size, it will require three yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and one yard of lace edging to trim the neck.

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WHERE GOOD STYLE LIES

SIMPLE MATERIALS AND VERY THE SIMPLEST DRESSES HAVE

Shirt-waist 5958; skirt 5959

SQUARE yokes are quite a feature now on shirt-waists and blouses, but they should not be selected by the woman who is stout. For slender women, however, they are excellent, as the horizontal line is broadening and the gathered fulness below fills out the figure. Design 5958 may have a high neck and an attached turndown collar or neckband or a slightly open neck and a rolling Robespierre collar, and an applied plait or hem closing. Regulation shirt-sleeves, long dart-fitted sleeves and shorter sleeves, sewed in in mannish style, are given in the design, which may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-half of material thirty-two inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

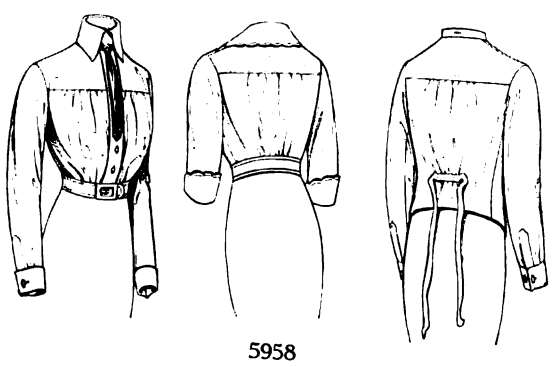
Design 5958 may be obtained in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH tailor whose models are widely copied uses a skirt with one side plaited and one side plain, like design 5959, for some of his smartest customers. The plain part ascends like a spiral tunic over the right side, whose lower part is plaited, and in three pieces. There are plaits at the left side of the back and groups decreasing in height around to the right side of the front. The plain part of the skirt is made in three pieces also and has a slightly raised waistline. The design may be used as a separate skirt or attached to a waist. With the plaits drawn out it measures about two yards and one-half at the lower edge.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-half of material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5959 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist, price fifteen cents.

The new skirt, which is plaited on one side and plain on the other, would be an admirable selection for a broadcloth, serge or satin suit, and one of the new square-yoked blouses would be excellent for the waist which should match it. The skirt will require two yards and five-eighths of broadcloth fifty inches wide for the medium size and the blouse one yard and seven-eighths of crêpe meteor forty-four inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of satin thirty-six inches wide for the collar and cuffs.



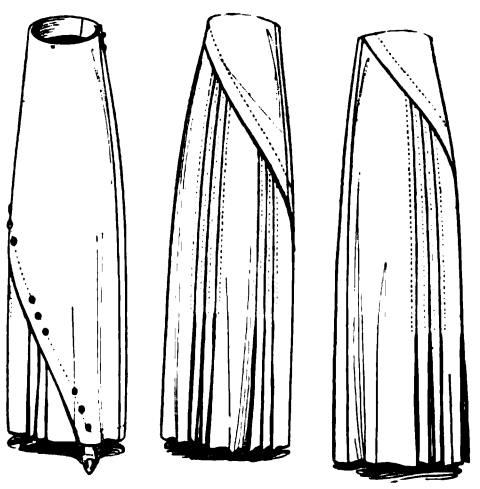
5958

5967

GOOD style inheres in the cut and construction of design 5967 and does not depend on the material and trimming. The blouse-waist has the much-used surplice closing and the sleeves that have their upper part in one with the waist and the lower dart-fitted below the elbow. They may be in full or shorter length and the neck may be high or open. The waist may be eased or drawn down. The four-piece skirt attached at a slightly raised waistline has a plaited portion inserted at the lower part of each side. It is in clearing length and measures about two yards and three-quarters at the lower edge when the plaits are drawn out.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 5967 may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5959

Dress 5967

This model may be made up very smartly in prunella, fine serge, sponge cloth, broadcloth or cheviot, with a collar of satin or broché silk. Or it may be made of moiré, taffeta or charmeuse and have a collar and cuffs of all-over lace. It will require in medium size four yards of prunella fifty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for inlaying the collar. Cotton ratine, linen, repp, poplin, gingham and chambray are excellent for it as a Summer dress.

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IN THE CUT AND LINES

LITTLE TRIMMING MAY BE USED OFTEN THE MOST SMARTNESS

Dress 5951

Many good-looking one-piece dresses are seen in the shops in serge trimmed with black satin, made very simply with just pretty collars and cuffs to relieve them. Design 5951 renders the making of such a dress an easy matter. If you wish to copy it you will require three yards of serge fifty inches wide for the dress in medium size and one-half yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs. You may use whip-cord, sponge cloth, prunella, linen or galatea if you prefer.

DESIGN 5951 shows a simple type of dress that is being worn everywhere. The blouse-waist, which may be with or without a body lining, is plain and closed at the back and has slightly deep armholes. Its neck may be high with a standing collar or slightly open with a Robespierre collar, and its sleeves may be in full or shorter length in either of two styles. The attached skirt is in two or three pieces, in clearing length, has slight fulness in back at the raised waistline, and measures about two yards around. The Robespierre collar may be rolled in two ways. To reproduce the embroidery, an adaptation of a Butterick transfer may be used.

For a woman of medium size, four yards of plain material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress with the three-piece skirt.

Design 5951 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

THE shirt-waist which design 5930 pictures is one of the most popular of the new models. The yoke-facing extending over the front of the shoulders is one of the season's fads, and with the broad tucks coming out from under it exceptionally becoming. It may, however, be omitted if one wills. The neck may be high with the new attached turndown collar shown on the figure, or a neckband or slightly open with a collar in Robespierre style. The sleeves, which are sewed in in mannish style, may be full length in either of two styles or shorter. A plait or hem closing may be made. The design may be used for a separate waist or for part of a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required.

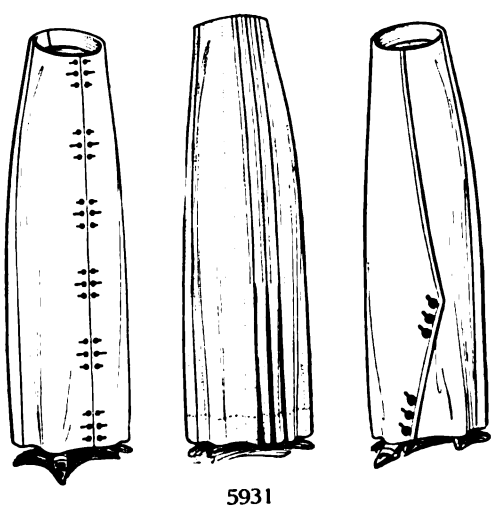
Design 5930 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust, price fifteen cents.

5951

DESIGN 5931 gives the practical front-closing skirt with the new plaited back. In reality the closing may be at either the front or back, but there is always a seam at the front which gives the closing line so much used as trimming. It may be handled in any of three ways. The design is cut in six pieces, in clearing length, with a slightly raised waistline and measures about two yards and one-quarter at the lower edge when the plaits at the back are drawn out. It will make a practical separate skirt and a smart skirt for a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-half of plain material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required.

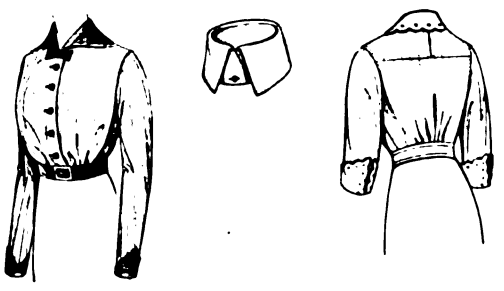
Design 5931 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



5931

Shirt-waist 5930; skirt 5931

Two yards and one-quarter of material ***thirty-six*** *inches wide will be required for the shirt-waist in medium size, for which linen, cotton crêpe,* ***cotton ratine,*** *poplin, shirting, French flannel, messaline,* ***moiré,*** *broché, charmeuse and wash silks are suitable* ***materials;*** *two yards and five-eighths fifty inches wide will be required for the skirt, which may be* ***made of sponge cloth,*** *broadcloth, wool ratine, whip-cord, serge,* ***cheviot,*** *peau de souris, corded silks and satins,* ***prunella,*** *cotton ratine, cotton corduroy, linen or* ***poplin.***



5930

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THE BLOUSE TO WEAR WITH A CLOTH SUIT

THE TENDENCY OF THE STRAIGHT UNDRAPED SKIRT IS TO HAVE A FEW PLAITS ARRANGED IN GROUPS

FOR a pretty blouse to go with your cloth suit, design 5920 furnishes a new and stylish model. It is illustrated on the figure as a lingerie blouse, put together with entre-deux and trimmed with insertion and edging, but it is a perfectly suitable design for charmeuse, crêpe de Chine and printed silks and chiffons. When it is made of silk, its collar does not need to be trimmed, and its frills may be of shadow lace, plaited chiffon or net. Tucks from the shoulder in front give fulness which is becoming in soft materials, but the back is desirably plain. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body of the blouse, the lower part which has one seam may be in full or shorter length. The neck may be high with a standing collar or slightly open with a Robespierre collar. A skirt extension or peplum may be used and a body lining may be used or omitted. When the frills are left off, the design may be tastefully trimmed with hand-embroidery, that shown here on the small view being an adaptation of a Butterick transfer. It may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, three yards of material twenty-seven inches wide and three-eighths of a yard thirty-six inches wide, or one yard and seven-eighths of edging eight and one-half inches wide for frills, will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5920 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

Waist 5920; skirt 5921

PANEL lines are being used a good deal in the skirts of late Winter suits and promise to be one of the prevailing styles for early Spring. As plaits are becoming increasingly popular too, the two styles are frequently combined in the manner illustrated in design 5921, where there are three plaits at each side of front and back panels. The panel lines make the skirt an extremely becoming one and the plaits give it an unmistakable air of up-to-dateness. Nor do they alter the straight slender silhouette to which fashion is wedded, although when they are drawn out the lower edge measures about two yards and three-eighths around in medium size. The skirt is cut in six gores and in clearing length. It may have a regulation or slightly raised waistline, be closed at the front or back, and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist as a one-piece dress.

Smart cloths for suits now have rough, pebbly or hairy surfaces like sponge cloth, zibeline or mixed cheviots, or are smooth and satiny like peau de souris. Serge and whip-cord are also used a great deal. Ratine, linen, piqué, and gingham are also suitable for this design.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material without nap forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 5921 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

WAIST 5943 is an effective design for the fashionable materials, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, sponge cloth and fine serge, which are used for afternoon house dresses now and will be seen on the street again as soon as warmer weather comes. It will be most successful in something soft in texture as its slight blouse over the belt and long wrinkled sleeves are important factors in its smartness, and as these would be unbecoming features in a hard, stiff fabric. If, however, you feel that the blouse or ease would be in no case becoming to you, you can draw the waist down snugly. The sleeves, sewed in below the shoulder and dart-fitted below the elbow, with extra length between the closely fitting wrist and seam so that they wrinkle slightly, are the smartest used now, but as next Summer shorter ones may be desirable, the possibility of cutting them so has been included in the design. You may like them so if you want to use the design for a waist of linen, cotton crêpe or cotton voile. The neck may be French or high with a collar having a straight or curved lower edge, as the French lining has these possibilities. The revers and collar you may make of one of the beautiful brochés, corded silk or over-lace, or you may omit the revers entirely if you choose. You can use the peplum at a slightly raised waistline or not. Though designed as part of a dress, the waist may be made separately or attached to a skirt.

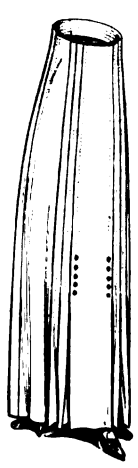
For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with revers and peplum.

Design 5943 may be obtained in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six inches bust, price fifteen cents.

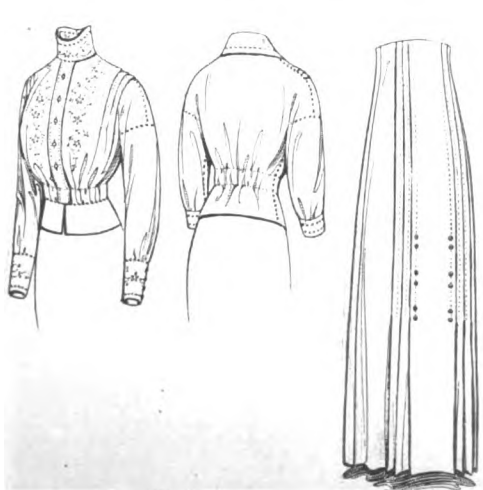
SKIRT 5944 is a design which illustrates admirably the new tendencies in skirts that are not draped. So many are draped that there may be some doubt in the minds of some of you as to just what you should have if you don't want drapery. Drapery is charming and may be very simple, but there are certain kinds of dresses for which one still wants straight tailored skirts. In new ones the plainness is generally relieved by plaits arranged in groups from the waist down or set in in a section at one or more of the seams. These are always stitched down below the figure and then pressed severely in place to the bottom of the skirt so that they serve more as a trimming than to introduce width. The waistline of most of the suit skirts is slightly raised, and this style is still largely used for dresses. The most important of these points are illustrated in figure 5944, a four-piece skirt for ladies, which has an inserted plaited section at the left side of the front and two plaits at the right side of the back. The waistline of the skirt is slightly raised, the length clearing, and the width at the lower edge about two yards and three-eighths in medium size when the plaits are drawn out. It may be closed at the front or back and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist of serge, Bedford cord, sponge cloth, broadcloth, mixtures, cotton ratine, linen, gingham and cotton corduroy.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and three-eighths of plain or striped material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5944 may be obtained in eight sizes, twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist, price fifteen cents.



5921



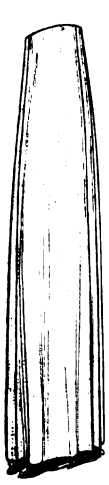
5920

5921

Two yards of batiste thirty-six inches wide will be required for the blouse in medium size, three-eighths of a yard thirty-six inches wide for frills, and four yards and three-eighths of insertion and four yards of edging to trim it as in the illustration above. Two yards and five-eighths of serge fifty inches wide will be required for the skirt in medium size. The plaits give the modern touch to the skirt, and their arrangement in panels gives extremely becoming lines. Tucks are beginning to be used again in a good many smart blouses.

5944

5943



5944

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AFTERNOON DRESSES FOR EARLY SPRING

ARE STILL TRIMMED CHIEFLY WITH COLLARS AND FRILLS, AND HAVE LONG CLOSELY FITTING SLEEVES

Waist 5943; skirt 5944

THE trouble with the way she dresses is that she laughs about being fat. She isn't very fat and she is deliciously good-natured, but the way she disregards her rotund shoulders and ample hips is carrying good-nature too far. It isn't that she doesn't care about clothes or have money to spend on them; she simply doesn't use discrimination in selecting styles. If everybody is wearing yoke blouses, she gaily lets her back be cut by the horizontal line and round out into the fulness below; if cutaway coats are the rage, she orders one so extreme that it visibly shortens and broadens her. It doesn't seem to dawn on her that a waist with surplice or deep V-lines would really make her look much slimmer or that a straighter cut coat would add inches to her height. As for skirts, those with panel lines are meant for her, and plaits below the knee are good too. Draperies should be low on her, as the increased width below the hips will make them seem slenderer.

DESIGN 5910 is an attractive one for the waist of a charmeuse dress or for a satin blouse to go with a cloth suit. The angle of its closing lends itself to a new frill arrangement which would show prettily with a coat and be dainty and becoming on a house dress, and its collar has the broad, shallow outline that is now so popular. This collar can be made of lace edging like the frills, as it is straight across the back and only needs to be mitered on the shoulders. It is soft and charming of lace, but it is quite as suitable for the broché and Persian silks that are used to trim cloth dresses. A design for embroidering it with a scallop and dot may be obtained in a Butterick transfer. If one wishes a plainer waist which shall still be smart in cut, one will find this design without the collar and frills a satisfactory one. Its closing is a trimming, and it has the newest and most fashionable sleeves, full-length ones with gauntlet cuffs or dart-fitted below the elbow, which may be made shorter if preferred, sewed into regulation armholes. The waist is made with a French lining having high neck with a collar straight or curved at the lower edge, or slightly open neck, and may be eased or drawn down.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide, with one-quarter of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven or more inches wide for the large collar, will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

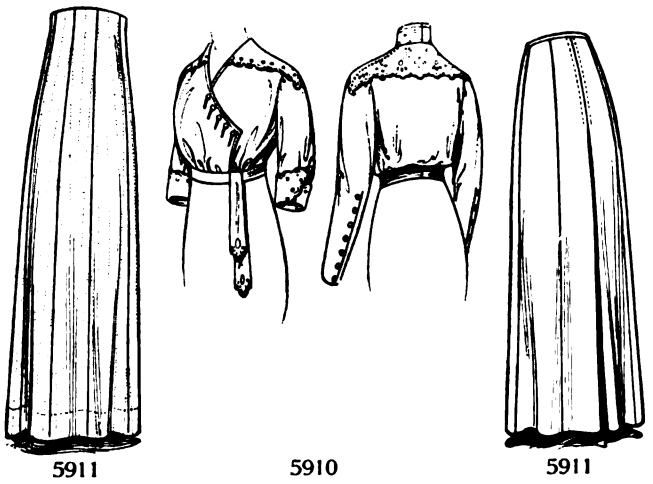
Design 5910 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

A SKIRT which is admirable from various viewpoints is shown in design 5911. It has in the first place good lines, straight and slender though not constrained, and will make a smart skirt for a new suit or one-piece dress. In its practical aspect its cut is equally desirable, for being in seven gores, it can be made of almost any material, even very narrow, without piecing. These seven gores are also an advantage for the stout woman, as they help in fitting the hips and give good lines to the figure. The sportswoman will find the plainness of the skirt and its optional pocket good for golf, shooting or long tramps, and the nurse will like it for the heavy cottons or linen of which her uniform is made. It is closed at the front, and may be made with a regulation or slightly raised waistline, in clearing or shorter length, and with an inverted plait or in habit style at the back. Without the inverted plait it measures about two yards and one-eighth at the lower edge in medium size, and with it with the plaits drawn out about two yards and three-eighths. For plain materials it may be made with a bias edge meeting a straight edge at each side seam, and for stripes and plaids with two bias edges meeting at each seam.

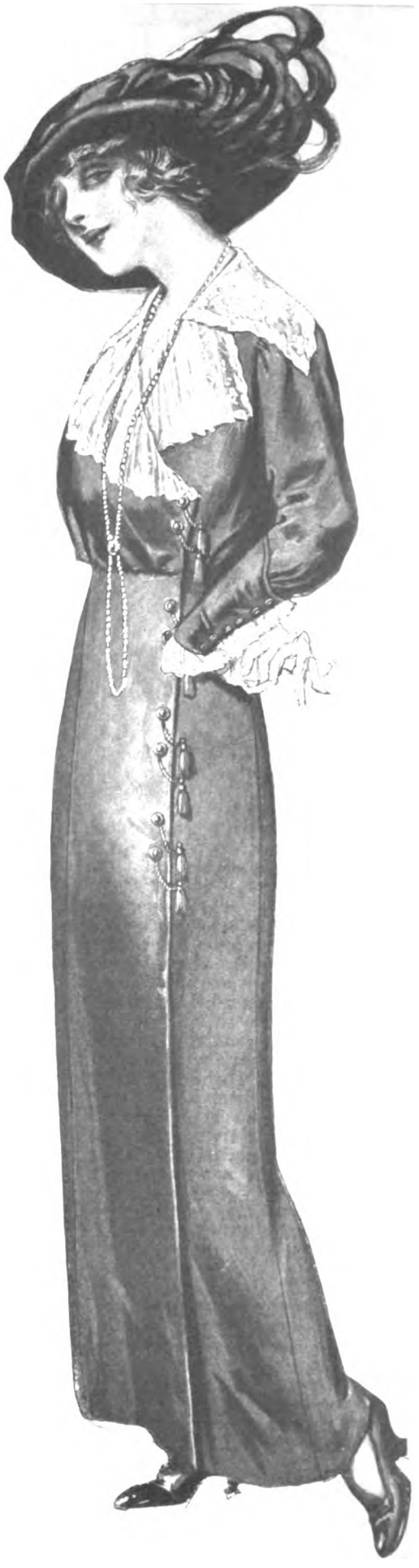
For a woman of medium size three yards and three-eighths of plain material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5911 may be obtained in nine sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-eight inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

When these designs are combined as illustrated, four yards and five-eighths of charmeuse forty-four inches wide, one-half yard of broché forty inches wide for the flat collar and revers, one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the standing collar and yoke-facing, and seven-eighths of a yard of edging for the sleeve frills, will be required for the dress in medium size. These are the new wrinkled sleeves which are being largely used in smart afternoon dresses. The dropped shoulder, too, is extremely fashionable.



5911 5910 5911



Waist 5910; skirt 5911

When these designs are combined as illustrated, four yards and three-eighths of charmeuse forty-four inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the large collar, one yard and seven-eighths of edging eight and one-half inches wide for frills, and two yards and three-quarters of narrow edging to trim the sleeves, will be required for the dress in medium size. Serge, Bedford cord, peau de souris, prunella, cotton rutine, and linen are other materials suitable for these designs.

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ATTRACTIVE LINGERIE

WHICH IS PRACTICAL AS WELL AND SUITS PRESENT STYLES

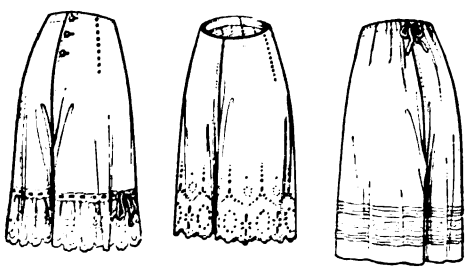
Brassière combination 5954

BRASSIÈRES which support and hold the form are being largely used as or under corset covers by slender as well as stout women. They are more satisfactory with the very low corsets now fashionable, and they are better for wear under smoothly fitting gowns. An excellent model for one is shown in design 5954, and with it are given open drawers to which it may be attached as a combination if desired. The neck of the brassière may be round or square and the drawers may fall free or be drawn into a band. Batiste, muslin and long-cloth are materials used.

For a woman of medium size, three-quarters of a yard of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the brassière alone.

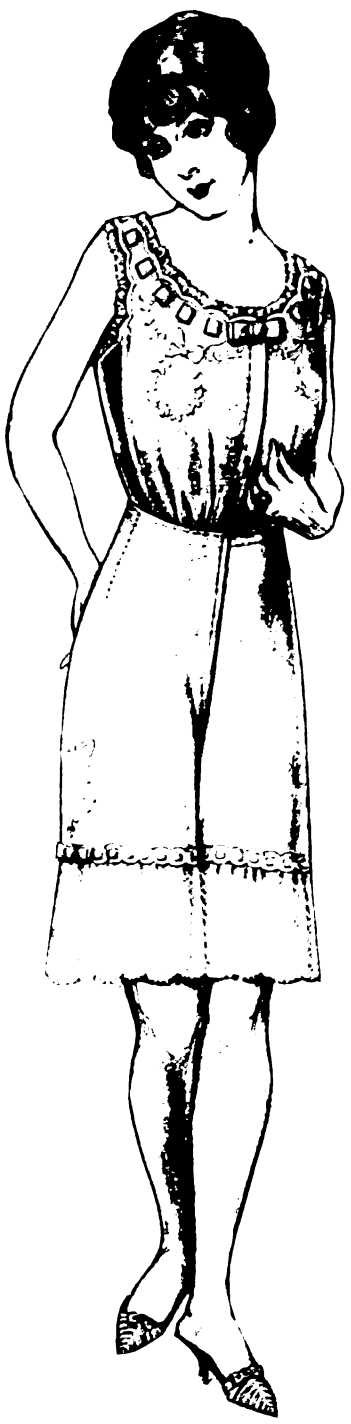
Design 5954 may be obtained in ten sizes, from thirty-two to fifty inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

UNDER the straight, narrow skirts of the present styles, straight, narrow drawers are almost a necessity for every one, and for stout women who are interested in making themselves look as slim as possible, they are that absolutely. Design 5933 gives open drawers which measure only about twenty-three and one-half inches around at the bottom of each leg.



5933

For design 5954 in medium size, trimmed as in the figure illustration, two yards and one-quarter of muslin thirty-six inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide, four yards and one-quarter of edging and one yard and one-eighth of beading, will be required.



Drawers 5933

Petticoat 5955

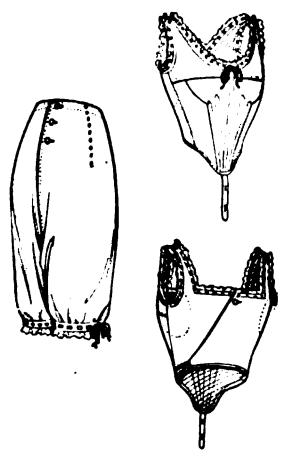
For the drawers in medium size, trimmed as in the illustration above, one yard and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide, two yards and one-quarter of edging six inches wide and one yard and five-eighths of beading, will be required. Nainsook, batiste, long-cloth and cambric are good materials.

For the petticoat in medium size, trimmed as in the illustration above, two yards and one-quarter of batiste thirty-six inches wide, three yards and three-quarters of insertion, two yards and three-quarters of edging and one yard and five-eighths of beading, will be required. The design is also excellent for a silk petticoat.

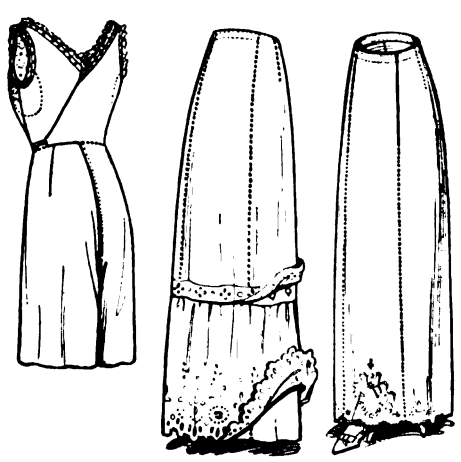
They may be in twenty-five-inch or shorter length and with or without straight ruffles. The back may have slight fulness or be in habit style. Since the legs are straight, flouncing as well as other materials, such as muslin, nainsook, batiste and long-cloth, may be used. A Butterick transfer may be obtained for the embroidery shown in the figure illustration.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and three-quarters of flouncing twenty-nine and one-half inches deep will be required.

Design 5933 may be obtained in ten sizes, from twenty-two to forty inches waist measure, price ten cents.



5954



5955

Combination 5932

DESIGN 5955 is a ladies' four-piece petticoat closed at the side, with or without the plain or gathered flounces with a straight lower edge, from beneath which the skirt may be cut away or not. The width at the lower edge of the gores is about two yards in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and seven-eighths of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the petticoat without the flounce.

Design 5955 may be obtained in nine sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-eight inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

IN DESIGN 5932 is shown a combination corset cover and open drawers which may be made entirely of flouncing. The drawers, which may be in twenty-five-inch or shorter length, measure about twenty-four and one-half inches at the bottom of each leg. Ruffles and shield sleeves may be used or not.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-half thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5932 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5932

For design 5932 in medium size, trimmed as in the figure illustration, one yard and three-quarters of flouncing thirty-two inches wide, one yard and three-eighths seventeen inches wide, seven-eighths of a yard of beading and one yard and one-eighth of edging, will be required.

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

THE LATEST LINGERIE

By Eleanor Chalmers

Mrs. Chalmers will be very glad to answer any question on dressmaking or tailoring or to advise you in regard to the new styles, materials, colors or trimmings. Explain your difficulty as fully as you can and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer.

LINGERIE has been doing a sort of vanishing act for the last two or three years, ever since narrow skirts came into fashion. But the curious part of it is that the less lingerie a woman wears, the more time and attention she gives to it. The old-fashioned type of woman who goes into intermediates before she puts on her heavy Winter flannels, uses a chemise under her corsets and a corset-cover over them, and wears a flannel underskirt as well as a petticoat, doesn't give half the care and planning to her voluminous underwear that a really smart woman gives to the one or two little bits of sheer batiste and lace that constitute her lingerie. I think you can take it as a safe rule this season that the smarter a woman is the less lingerie she wears and the better cut and fitted it is.

Under the present narrow skirts it is absolutely necessary that one should wear as little underwear as possible and that it should be well cut and made of materials that are not bulky or clumsy. There should be no more fulness than is required by comfort, not only in slips and petticoats, but in all other garments as well.

Good lingerie is very expensive to buy, for you have to pay a generous price for fine materials, nice laces and hand-embroidery. In the cheaper qualities the materials are apt to be coarse and clumsy and you are not likely to get well-cut garments. If you have the time for it, you can reproduce the most exquisite and fascinating French underwear at a very small cost, for pretty laces are not very expensive and hand-embroidery costs practically nothing but the time you spend on it. You can get really very beautiful embroidery designs and the working cotton costs only a cent or two a skein. If you haven't a great deal of time, however, you can make up very satisfactory underwear by machine, using embroidery banding instead of laces or hand-embroidery. It will be just as pleasant to wear, for you can use soft, fine materials, and it will have the cut and fit of the good French models. It will also be very pretty, though not as dainty as hand-made lingerie.

For this lesson I've taken something quite new in underwear—a chemise and drawers combination that was very highly recommended to me in Paris. It can be worn over corsets, either with or without a petticoat. A French woman would wear it without the petticoat under an evening gown or a reception dress. When the combination is worn over the corsets it should be cut in the longer length. (Ill. No. 1.)

If you like, however, the combination can be worn under the corsets. In that case you would also have to wear a princess combination of corset cover and petticoat, or a brassière if you have a full, well-developed figure, with a petticoat or silk knickerbockers. The combination itself, in this case, should be made in the shorter length so that the stocking supporters can be fastened without pulling up the lower edge of the drawers. (Back view of Illustration No. 1.)

The cut of this combination is particularly good. It is slightly fitted in to the figure by the side-front and side-back seams, which take away some of the fulness at the waistline. The closing is at the center back, so that when you wear it under a fine lingerie blouse there will be no opening or buttons showing through the front.

Every woman who wears décolleté dresses realizes that she ought to have two sets of lingerie—one kind for evening and another for day wear. You can't wear anything that is at all high in the neck under an evening-gown, and if you resort to the clumsy expedient of slipping your chemise or corset cover under your arms the result is very awkward and bulky indeed. You must have low-neck lingerie for evening dresses and high-neck for day wear. This particular combination that I'm using in this lesson is so cut that you can make it either way. The main illustration shows the combination with the evening neck outline—that is, cut off straight around the top and held in place by lace straps. The small views give the higher neck which you would want in lingerie for day wear. For evening the straps should be made of lace insertion and edging, or else of ribbon tied with flat, pretty bows on the shoulder. Lace should also be used for the top of the garment and for the trimming. Hand-embroidery or embroidery banding, which is very pretty for day wear, is not sheer enough under a transparent evening bodice. Hand-embroidery can be used on evening lingerie where it won't show through the upper part of the bodice. (Ill. No. 1.) The front, side and side-back seams are covered with Irish crochet insertion in Illustration No. 1, but you could use seam-beading or French seams if you preferred.

Ill. No. 1. Chemise and drawers combination

For day wear I should advise hand-embroidery or embroidery banding for the trimming and entre-deux for the seams, for the embroidery and seam-beading are more durable than the lace and insertion. But if you prefer lace instead of embroidery, you can use German Valenciennes or the Irish crochet—though the latter is pretty expensive.

For the materials for the combination itself you can use French nainsook, batiste, fine long-cloth, crêpe de Chine or good quality cotton crêpe. The nainsook is the best material, for it is sheer and dainty and wears very well. Batiste is lovely to look at, but rather perishable. Long-cloth wears splendidly, but isn't so soft and fine as the nainsook. Crêpe de Chine is used a good deal for underwear in white, pale blue and pale pink, and washes very nicely. Cotton crêpe is also used, but it isn't as soft as the silk or nainsook. The trimmings are put on flat and the material cut away from underneath them, so that there will be no unnecessary bulk or thickness.

Buy the pattern by your bust measure. The table of quantities on the envelope will tell you how much material and trimming you will need.

The Pattern—The making of the garment is very simple, but you must be sure before you start that the pattern is the right length for you, for a short combination is a most uncomfortable thing to wear. The upper part of the pattern is cut to fit a figure fifteen and a half inches long at the center of the back from the collar seam to the normal waistline. If fifteen and a half inches is too long or too short for you, you can alter the pattern two and a half inches above the small double perforations that mark the waistline. (Ills. Nos. 2 and 3.) If it is too short for you, slash the pattern and separate the pieces. (Ill. No. 2.) If it is too long, lay a plait across the pattern. (Ill. No. 3.)

For the length of the fork from the front to the back of the figure you can either measure your own figure or a combination that fits you comfortably. If you have never worn a combination, measure your figure from the waistline at the center of the back through the fork to the waistline at the center of the front. Take the measurement sitting down and if necessary alter the body pieces of the pattern a little below the hip, slashing the pieces or laying in a plait. Only make half the necessary alteration, for it changes the length at the front and back.

If you are going to use the drawers in the shorter length, turn up or cut off the bottom of the leg at the crossline of small single perforations. For evening wear cut off or turn under the top of the pattern at the crossline of small single perforations.

Cutting—Illustration No. 4 shows the pattern on nainsook forty inches wide, ready for cutting. Mark the working perforations with tailors' tacks in colored cotton so that you can see them easily on the white material. Clip all the notches and you are ready to begin work.

The rest of the lesson is given on page 108.

Some of the dressmaking and accessory articles that have appeared recently in THE DELINEATOR are:

An Evening Coat Not Unsuitable for Afternoon Usage, November, 1911.

The New Neck and Sleeve Finishes and a Practical Guimpe, February, 1912.

The New Tailor-Made Coat, March, 1912.

The Semi-Tailored Silk Coat, April, 1912.

The New Tailored Skirt, May, 1912.

The Russian Blouse-Waist, June, 1912.

A Modern Maternity Outfit (including suits, dresses, coats and lingerie), August, 1912.

The New Straight Plaited Skirt (these skirts are very good for morning suits), September, 1912.

The New Draped Evening Gown, (draperies are easy to handle). October, 1912.

For Stout and Middle-Aged Women, November, 1912.

Good Taste in Modern Mourning, December, 1912.

New Types of Dresses for Cotton and Lingerie Materials, January, 1913.

New Bandeaux for the New Year, January, 1912.

Puffings, Plaitings, Quillings and Ruches, April, 1912.

Smart Girdles and Sashes, May, 1912.

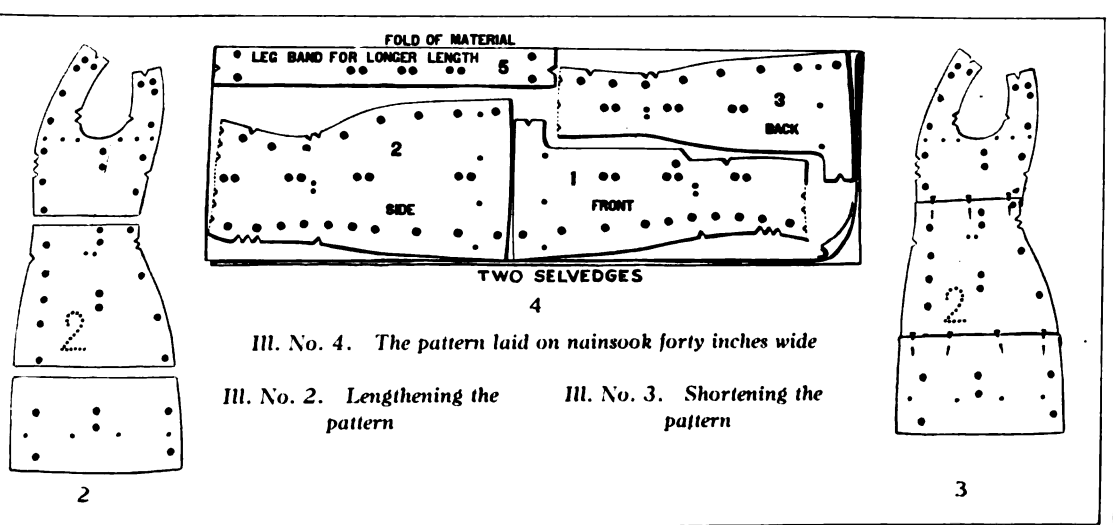
The New Taffeta Scarfs, August, 1912.

The New Neck Ruffs, September, 1912.

Buttons and Buttonholes, October, 1912.

To Make Your Robespierre "and Other" Collars, November, 1912.

Waistline Finishes, December, 1912.



Ill. No. 4. The pattern laid on nainsook forty inches wide

Ill. No. 2. Lengthening the pattern

Ill. No. 3. Shortening the pattern

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Ever Try It On Paint? It is just powerful enough to take off the grime without hurting the paint.

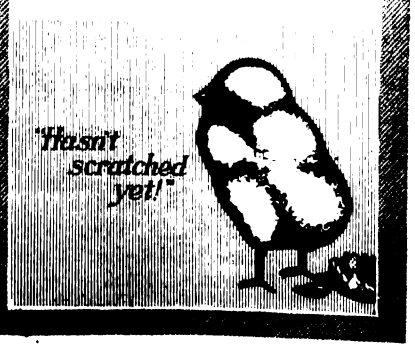
Ordinary scouring soap is too coarse and hard for paint—paint can't stand being scoured.

But Bon Ami is made of a softer mineral than scouring soaps and the mineral is ground as fine as flour—too fine to scratch anything, even paint or plate glass or porcelain.

Simply rub up a lather on the cake of Bon Ami with a wet cloth and apply the lather to the painted surface. The grime will loosen and dissolve. Wipe with damp cloth and see how clean and fresh the paint looks!

Bon Ami is also best for windows, tile, nickel, brass, bath tubs and marble—in fact for anything that needs to be bright and shining.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK



YOU AND YOUR SEWING

THE LATEST LINGERIE

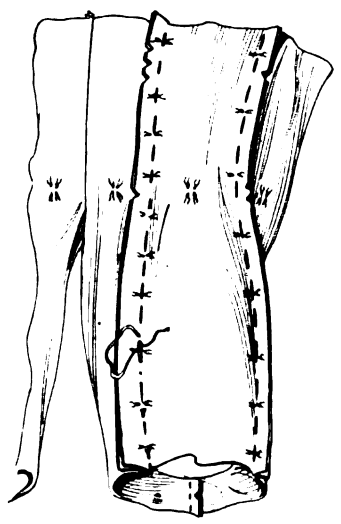
PUTTING THE COMBINATION TOGETHER

PIN and baste the side-front and side-back seams together on the *outside* of the combination with the notches matching, through the outlet perforations. (Ill. No. 5.) Baste on the outside so that you can fit the garment easily if it needs alteration. If you're going to use French seams you'll want the seams on the right side anyway. In that case baste the center-front and leg seams on the right side too, basting them three-eighths of an inch from the edge. If you are going to use lace and entre-deux on the seams, baste the center-front and leg seams on the *inside*. Gather the lower edges of the legs and join them to the bands with the notches matching. Tack the straps in place so that you can try the garment on. (Ill. No. 6.)

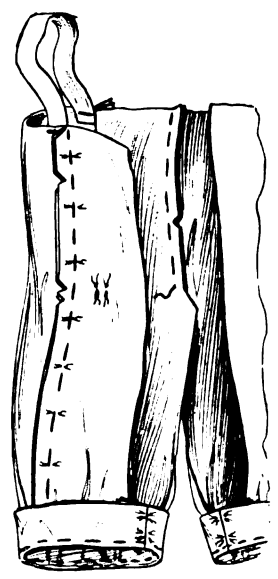
Try the combination on, with the back edges lapping an inch, and be sure that it is perfectly comfortable, especially as regards the bands at the bottom. They slip up on the figure when you're sitting, and they must be large enough to be perfectly comfortable.

The combination should fit smoothly, but not snugly, over the bust and shoulders and should be easy through the waist. Do not try to fit it in closely to the figure. The combination curves in at the waist, but there is a decided ease at the waistline and it is *not* meant to be close fitting. (Ill. No. 1.)

If the combination fits satisfactorily take it off and remove the bands at the bottom and the straps at the top. If it needs any alteration, baste it in and try it on again before going on with the work.



Ill. No. 5. Basting side front and back seams



Ill. No. 6. Straps tacked in place

TRIMMING THE COMBINATION

IF YOU are going to put the garment together with seam-beading and lace, begin with the center-front seam, which is joined with entre-deux. Rip the basting out of the seam and trim down both edges a scant eighth of an inch from the basting line leaving just enough material to make a rolled seam. (Ill. No. 7.) Take your entre-deux and cut the material away close to the beading. (Ill. No. 7.)

Roll the edges of the front seam enough to cover the raw edges completely and whip the rolled edges to the entre-deux. (Ill. No. 7.) Put your stitches close together, so that the seam won't pull away. (Ill. No. 7.) The leg seams should be joined with entre-deux in the same way.

In using the insertion over the other seams you will have to rebaste the seams on the inside of the combination. Lay the lace directly over the seam with the center of the lace over the seam (Ill. No. 8) and baste it carefully at both edges. Turn the combination to the wrong side and cut the seam away close to the edges of the lace, leaving enough material to roll into a rolled seam. (Ill. No. 9.) Roll both edges of the seam and whip them, catching the whip-stitches through to the lace so that you sew the seam and the lace at the same time. (Ill. No. 9.)

The embroidery on the top of the combination can be worked directly on the garment itself or on a straight band of the nainsook. Or you can use a strip of embroidery banding. Roll both edges of the embroidered band or banding and whip the lace insertion to them. (Ill. No. 10.) Lay the edging for the top of the band on the insertion with their inside edges together and their right sides face to face. Whip them together.

Lay the band on the top of the combination with the edges of the lace even with the raw edge of the garment and baste it in place. Cut the combination away underneath the band, leaving just enough material to roll into a seam. Roll the edge and whip it to the lace.

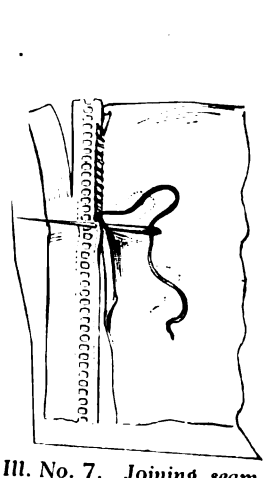
The straps are made of two rows of lace edging as long as the strap pattern, whipped together. (Ill. No. 11.) The two rows of lace should be basted together with their edges even and their right sides inside. (Ill. No. 11.) Their edges are overhanded together and then the lace is opened out and you have your strap. The straps should be sewed to the under side at the top seams with the inner perforated edge at the side front and side back seams and the ends nearer the perforations at the front.

If you are making the combination as illustrated, the leg bands should be embroidered by hand to match the band at the top of the combination. The lower edges of the bands are rolled and whipped to a row of the lace insertion edged with lace. (Ill. No. 12.) The upper edges are also rolled and whipped to a row of entre-deux. (Ill. No. 12.) The lower edge of the drawer legs should be rolled and whipped because it is gathered, then whipped again to the upper edge of the entre-deux on the band. (Ill. No. 12.)

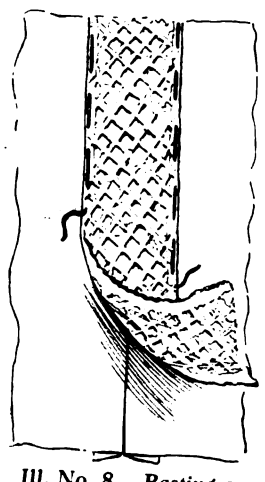
The leg facings should be cut on the bias and should be three-quarters of an inch wide when finished. The facings should be laid on the right side of the leg portions, edge to edge with the combination, and sewed in a narrow seam. The facing is then turned to the wrong side, its raw edge turned under and sewed with fine running stitches to the garment. (Ill. No. 13.)

Lap the extension on the right front over the extension of the left, with their perforations matching. (Ill. No. 13.) Turn in the upper edges of the extensions three-eighths of an inch and sew them to the combination. *The back facings*, a continuation of the leg facings, are laid on the right sides of the backs, edge to edge with the back edges, and sewed in a narrow seam. (Ill. No. 14.) They are then turned to the wrong side, their raw edges turned in and sewed with running stitches.

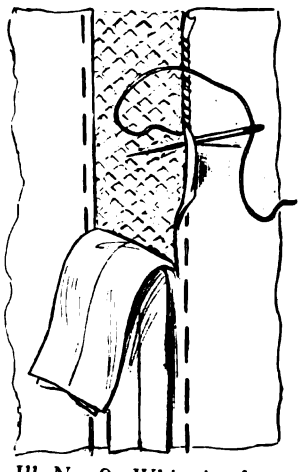
Small pearl buttons should be sewed to the left side of the back about two and a half inches apart and buttonholes worked in the same position on the right back.



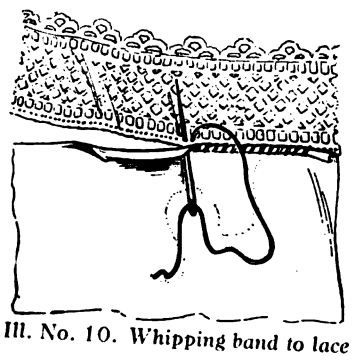
Ill. No. 7. Joining seam with beading



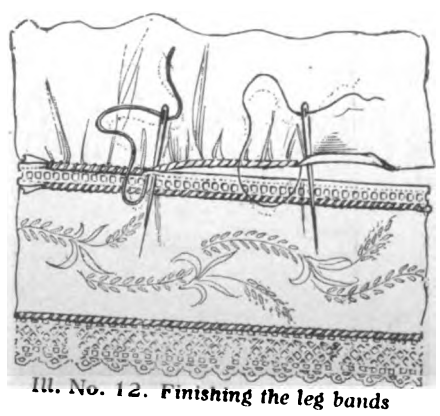
Ill. No. 8. Basting on insertion



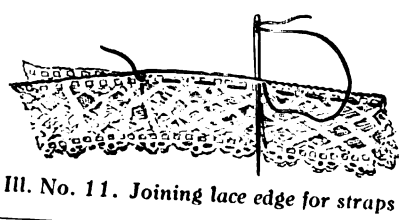
Ill. No. 9. Whipping lace to the seam



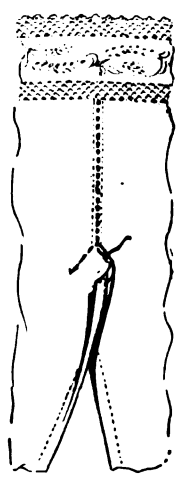
Ill. No. 10. Whipping band to lace



Ill. No. 12. Finishing the leg bands



Ill. No. 11. Joining lace edge for straps



Ill. No. 13. Facing the legs

Ill. No. 14. Facing the backs

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DELIGHTFUL DRAPERY

IS THAT WHICH BREAKS THE STRAIGHT LINES OF A DRESSING-SACK. A DOMINO DESIGN

SINCE drapery has become so extremely fashionable for gowns and costumes, various examples of it used in negligees and dressing-sacks have been noticed. They are about the most attractive of anything that has been seen lately in the way of negligees, and one feels that drapery has found exactly its right place in them. It is chic and graceful in skirts and sleeves, but in a loose flowing garment it is ideally appropriate. It lends a touch of art to a simple garment and it breaks straight-hanging lines charmingly. As simple drapery is in no case difficult to handle, being usually a matter of extra length cut in and caught up in folds, it hardly adds anything to the work of making, although it does do so much for the effect. In design 5924, for instance, the touch of drapery at the closing doesn't complicate the construction at all and yet it is the chief reason for the impression of novelty and style which the dressingsack makes. The cutaway lines and extra length are other things which go with this, and the collar also deserves praise. The sleeves, which are sewed into deep armholes, may be draped or plain. The length may be thirty-six or thirty inches at the back. Crêpe de Chine, silk mull, China silk, lawn, dimity, cotton crêpe, printed muslins, challis or albatross will make a delightful sack from this design. A Butterick transfer may be obtained for the scallop and dot.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the sack in thirty-six-inch length.

Design 5924 may be obtained in seven sizes from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

Dressing Sack 5924

Two yards and three-eighths of crêpe de Chine forty-four inches wide, three-quarters of a yard of lace net forty inches wide and eight yards and one-eighth of edging will be required for the design in medium size, trimmed as above.

THE domino is one of the old standard masquerade costumes. It has been so much worn all over the world wherever fêtes are celebrated with masking and revelry, that it seems to represent the very spirit of carnival time. In New Orleans at the Mardi Gras, in Paris at Mi-Carême, in Munich *zur Faschingszeit*, the domino reigns. Men and women wear it more than any other kind of mask, choosing it for its great simplicity and convenience and for the complete disguise which it affords. With the hood over the head, which hides the hair, and the mask over the face, not a trace of identity is discoverable. One can be as daring as one will. And then when the hour of unmasking arrives, one can slip it off and appear unruffled in any kind of evening dress. The modern domino and the usual mask may be made very easily from design 5914 of silesia, sateen, cambric, paper muslin or China silk. It is less voluminous than the old-fashioned domino and measures only about two yards and five-eighths at the lower edge in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, six yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5914 may be obtained in six sizes, from twenty-eight to forty-eight inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5914

ALTHOUGH the nightgown represented by design 5922, for misses and small women, is the simplest kind there is to make, it is one of the prettiest and most becoming. It is cut in one piece with seams only under the arms and is slipped on over the head, but it has good lines, pretty neck outlines and can be daintily trimmed. The nicest trimming for fine lingerie is always hand-embroidery, which is most effective on a gown with a plain front like this and with loose kimono sleeves. That shown here may be reproduced from a Butterick transfer. Beading is also pretty at the neck and to draw in the gown in Empire style. Round, square and pointed outlines are provided for the neck. Nainsook, muslin, longcloth and batiste are materials used.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-quarter of material thirty-two or more inches wide will be required.

Design 5922 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

5922

Write it on
HIGHLAND LINEN

A lady gives a party

SHE wants everything to be as nice as possible. She writes her invitations on that small note size of Highland Linen, because that is just the right size for invitations.

The invitation

written upon the beautiful fabric finish of Highland Linen suggests all sorts of pleasant things to her friends.

The guests who come

find that the hostess who is particular about her stationery is just as particular about her table, refreshments and other appointments.

This paper is sold wherever good stationery can be bought, and the price is too low to prevent anyone who likes good paper from having good paper. We will mail samples on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover package and postage.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

Pittsfield, Mass. New York

TRADE-MARK

Write it on
HIGHLAND LINEN

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1876
1913
Burpee's

THE "HEADQUARTERS" FOR

Sweet Peas

Now Offer for 1913

Collections of Spencers

that can not be equaled elsewhere! Such values would not be possible even with us, had we not increased our acreage in the Beautiful Lompoc ("Little Hills") Valley, California. Here under the direct personal care of the Resident Manager at our FLORADALE FARM—"*The Home of Flowers*"—we had the past season *one hundred and fifty acres of* SWEET PEAS *alone!* We hold today the largest stocks of RE-SELECTED SPENCERS in the world.

Six "Superb Spencers"

For 25 Cts. we will mail one fifteen-cent packet each of ELFRIDA PEARSON, the unique new light pink of huge size shown on colored plate,—THOMAS STEVENSON, the intense flaming orange,—IRISH BELLE, rich lilac flushed with pink,—also one regular ten-cent packet each of KING EDWARD SPENCER, intense, glossy, carmine-scarlet,—MRS. HUGH DICKSON, rich pinkish apricot on cream,—also one large packet (80 to 90 seeds) of **The New Burpee-Blend of Surpassingly Superb Spencers** for 1913, which is *absolutely unequaled.* With each collection we enclose our Leaflet on culture.

☞ At regular prices for 1913, these would cost 75 cts., but all six packets will be mailed **for 25 cts.**

Six "Superfine Spencers"

For 25 Cts. we will mail one regular ten-cent packet each of AMERICA SPENCER, brightly striped carmine-red on white,—CONSTANCE OLIVER, rich rose-pink on cream,—ETHEL ROOSEVELT, soft primrose flaked with blush-crimson,—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the largest and best lavender,—GEORGE HERBERT, bright rose-carmine, and BURPEE'S WHITE SPENCER, the best giant white. With each collection we enclose Leaflet on culture.

☞ These are all of the choicest seed grown by ourselves at FLORADALE,—the "Home of Sweet Peas."

Six "Standard Spencers"

For 25 Cts. we will mail one regular ten-cent packet each of RE-SELECTED COUNTESS SPENCER, the favorite soft rose-pink,—BURPEE'S DAINTY SPENCER, beautiful picotee-edged pink on white,—GLADYS BURT, new bright cream-pink,—BURPEE'S OTHELLO SPENCER, rich deep maroon,—BURPEE'S QUEEN VICTORIA SPENCER, primrose, slightly flushed with rose,—W. T. HUTCHINS, apricot, overlaid with blush-pink. These six packets purchased separately would cost 60 cts., but all will be mailed (with Leaflet on culture) to any American address upon receipt of 25 cts.

For 50 Cts. we will mail **any two** of above collections and give in addition without cost a regular fifteen-cent packet of our lovely novelty for 1913, CHARM, shown on colored plate in THE BURPEE ANNUAL.

For $1.00 we will mail **all three collections** as offered above and **also** *one fifteen-cent packet each of the lovely new* CHARM, the iridescent VERMILION-BRILLIANT, the new DUPLEX SPENCER and the orange EARL SPENCER. These are all packed in a pasteboard box together with our Leaflet on culture.

☞ This is the greatest offer yet made and could not be duplicated anywhere else in the world,—**Twenty-two Tested Spencers of Finest Floradale Stocks for a Dollar!**

Burpee's "Seeds That Grow," are supplied each season direct to many more planters than are the seeds of any other brand. BURPEE'S SEEDS are known the world over as the best it is possible to produce, and are acknowledged the American Standard of Excellence.

In thirty-six years of successful seed selling we have introduced more Novelties that are now in general cultivation than have any three other firms. We produce Selected Stocks upon our own seed farms in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and California, while FORDHOOK FARMS are famous as the largest trial grounds in America. No Government Experiment Station attempts such complete trials each season, and the information here obtained is of incalculable benefit to planters everywhere. Simply send us your address plainly written and kindly name *The Delineator*. Then by **first mail** you will receive

The Burpee Annual for 1913

A bright new book of 180 pages, it pictures by pen and pencil all that is *Best in seeds*, and tells the plain truth. While embellished with colored covers and plates painted from nature it is A SAFE GUIDE, entirely free from exaggeration.

We shall be glad to send you a copy if you will write today. A postal card will do. Don't put it off. And be sure to state that you read our offer in THE DELINEATOR.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Largest Mail-Order Seed House
Burpee Buildings PHILADELPHIA

YOUTHFUL VERSIONS OF THE STYLES

NORFOLK AND RUSSIAN STYLES ARE ESPECIALLY DRAPERY SOFTENS GIRLISH OR ANGULAR FIGURES

DESIGN 5925, a dress for misses and small women, consists of a waist with high or French round neck and either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes, an attached two or three piece tucked skirt, and a jumper, peplum and body-lining whose use is optional. The waistline is slightly raised.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, and one yard of all-over embroidery forty inches wide for the jumper and peplum will be required for the dress with two-piece skirt.

Design 5925 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

Dress 5925 Dress 5941 Dress 5952

IN DESIGN 5941, for misses and small women, the vest front is a modish feature, the two collars offered are both much used, and the sleeves are the favorite long, dart-fitted, one-seam sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes. They may be shorter if preferred, as the neck may be high or French. The blouse-waist, which may be eased or drawn down, is attached at a slightly raised waistline to a four or five piece skirt, measuring about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge. Using the peplum is optional. Serge, Bedford cord, sponge cloth, prunella, charmeuse, taffeta, linen and cotton ratine are materials that may be used.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-eighth of material fifty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard twenty inches wide for facing the collar will be required for the dress as it is shown on the figure.

Design 5941 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

5925

THE dress 5952 for misses and small women consists of a waist, eased or drawn down, with high, French or lower round neck and full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves, and a skirt attached at a slightly raised waistline, formed of two-piece drapery and a three-piece foundation. The one or two piece bertha is draped smartly.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and seven-eighths of chiffon forty inches wide, two yards and one-eighth of satin thirty-six inches wide for gores, three-quarters of a yard of sheer material thirty-six inches wide to line outside portions, five yards and three-quarters of fringe, and one yard of trimming for the neck, will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5952 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

5941 5952

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THAT HAVE BEST TAKEN WITH WOMEN

APPROPRIATE FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN AND THE OPEN-NECKED COLLAR IS A GREAT FAVORITE

THE waist of design 5966, a dress for misses and small women, has the line of the yoke carried across the sleeves in a smart fashion, the upper part of the sleeves being in one with the upper part of the side bodies. The lower one-seam parts may be in full length, dart-fitted, or shorter. The tucks of the waist are continued in plaits at each side of front and back panels in a four-piece skirt attached at a slightly raised waistline.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards of material fifty inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the collar, will be required.

Design 5966 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

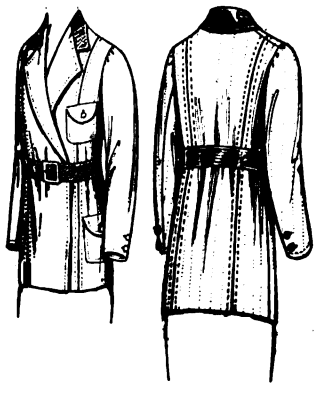
Coat 5937; skirt 5926

[*Skirt* 5926 *described on page* 112]

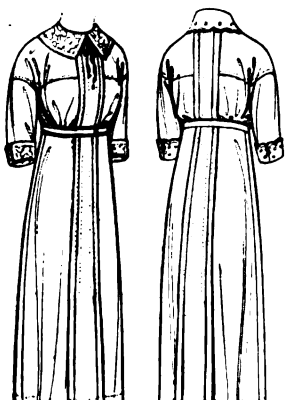
COAT 5937 is one of the new Norfolks for misses and small women. It has slot seams instead of box plaits or straps, and a low-closing long collar which may be notched or in shawl style. The yoke-facing, cuffs and pocket may be used or not, and the coat may be cut in either of two lengths. To make the sleeves plain at the top the slight amount of fulness may be shrunken out instead of gathered.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-eighth of material fifty inches wide will be required for the coat in longer length with yoke-facings, and four yards and one-quarter fifty inches wide for the suit made from this coat and skirt 5926 as illustrated above.

Design 5937 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



5937



5966

Dress 5966

Dress 5957

ONE of the new and popular Russian blouse dresses is shown in design 5957 for misses and small women. The blouse is cut with the body in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves dart-fitted below the elbow, and may have high or slightly open neck. A belt or sash draws it in at a regulation or slightly raised waistline. The skirt is in three or four pieces, has a slightly raised waistline, and measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge. Sponge cloth, wool ratine, fine serge, whipcord, Bedford cord, satin, taffeta, wool rep, linen, poplin, cotton ratine, piqué, gingham and galatea are suitable materials.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and three-eighths of material fifty inches wide and seven-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5957 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

5957

Style and Comfort for Busy Women

You will look your best and feel your best all the busy day—with no desire to take off your corset when evening comes—if you wear a Spirella.

Illustration Copyrighted 1913

Spirella CORSET

As Spirella boning is light, flexible and elastic, it trains the figure into the graceful lines of fashion without any of the stiff discomfort of the average corset. It will not take a permanent bend, and is guaranteed to neither rust nor break within a year.

With all the style of the made-to-measure corset, fitted in your own home, the Spirella Corset promotes health, and gives a comfort that no active woman can afford to be without.

Send Coupon for Spirella Booklet

Fill out and mail to Meadville the coupon below and we will send you our beautiful Spirella Booklet, showing the newest styles in Spirella Corsets, and give you the name of the corsetiere nearest you.

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506 Fifth Avenue, New York
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"THIS IS THE SPIRELLA BONING"

THE SPIRELLA COMPANY
Dept. L-23 Meadville, Pa.

Please send me, without obligation, your free Spirella Booklet and the name of your local Spirella Corsetiere.

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State .....

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(See Art Panel offer below)

More Precious Than Diamonds

Your face is more precious than diamonds. When you find your skin is sallow, lifeless, or aging, and you realize you must protect that most precious possession (your skin), you can't be too careful whose advice you take.

When a face cream is offered, always ask yourself these questions: "Is it just one of a thousand ordinary face creams, or is it a *massage* cream and, above all, Pompeian?"

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

is the original massage cream that rubs in and rolls out. For it is *this rolling out feature* which cleanses and invigorates the skin and gives a clear, fresh, youthful complexion. No ordinary cream can do this. Pompeian can

Ask yourself: "Is this cream I am about to use on *my* face made by a reliable concern? Moreover, has that concern a *time-tried and wide reputation* for making a good massage cream?"

For 11 years the name Pompeian has stood for safety and quality among several million users, who insist on a *massage* cream, and on the original and standard one, which is Pompeian.

Remember, Pompeian is not a rouge or artificial "coverup" process which deceives the user only. Your face is more precious than diamonds. Guard it well.

Warning! Do you realize why an imitation or substitute is offered? Because it costs the dealer less and he makes more at your expense. Shun substitutes. Get the original and standard massage cream. Get Pompeian. 50,000 dealers sell it, 50c., 75c. and $1.

Trial Jar & Art Calendar sent for 10c. (coin or stamps, but a 10c. piece, please, if convenient). For years you have heard about Pompeian. You have meant to try it, but have delayed. Each day that you delay you make it just so much harder to preserve or regain your youthful beauty.

1913 "*Pompeian Beauty*" *Art Panel* (only partly shown above) is 32 by 8 inches. No advertising on front. Reproduced in exquisite colors, pink and gold. Clip coupon now.

(Cut off, sign and send)

Stamps accepted, but a 10c. piece preferred.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 99 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c. (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and a 1913 Pompeian Beauty Art Calendar.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Shirtwaist 5915; skirt 5926

Coat 5945; skirt 5916

Shirtwaist 5915; skirt 5926

DESIGN 5915 is a Gibson shirt waist for misses and small women with the new short fitted sleeves and one of the new Robespierre open neck collars. Included as possibilities are shirt sleeves and shorter sleeves sewed in in mannish style, high neck with an attached turndown collar or neckband, and a plait or hem closing. It may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required. With skirt 5926 as above three yards and one half forty four inches wide with three-eighths of a yard twenty inches wide will be required.

Design 5915 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

SKIRT 5926 may be cut in three or four pieces and with a bias edge meeting a straight edge at the side seams for plain materials or with two bias edges meeting at each seam for stripes and plaids. It has a slightly raised waistline.

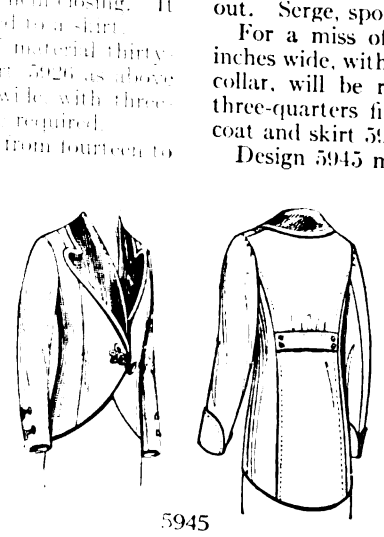
For a miss of sixteen years, one yard and seven-eighths of material without nap forty four inches wide will be required for the three piece skirt.

Design 5926 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5945, a slightly fitted coat with tuck seams for misses and small women, has the new belted back, the fashionable cutaway edges, and an unusually graceful collar. It may be in either of two lengths, and have the fulness at the top of the two-seam sleeves slightly gathered or shrunken out. Serge, sponge cloth, taffeta and linen are suitable.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards of material fifty inches wide, with one-half yard thirty-six inches wide for the collar, will be required for the coat, and three yards and three-quarters fifty inches wide for the suit made from this coat and skirt 5916 as shown above.

Design 5945 may be obtained in five sizes, from fifteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

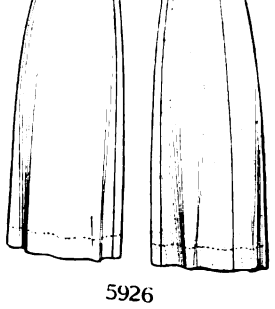


5945

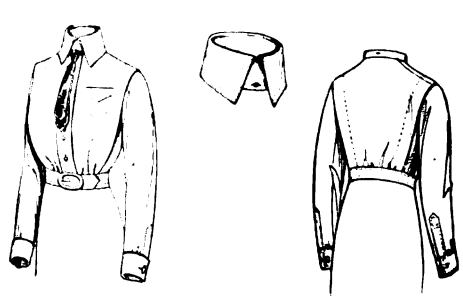
THE design 5916 for misses and small women enables one to drape a simple two-piece skirt. There is slight fulness in back at the raised waistline, but the width at the lower edge is only about one yard and five-eighths. The trimming strap may be used or not.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-two or more inches wide will be required.

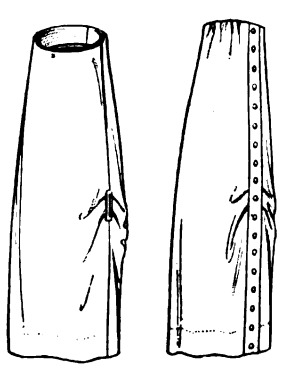
Design 5916 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



5926



5915



5916

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Made over from a tan broadcloth dyed black.

Made over from gray Homespun, dyed navy blue.

Diamond Dyes Spell Economy

"I am sending you photographs of my sister and myself, to show you what we have been able to do with Diamond Dyes.

"The gown that I have on I made over from material we had in a tan broadcloth Russian Blouse that we never liked. We dyed this black. My sister's suit we made according to a pattern, from a gray Homespun suit which we dyed navy blue.

"I think you can see from these photographs of my sister and myself how much Diamond Dyes mean to us."

MRS. J. R. RAYMOND, N. Y. CITY.

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes For Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics: Wool** and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, **and another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.**

AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.**

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package

Just Out—Sent Free—New Edition—1912-1913 Diamond Dye Annual

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc.

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you this famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth, Free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

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Ball and Socket Fastener

universally used on waists, dresses, petticoats, lapels of coats, etc. It holds until unfastened, won't tear away, lies flat. Two dozen for 25 cents.

Ask your dealer for them. Send for circular. Look for the trade-mark.

United States Fastener Co.
95 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

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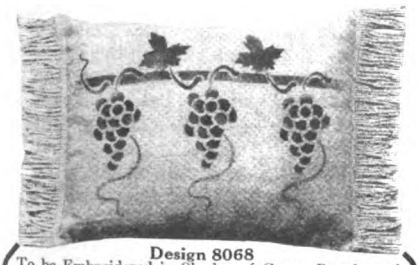


Design 8068
To be Embroidered in Shades of Grape Purple and Green and Outlined with Black

GIVEN

Pillow Top and Back

This handsome conventional design pillow given away in order to introduce **Richardson's Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss** into every home. Pillow top is made of Pure Linen Russian Crash stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit sent to you prepaid if you send us 30c to cover the regular retail price of 6 skeins of **Richardson's Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss.** Outfit includes:

1 **Pillow Top,** size 17x22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on Pure Linen Russian Crash.
1 **Pillow Back.**
1 **Easy Diagram Lesson,** showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.
1 **Premium Art Book,** showing over 500 of the latest and most attractive embroidery designs.
6 SKEINS RICHARDSON'S GRAND PRIZE GRECIAN SILK FLOSS.

All sent for only 30c and your dealer's name

How to Get the Outfit

Just send us 30c in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce **Richardson's Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss** into every home in America, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Send Today Do not delay. Just send us 30c in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer and will send you the entire outfit. Write TODAY.

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY
305-309 W. Adams St., Dept. 2022, Chicago, Ill.

RIVAL EMBROIDERIES

TYPES WHICH ARE POPULAR

By Ethel M. Harris

Miss Harris will be glad to answer any question pertaining to this department if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

PERSONALLY I feel that there is a great wave in favor of household embroideries. It would almost seem that there has been so much hand-work used on women's garments for the last five years, or more, that the little that is now used leaves plenty of spare time for the needle-worker to devote to household embroideries.

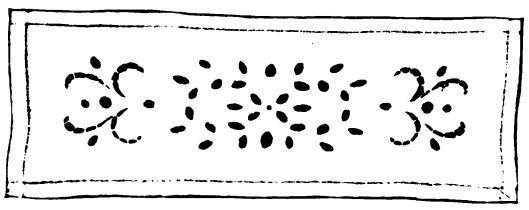
White is more in favor for household embroideries than any other kind, though there are some pillows, lunch sets and tea-cloths that are quite colorful.

Of course children's clothes are still given a great deal of attention, but the woman who hasn't children of her own is apt to spend the time in embroidering for her house or room if she is not fortunate enough to possess a real home.

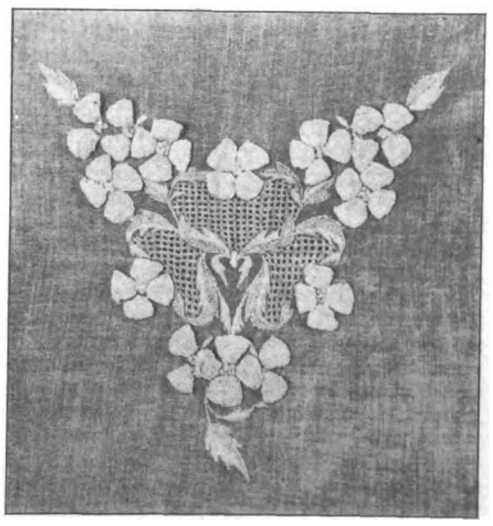
There is a fascination in trimming and making children's clothes that takes us back to our doll days. A little scallop and eyelet work like transfer 10450, shown on the little girl's figure, is quickly accomplished if a medium coarse thread is used. Scallop edges are given on both sides of the banding, but they have been omitted from the illustration.

No. 10450 used on girls' dress. Price 15 cents

Below the figure illustration is a motif. The oblongs are used as inserts in counterpanes, pillow-tops, bureau-scarfs or curtains. The transfer pattern contains many other designs (eighteen motifs in all) for similar purposes. It is a safer plan to hemstitch the square or oblong before stamping the design. This precaution is necessary so as to keep an even distance above the hem. The motifs include squares and corner designs. A very handsome pillow can be made by encircling a large lace square with four oblong motifs such as shown in this page. It is a wiser plan to purchase the lace motif first and then make the oblong pieces the size of one side of the square. The four corner spaces, which are now unfilled, should be occupied with a lace motif. A linen back is made to the pillow. One which has buttons and buttonholes is more practical, for it then can easily be removed for laundering. Little pillows in square or oblong shape are used profusely in the living-room. In the South every grande dame has a number of them on her chaise longue or on her bed. They are much more worthy of decoration than colored pillows, as they wear indefinitely.



One of the motifs of 10447. Price 15 cents



A Waist design for medieval embroidery 10445. Price 15 cents

Sometimes the pillows have no pretense of a finish, while others have lingerie ruffles hemstitched or embroidered with a dainty scallop. The more elaborate ones have a scant real-lace ruffle.

The waist front shown here is transfer No. 10445. A band to match this design has been previously issued, so that a woman may have a good-looking lingerie dress if she chooses to take the time to embroider it. This style of work is known by different names, such as medieval, Italian relief or Venetian embroidery. Punch work is combined with the work. Collar and cuff sections are also included in this transfer. Full instructions are given on the envelope containing the pattern; also in our embroidery book.

The materials to use are handkerchief linen, batiste, fine crêpe, voile or marquisette.

The first illustration shows a darling little cap for an infant or small child. It is to be had under the transfer No. 10446. Four sizes are given in the transfer: the infants' as shown, six months, one-year, and three-year sizes. The little cap is in one piece and requires a minimum of material. It is laced together on both sides. A dainty, unobtrusive way to finish it is with a tiny chiffon or ribbon rose, just where the strings and cap join.

This can bemade of handkerchief linen or cashmere.

[*Continued on page* 128]

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

For Home Baking

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
-made from grapes-

No Alum in

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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DEPARTMENT OF CHILD TRAINING

THE HOME KINDERGARTEN

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Motto for Mothers:—I believe that play is the natural means of developing the child's body and mind.—Dr. Jenny B. Merrill, Pd.D.

NOTE:—THE DELINEATOR has started a big educational campaign, helping its subscribers to give children kindergarten training in the home. Miss Bailey will outline home kindergarten work in response to questions on the subject. Write her, care of THE DELINEATOR, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Talk to Mothers

Making a Citizen of Him

A MAN who has won his way to a big place in our country's government just by sheer force of his own personal integrity was questioned the other day as to how he "did it."

"It doesn't seem to be politics, Jim, that pushes you; it's the feeling of the people that they must always elect you, just because they know you're the citizen for the job. Who trained you for citizenship?" the big man's friend queried.

The man smiled a bit whimsically; he looked beyond his friend, and farther yet, until he glimpsed the years of his childhood.

Then he answered: "My mother."

After a second's silence, he explained: "She made a little republic of our family, and all of us, even father, were her home citizens. We didn't have many rules, but the few which mother did lay down, she kept, as well as we children. We had to respect the rights of the family and the neighbors and the town, but mother always respected *our* rights. I never got punished without having a chance to be witness for the defense. If I couldn't put up a good case for myself I knew that I deserved my punishment, and I took it like a man.

"I didn't lie, because mother was always honest with me. She never broke a promise, once she made me one. I had certain duties at home that were expected of me—just getting wood, and cleaning the walks, and the like, but I was taught to do these things for the good of my family. 'No wood means no fire; no fire means no food.' That's the way mother put it up to me. It wasn't, 'You've *got* to do this, Jim,' but, 'You ought to do it, boy.'

"That's the way to bring up a citizen," the man finished.

ARE WE making citizens of our children? Are we helping them to serve their country fearlessly, honestly, unselfishly to-morrow, because our homes to-day are peaceful small republics in which children are being apprenticed in this future trade of citizenship?

A child has certain inalienable rights. He has a right to be happy; he has a right to the tools and the time and the clothes for healthy, untrammeled play; he has a right to make a noise; he has a right to a good deal of free time in which to work out his own schemes of living.

The child's parents, the home, have rights, too. We have a right to our twentieth century nerves, which we can't help, and which *have* to grip us. We have a right to cherish our polished mahogany, our Dresden china, our Italian terra-cotta; we have a right to expect child service in return for our big daily services to our children.

Sometimes these two sets of rights, the children's rights and *our* rights, clash. The children's play, the children's noise, the children's general glad free-heartedness work havoc with our nerves and with our *things*. A worried little mother said not long since:

"I am so distressed about Buster—he isn't still a minute. We are moving into a small city apartment, and *what* shall I do if Buster scratches the woodwork?"

Do over the woodwork, anxious little mother, and charge up the expense to a debt of gratitude for the fact that Buster is the kind of active, normal boy who can't help scratching things.

Making children self-governing which, after all, defines citizenship, means dovetailing these two sets of rights, not allowing them to clash. We will give our children wide play-places in our homes, their own play-places, but we will help them to respect our mahogany, our institutions, because we are respecting their toys. We will discriminate carefully between child faults that hurt us and those that hurt the children. Buster's activity is his right. It does him good. It's only Buster's landlord that it troubles. We will assign little home duties to the children, to be carried out at the child's will, but always accomplished. Even the baby can pick up his blocks and mother's spools, not because you tell him to, but because he sees everybody in the home doing something to help.

Another means of training a child for citizenship is calling his attention to the big, civic forces in his town. Perhaps he has never noticed just which of his town's buildings fly Old Glory. Maybe he doesn't know how to salute his flag. Show him. Very possibly he hasn't had his attention called to your local recruiting-station. Take him there some day and tell him what it means to be a soldier. A child's every-day idols are the fireman, the postman, the policeman—even the man who sweeps the street crossings. Tell him how these men are every-day heroes, as honest and fearless and conscientious in their work as he is in his play.

Making a citizen of him is a matter of just these little things—helping your child to keep faith with life.

Busy-ness for Little Fingers

Red, White and Blue Plays

TELLING stories with scissors, wee fingers, and colored paper is a captivating kindergarten occupation for shut-in Winter days. How fascinating if the colored-paper objects which the children make have, this month, the colors of the flag and tell the children a story of patriotism! These bits of little-folk craft-work may be used as Washington Birthday gifts, or favors for a Home Kindergarten party for the neighborhood.

Strips of colored paper in red, white and blue for making kindergarten chains will furnish occupation for the wee-est child. These colored-paper strips come in bundles which contain a number of yards to be cut into shorter lengths for making the links of the chain. With one strip cut for a measure, the child can cut all the others alone receiving at the same time valuable eye-training in doing the measuring. These shorter strips cut, a dab of paste is dropped on an end of one, the opposite end is folded over and held until the paste dries. Then another strip is slipped through this link and pasted in the same fashion, the joining of links and pasting being continued, using red, white and blue papers, until the chain is long enough to drape the small boy's soldier suit or the small girl's white frock.

The little craftsman of five or six years will delight in making an American flag, using these same paper strips. Cut from a sheet of drawing-paper an oblong with some guide-lines in the corner to show where the blue field of the flag lies. An oblong of blue paper may be cut, fitted and pasted in this space. The red and white stripes of the flag are made by pasting on stripes of the red paper, leaving equal spaces between to indicate the white stripes. When this diminutive flag is finished it may be mounted on a heavy cardboard standard. Children will enjoy making dozens of these.

Another red, white and blue occupation for the home kindergarten this month is making colored-paper picture-frames. The best paper to use for this occupation is coated kindergarten folding-paper: that is, colored on one side and white on the other, and cut in five-inch squares.

A square of this folding-paper, either red or blue, is laid on the child's play-table, white side up, with a dot in the center to be a guide point. The child then brings each corner of the square to the center, carefully creasing the edges of the smaller folded square which results. This folding brings four paper points on top, and in the center of the square. Holding these points between the thumb and forefinger the child folds them back, one at a time, to the edge. This leaves a little square opening in the center and completes the folding of the picture-frame. A drop of paste holds each of the folded-back points to the border of the frame, and in the small square opening in the center of the frame a tiny penny print of Washington or Lincoln may be pasted. A length of very narrow red, white and blue ribbon, the ends of which are glued to the upper corners of the frame at the back, will serve to hang the picture.

SOME of the kindergarten materials lend themselves well to illustrating for little folk this month's story of patriotism. With red, white and blue kindergarten sticks, the children can outline pictures of small tents and flags. Even the baby will love to lay colored sticks in rows on his play-table or mother's lap-board, "making pretend" that they are regiments of soldiers in red coats or blue coats marching so straight and valiantly.

Even more realistic soldiers can be made with the kindergarten beads. A red cube, cylinder, and ball bead are slipped on a wooden toothpick, which makes them stand. The three beads look quite like a wee, wooden soldier, the cube making a standard, the cylinder by a stretch of imagination the soldier's coat, and the ball the head. Rows of these bead soldiers may drill and march and countermarch up and down the table, or stand on guard at the doors of some small folded white-paper tents.

The baby may string his wooden beads in red, white and blue combinations, a kindergarten play that gives him number as well as color training. The peg-boards may be utilized, too, in the same sort of work, the pegs being sorted, first, according to color, and then being put in the peg-board in rows of red, white and blue.

If we tell children the story of their country in connection with this kindergarten craft-work, the month's work will mean for them a milestone toward patriotism.

Books for Mothers' Reading:

"Best Stories to Tell Children."—Sara Cone Bryant.

"Go to Sleep."—Stella G. S. Perry.

"Story Telling, What to Tell and How to Tell It."—Edna Lyman.

"The Fir-Tree Fairy Book."—Clifton Johnson.

"Prayers for Little Men and Women."—John Martin.

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OUR BABY CLINIC

THE MOST MARVELOUS FLOWER IN THE WORLD—YOUR BABY!

By Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton

NOTE:—We have just made a discovery. We find that we have our arms full of precious DELINEATOR babies. When we received a bushel or so of letters about them we opened our eyes, and we have decided to have our own DELINEATOR Baby Clinic, a department that will make easier the many baby problems that mothers find hard to solve. Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton is to be our consulting physician, and we are going to talk together every month about all the matters that have to do with baby welfare.

We want you to write to us about *your* baby and ask the advice of our physician. Please feel that THE DELINEATOR is *your* consultation-room in baby hygiene.

Address your letters to THE DELINEATOR, care The Counciling Mothers Department, and Dr. Hamilton will answer them.

IT'S rather a difficult business, that of being a baby. If we can help along the business, we ought to, and I believe that a big percentage of babies die every year because they do not have enough sunshine and fresh air. We are beginning to realize that our babies are like flowers; sunshine keeps them from illness; it cures them, too.

If it is possible, let your baby live in a south room where there is plenty of light, air and sunshine. If such a room is not available for day and night use, trundle the baby in his carriage into your sunniest room in the daytime and put him to sleep in your airiest room at night.

I wish that every baby might have its own out-of-door sleeping-room. Such a room would cut doctor's bills in half and give our children the robust health in the future that we ought to build for them in babyhood.

Fit Up Your Own Outdoor Nursery

AN OUTDOOR nursery does not mean a big money outlay at the beginning. It doesn't mean that you will have to build on a sleeping-porch to your house with the arrival of your first baby. It means just making the best use of that sunny back porch of yours, giving over one end of it and furnishing this airy corner for the accommodation of your baby.

A porch-end large enough to conveniently hold the baby's carriage and a table with necessary appliances is all that is necessary. Your first care will be to ward against drafts. Baby can stand a great deal of fresh air blowing in from overhead, but we must keep his body warm.

To provide for keeping the baby out in all kinds of weather, it will be a good plan to glass in one end of the porch. The window frames should be put in in such a way that they will either swing out and in or raise and lower easily, because they are intended to be storm-guards. Never must they shut out fresh, life-giving air. A heavy curtain fitted with rings and hung on a rod will be a good storm and wind guard, if the glass window is not available.

Will the baby suffer if he naps and plays and naps again here in the open? Not a bit.

A heavy blanket should be folded so as to result in several thicknesses and laid in the bottom of the baby's carriage beneath his pillows. A hot-water bag or a heated soapstone will keep his feet comfortable. He should have especially heavy underflannels, a flannelet slip, leggings and sweater, in addition to his coat, for this outdoor living. Wrapped in blankets, he will be completely warm, comfortable and happy.

One mother complained to me: "I want my six-months-old baby to take his nap out-of-doors, Dr. Hamilton, but he cries so that I have to give it up. What shall I do?"

I found upon making further inquiry that this mother had not changed her baby's position in his carriage often enough. He couldn't move about comfortably. He cried because his muscles were cramped from lying in one position. This difficulty overcome, the crying ceased and the baby began to show the benefits of his outdoor naps.

The furnishings of your nursery should be of the simplest—an enameled bed, and all draperies and rugs of light, washable material. The floor should not be carpeted. The floor should be wiped daily with a damp cloth, *never* dusted. Thoroughly air baby's room for at least an hour morning and evening. The best time for this is after his morning bath when he is out-of-doors, and before bedtime.

The Question of Ventilation

NURSERIES are almost invariably overheated. How shall we get proper ventilation without drafts? Open fires which, unfortunately, we all haven't, are the best means of ventilating and heating. The most simple ventilation system is a window-board six inches wide and long enough to exactly fit the window's width. This board is placed beneath the raised lower sash, insuring free passage of air upward into the room between the sashes. The proper average temperature of the room in the daytime should be sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. Always keep a window open at night, unless the temperature out-of-doors is below thirty-five degrees.

Do not have oil or gas stoves in the baby's room. If you have steam heat or hot air, place a pan of water beneath the radiator or in the room. This is to prevent excessive drying of the air, one of the most frequent causes of head colds in very young children.

A gas-jet allowed to burn in the sleeping-room at night makes your baby starve for oxygen. When you have no electric light, use wax-candle night-lights.

In flytime the windows should be fitted with screens to keep out flies and mosquitoes. The latter often poison a baby and sometimes transmit malaria.

The fly is both filthy and dangerous because he carries germs on his feet and may alight on the nipple of the baby's bottle or on his food.

I wish that I might go on further this month, but our letter-box needs opening. If I don't reach *your* baby this month, I shall soon.

The Truth About Vaccination

WILL you please tell me the truth about vaccination for my children? They are both boys, aged four years and eighteen months respectively, and I am told and have read that vaccination is harmful, unnecessary and poisonous. Shall I have the children vaccinated, and when is the proper age?

MRS. L. R., Missouri

By all means have the children vaccinated. It is an imperative duty of every mother and every physician to have each young infant vaccinated. Do not allow any false sentiment or prejudice which you may read stand in the way of this important prevention. If you will note the rarity of smallpox compared to its general and widespread occurrence before vaccination was practised, you will have no doubt of its being a necessary procedure for the children.

Nowadays the virus for vaccination is taken from carefully tested calves and is prepared with the greatest care according to standards set by the United States Government.

It is preferable to vaccinate baby when one month old, if well and strong, as there is but little reaction in the case of young infants. Some temporary fever will occur about the fourth, fifth or sixth day following vaccination, but need cause you no alarm. If the first vaccination does not take, it is wise to make two, or even three, additional trials.

Curing Hives

MY LITTLE girl, who is five years old, has attacks of hives several times during the year, and I have given her herb tea every day, but each attack she has seems to stay longer. Please advise me, as she is so restless when she has hives. MRS. J. M., Texas

Urticaria, or hives, is caused, in most instances, by the child's eating something which does not agree with her, such as fish, sea foods, strawberries, tomatoes, or too much candy or pastry. To treat her, stop all articles of diet likely to cause the trouble by placing her on a milk diet for two days, giving plenty of water to drink and clearing out the bowels thoroughly with castor-oil or magnesia. As her diet is gradually increased, give her a teaspoonful of a mixture of rhubarb and soda after each meal for one week. To relieve the itching, bathe her in a bath of bicarbonate of soda, and rub gently with equal parts of water and the fluid extract of witchhazel. Urticaria may come from causes other than digestive, and if it continues for a long period a physician should be consulted.

How To Make Gruel

I AM advised by my doctor to give my baby gruels, although he did not give me directions for preparing them, and as he lives a considerable distance away, will you please give me recipes for the proper preparation of them. I have asked a neighbor, and she is not sure as to the cooking or quantities of ingredients to use. MRS. J. W. J., Oklahoma

As no definite gruel recipe is asked for, we gladly print the recipes for the proper preparation of frequently used gruels:

Oatmeal Gruel—To three cupfuls of boiling water add one-half cupful of oatmeal and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cook this for five hours in a double boiler. Strain and dilute to amount required with hot milk.

Barley Gruel—Mix thoroughly two tablespoonfuls of barley-flour with a little cold milk, and stir into one quart of scalded milk. Cook this in a double boiler for two hours. Strain. Add a little salt and sugar.

Farina Gruel—Put one tablespoonful of farina and a half teaspoonful of salt into a pint of boiling water. Cook for twenty minutes. Strain. Add one teaspoonful of sugar and sufficient hot milk to obtain the desired consistency.

Arrowroot Gruel—Mix two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, one teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt, with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Add one cupful of boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook for twenty minutes, then add two cupfuls of scalded milk, and bring once more to the boiling-point. Strain.

It Isn't Enough to Love Your Baby

for by love alone you cannot keep him with you. For years, devoted doctors, the world over, have struggled to find the way to keep our babies well. Now at last they know. And you, too, must know, for your own sake and your baby's.

You must know that if you cannot give your baby your own milk (which is best of all) you must give it something so like its mother's milk that the baby feels no difference.

You must know that cows' milk, destined by a wise providence for the four stomachs of a calf, will prove too much for the tiny little stomach of your baby.

You must know that

Nestlé's Food

is the substitute for mother's milk, because it is pure cow's milk with the calf needs modified, and baby needs put in—packed in a sanitary, tightly closed can.

See for yourself. Send for the generous can (enough for twelve feedings), we are glad to send you free. Send for the book of big importance to your little one. Written by specialists, it tells you all about the care of babies. It is free. Send for it today.

HENRI NESTLÉ
101 Chambers St.
New York

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You Can Dine Better At Home

One of the chefs in charge of our kitchens came from the Ritz in Paris.

One prepared rare dishes for the Carleton's guests in London.

Chefs like these create the tomato sauce that's baked with Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

To them is due its zest and flavor, its insidious blend.

But no hotel prepares this dish as we prepare it here.

We have steam heated ovens, so the baking is done without bursting or crisping.

Our beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

And the sauce in our process is baked with the beans. In hotel methods that is impracticable.

Then chefs in hotels rarely get such materials.

Our tomatoes are all vine-ripened. Thus we get that sparkling zest.

The beans we use are picked out by hand, to get plump, fully-ripened beans, all of equal size.

Millions of bushels are used in bean baking which we would refuse in our kitchens.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Thus we bring to your table the utmost in baked beans.

Made of the finest materials—baked in modern ovens — prepared by the rarest skill.

Under our methods, we bring it to you with all the oven freshness.

Nowhere in the world are better beans served than right on your own table—when you serve Van Camp's.

What a pity it is, when such beans are available, to serve something half as good.

Three sizes:
10, 15, and 20 cents per can

Baked by
Van Camp Packing Co.
Established 1861
Indianapolis, Ind.

OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

THE WAY THEY DO IT IN HOLLAND

SOME ECONOMICAL COLD-WEATHER DISHES

By Margaret F. van der Hoeven

An American woman married to a Hollander and living in that beautiful Country

THE fame of Dutch housewives as models of neatness and cleanliness is world-wide, but Dutch cooking is a subject about which less is known. These good housekeepers know how to prepare many a dish which appeals to those who appreciate good things to eat. In cold weather when the skating is good, the enthusiastic skaters come home cold and hungry and are fed on "Erwten Soep," which is more than satisfying under these conditions. It must be of the consistency of porridge, and the Hollanders say if your spoon can stand up alone in it, the soup is just right.

Erwten Soep WASH two cupfuls of dried split peas and soak overnight in four quarts of water. Cook in the same water in which they have soaked, with two pig's-feet, one tablespoonful of salt, a head of celery and one onion chopped fine. Boil slowly for a long time, the longer the better. To be quite perfect the soup should simmer slowly for ten hours.

Hutspot THIS is a very hearty Winter dish that dates from the siege of Leyden in 1574. Wash two pounds of beef cut from the round, and bring slowly to a boil in one pint and one-half of water and one tablespoonful of salt. Add two pounds of carrots, washed, scraped and cut in pieces. After a little while add three or four chopped onions and two pounds of potatoes cut in pieces. Cook until tender, being careful that there is always sufficient water to prevent burning. When everything is tender, remove the meat and pour off enough liquor to serve as gravy, then mash the rest all together, with four tablespoonfuls of butter or lard.

Roode Kool CABBAGES play an important part on the Winter menus of Holland. Cut off the outside leaves of a purple cabbage, cut in halves and slice thin. Boil slowly three to four hours in two cupfuls of water, with one-quarter cupful of vinegar, five sour apples peeled and cut in pieces, three cloves, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls salt, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add the butter just before serving. While cooking, shake from time to time.

Witte Kool PULL off the outside leaves of a white cabbage, then from underneath cut out the middle stalk, leaving the cabbage otherwise whole. Boil in salted water until tender, drain and serve with the following sauce:

Cook one small chopped onion, one bay-leaf, a bit of thyme and a piece of Spanish pepper in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add two and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour and then, gradually, one-half cupful of milk, one cupful and one-half of soup-stock or boiling water, and one-half cupful of the water in which the cabbage has cooked. Cook ten minutes and pour through a strainer over the cabbage.

Frambozen Pudding THIS calls for raspberry-juice, but any fruit-juice will do as well. If fruit sirup is used omit the sugar. Warm one pint of raspberry-juice with one cupful of sugar. Add one-half box or two tablespoonfuls of gelatin dissolved in one-half cupful of water. When cooled add one pint of whipped cream. When the mixture begins to stiffen set away in a mold to cool. Coffee pudding can be made in the same manner, using one-half cupful of *strong* black coffee and one-half cupful of sugar.

Stampot BOIL a white or Savoy cabbage in the usual manner. Put two quarts of potatoes cut in pieces into a saucepan with one pint of water, one tablespoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, and on top place the boiled cabbage. When the potatoes are tender, mash everything together.

Beans with Hollandaise Sauce ORDINARY white beans make a delicious vegetable. Soak overnight, boil until tender in the same water with salt, remove with skimmer, being careful not to break the beans, and serve with the following sauce which, by the way, is delicious with all boiled fish. Beat the yolks of two eggs for five minutes; beat in one-quarter cupful of vinegar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one tablespoonful of corn-starch dissolved in two-thirds of a cupful of water. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until it thickens and all foam has disappeared. Take from the fire and add carefully, a little at a time, two tablespoonfuls of butter.

Dutch Beets BEETS prepared in this manner are very good. Boil four to six beets as usual, peel and slice. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of boiling water, salt, pepper, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook a few minutes, then add the beets. Stand on the back of the stove for about ten minutes, then serve.

Sinasappel bla THIS is a simple dessert which is unusually nice. Add a piece of orange-peel to one pint of milk and scald. Mix one tablespoonful of corn-starch, one-half cupful of sugar and the yolks of two eggs. Pour on the milk carefully, having removed the orange-peel. Cook in a double boiler ten minutes, stirring constantly. Then add the juice of three oranges and two lemons, and stir in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Set away to cool.

Spaansche Ryst COOK one cupful of rice in a quart of milk; then add the beaten yolks of three eggs, three-quarters of a cupful sugar, the beaten whites, and one-third of a cupful of orange-juice. Put in a buttered baking-dish and brown in the oven.

Rystpudding COOK one cupful of rice in a quart of milk, add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of almond extract, the beaten yolks of three eggs and the whites beaten stiff. Put in a baking-dish and brown in the oven.

Rystpudding 2 COOK one-half cupful of rice in one quart milk. Then add one-half cupful of sugar, one-third of a box or one tablespoonful and one-half of granulated gelatin dissolved in a little water, and one pint of whipped cream. When it begins to stiffen and the rice does not settle to the bottom set away in a mold to cool.

Hache MELT two tablespoonfuls of butter, fry one onion chopped fine and then add three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add three cupfuls of soup-stock or left-over gravy with boiling water and cook ten minutes, stirring constantly. Add one pound of left-over meat cut in small pieces or chopped, four cloves, a bit of bay-leaf, one-third of a cupful of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Simmer gently two hours. Before serving thicken with one-half tablespoonful of corn-starch dissolved in a little water.

Ananaspudding CUT one can of pineapple in small pieces and heat it with the sirup and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar. Add one-half box or two tablespoonfuls of gelatin dissolved in one-half cupful of cold water. When this has cooled add one pint whipped cream. When it begins to stiffen set away in a mold to cool.

Gestoofde Schellvisch BOIL a medium-sized haddock ten minutes in salted water. Remove bones and put pieces of fish in a baking-dish with four tablespoonfuls of butter, one lemon cut in slices and the water in which the fish has cooked. Sprinkle with cracker-crums and brown in the oven.

Gestoofd Konijn BOIL a Belgian hare slowly for one hour. Melt six tablespoonfuls of butter, add five tablespoonfuls of flour, three cupfuls of water in which the hare has cooked and the juice of one lemon. Cut the hare in pieces and simmer in this sauce for about forty-five minutes.

Stuffed Noodles MAKE a very stiff noodle dough with one egg, salt, one-half an egg-shellful of water, and flour enough to roll it out. Let dry on a board three or four hours. Cut in squares about six inches across, and fill with a forcemeat made of fried country sausage and bread-crums. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a little onion-juice. Roll up the squares like cinnamon rolls and pinch the ends together so they will not come unrolled. Cook fifteen minutes in boiling soup-stock.

Sour Beef THIS is a stew made of soup-meat cut in chunks and simmered in stock seasoned with salt, pepper, a little onion and half a cupful of vinegar. Just before serving thicken the stock with browned flour. This quantity of vinegar is for a small amount—say a pound of soup-meat.

A New Breakfast Dish MAKE a soft pancake batter with one egg well beaten, a good pinch of salt, half a cupful of milk and the necessary flour (double this amount if there are more than two to eat it). Put bacon drippings in a deep skillet, pour in the batter as soon as the fat is hot, and as soon as the batter begins to stiffen, cut it in all directions until it is like coarse hash. Serve when well browned. Catsup may be served with this dish.

Prune Dumplings WHEN making light rolls after any good recipe, set aside a pan of the dough which has been molded into small biscuits (a little smaller than the ordinary "raised" biscuit) in a place where they will not rise too rapidly. After soaking some prunes, put on to stew in plenty of water so there will be a good deal of liquor when the fruit is cooked. Sweeten to taste. Half an hour before you wish to serve the dumplings put the biscuits on top of the prunes and cover the saucepan closely. The prune liquor will permeate the dough and if properly made the result is delicious. The amount of prunes and biscuits used depends on the size of the family. This dish can be made by using a rich baking-powder biscuit dough instead of the yeast biscuits, if one is in a hurry, but while good, it is not so good as the genuine article.

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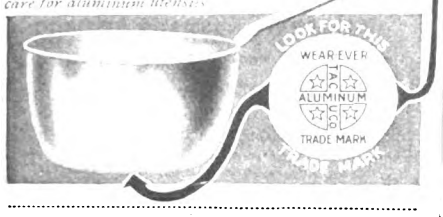

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

SOUTH CAROLINA RECIPES

ANY ONE OF THEM WOULD MAKE AN ORDINARY DINNER INTERESTING

YOU have had opportunity to try the favorite recipes of our North Carolina Cooks, and here are some, equally appetizing, from their near of kin in South Carolina. That they are excellent goes without saying. Our plan of publishing recipes characteristic of each State has proved so popular that we wish we could promise you some each month. Space will not permit this, but we will give them to you as often as possible. Colorado will be next on our list.

Baked Pears for Indefinite Keeping

REMOVE stems and wash as many ripe, firm, unspecked pears as will fill a baking-pan. Pour boiling water over them to within a little of upper rim, and sweeten, as if for immediate use. While the pears are baking, baste constantly and turn over and around to brown equally. Sprinkle with powdered cinnamon and add a few cloves and spices. Have jars hot as for canning, and when the pears are very tender, almost candied, pack in jars, pouring the boiling sirup over them; seal and put aside for future use. Should the water boil down very low, add more, little by little, until the sirup is enough to cover the pears in jars. These are much nicer than canned pears.

MISS A. F., Bishopville, S. C.

Some Cake Fillings

FOR a lemon filling, use three cupfuls of granulated sugar, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter and the strained juice of two lemons. Put the sugar and eggs in a saucepan, beat well, then add the milk and butter and place on the stove. Keep well stirred to prevent burning and cook until very thick. Take from the stove and beat with a spoon until it begins to cool, then add the lemon-juice and a few drops of lemon extract. While still warm, put between the layers of cake. An orange filling is made by using orange-juice instead of lemon-juice. Another kind of filling can be made from it by mashing one or two bananas, according to size, and adding this with a little orange or lemon juice to the filling. Any other flavor or combination of flavors may be used.

S. N. R., Ridgeway, S. C.

Individual Apple Custards

HEAT one pint of milk. Separate two eggs; into the yolks beat three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch and a pinch of salt. When at boiling-point, remove the milk from the stove and pour it slowly into the egg mixture; return to fire and cook to the consistency of boiled custard. Into this custard stir one cupful and one-half of raw grated apple and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Pour into six individual molds (we use little blue bowls), pile on top of each the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and put in the oven to brown. Serve either hot or cold.

MRS. V. D., Chester, S. C.

Oyster Dressing for Turkey

DRAIN the liquor from about twenty oysters and chop them very fine. Rub smooth dry bread-crums enough to make a pint, season with salt and pepper and moisten with a little melted butter and some oyster liquor. Stir in the chopped oysters and stuff the turkey.

MRS. S. B. T., Fairfax, S. C.

Poinsettia Salad

ONE can of pimentos, one fresh pineapple, one head of crisp lettuce. Cut the pineapple in thin slices, lay a slice on a lettuce-leaf, then with a pair of scissors cut the pimentos into petals and shape a poinsettia on each slice of the pineapple. Put a full teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing in the center of each and all around the outer edge of the pineapple.

CLUB WOMAN, Seneca, S. C.

Unadulterated Essence of Lemon

THE thrifty housekeeper can find a profitable use for the rinds, when preparing lemonade, or anything requiring only the juice of the lemons. Cut the rind carefully in quarters, removing as much of the pith as possible; then with a pair of scissors or a penknife cut these pieces in strips about a quarter of an inch wide. Place in a one-quart preserve jar containing one pint of pure alcohol. Add rind thus prepared from time to time until you have used about fifteen lemons. Allow it to macerate a week before using. Standing longer, however, will not hurt it. Strain through fine muslin or filter. The price usually paid for a bottle containing about two ounces of essence of lemon is twenty-five cents. The pint of alcohol costs about fifty cents. Allowing for evaporation, absorption, etc., you have at least six or seven times as much essence, absolutely pure, with neither artificial flavor nor coloring.

H. E. B., Charleston, S. C.

Charleston Salad

POUR four tablespoonfuls of salad oil over two cupfuls of crab-meat and mix thoroughly. Season with salt, paprika and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one pinch of mustard, one tablespoonful of capers and three hard-boiled eggs grated finely. Mix well and serve on crisp lettuce-leaves. A garnish of strips of pimentos adds greatly to the appearance of this delicious salad.

MRS. M. W. C., Seneca, S. C.

"Pocket-books"

WE FIND the little "turnover" roll full of possibilities. The dough (an ordinary biscuit dough with one egg beaten in for each pint of flour used) is rolled rather thin, cut about the size of a tea-cup and the chosen "filling" spread over the circle. Fold this over on itself, and bake quickly. The filling gives play to your ingenuity. Here are some combinations we have used:

Minced ham, veal or chicken, highly seasoned and made into a paste with a little warmed butter. Cheese creamed over the fire and mixed with broken or ground nuts. Sardines and thin slips of broiled bacon. Place these alternately on half the circle of dough, fold over the other half. Caramel paste of brown sugar and butter with halves of blanched almonds. Toasted marshmallows make a dainty filling, and bits of strawberry or other preserves can be successfully used.

K. G. D., Chester, S. C.

Boiled Bucket Dumpling

ONE pint of flour, one tablespoonful of butter and one of lard, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, six apples. Mix flour, butter, salt, powder and lard together *with the hands*. Beat the egg very light, then add to the flour, with milk to make a batter stiff enough to drop from a fork. Line a well-greased bucket with this, pour in the peeled, sliced apples, cover with batter, close the bucket tightly, place in a vessel of water and boil for three hours. Serve with butter-and-sugar sauce. The dumpling when turned from the bucket should be of a light brown color. This recipe will serve for six persons.

H. E. H., Charleston, S. C.

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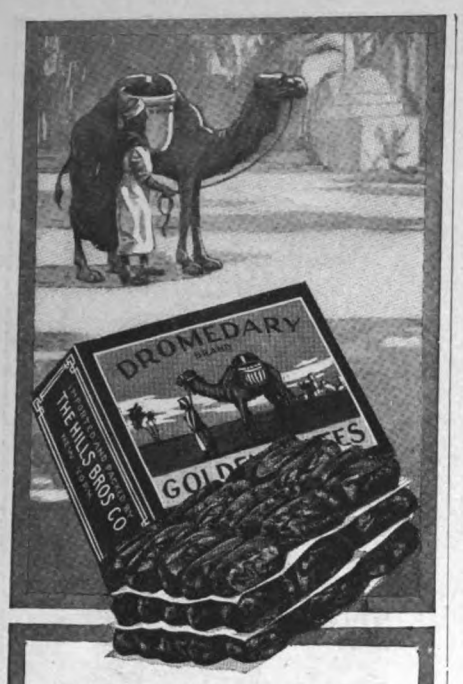

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Beat up 2 eggs, then add 1 cup Dromedary Dates, chopped; 2 cups flour; 2 cups bread-crumbs; 1 cup chopped suet; ¾ cup sugar; ½ teaspoonful salt; 1 cup milk; 1 teaspoonful mixed spices. Mix and pour into a buttered mold, cover with buttered paper and steam for two hours. Serve decorated with whipped cream and whole stoned dates.

Dromedary Steamed Date Pudding

OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

THERE'S MONEY IN A BEEF SHANK

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE THAT MONEY

By Mrs. Gordon Boles

I WONDER if housekeepers of limited means realize the possibilities of a shank; not a veal shank, which I know makes delicious jellied veal, but a beef shank with plenty of meat on it. They cost from twenty-five to forty-five cents according to size. For a family of five, a forty or forty-five cent shank can be made to last five days and no one need tire of it, as there are so many ways in which it may be served.

Put the shank into a large kettle, cover with cold water and boil slowly until tender. Allow the water to boil down to less than half, then take part of the meat while hot and either chop it in a chopping-bowl or put through the meat-chopper. Season and mix enough of the liquid with the meat to make it quite moist.

A pint of the meat would take about two cupfuls of the liquid. Wet a mold with cold water, pour in the meat and put it away in a cool place until next day. You will have a nice mold of jellied meat for luncheon or tea.

After all the meat fit to eat has been taken from the bones, return them to the kettle, add more water, half a cupful of barley, some chopped onions, carrots and turnips, boil until the vegetables are well done and you have a good vegetable soup.

Some of the meat can be made into a meat pie. Line the bottom and sides of a meat-pie dish with a good crust and slightly bake. Cut up as much meat as needed and vegetables to taste, and a hard-boiled egg. Season with pepper, salt and a little powdered sage.

Boil all together until the vegetables are done, thicken with flour and water, pour into the pie-dish, and bake with an upper crust. Cut small holes in the crust to allow steam to escape, and bake a nice brown.

Another way to use the meat is a curry. To make this, cut the meat into small dice and stew with onions till the latter are done. Add salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. Stir in a teaspoonful of curry powder mixed with enough flour to thicken and a little cold water. Serve with boiled rice.

If you like a brown stew, cut meat, cold boiled potatoes, carrots and onions into dice and fry until brown. Then put the meat and vegetables on a dish, add more butter to the frying-pan, stir in flour, and when browned add water enough to make a smooth gravy. Season well and pour over the meat.

Some of the meat can be put through the chopper, mixed with a well-beaten egg and cracker-crums, seasoned, and molded into small cakes and fried a nice brown.

For minced meat on toast take a heaping cupful of the chopped meat and half a can of tomatoes. Boil the tomatoes with a lump of butter, salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of sugar for ten minutes; then add the meat, cook three minutes, pour over toast and serve.

For a dry stew add chopped cold boiled potatoes and onions to chopped meat, season well, cover with water and stew until almost dry. Be careful not to let it burn. Serve with toast cut into dice around the edge of the dish.

For a meat loaf, take some of the chopped meat, an egg and cracker-crums, season highly, mold into a loaf, place in a small baking-pan, put bits of butter on top and a little water around it and bake, basting often. Serve either hot or cold.

These are some of the dishes that can be made from a beef shank, and there are others. All can not be made from one shank, of course, but anyway you can have plenty of variety even if you buy them often.

AND HERE'S A FRUIT TO BUY WITH IT

AFTER ten years of assiduous work, the date-palms which the United States Agricultural Department sent to Arizona from Egypt are beginning to bear. The Deglet-Noir date has responded best to climatic conditions of the lower valley of Colorado, the vicinity of Yuma, the Imperial Valley and the Salt River Valley. The great drawback connected with the culture of dates is the time required to bring the trees into bearing. The suckers from the growing trees will come into partial bearing in five or six years, but ten years must be allowed for their full bearing.

Meantime the date gardens of Arabia are sending us the choicest of their store and the American public is rapidly becoming acquainted with the products of the Arabian date gardens and appreciating to the full their great food value and gastronomic possibilities.

So concentrated is the food value of the date that in some countries the killing of a date-palm is a criminal offense. The fruit contains a very small percentage of protein, but the sugar is in so pure and simple a form that it is readily digested, while the food value per pound, as expressed in scientific terms, is one thousand two hundred and seventy-five calories as against the food value of two hundred and ninety-five calories per pound of potatoes, and one thousand one hundred and sixty-five calories per pound of beef.

Among the recipes for date dishes, the following are commended by DELINEATOR readers who have proved their worth in varied forms.

Oatmeal and Date Cookies

THESE cookies are delicious and require neither eggs nor milk. Grind enough oats to make two cupfuls of oatmeal or buy the prepared meal. Beat to a cream one cupful of butter or shortening made of lard and drippings, half and half, and two cupfuls of brown sugar. Add one-half cupful of hot water and the oatmeal into which has been sifted one small teaspoonful of soda. Add flour to make a very soft dough, roll very thin, cut out with small-sized cutter and bake in a moderate oven. Put two of these cakes together with the following date filling: One pound of stoned dates, two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and a little hot water. Do not cook, but work into a smooth paste with a spoon.

MRS. G. W. L., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Date Waffles

SIFT together one pint of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a half teaspoonful of salt. Add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter to a cupful and a quarter of milk, and mix with the flour. Stir in three rounded tablespoonfuls of fine corn-meal, then beat the whites of the eggs very stiff and fold in together with one cupful of chopped dates. Bake in a waffle-iron, and as soon as each waffle is done, spread with slightly softened butter and honey, maple sirup or a little prune-juice.

E. T. P., New York City.

Date Whip

STONE and chop a quarter of a pound of dates, add half a cupful of hot water and cook to a smooth paste. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, fold in half a cupful of pulverized sugar and the date paste. Pour into a buttered pudding-dish and bake until set.

Serve with a boiled custard made of the yolks of the eggs, a pint of sweet milk and four tablespoonfuls of sugar.

B. R. M., Parsons, Kansas.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

RECIPES FROM EVERYWHERE

HERE'S THE HINT YOU WANT FOR TO-MORROW'S DINNER

All Tested and Contributed by Our Readers

Oyster Jambalaya PUT the liquor from one quart of oysters into a stew kettle. Add one cupful and one-half well-washed rice and one small onion chopped fine, and cook rapidly, but without stirring, until the rice is done. If the oyster liquor cooks away, add hot water. When the rice is tender but not "mushy," put in the oysters and set back on the stove till oysters begin to ruffle. Season with salt and pepper, and serve at once.

Crystallized Orange-Peel TAKE the peel of three oranges and cut in strips. Pour cold water over them and let come to a boil until the peel is tender. Take two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of water and boil to a heavy sirup. Put orange-peel in and cook until clear. Have a dish of granulated sugar, take peel from sirup and roll in sugar, and place in sun to clarify. The sirup can be kept in a jar and used again.

To Serve with Black Coffee HOT cheese sandwiches are delicious served with black coffee after dinner or luncheon. To make them, spread both sides of thinly sliced white bread with butter. Between two slices put thinly sliced or grated cheese. Place in a hot oven; brown quickly; turn over and brown. Serve at once.

Alabama Baked Beans IF THOSE who have never done so will try adding the juice of an orange or the grated pulp of a rather tart apple to the next dish of baked beans, they will find it a very delightful addition. They are made just as usual except that the apple or orange is added before putting into the oven to bake and a little more sugar or molasses than usual is added.

Candied Potato PEEL and slice thin two or three medium-sized potatoes or one large one. Put in a stew-pan with enough water to cover. Cook till potatoes can be pierced with a straw, then pour in one cupful of sugar and cook till a thick sirup is formed and the potatoes have a clear look. Do not stir while cooking.

Peanut Wafers BEAT to a cream one cupful of sugar and a half cupful of butter. Add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of vanilla and two small cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Butter the bottom of a dripping-pan (outside) and spread the dough over it very thinly, using the blade of a knife dipped in cold water. Sprinkle thickly with chopped peanuts and bake. Do not let the cakes get too brown. As soon as done cut into squares and take from pan.

Coconut Macaroons SIFT together a scant cupful of flour and one of granulated sugar. Add two cupfuls of best shredded coconut, mix thoroughly and fold in the whites of three eggs whipped to a stiff froth. Roll into a sheet, cut in small flat cakes and bake in a moderate oven until crisp and golden brown.

Sweet Pickled Peaches SPRINKLE one-half gallon of sugar over one gallon and one-half of peeled peaches with a clove in each peach. Let this stand overnight. Drain the juice into a preserving kettle and boil hard fifteen to twenty minutes. Add two pints of strong vinegar to the boiling juice. Put the peaches in and boil all together until peaches are tender. Put the fruit in cans, pour sirup over and seal while hot.

Pecan Macaroons WHIP the whites of three eggs, then add to them one-half pound of light brown sugar, a little cinnamon to flavor, and three-quarters of a pound of pecan-meats, cut into bits. Drop on smooth brown paper, and bake in a very cool oven for nearly two hours.

Frijoles for the Camp Kettle THE frijole is a small red bean in great favor with the Mexicans and American residents in the Southwest. The red and black beans found in Eastern markets may be cooked in the same way. Soak a pint of the beans overnight, then put on to boil in salted water until tender. While they are cooking, fry two good-sized onions, sliced, in bacon fat, then add half a can of tomatoes. Take three or four red chilli peppers that have been cleaned and part of the fiery veins removed, put in water and cook a few moments, then scrape the red jelly-like chilli from the tough skin and add with the onions and tomatoes to the beans. Cook several hours until very soft, stirring often to prevent burning.

Peas and Riced Potatoes WASH a quart of peas in a little running water. Do not put salt in the water in which they are boiled, as it causes the outer skin to crack and slip off. Instead, add one dessertspoonful of sugar to half a gallon of water and two or three sprigs of mint. Do not use baking-soda; it renders them insipid. Cook in an uncovered saucepan. Drain, add one heaping tablespoonful of butter and seasoning of salt and pepper. Serve hot with a border of boiled and riced potatoes.

Pineapple Dainties PLACE a half-inch slice of nut ice-cream between two slices of pineapple. Decorate each slice with a star of whipped and sweetened cream and half a walnut-meat.

Sautéd Beans COLD cooked beans may be recooked this way, though freshly cooked ones are, of course, nicer. To each pound of beans allow one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, salt and pepper. Cut the beans into fairly thin shreds, wash them in cold water, then cook them in fast-boiling salted water. When the beans are tender, drain off the water and dry lightly in a cloth. Put them in a clean frying-pan and toss them gently in it over the fire until they are dry and very hot; then add the butter, parsley, lemon-juice, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Make them very hot, and serve in a hot vegetable-dish.

Beefsteak and Onions FOR this recipe have a steak cut an inch thick or more, if you prefer, and broil over a clear fire for ten minutes, turning constantly to avoid burning. During the first five minutes keep the steak as near the coals or gas flame as possible, but for the remaining time hold at a little distance from the flame so as to cook thoroughly and even. Have ready for a steak weighing about two pounds and a half two good-sized Spanish onions sliced as thin as possible, also a kettle of boiling fat, preferably one of the refined vegetable oils. As soon as the steak is taken from the fire, put a wire frying-basket containing the sliced onions into the boiling fat and cook three minutes or until the onions are crisp and a golden brown. Place the steak on a platter, season with salt and pepper and spread with a generous supply of butter. Drain the onions, arrange around the steak and serve at once.

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A Memorial to Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Scientist, Author, Teacher, Apostle of the Art of Right Living

THE members of the American Home Economics Association, whose object is to improve conditions of living in the home, the institutional household and the community, are busied in establishing a memorial to Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, first president of the American Home Economics Association and founder of the *Journal of Home Economics*, to whom all Home Economic workers acknowledge complete indebtedness. The memorial is to take the form of a "Home Economics Fund"—a miniature Sage Foundation, permanently invested, its income to be used for research, investigation and publication. The Fund will be administered by a Board of Trustees, on which the following persons have accepted membership: Professor Robert H. Richards, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dean Marion Talbot, University of Chicago; President Charles W. Dabney, University of Cincinnati; Dr. Charles F. Langworthy, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Mrs. Mary H. Abel, editor of *Journal of Home Economics;* Dr. Benjamin R. Andrews, Teachers College, Columbia University; Isabel Bevier, University of Illinois; Frances Stern, Boston; Ednah A. Rich, Santa Barbara Normal School; Mrs. Annie Dewey, Lake Placid Club; Dean James J. Walsh, M. D., Fordham College, New York City, and Frederick B. Pratt, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Richards' birthday, December third, has been set aside to be kept hereafter as a "Home Economics Day" in schools, colleges, women's clubs and other organizations.

A Course in "Chores" for Boys

THE Bethel Women's Club of St. Louis believes that a course of home carpentering should be added to the school-curriculum for boys. The members of the club believe that the boys may as well be acquiring knowledge which they can put to practical use in their own homes, such as making screens, repairing broken windows or chairs, putting storm protectors on doors and the like, rather than devoting all their time to fancy wood-working and cabinet-making. This would save many a penny that now goes to the professional carpenter for doing such odd jobs. MRS. H. F., Boston, Mass.

Farmers' Bulletins for Housekeepers

A WISE housewife takes advantage of every facility offered for the better and more scientific management of her home, and there are many available helps of which perhaps the average housekeeper is ignorant.

One of the most reliable sources of information is our Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., which maintains experiment stations, where digestion tests and other nutrition investigations are conducted, and the results reported in Farmers' Bulletins. These reports are issued free of charge on application, and discuss every food subject and many food processes, such as preserving, canning, bread-making, etc.

A penny post-card sent to a member of Congress or to the Secretary of Agriculture will bring you a list of all the bulletins now available for distribution; or you can request a particular one directly.

MRS. W. H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hospital Construction in the Home

AT A recent meeting of the Canadian Hospital Association, Mr. Edward F. Stevens showed wherein the architecture of the hospital should be a model for home builders. The general living-room of the house, loaded down with bric-à-brac, heavy draperies and carpets, projecting cornices and finish, is an admirable repository for dust. Sweeping and dusting scatters this dust through the air, to be breathed in by the occupants of the room.

In the modern hospital the floors are free from cracks or corners. Draperies are dispensed with, or are of the kind easily cleansed. The finish of the rooms is smooth, and the decoration by color or inlay. These innovations should be applicable to the kitchen or working portion of the house, where there need be no objection to the smooth door and wall, tile or linoleum floor. All plumbing fixtures should be set away from the walls, so that it is possible to clean behind them.

M. J. F., Boston, Mass.

Where is Your Washing Done?

THE Woman's Anti-Tuberculosis society of Knoxville is conducting a vigorous campaign against family washing being done where members of the family are afflicted with the dread "white plague." They have had a committee of women, accompanied by a nurse who is familiar with conditions among the poor, visiting homes where this disease has taken hold, and, through the medium of the press, have been trying to arouse interest in a fund to establish a tuberculosis hospital for the treatment of such cases. In many instances, the committee found homes where the mother and daughters of the family made a meager living by taking in washing. The danger of contagion was impressed upon newspaper readers by photographs, showing the washing laid out on chairs, beds, etc., in many instances in the very room in which a patient lay.

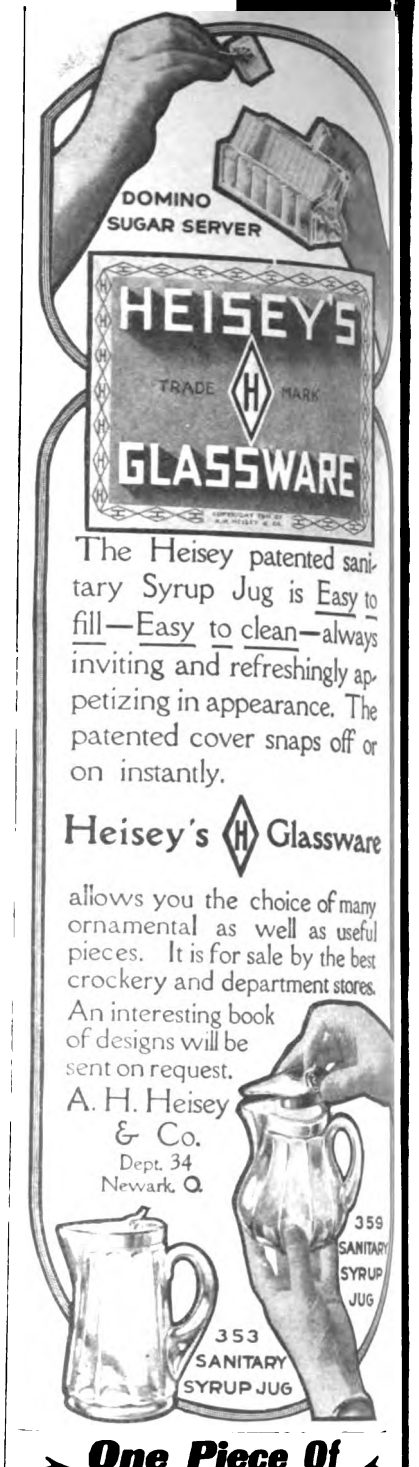
C. M. D., Knoxville, Tenn.

A New Temperance League

THERE has lately been organized in Pittsburgh a woman's club which is working in connection with the W. C. T. U., and which is known as "The Protective League for the Families of Drunkards." As a means of making their work effective, they have petitioned the city council to appoint as regular police officers women who are to be assigned regular "beats" in the section of the city where women and young girls frequent the back rooms of saloons. These policewomen are to use all their motherly influence in an endeavor to win to better ways of living the girls whom they find in such places. If they refuse the counsel and kindly advice, they will be liable to arrest. The policewomen will also keep a strict watch over the dance-halls and other places where young girls congregate.

Mrs. Stella B. Masters, who is head of the league, has made a careful study of conditions in Pittsburgh, and says that such special officers are very necessary, as the ordinary policeman considers such cases distinctly outside his jurisdiction, unless they develop into disorderly-conduct cases. The policewomen are to wear the white ribbon badge of the W. C. T. U. and also a special badge designed for this new service.

MRS. M. A. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.



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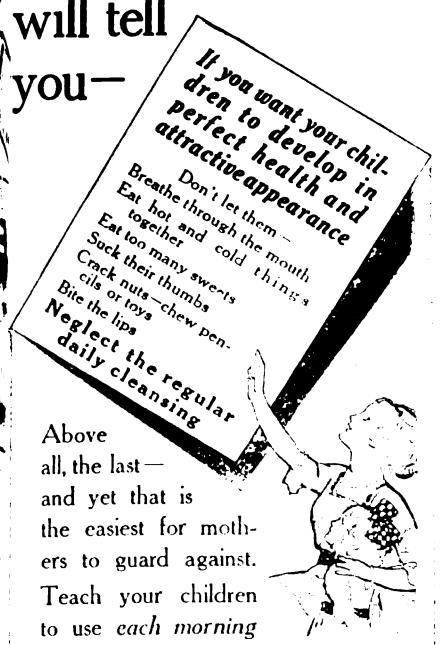

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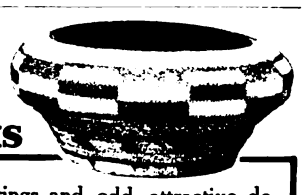

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References: Any bank or mercantile agency.

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BOOKS WORTH HAVING

By James Shelley Hamilton

The Lost World THE tale of an expedition to a South American plateau which, for some geological reason that the author makes sufficiently plausible, has retained the prehistoric features so vitally interesting to zoological museums. There, amid pterodactyls, iguanodons and stegosauri, adventure piles on adventure that would have made Captain Mayne Reid give up in despair. It's an old-fashioned type of yarn, done in the most modern style by a man who has long been master of creating scientific atmosphere for his thrilling make-believe.

The Lost World, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.25.

The Soul of a Tenor THE story of what changed a man from an egotist to an artist. It takes an American opera-singer from his early success, when success meant nothing to him but applause and fulsome praise, to his eventual triumph as a supreme interpreter of "Tristan." Two women wrought the change in his character which resulted in the ripening of his genius—his wife and Nagy Bosanska, a Hungarian singer—and their struggle for his love makes the framework of the plot. The book abounds in authentic local color, for the author knows operaland, and particularly the Metropolitan Opera House, through and through. Aside from its interest as a novel it gives a picture of "behind the scenes" that we must believe is genuine. As a depiction of character, however, leaving aside the realism of its setting and atmosphere, it leaves one finally with a sense of having touched only the surface of an extremely difficult problem. It would have taxed a master novelist to paint in all the lights and shades of Nagy Bosanska and Leandro Baroni. But Mr. Henderson has at least made his point obvious to the dullest.

The Soul of a Tenor, by W. J. Henderson. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Making a Business Woman A PIECE of fictional autobiography, which might well be actual autobiography, it is so true to real conditions and human nature. Women who want to go into business can find innumerable things in it to help them on their way—and women who just want to read a good story will enjoy it without any too unpleasant consciousness of what they are learning along with it.

Making a Business Woman, by Anne Shannon Monroe. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.30.

The Freshman A COLLEGE story, with all the ingredients that might have made the stereotyped kind of tale every one is used to in boys' books, where football and a few "'Rah! 'Rah's!" and an impossibly wonderful hero make what passes among people who don't know much about it as a thrilling picture of college life. Mr. Hopper has too much good sense, and is too honest a writer, to serve up his ingredients in that way. He has shown how the thing can and ought to be done, and written a little book about a real fellow in a real college, who played in a real football game. And it has the youth and the thrill that go with the real thing, which no heroic make-believe can ever counterfeit.

The Freshman, by James Hopper. (Moffat, Yard & Co.) $1.00.

William Vaughn Moody AMERICA lost a genuine poet when William Vaughn Moody died. He wrote poems and poetic dramas and prose dramas that have not only beauty and worth, but an unlimited promise of greater things to come. These two volumes hold what Mr. Moody wished to have preserved of his work. They contain many short poems, among them "An Ode in Time of Hesitation" and "To a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines," two of the finest outbursts of the American spirit written in our time. There are also the two beautiful parts of an unfinished trilogy—"The Fire Bringer" and "The Masque of Judgment," and the two plays that were acted by Henry Miller, "The Great Divide" and "The Faith Healer." The two volumes belong in every library of American literature.

Poems and Poetic Dramas, Prose Plays, by William Vaughn Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50 *each.*

Songs From Books FOR the last few years Mr. Kipling's verse, excepting an occasional contribution to some periodical, has appeared in the volumes with his stories. The "Puck" stories, "Traffics and Discoveries," and "Actions and Reactions" all contain poems, each one closely knit to a story, sometimes explaining it, always voicing the spirit of it. These poems are now collected in a single volume, with many additions from earlier books.

Songs from Books, by Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.40.

The Reef ANYTHING Mrs. Wharton writes is worth reading. No American author can be more surely depended on for interest and artistic workmanship. Most often she chooses to write of the people whom society reporters always speak of as the "smart set"—sophisticated, often patrician, people, brought up in the habits of wealth and fitting figures for a background of American aristocracy strongly colored by Europe. In "Ethan Fome" she forsook this territory for rural New England, and wrote one of the finest things our literature can boast of. In "The Reef" she comes back to it again, with all her skill of subtle character drawing and subtle character reactions. It's not her best book, but it is worthy of her.

The Reef, by Edith Wharton. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.30.

Marriage IF TO tell the truth about life as he sees it means greatness in a writer, there's no living English novelist who has a greater claim on greatness than H. G. Wells. He not only tells the truth as he sees it, but he has a singularly keen insight into human nature and human institutions, and a gift of analysis and depiction that is saved from heaviness by a delightful feeling for what is humorous. In this last novel he takes a man and a woman—very human and likable, both of them, with thoroughly normal virtues and failings—and puts them through the "trying-out" process of marriage. The result is genuinely what is so often called a "slice of life," quite astoundingly true for the most part, and not only engrossing to read, but the kind of book that, having read, one continues to think about.

Marriage, by H. G. Wells. (Duffield & Co.) $1.30.

Eve's Other Children A COLLECTION of Mrs. Van Slyke's stories of Syrian immigrants that have been appearing in the magazines during the last two years. They tell of one little current in the stream of Americans-in-the-making that isn't generally known about—an interesting current full of pleasant, human people whose stories Mrs. Van Slyke has written sympathetically and charmingly.

Eve's Other Children, by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.) $1.00.

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GENERAL FEDERATION NOTES

"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES" SEEMS TO BE DOING THINGS

Club Department conducted by Helen M. Winslow, publisher of the Official Register of Women's Clubs

WHEN we started to chronicle the "Story of Organized Womanhood," we had in mind to give some account of all the women's societies which have come into existence in the last half-century. This, however, in our limited space, we find impracticable, since what we want most is to give active cooperation and publicity to the best of our modern activities.

There are, for instance, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, King's Daughters, The Daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames, and several other patriotic societies; the International and the National Councils of Women, the growing Suffrage Associations, and the Woman's Relief Corps, which we must leave untouched.

The list of women's associations, all of which are doing excellent work, is a long one. We hear constantly of the activities of the National Woman's Relief Society, the Young Ladies' National Mutual Improvement Association, the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity, the Universal Peace Union, the National Association of Loyal Women of American Liberty, the National Woman's Relief Corps, the Council of Jewish Women, the Florence Crittenton Mission, Ladies of the Maccabees of the World, the Pythian Sisters, the Ladies of the Modern Maccabees, the National Council of Colored Women, the Grand Circle of Woodcraft, Woodmen's Circle, and various educational societies.

A Few Things Club Women Are Doing

MOST of these have committees which represent organized effort along the lines of education, industry and philanthropy, as well as moral and government reform. With all their diversified work, they are united upon the vital questions touching home, humanity and government.

Splendid work is being done by committees on peace and arbitration, education, children, equal standard of morals, political equality, home, immigration, divorce, illiteracy, art and literature, philanthropics and charities, domestic relations, legal status of women and children, health and foreign correspondence.

After all, nothing better has been said of their work than was uttered by Frances Willard at the first Triennial Council in 1891: "Woman is reaching up from sexhood to womanhood. Brute force is opposed to universal love; but there is no stronger helper of women than her brother—man."

And this leads us to the contemplation of the scores of societies, which are being

be: "What is a city without city mothers?" adding that the time would soon come when it will no longer be asked only of the woman, "Is she good?" and of the man, "Is he a good citizen?" but it will be asked of the woman, "Is she a good citizen?" and of the man, "Is he a good man?"

Perhaps it will be added: "And are they working together for their country, their State, their city, their home? Are the two combined into an organized, irresistible working force for the human uplift?"

Minnesota Women Take Up the Cudgel

AS A concrete instance, let us take a little story sent us from Minnesota, where the club women are conspicuous in every good work. Mrs. George J. Allen writes: "A Civic League in Rochester had not been thought of until Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane came to our city on her tour of investigation. She found that Rochester needed a thorough overhauling in order to become a clean and healthy city, and she told us about it, too, in no uncertain terms. That was two years ago. The Civic League was organized directly after her visit, with a membership of seventy-five, and it has grown to a membership of one hundred and fifteen.

"The women were determined to clean up, but it was a hard struggle against the old order of things. We wanted a visiting nurse, and procured one whose work has been a blessing to the city. The league supports this nurse entirely.

"We wanted a woman on the school board, thinking that women had just as good right to say who should teach their children as the men. One of the most prominent men in the city was put up against our candidate at the Spring election, and it didn't look as if we would stand any show at all, but we had women working in every precinct and ward. They made a house-to-house canvass; we had our women instructed to tell other women why we needed a woman on the school board, and we won out by a comfortable majority.

"The hardest thing to contend with was the unsanitary way in which our meat stores, groceries, dairies and bakeries were kept, and we couldn't make much headway toward cleaning up. Some of them responded, and invited inspection, but the majority did not. Our Health Officer was against us, and so was the City Council.

"The president of the State Board of Health was appealed to, and finally he made the city a proposition that the

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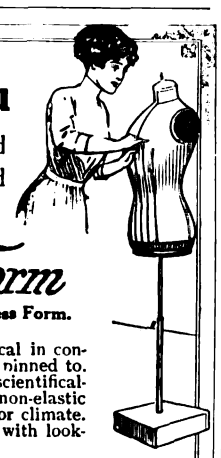

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ABOUT LOVE, CHILDREN AND PRIVILEGES

What Some of Our Readers Really Think

The Over-Cultivation of Ideals

SO YOU, too, are turning occultist! I refer to the paragraph, "The Land of Make-Believe"—the experience of the woman who transformed her life by the conscious building of air-castles. Perhaps it will turn out happily when one's ideals are just humanly high. Now listen to an experience of the other side:

I was about sixteen when the theory was introduced into my mind: a normal, high-strung, healthy young animal, thoroughly attracted to masculine society. Fond of air-castles, yes, but laughing at them. *Living* in the every-day. Then came this influence that led me to believe in them—to the cultivation of ideals. That sounds well and good, does it not? But I could picture a higher type of manhood than any I knew, certainly—and I did. And higher relations with him.

Coming when it did in my life, it doubtless saved me from a too young and foolish marriage. For that I have to thank it—perhaps. But the ideal grew, as ideals have a way of doing; grew higher than men I knew, higher than any I read about; bigger than any conception of other men's ideals — that I know about. It became a Frankenstein in the opposite extreme.

I wake up to-day to find myself a woman grown, looking at the world from the heights of that great ideal where I have let myself dwell so long, and all the men I know are—oh, fine and sweet and lovable, yes — but incomparable, unmatable.

Could you dwell in the wide, free, sweeping spaces of the mountain-tops for a decade and then come down to the little tight, hard square walls of a city flat and be very happy, if you are just ordinarily human?

You understand, I'm not speaking of material things. I have been earning my own living for many years; and there is not a man whom I know well enough now to marry who would not bring me greater material ease than I have ever known. But I can not marry him. I am adrift somewhere in space. My ideal is real—ah! very real—the realest thing I am capable of conceiving; but it is not *human*. And I am very human. I was made for love and home and children. And I've let myself live so they must be denied me. Do you see?

VIRGINIA.

No, that is not my name—of course. But this is—I.

A Letter from the Farm

I BEG you will believe that I would not thus trespass on your time if it were only for myself, but I know that what I write applies to all the wives of the farmers of moderate means. All of us usually have for our own what we get for our surplus chicken eggs and butter, but living twenty miles from town, we can get money for our products only when some one has business in town, for the country merchants never pay except in goods. I know it sounds strange to you, but even in homes where there is no lack of real comforts many weeks often pass when there is no money in the house.

THE DELINEATOR supplies a want in my life which no other magazine can fill. My life is very busy. I have eight daughters, and I make their clothes by THE DELINEATOR styles. People often ask if the dresses are not bought ready-made.

THE DELINEATOR is worth the one-fifty you ask for it, but you will not do what you say: that is, "make it better," because it is perfect, and there is no "perfecter" in my old grammar. I will send you the money as soon as I can. I expect you will laugh at the idea of any one's not having that "pittance"—that is the way I have seen editors express it.

I will not mind if you do print a laugh at my expense. I will laugh too and nod my head to say: "That young editor can edit a fine magazine, but he doesn't know everything. He doesn't know much about how country women maneuver."

MRS. W. A. P.

We Like This Back-Talk

WHAT a great privilege you have granted us by allowing—inviting—us to talk back. I always want to, at the preacher or lecturer, but to be able to "sass" a magazine editor is better still.

The last number is the "best ever." There are so many fine illustrations and pretty headings, good stories and much good advice.

Mr. Hard's article is very interesting. We are glad that we are to have, later, what we have been looking for—the inheritance laws of the different States.

E. S.

You Should Join Our Counciling Mothers

ONE subscription more or less can not make any considerable difference to you, but I want to tell you *why* I subscribed for your excellent magazine.

I had read THE DELINEATOR, off and on, for years, buying when I thought about it and was conveniently near a bookstand. One day I wrote to Miss Carolyn Sherwin Bailey asking numerous questions about kindergarten work. The reply I received from her was not the curt, stereotyped answer of the "I-am-paid-to-do-this" sort of person. It was a helpful, enthusiastic, kindly letter, showing the lively interest in my kindergarten problems that I might have expected from a friend of long and intimate acquaintance. I immediately discovered I must have the magazine for which Miss Bailey wrote as a regular visitor in the home every month.

Your work for women and better laws affecting women should interest all thinking people, and will result in much good being accomplished for the cause of women and children in every State in the Union.

Another thing I like is the clean stories you give us. No sensational, problematic, debasing "slush." It is a very great pleasure to take up such a magazine as THE DELINEATOR, knowing one's sensibilities are not going to be shocked or ideals outraged.

You have evidently set your mark high, and I trust an appreciative reading public may encourage your worthy object.

MRS. G. C. S.

Every Woman Realizes It

CERTAINLY the editors of THE DELINEATOR believe in tackl big problems. I was v much impressed when began the child-labor campaign, and la the helping of orphan children to g homes, and now the *very, very* faulty l to women of the different States of commonwealth. They certainly do n straightening out.

MRS. M. M

From an Individualist

I CONSIDER THE DELINEATOR the great publication that exists, cause of its product efforts in the righting wrong and the upbui ing of mankind.

I notice your sagacity in avoidi politics—that is, the other fellow's p tics; but I wonder if some of THE D LINEATOR managers do not belong to same party that I do, the Individu Party, whose members are so unbias as to vote for the party that grasps m tightly the cause of right.

S. G. C.

Dusting, Cleaning and Polishing Hardwood Floors is no longer a Bugbear

GETTING down on your hands and knees to do it is the hard, old-fashioned way. You can save all of this hardship and do the work in a few minutes that did take half a day.

Makes It Easy to Clean those Hard-to-get-at Places

O-Cedar Mop Polish

gathers all the dust from everywhere and holds it and imparts a hard, dry, durable and lasting lustre without hard rubbing. The mop is easily cleaned by washing and renewed by adding a few drops of O-Cedar Polish.

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This is your "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Style Book—a book of Beauty, of New Fashions and a book of Bargains.

Read on the opposite page about this Style Book, its Money-Saving opportunities, its full showing of Spring's New Fashions in Lingerie and Silk Dresses, Serge Dresses, Coats, Hats, Waists, Skirts and all kinds of apparel for Women, Misses and Children. And then return the coupon for your FREE copy.

And this is the Tailor-Made Suit Book

To every woman interested in Tailored Made-to-Measure Suits, we want to send also this separate book filled exclusively with new Tailored Suits. It shows Made-to-Measure Suits, Prices $10.95 to $35. With this book we will send samples of the New Suit Materials, if you will state the colors you prefer.

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Your Spring Style Book is Ready

Spring's Styles are gathered. The season's greatest bargains are ready. The great designers and merchandise experts have finished. And the wealth of newness and beauty, of interesting style and important saving, is now completed for you in your new "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book.

And to you who read this—individually to you—we offer one "NATIONAL" Style Book free. And in offering you this Money-Saving Style Book, we say to you—individually to you:

You, too, may just as well have the saving we offer. You, too, may as well have all the pleasure there is in better style, all the enjoyment there is in clothes of greater becomingness, and all the pleasure and the satisfaction there are in greater personal beauty. These delights may just as well be YOURS.

So why let this pleasure and this saving be for thousands of other women and not for you? Why not take the first step now? Why not write for your "NATIONAL" Style Book today? Why not, indeed?

Your "Money's Worth" and How You Should Judge Values

Price does not tell value. And neither does a picture.

"A linen waist for a dollar"—means nothing. It may, we suppose, be worth either 75 cents or $1.25, depending on *where you buy it.*

A "NATIONAL" Linen Waist for a dollar means something. Because we honestly believe we sell as many waists as any two houses in America together. And so we *can* put more value, more real quality, and better material into every "NATIONAL" Waist.

Just so a "NATIONAL" Dress is a better dress. It is better made—it is better fitting. Why, a "NATIONAL" Dress is actually draped on a model to insure its perfection.

Not one garment of any kind leaves our hands without a strict scrutinizing examination by an expert. Our own chemist examines every kind of material to prove its service value. We do not believe any other house in the world does this. And it is so with every detail

This whole magazine would hardly provide space to tell of the things we do to give you greater value. And so we ask you, Why not buy your clothes at the "NATIONAL"? Why not get the most you can for your money?

Still Lower "NATIONAL" Prices—Still Bigger Savings for You

Again "NATIONAL" prices go lower. And, more important—"NATIONAL" values become still greater.

This season, more than ever before, it is to your great personal interest to write for your "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Style Book. As a matter of money-saving, you should write for your Style Book today.

Never has the "NATIONAL's" business been so big! Never have we been able to buy so largely; never have our savings through sheer bigness been so great. Never have we or anyone been able to offer such values at such low prices.

Buying at the "NATIONAL" simply means to you more clothes for the same money. Will you, we ask, will you neglect your opportunity? Just study the list of Money-Saving offerings below, read what we have to say above about your money's worth—and then start your saving now, by writing today for your own FREE copy of the "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Style Book.

Just fill in the coupon below or simply write us, and we will send you your copy FREE.

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You will never know what perfect suit satisfaction means until you let us make just one "NATIONAL" Suit *to order* for *you.*

You will never know what becomingness can be yours, what you can gain in style, in personal attractiveness, until you wear one "NATIONAL" Suit, one suit individually cut and tailored for *YOU.*

We promise you more in a suit than you have ever known—more service, more style, more absolute beauty.

Here is the case in few words: For twenty-five years, lacking only a few months, we have been making tailored suits to order from measurements sent by mail. Twenty-five years spent in doing one thing! Isn't that long enough to learn to do just one thing well?

And in those twenty-five years, we have made perfect-fitting suits for hundreds of thousands of different women. Yes, Madam, for women just as particular and just as hard to fit as you may be.

You Take No Risk

Each Made-to-Measure Suit is cut and made individually to order, just as if we had one suit to make and that one suit was *yours.* And that is the care we will take with your suit, because, remember, the risk is all ours. We must fit you perfectly—we must please you in every way or you are at liberty to return the suit, we are to promptly refund your money and we are to pay all express charges. And this we guarantee you—*in writing.*

IMPORTANT: This season, "NATIONAL" Tailor-Made Suits are shown in a separate Suit Booklet containing fashion plates of all the new styles. This Suit Booklet is *not* a part of the regular "NATIONAL" Style Book. It is, in fact, a separate and special booklet, filled exclusively with Tailor-Made Suits which are made to order. And so now please note carefully:

This Special Suit Booklet is sent gladly, but only when specially asked for. So if you are interested in Tailored Suits, be very sure that in writing for your "NATIONAL" Style Book you say—Send me also the Special "NATIONAL" Suit Booklet and Samples.

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We prepay postage and expressage on all our goods to any part of the United States.
Every "NATIONAL" garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag attached. This tag says that you may return any garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways.

Examples of "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Prices

Each price quoted here is a lower price for a better article. Each price means a saving to you and also it means a gain in quality to you—a gain in style, in beauty and service and a saving in price.

Waists	$ .59	to $ 5.98	Hosiery	$ .10	to $1.49	Coats for Misses and Small Women	$1.98	to $9.98
Skirts	.98	" 7.98	Ladies' Shoes	.98	" 4.98	Suits for Misses and Small Women	2.98	" 14.98
Lingerie and Wash Dresses	2.49	" 12.98	Sweaters	.98	" 4.98	Junior Dresses	1.49	" 4.98
Silk Dresses	5.98	" 17.98	Neckwear	.10	" 2.25	Junior Coats	2.98	" 7.98
Ready-Made Suits	3.98	" 17.98	Scarfs and Veils	.49	" 1.98	Children's Dresses	.95	" 4.98
Hats	.59	" 9.98	Leather Purses and Bags	.49	" 2.98	Children's Coats	2.98	" 4.98
Plumes	.98	" 20.00	Belts	.25	" .98	Children's Shoes	.59	" 2.98
Coats	1.49	" 14.98	Jewelry	.25	" 5.00	Infants' Dresses and Coats	.35	" 2.98
Raincoats	3.49	" 8.98	Lingerie and Wash Dresses for Misses and Small Women	1.98	" 7.98	Infants' Bonnets	.25	" 1.98
Gloves	.49	" 2.85	Silk Dresses for Misses and Small Women	4.98	" 9.98	Boys' and Young Men's Clothing	.49	" 7.98
House Dresses and Kimonos	.59	" 4.98				Junior Suits	2.98	" 9.98
Petticoats	.49	" 4.98				Knit Underwear	.10	" 1.49
Corsets	.69	" 5.00						
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SNIDER'S

Brown Gravy Recipe.

Add one tablespoon Snider's Catsup to all thick Gravies for each person to be served

For Soups.

Add 1½ tablespoons Snider's Catsup for each person to be served. Add to Soup before removing from Stove. Serve hot.

Tomato Sauce Recipe.

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup
1 cup hot water

Heat the butter thoroughly in a granite pan, stir in the flour until smooth, then add catsup and water. Boil for two minutes, stirring constantly. For spaghetti and macaroni add some "snappy" grated cheese.

For 30 years the Leader

Order Today ~Just delicious

Fried Oyster Recipe.

1 pint large oysters
½ cup flour
½ cup milk
½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup
½ teaspoon salt

Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs, fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

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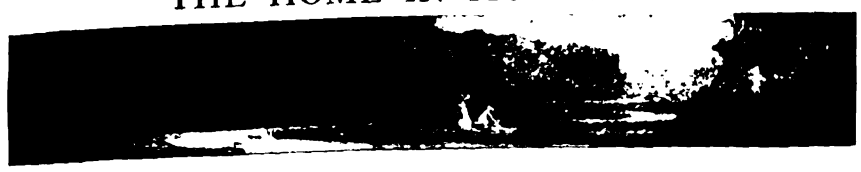
THE HOME IN ITS MAKING



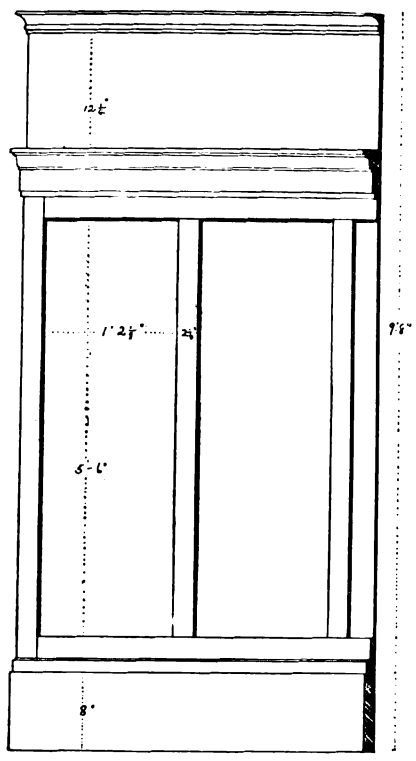
THE TRADITION OF WOOD-PANELING

[*Continued from page 81*]

pew doors. Only a little while ago, it seems, the old village meeting-house was torn down, and of course the old lumber went for a song. The owner of this farmhouse, who had the seeing eye, bought all the pew doors and paneled his dining-room with them. The dining-room has quaint corner cupboards, also, and the effect of the diamond panes and the graceful white panels is very pleasant.

Just before I heard of this old house with its pew-door panels, I saw an old barn which had been made over into a studio by some young women, and the walls of it were paneled with ordinary doors bought from a near-by lumber-yard. My first thought was that this must have been frightfully expensive, but it seems that unfinished doors cost very little, and if you are careful to select a door with a simple arrangement of panels you will get a remarkably good effect.

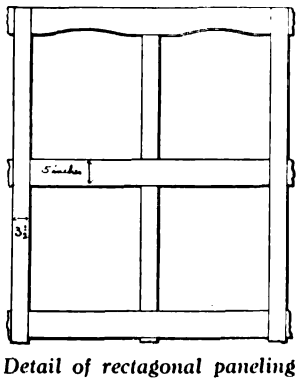
Each door becomes a panel, which is subdivided into smaller panels. The top line of the doors was finished with a rather wide molding, and above that was the plain tan plaster of the dropped ceiling.



Detail of upright paneling

IN WESTPORT, Connecticut, there is a colony of artists who have bought old farmhouses and remodeled them, keeping the open fireplaces and big timbers and beams, but adding many modern conveniences—sleeping-porches and hardwood floors, and adequate heating systems.

Most of the houses are a hundred years old, or thereabouts, and have heavily beamed ceilings, and that of course invited paneling. I wish you could see those paneled dining-rooms—all planned by the artists themselves, and executed by local workmen. The walls of one charming dining-room have a white painted paneling of an upright design, similar to the one shown on this page. This paneling is finished at the top with a molding broad enough to be used as a shelf, which is just the place for a collection of Colonial things—pewter and brass, and such—that are in keeping with the room.



Detail of rectagonal paneling

Another house has a low-ceiled dining-room with most interesting woodwork. This house was built in 1730, and the new owner is very proud of his huge brown beams. The room is paneled with cypress of a brown tone. One whole wall is given up to two big china-closets, with a door between. Another wall is broken by the chimneypiece, and a third by a glass door which leads to the sun-room.

The space between the top of the paneling and the ceiling of the fourth wall is filled with a row of little casement windows, about fourteen inches deep. In the center of the wall, just opposite the fireplace, the panels are recessed to make room for a long radiator, and in the space left between the top of the radiator and the top of the paneling, about thirty inches, are built two long shelves which may be used as warming-shelves, but usually hold pitchers and tea-things.

A SOFT-TONED curtain hangs just under the lower shelf, hiding the radiator, and the effect suggests recessed book-shelves. So much of the wall-space of this room is filled with the cupboards, radiator space, windows, doors, and mantel, that very little paneling was required.

These old farmhouses often have paneled walls in the most unexpected places. Often three outside walls of a long room are plastered, and the fourth wall—that leading into another room or a hallway—is made up of large oblongs of wood, usually painted white.

The stairs are finished with an upright paneling that creeps up, one board at a time, like the treads, and now and then you will find little cupboards and cabinets hidden in these stair-panels. The paneling beside the chimneypiece usually hid a cupboard, corresponding to the oven on the other side. That is one of the fascinating things about wood-paneling—it invites secret cupboards or patent ones, little cabinets for a few treasures or big cupboards for magazines and books and smoking things.

There are so many excellent stains and wood-dyes and wax-oils to be had now, you can experiment on a board of your chosen wood. It is not necessary to have furniture and paneling of the same wood, if the colors are in harmony.

Oak furniture may be treated in a dozen different ways, from the soft grayish stain to the black-brown, but if your woodwork has a brown tone, light or dark, and a dull waxed finish, you need not worry about the harmony. The many shades of gray and brown are best, usually, but in a bungalow an upright paneling might be stained one of the many wood greens. If you are to use mahogany or such fine-grained furniture, your paneling may be stained a soft gray, or painted cream or white.

This article is primarily concerned with wood paneling, but there is another method of paneling that is most dignified and effective. You can break the larger wall spaces of a room into graceful panels by applying a narrow wooden molding directly to the painted or plastered surface.

The spaces above doors, and between windows, will suggest small panels. You have only to fix a line, six or ten or twelve inches from the door-jamb, and keep that distance from the wainscot or frieze. After defining the small panels, the large wall spaces may be outlined in the same manner, or broken into several panels—a wide one flanked by two narrow ones, for instance.

NOTE: This department is conducted by Mrs. Ruby Ross Goodnow, who will gladly help you with your home-making problems if you will make your questions very definite, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter.

Think What's Inside

That's a grain of wheat, puffed to eight times normal size.

You eat some twenty like it in each spoonful of Puffed Wheat or Rice.

That grain as it grew contained myriads of granules, too small for the naked eye.

Yet each of those granules held a trifle of moisture. And that confined moisture, with the grains sealed in guns, was converted into steam.

Then that steam was exploded, inside of each granule. Those explosions by the countless thousands made that Puffed Grain what it is.

Now Crisp and Airy, Toasted, Thin and Porous

Now you have a blown-up kernel, shaped exactly as it grew.

A kernel filled with countless cells, bounded by toasted walls.

An airy grain which crushes at a touch, and melts away to almond-flavored atoms.

A grain that's ready for digestion, as no other process makes it.

And a grain that has the flavor of a slightly-toasted nut.

That's what a million homes are getting in these all-enticing foods.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Most Delicious Morsels

Both of these foods are immensely inviting.

Nothing ever before made from wheat or rice bears any comparison with them.

Serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit.

Serve them floating in a bowl of milk.

Garnish cake or ice cream with them as you would with nuts. Use like nuts in candy making.

Think what foods they must be—whole-grain, porous, toasted kernels, made to taste like nuts.

They are not our invention. We simply make and distribute them.

The whole credit is due to Prof. A. P. Anderson, once a college professor, now a scientist in foods.

But we know cereals, and how people like them. And we promise you a rare suprise when you try Puffed Wheat or Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago

(364)

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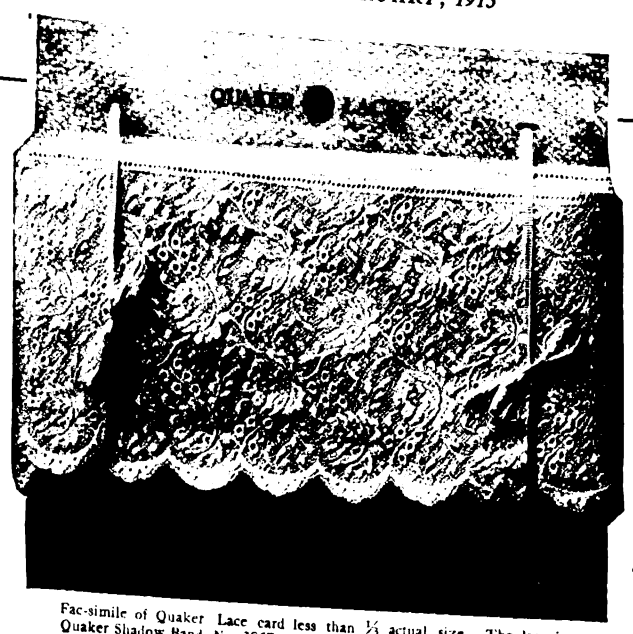


Fac-simile of Quaker Lace card less than ⅓ actual size. The lace is Quaker Shadow Band No. 3957. Also made in other fashionable widths.

When you buy Laces

How are you to know that you are getting fashionable patterns?

How are you to know that you are getting the best value?

That you may be absolutely sure on both these points, we wind Quaker Laces around turquoise-blue cards on which the name and trade-mark are stamped in gold.

That name and that trade-mark are your assurance of lace quality and lace style.

Back of Quaker Laces is the authoritative standing of the largest organization of lace-makers in the world.

We keep our fingers on the pulse of fashion in the great fashion centers—Paris, London, New York.

The newest style-trends in laces you'll find accurately reflected in Quaker Laces.

New ideas in lace patterns you'll find most beautifully expressed in Quaker Lace designs.

QUAKER LACES

Fashion fancies for 1913 call for lace in practically every part of feminine attire—in charming gowns, chic hats, winsome waists, dainty lingerie, everything.

Cobwebby Shadow laces, the heavier Macrames, fairy-like Bohemians, rich Clunys and many other fashionable varieties of lace are included in Quaker Laces. They are produced in the most desirable widths of insertions, edges, flounces, bands and all-overs. The best stores sell them.

Look at the Quaker Lace page in the *Butterick, Standard, New Idea, Pictorial Review* and *McCall's* Fashion Quarterlies for Spring, and in the February issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* There we show twenty-five different patterns of Quaker Laces. They give you an idea of the variety and character of Quaker Lace designs. Be sure to see them.

Quaker Laces are not sold by mail. We cannot send samples, but we will gladly send you "The Quaker Lace Book" free on request. This book contains nearly a hundred suggestions for gowns, waists, lingerie, and other articles of women's wear.

To see the great variety of fashionable Quaker Lace designs go to the best department stores, dry goods stores and lace specialty shops. **Look for the blue card with the Quaker trade-mark.**

Write today for "The Quaker Lace Book"

Quaker Lace Company

Makers of Quaker Laces, Quaker Curtains and Quaker Craft-Lace

PHILADELPHIA

RIVAL EMBROIDERIES

TYPES WHICH ARE POPULAR

[*Continued from page 113*]

In cold weather, a padded lining will be necessary.

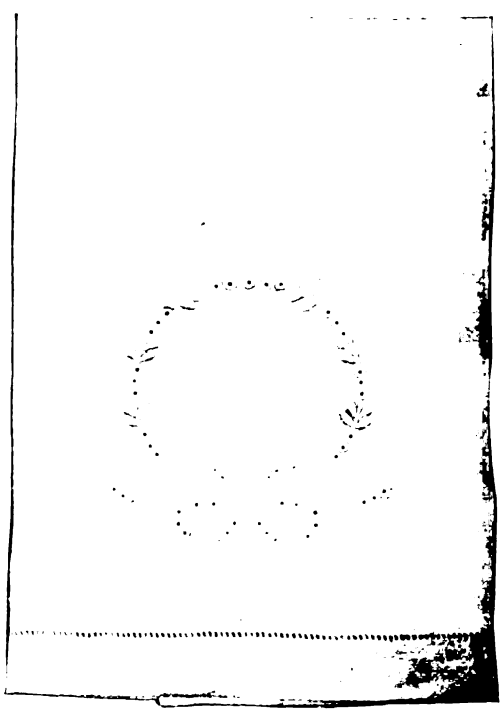
A cap of this sort is a good present for the new arrival; also makes an excellent birthday gift for older tots.

Number 10449 is a design for many purposes. These dainty and attractive wreaths come in various sizes and can be used on almost any of your household and personal linens.

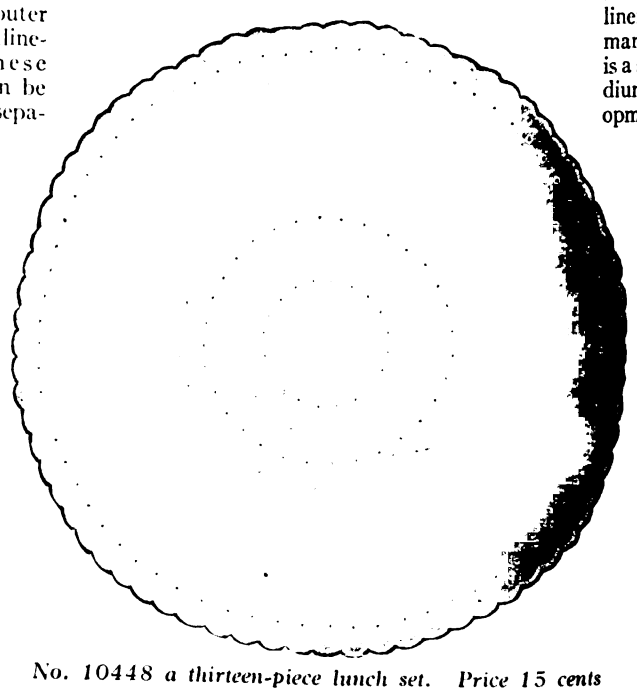
The very smallest size is about one and one-half inches high and is suitable for handkerchiefs. When the design is so small, satin-stitch is perhaps the easiest development, although the tiny dots in the wreath and in the ribbon bow can be treated as eyelets if you are a skilful worker and if you have the patience required for such close work. The result, of course, is really worth the extra pains, for the eyelet work, combined with the satin-stitch in the leaves, is far more effective than the solid work used throughout.

The bow-knot can also be padded and worked in satin-stitch, but the treatment shown in the illustration is really more unusual. The dots are done in eyelet-stitch, and the outer lines in outline-stitch. These wreaths can be used as separate decorative motifs or can be combined with initials in block or script letters.

The infants' size cap of 10446. Price 15 cents



The four-and-a-half-inch wreath of 10449 used on a towel. Price 15 cents



No. 10448 a thirteen-piece lunch set. Price 15 cents

The block letters can be used separately or in groups. The script letters can be combined in a monogram.

The next size is three inches in height and can be used in marking small articles such as cases and covers for toilet purposes. The four-and-one-half-inch size is more suited to small towels, either of huck or damask. There is, however, a six-inch size which can be used on the full size or twenty-two-inch toweling to greater advantage.

The largest size which comes measures twelve inches. This can be used on pillow-cases, sheets and shams. Of course we are not using pillow-shams very extensively just at present. But bolster-cases, rolls or long covers which extend over both pillows can be marked in the same way.

Number 10448 is a design for one of those simple luncheon sets which are so indispensable for every-day use. We can never have too many of these plainer ones, and really they have a daintiness and freshness which is frequently more pleasing than the more elaborate designs.

The centerpiece comes in two pieces and it will be advisable to pin or paste these halves together before stamping in order to obtain a perfect circle. The plate doilies and the smaller size for bread-and-butter plates, however, come in complete circles and need no adjustment.

These doilies should be stamped upon medium-weight linen. No. 20 marking cotton is a suitable medium for development. The scallop, to guard against fraying, should first be run along the outer line of the transfer. The dots within the scallops can be worked in satin-stitch, although eyelet work affords a more attractive contrast.

Japanese linen, damask, as well as medium-weight linen, may be used for this set. A charming set I saw recently was made of [illegible]

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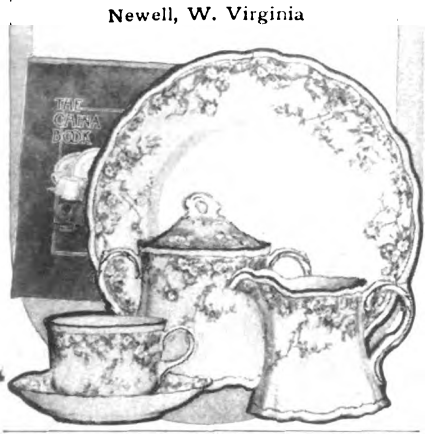
HOMER LAUGHLIN
CHINA
For Service

For *real household service,* for *real satisfaction,* you cannot buy better, more attractive or more serviceable dinner ware than Homer Laughlin China; but you *can pay much higher prices* than are asked for it.

Sold almost everywhere. The trade-mark name "HOMER LAUGHLIN" stamped on the under side of each dish is our guarantee to you.

NOTE: People tell us that "THE CHINA BOOK" is one of the most beautiful and interesting brochures recently produced. Send for your copy. It is FREE.

The Homer Laughlin China Company,
Newell, W. Virginia



RAINBOW BEGONIAS
Seven Plants Seven Colors

Flowering Begonias grow either in the house or outdoors as preferred. Sold in dry bulbs so you can plant them now or wait until May. With the bulbs we send you **Seven Paper Flower Pots Free** so you can start them at once and set them out in open ground in spring without disturbing them or retarding their growth.

7 Bulbs 7 Pots 35c

Postpaid anywhere in the U. S. Large illustrated catalog of seeds, plants and bulbs mailed free.

IOWA SEED CO., Dept. D, Des Moines, Ia.

Absolutely FREE—these Handsome Belding Bags with Easy Illustrated Lesson and Belding's Embroidery Designs as per offer below. We do this to prove the great superiority of

BELDING'S EMBROIDERY SILKS

The **Handy Bags** are made of Best Aberdeen Tan Crash, stamped with handsome newest designs. **Collar and Cuff Bags** are of Special Paris Cloth, tan color, strikingly stamped. **Laundry Bag** is of Fine Holland Tan Linen with very popular design.

SPECIAL OFFER: Your dealer will give you **FREE** one **Bag** with every 25 ct. Outfit containing 6 skeins of Belding's Embroidery Silks, Lesson, etc., you purchase. If not, send us his name, adding 5c postage, total 30c, and receive **Bag FREE** with outfit. Two Bag Outfits, 60c. Three Bag Outfits, 90c. **Offer Good in U. S. Only.**

Important—Belding's Revised Needle and Hook Book, 80 pages, colored illustrations, sent for 10 cents. "Modern Embroidery Ideas and Irish Crochet" booklet FREE on request.

BELDING BROS. & CO.
201-203 W. Monroe St., Dept. H 2, Chicago, Ill.

1913 STYLES IN LAWS

[*Continued from page 86*]

IN ONE guise or in another all seventeen of these ideas will appear this month in legislatures in all parts of the United States, north, south, east, as well as west.

It will surely be deeply satisfactory to those who have dreaded suffrage for women to see how closely almost all of the legislative proposals of the California Federation of Women's Clubs adhere to the traditional interests of women—Marriage, Children, Food, Health, Morals.

Readers of THE DELINEATOR will be glad to observe that numbers two, three and four in the California lists are subjects which have been especially emphasized in this department. They are not there because they were emphasized here, but the inclusion of them encourages us to believe that we have been perceiving and have been following the genuine needs and wishes of the women of 1913.

Many other subjects, due to be considered by the legislatures now meeting, ought to be mentioned in this issue. In particular there should be an account of the Uniform Non-Support Bill which, in a certain "Modified Form" drafted by Mr. William H. Baldwin, will receive a hearing in several State capitals.

It is difficult (if one knows anything about the extent of Family Desertion and Non-Support) to listen without contempt and anger to the people who oppose new laws in the field of family relationships on the ground that men will always look after their women folks well, anyway.

I happen to believe that men are just as good as women. I have no belief at all in the notion that to be a woman is to be noble and discerning and refined and unselfish, while to be a man is to be somehow lower and cruder. I see nothing in daily life or in the history of religion or of art to encourage such a notion. It is not because men are worse than women that I believe in strong non-support laws. It is merely because I am convinced—and I have good authority for it—that every man has it in him to be a miserable sinner.

NOW when a woman ruins her husband by her extravagance there is nothing that the law can do about it. He isn't obliged by law to give her more than the necessaries of life. If he chooses to give her more, the law permits him to do so. How could it prevent him? It is not a subject which the law can reach.

Against the woman who squanders we balance the man who refuses to earn. The only cure for the woman who squanders is a husband who has the sublime moral courage to say "No." The cure for the man who refuses to earn is different. It is within the field of law. And next month I hope to give an account of it, together with a few remarks about the work of that very interesting man, Mr. William H. Baldwin.

Touching the subject of Non-Support, on one side of it, is the subject of State Allowances for Mothers. Many mothers are in need of allowances, not because their husbands are dead but because they are either absent or lazy. In many States this winter the laws for allowances to mothers will include wives as well as widows. In New York, however, as well as in Massachusetts, it seems likely that the new law will apply to widows only.

In New York, as in Massachusetts, THE DELINEATOR is issuing local printed material, explaining the situation and the prospect. To all our readers in those two States we express our willingness to send that material in any quantity desired.

We look at these present legislatures with great curiosity and with considerable hopefulness. We believe that we shall compile some sort of report of their achievements on behalf of women and children. As for ourselves, we are helping where we can, and particularly in Massachusetts, New York, Tennessee and Texas. We hope to report success, and we know we shall report progress.

(*These notes were forwarded by Mr. Hard on his way to address the Texas State Federation of Women's Clubs at its annual convention at Fort Worth.*—THE EDITOR.)

Your entire summer wardrobe
can be selected from Bontex Wash Fabrics

Go to the different wash goods counters in your town and see the many different styles, the almost infinite variety of weaves and textures of Bontex Wash Fabrics. Whatever you need in colored wash fabrics, you can find it in the Bontex line.

The newest fabrics are the corded or welted materials—piques and ottomans. For suits, Bontex Ratine is the fashionable material. For fancy gowns, nothing is so good as Bontex Silk Muslin, both dotted and plain, also colored sheer veilings in Voiles.

For morning and street gowns, use the bordered designs in Bontex Batiste, which require no trimming; and Bontex Batistes in dots, stripes and flowered scattered designs; or Bontex Zephyrs in charming stripes, plaids and checks trimmed with contrasting solids. For work dresses and for children, nothing else gives the service you can secure from Bontex Fabrics.

A New Way to Select Wash Fabrics

You want your work done on materials worth it. If you want to be sure of what you are buying ask for them by the brand—Bontex—and look for the name "Bontex" on the selvages. Then you will get the utmost in both beauty and service at very low prices. You will also have a material so good looking, so attractive, that even when made up most simply, it will be effective.

BONTEX
Trade Mark
The A. B. Clafflin Co.
Wash Fabrics

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POLLY PRINGLE'S MUSH

One quart boiling water, one cup graham flour, one cup cornmeal, one cup ground meat, one-half teaspoonful Armour's Extract of Beef. Stir the flour slowly into the boiling water, then the ground meat. Simmer for fifteen minutes, then add the beef extract, and salt to taste. Turn into tin to mould. When cold, slice and fry brown in suet or butter.

3,136 women have won cash prizes in Armour's Kitchen Economy Contest. *196 women will win this month. $539 in cash*—4 prizes for each state. *Every woman* who sends in a recipe will get **Armour's Monthly Cook Book** *three months free; also free samples* of *Armour's Bouillon Cubes.*

We have a cook book, published every month, in which women everywhere contribute recipes.

It is a wonderful "recipe exchange" in which housewives **learn from each other** how to prepare appetizing and economical and practical dishes, and how to save in buying and cooking food.

It gives you Armour's Extract of Beef recipes, Armour's Star Ham and Bacon recipes, Armour's Veribest recipes and Armour's Simon Pure Leaf Lard recipes, all prize winners in Armour's Kitchen Economy Contest, in which over $500 is distributed in cash prizes this month.

Send us your "best recipe" and you may easily win one of these prizes. You will surely receive, by return mail, free samples of Armour's Bouillon Cubes, both beef and chicken, with Armour's Monthly Cook Book for three months in addition, each month a new issue.

In the cook book are published, every month, the 196 prize winning recipes, with the name and address of each prize winner.

The bouillon cubes introduce you to the most delicious bouillon that it is possible for anyone to make—ready to serve in a minute wherever a cup of boiling water may be had.

Following are the details of February's Contest. It closes February 15. The names of the prize winners and the prize winning recipes will be published in the March issue of Armour's Monthly Cook Book.

$5—$3—$2—$1 Prizes—49 of Each

Will be awarded this month as follows:

There is a $5 prize, a $3 prize, a $2 prize, a $1 prize for every state in the Union, including District of Columbia.

The recipes from each state are considered separately—you are only competing with the women of your own state, not the entire nation.

February's $5 prizes are for dishes in which Armour's Extract of Beef is a necessary ingredient.

The $3 prizes are for especially appetizing ways, new and old, to prepare Armour's "Star" Ham and Bacon.

The $2 prizes are for suggestions for using any one of Armour's Veribest Loaf Mixtures, or some new way of utilizing Armour's Veribest Pork and Beans.

The $1 prizes are for Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard recipes—for bread, cake, pastry, etc., or for any of the delicacies that are fried in deep fat.

Awards are made for economy, practicability and originality. Write in ink on one side of the paper and put your name and address on every page. Pin all pages together and mail to Mary Jane McClure, Dept. 245, Armour and Company, Chicago.

Armour Products that Help the Housewife

Armour's Extract of Beef
—Pure, concentrated beef flavor that makes every meat dish you prepare, whether one of the cheaper cuts of meat or something evolved from "leftovers," rich and delicious.

Armour's Veribest Meats
—Veribest Loaf Mixtures—Veribest Pork and Beans—Veribest Mince Meat—ready to serve for little suppers and luncheons, when company drops in or when you want something easy.

Armour's "Star" Ham and Bacon
—Young, juicy hams and bacon, cured and smoked in the good old-fashioned way—quality clear through.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard
—For shortening and for frying, pure leaf fat tried out in open kettles, the most delicate of all shortenings.

Fine cooking is the leading branch of Domestic Science and Economy, to which prominent women everywhere are paying the closest attention—studying, learning, and passing on their knowledge for the benefit of others.
With these splendid quality products it becomes easy, pleasant and also economical.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

THE CLOVER CLUB

A CLUB WHERE EVERY GIRL MAY EARN HER OWN MONEY

HAVE you ever realized how much may come to you just by going ahead planning things as if there were no doubt at all of their fulfilment?

"It costs nothing to plan!"

That is how a soul-hungry woman once justified herself for planning, in imagination, travels that her purse could by no possibility consider.

She studied time-tables, folders and books—and finally opportunity came! She actually saw the wondrous scenes she had so often pictured, and why? Because she had planned for them! I haven't a doubt of it—I have done as surprising things myself.

Scientists nowadays agree that our mental pictures are actually the molds or patterns from which material things are created.

Did you read Editor Baker's illustrations of this on his page (315) of the November DELINEATOR? Here a husband materialized, almost the exact counterpart of the man the woman had so often visualized in her "land of makebelieve"!

Don't crush from your heart the thing you desire because of its seeming impossibility. Instead, think of it often! Make believe you are going to have it! "It costs nothing to plan."

The Golden Chapter of the Clover Club has embodied this philosophy into an inspiring motto which each new member receives as her first gift after the handsome Tiffany Pin.

What a motto it is! And how I wish every one of you possessed a copy. An Indiana matron writes:

Have received the beautiful motto and it surely is encouraging. I read it every day once and sometimes more. It hangs right by my dresser so I can't help but see it. I am doing better than I ever dreamed of.

Just now came this from San Francisco:

How rich this morning's mail has made me! I received two more darling little Clover spoons, that beautiful diamond pin which far exceeds my expectations, a lovely letter and a check, but best of all, and the one I appreciate most, is the motto. It hangs in the place of honor above my desk and I *know* it will inspire me daily. It is splendid.

And this from Minnesota:

Thank you, thank you! The Clover Club and its motto bring me continued success, for I have earned exactly $90.00 in three months. About $40.00 of this came from the Clover-fields. Then, too, I feel better than I have for nearly two years and you can't realize how pleased I am.

Wouldn't you like this "recipe for success" for yourself? It will help you toward your heart's desire, whatever that may be. If it is money, so much the simpler, for that, you know, comes to every Clover worker, anyhow.

There! it just occurred to me that maybe you are one of THE DELINEATOR'S new readers and don't know a single thing about this great Clover Club of ours.

Before bedtime to-night tell me that you are interested so I may send you a little copy of the "Guide to Moneyville," explaining all about this jolliest and most generous of girl's clubs. It won't cost you a penny.

Not long ago a bewildered girl wrote:

Does one have a choice of cash or gifts? I see both mentioned so frequently by girls in their enthusiastic letters.

They get *both!* The little booklet will explain it all. It tells how one receives solid silver Clover spoons as encouragers for fattening her purse until she has a set of six when, presto, the doors of the Golden Chapter fly open and all sorts of delightful things occur.

There's the wonderful motto already mentioned, beautiful and expensive new gifts, and also, though it seems almost unbelievable, more money for the same work flows into the Golden Chapter member's purse than before her entrance into this select society.

For instance, suppose you join us now and during the month you earn, say, $15.00 besides your set of six Clover spoons which makes you eligible for Golden Chapter privileges. Exactly the same work next month, or any month after you are once within the charmed circle, will mean an additional reward of $6.50. Think of it—$21.50 instead of $15.00 without doing a single speck more work!

My little watch keeps fine time and I am, oh, so proud of it! I wear it every place I go and every one thinks it ever so lovely. The times the beautiful Golden Chapter brooch has been admired are now without number, and the spoons—well, one friend said they needed no initial they were so delightfully unique and that the back was fully as pretty as the front. M. J., Pa.

You don't know how delighted I am with that darling camera. I got films for it right away and have already taken seven pictures. I feel that it is being in rich clover indeed to be a member of the Golden Chapter. M. V., Wis.

You shall see for yourself that I have received your beautiful stationery. I must tell you, my two little girls drove out to the mail-box as usual for the mail and on their return stopped at the gate, calling, "Mother, mother, quick! A great big parcel from the Clover Club; open it right out here so we can see what it is." Such exclamations when I did get it open! Thank you so, so much. You are a continual surprise and pleasure. MRS. L. B. S., Virginia.

I am very thankful for being a Cloverite, as it makes many a dream come true. A. L. L., Ga.

I was so surprised to get your letter this morning telling me you had sent me a Clover Club towel. I think you are more than generous, and when the towel came this afternoon I could hardly wait to write "I thank you." It is certainly a beauty, and I want more. I should love to see the one who is so thoughtful for her girls. MRS. E. D., Illinois.

I have received the lovely books and they are splendid. I also have the beautiful Clover handkerchief. I do thank you for it with all my heart. It is a little beauty, and means so much, coming to me while I am still unable to leave my bed. MRS. M. B. C., California.

There are scores more of letters I'd like you to peek at, but here is one about the brooch that you just must see.

I have often read the Clover Club page in THE DELINEATOR, but have neglected writing. However, I lately noticed a girl wearing a beautiful little brooch. I looked for one like it at the jewelers', but could find none. To-night in looking over THE DELINEATOR the fact dawned upon me that the pin I had envied was a Clover Club one. Do tell me how to get such a darling little four-leaf clover brooch, diamond and all. I am determined to earn one, whatever the effort. K. M., Indianapolis.

From all this, don't you think, first, it *pays* to be a Cloverite (and a Golden Chapterite, especially) and secondly, that each and every girl thoroughly enjoys it?

Then why not join, yourself? I assure you as warm a welcome awaits you as any member has ever received.

Get into "clover" the first minute possible. Write before bedtime to-night. If you are already a Cloverite, start the New Year as a member of the Golden Chapter. Let us help you make 1913 the happiest year yet!

Helen

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Simpson Crawford Co.

SIXTH AV. 19TH TO 20TH ST. FOUNDED 1865.
NEW YORK

WE WANT 500,000 WOMEN

To Write at Once (Address Dept. B) For a FREE COPY of

NEW YORK'S LEADING FASHION CATALOG FOR SPRING AND SUMMER, 1913

Over 1500 Illustrations and Descriptions of Smartest and Newest Modes

SIMPSON CRAWFORD CO., NEW YORK

Mail-Order Business is Growing by Leaps and Bounds

Many Thousands of New Customers Were Added in October, November and December

Nevertheless we are not content. Offering the world's authoritative styles **at extremely moderate prices, we intend to make 1913 a banner year; to break all big selling records; to gain hundreds of thousands of new customers.**

As we have a tremendous organization and wonderful resources, we are equipped to do a colossal mail-order business.

For That Reason We Have Made Our Spring and Summer Catalog the Most Noteworthy We Have Ever Prepared

You will find it a wonderful Fashion Book, superbly illustrated, crowded with exceptional money-saving opportunities; a Book that delightfully and accurately shows all the style changes in apparel for Women, Misses, Girls, Boys and Infants that New York, Paris and London will favor during the coming Spring and Summer.

Also presenting splendid values in Silks, Dress Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Jewelry, Neckwear, Millinery, Gloves, Hosiery, Footwear, Underwear, Leather Goods and numerous other lines.

Buying on a larger scale than ever before, we buy cheaper and for that reason our prices will be lower during 1913 than hitherto.

REMEMBER: OUR CATALOG BRINGS THE SIMPSON CRAWFORD STORE TO YOUR DOOR.

Notice: **We Prepay All Postal and Express Charges, No Matter Where You Live, or How Large or Small Your Purchase. We positively guarantee satisfaction on everything you buy from us, and if your purchase should prove unsatisfactory you may return it to us—transportation charges at our expense—and we will refund your money.**

B 3220—STYLISH, DRESSY WAIST OF RICH MESSALINE SATIN. A remarkable value at our special price $2.15 *for this issue only.* The model is beautifully hand embroidered across the front and has a dainty yoke, cuffs and high collar of fine self color embroidered net. Three single tucks stitched down each side of the closing at the back. Comes in white, black, navy blue, Copenhagen blue, brown or gray; each with yoke and embroidery to match. All sizes from 32 to 46 inches bust measure. No samples. Parcels Post Prepaid. **$2.15**

WAIST
B 3220—$2.15
Parcels Post Prepaid

Women's Advance Spring Tailored Suit at $10.98

B 3415—HANDSOME NEW MODEL TAILORED SUIT FOR WOMEN. A clever style embodying all the smart characteristics that you will see worn this Spring. Made of a sturdy wearing splendid quality English Serge, every thread wool. Coat is the new Spring length (28 inches long), a smart 2-button cutaway model, simply yet richly trimmed with revers of heavy black satin, and fancy satin centered buttons on sleeves and collar. Has breast pocket and is lined throughout with good grade, durable, guaranteed satin. The skirt is a gored girdle-top model with popular one-sided trimming and graceful plaits at front as illustrated. Suit is beautifully tailored and resembles a fine custom-made garment more than a ready-made suit bought at this wonderfully inexpensive figure. All black, or navy blue with black satin trimming. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust; 40-inch length skirt with basted hem for adjustment. Also sizes for small women. Samples sent upon request. Express or Parcels Post Prepaid . . . **$10.98**

SUIT
B3415—$10.98
Express or Parcels Post Prepaid

COAT
B 3435—$8.98
Express or Parcels Post Prepaid

Women's Very Stylish All Wool Serge Coat at $8.98

B 3435—WOMEN'S FULL-LENGTH UTILITY COAT, made of firm, hard twisted English Wool Serge. Just the sort of a medium weight coat that you need for early Spring wear and can conveniently utilize on an occasionally bleak, chilly day throughout the Summer months later. Splendid for automobiling, traveling, as well as general wear. Coat is loose at front, with graceful, semi-fitted effect at back. Handsomely trimmed with inlay of rich black satin on collar, revers and cuffs, with a touch of fancy contrasting piping and finish of small smoked pearl buttons. Fastens single-breasted with four large smoked pearl buttons to match. Finished with lining yoke depth front and back, of serge. All black, or navy blue serge with black satin collar and cuffs. All sizes from 32 to 44 inches bust measure. About 54 inches long. Also sizes for small women. One of the finest values we have ever offered. Samples sent upon request. Express or Parcels Post Prepaid . . . **$8.98**

Address Department B

Simpson Crawford Co.
SIXTH AV. 19TH TO 20TH STREET FOUNDED 1865
NEW YORK

HUMAN BEINGS

[*Continued from page 87*]

"YOU know what to do, Nell. I must go."

He clasped her, kissed her, seized his hat and went flying through the streets. 102 was a mean tenement: dingy, paint peeling on the bricks; the hall damp and malodorous; the whole building reeking with disease. He stepped into the hall and knocked at the familiar door. No one answered. He knocked again and again. Then he knocked at the door opposite. A very fat woman in negligee costume, a stark-naked and very dirty baby in her arms, opened the door.

"Vell?"

"Where are the Bernsteins?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Ya, they all go away. (Shut up, Julie!)"

"Where?"

She shrugged her shoulders sluggishly.

"Oh, Mr. Bernstein gets in a hospital yesterday; Mrs. Bernstein gets in a hospital to-day——"

"Mrs. Bernstein?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Confinement. She gets a baby."

"And where are the two children? Where's Sadie?"

"She gets sent to the country."

"Consumption?"

"Yes."

"And where's the little one—what's her name—Martha?"

"Upstairs by the Klugs'. (Will you shut up?)"

The Doctor spoke sharply:

"What hospital is Mrs. Bernstein in?"

"I should guess the Yiddish. Hum!" She shrugged her shoulders again. "They get troubles—na?"

She closed the door.

The Doctor sped through the shining, sunny streets. Too perfect indeed was this day of June, with its miracles of air and light, its fresh beauties and melodies. Here was a family swept away as in the catastrophe of a Greek tragedy. Surely trouble never came so cruelly, so by the wholesale. The Bernsteins were poor; life for them had been mere bread-strife, a struggle so ferociously elemental that it shut out all save mere toil, sleep, breeding. What had these people found in life to make it worth living? Clinging miserably to each other in a foul and dark tenement they knew all the tragedy of ceaseless hard labor, of scant and vile food, of money trouble, that scourge of the soul; and lastly, of the dark and invisible enemy—disease. Life, so full of sweet possibilities, so rich with promise of love and joy and experience, had for them been blighted in the bud. They had not lived; they had merely existed. And into that hell a new child was being born. What would become of it? Why did humanity let life go to waste like this? How could the outward appearance of this slaughter-house of Earth be so innocently beautiful?

Swept by despair he swung into Jefferson Street and into the cool and quiet hospital. He stepped across the marble floor into the waiting elevator.

"Women's Ward," he muttered.

"Yes, Doctor."

He was lifted to the third floor. He turned to the left and entered the long white room, the hushed place of pain. Three rows of white cots, and on every cot a woman—some cushioned high, some tossing, some moaning, some asleep, some staring with wide eyes—all strangely happy, rescued for a while from the terrible streets and tenements, let down easily into this peace and comfort, this home of food and care and quiet. A uniformed soft-footed nurse tripped up.

"Yes, Doctor?"

"Mrs. Bernstein!"

She gave a curious glance at his dark grim face and led the way up the room.

"Baby," she whispered, "born this morning."

"Yes, and——"

"There she is."

He stood at the cot and looked down, and in spite of his anticipations was shocked. The young woman, Della Bernstein, was a mere shadow, wasted, fleshless, with pitiable arms and hands, with dim and tightened face, with long hair matted loose about the skull, with large and childlike eyes. And beside her, carefully wrapped, was a bit of experimental life—life timidly adventuring forth. One look was enough. The woman was dying.

The Doctor's heart bled within him. He turned to the watchful nurse.

"Too late?"

"Yes, half starved, sick—the baby too."

"Heard from her husband?"

The nurse lowered her voice.

"He's dead. Her friends just phoned."

"And the little girl?"

"What girl?"

"Eldest daughter."

"Don't know."

"Leave us. I'll talk to her."

He drew up a chair and sat down close to the woman. He could barely articulate. He leaned over.

"Della."

She turned toward him, and a faint, childish smile came to her lips.

"Doctor."

"How are you?"

She only smiled.

"You have a baby."

"A boy." Still she smiled. "Look."

He leaned far over and saw the blue face. Ah, little adventurer! No need to put out far! A short trip! A breath, a flash of this world, and then the mystery again!

"Yes," he mused aloud, "a boy, Della!"

"Ah, Doctor!" she sighed.

"Listen," he said, "are you comfortable?"

"Yes. Only—" She paused.

"What?"

"If I ask a question, Doctor, will you give me a true answer?"

He smiled sadly.

"Della, I will. But you know you oughtn't to ask any question that will excite you. You must keep quiet for the boy's sake."

She laid a thin hand over his.

"Doctor," she looked in his eyes, "is my husband living?"

"Why?" he murmured strangely.

"Last night," she whispered, "I dreamt that he was dead."

He strove madly to change the subject.

"I want to tell you something, Della. I want to bring you something along next time I come. What do you want—specially, very specially? Tell me!"

She followed him like a child.

"What?" She smiled. "Do you know, I'd like the funny pictures in last Sunday's paper, and I'd like some pink ribbons for my hair, and some peppermints."

"Good!" he cried.

She smiled again. A soft passion went into her voice:

"He was the best man, the best husband. He worked for me, for me and our children. There was never any one like him. He was too good to me. He loved me very much. He was the best man in the world."

The Doctor looked away. And then suddenly the woman gave a wild cry:

"He's going to die! I know it! I know it! I know it!"

The Doctor turned toward her passionately, and seized her hand:

"How do you know it? No! It can't be! It won't be! I don't think it will be!"

"You don't think so?" she cried. "Doctor," the word sprang from her heart, "why should he die? Why should we have this trouble?"

The Doctor leaned near. His heart bled, bled. He spoke huskily.

"Della, haven't I troubles too?"

A dark, fierce sob broke through his lips and he looked away. At once the woman spoke tenderly:

"Yes, all have troubles. Excuse me. But, ah! we were so happy."

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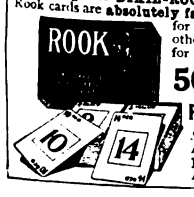

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HUMAN BEINGS

[Continued from page 87]

Happy! The Doctor glanced up sharply. "You were happy, Della?"

"Yes," she said simply, "the worse it was, the more we loved."

Happy! He arose. He pressed her hand. "Della," he said, "don't forget—I'll bring the funny paper." He leaned nearer. "And something for the boy!"

She drew his hand to her lips and kissed it. "Ah," she murmured, "Doctor!"

He went out. He went back to the dingy tenement. He passed the empty place and ascended the stairs to the Klugs'. A neat, thin woman in a calico apron opened the door.

"I came to ask about little Martha Bernstein."

"She's all right."

"Yes," he said softly, "but her father is dead, her mother dying."

The woman wiped her eyes with her apron. Her sobs seemed lost in the noise of many children in that dim room.

"Shall I take the child away?" asked the Doctor.

"No," said Mrs. Klug. "I have seven, and one more won't count. Her mother would like it so."

Then through the splendid afternoon the Doctor went home. He opened the door. He strode into the little back bedroom. Nell was seated beside the couch.

"How is he?" he asked.

"A little fever," she murmured, "but it's nothing, dear. But you—" she drew him close, "what is it, sweetheart?"

He stroked her head, and softly he told her all. Her cheeks went pale and then flamed; her eyes shone.

"People are wonderful!" she cried.

"Oh," he cried, "there's nothing like human beings—nothing like the drip and depth of humanity; even tragedy—there's something in it worth experiencing. I guess it makes us one with all these others—I guess it initiates us into the life of the race!"

"And anyway," she laughed softly, "our troubles are nothing, are they?"

And they turned about and looked down on the sleeping face and knew that life is sacred and blessed and good.

Suddenly Davy opened his eyes.

"Daddy," he piped. "Tell me a 'tory."

The Doctor sat down and took a tiny hand.

"Once there was a train and it had a great big engine——"

"Did the engine cough?" asked Davy.

And the father and mother laughed; for life is lived by moments, after all.

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THE Art Director and the Managing Editor made a journey last Spring to see the Academy exhibition. It was a strictly "non-professional" visit, and each vowed to the other that there would be not a word of shop-talk. Quite involuntarily they both stopped in front of a striking portrait in a yellow scheme.

"It's a wonder," murmured the Art Director, gesticulating with his thumb.

"I'd like to own it," remarked the Managing Editor.

Then each looked at the other—then each looked away.

"Let's go down to the office, where we can talk shop," said the Art Director.

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CHICAGO

THE WAY OF AMBITION

[*Continued from page 83*]

"IS THERE? Another autograph hunter, I suppose."

Without glancing at the caligraphy he tore the envelope, took out a letter and began to read it.

"It's from Mrs. Shiffney!" he said. "She arrived to-day on the same ship as Gillier."

"I knew she would come!" cried Charmian. "Though they all pretended she was going to winter at Cap Martin."

"And she brought Susan Fleet with her."

"Susan!"

"But read what she says. It seems to have all been quite unexpected, a sudden caprice."

"You poor thing!" said Charmian, looking at him with pitiful eyes. "When will you begin to understand?"

"What?"

"Us."

Claude sent a glance so keen that it was almost like a dart at Charmian. But she did not see it for she was reading the letter.

THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL
Friday.

DEAR MR. HEATH:

I've just arrived with Susan Fleet on the *Philadelphia*. I heard such reports of the excitement over your opera out here that I suddenly felt I must run over. After all you told me about it at Constantine I'm naturally interested. I never take sides in questions of art, and though I'm a friend of the Senniers I'm really praying for you to have a triumph. Surely the sky has room for two stars. What nonsense all this press-got-up rivalry is. Don't believe a word you see in the papers about Henriette and your libretto. She knows nothing whatever about it, of course. Such rubbish! Susan is pining to see her beloved Charmian. Can't you both lunch with us at Sherry's, to-morrow at one o'clock? Love to Charmian.

Yours very sincerely,
ADELAIDE SHIFFNEY.

"Well?" said Claude, as Charmian sat without speaking, after she had finished the letter. "Shall we go to Sherry's to-morrow?"

He spoke as if he were testing her, but she did not seem to notice it.

"Yes, Claude, I think we will."

She looked at him.

"What are you thinking?" she asked quickly.

"Do you still believe Mrs. Shiffney tricked me at Constantine?"

"I know she did."

"And yet——"

She interrupted him.

"We are in the arena!"

"Ah—I understand."

"If we go to Sherry's and Mrs. Shiffney speaks about coming to a rehearsal, what do you mean to do?"

"What do you think about it?"

"Of course she only wants to come in the hope of being able to carry a bad report to the Senniers."

Claude was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"That may be. But—we are in the arena."

"What is it?"

"You dislike Mrs. Shiffney, you distrust her, but you do think she has taste, judgment, don't you?"

"Yes—some."

"A great deal?"

"When she isn't biased by personal feeling. But she is biased against you."

Claude's eyes had become piercing.

"I think," he said, "that if I were with Mrs. Shiffney at a rehearsal I should divine her real, her honest opinion, the opinion one has of a thing whether one wishes to have it or not. If *she* were to admire the opera—" He paused. His face looked self-conscious.

"Yes?"

"I only mean that I think it might be the verdict in advance."

"I see," she said, slowly. "Yes, I see."

She got up.

"We simply must go to bed."

"Come along then. But I feel as if I should never want to sleep again."

"We must sleep. The verdict in advance—yes, I see. But Adelaide might make a mistake."

"She really has a flair!"

"I know. Oh, Claudie, the verdict!"

They were now in their bedroom. Charmian sighed, and put her arms round his neck.

"The verdict!" she breathed against his cheek, softly.

He felt moisture on his cheek. She had pressed wet eyes against it.

"Charmian, what is it? Why——"

"Hush! Just put your arms round me for a minute—yes, like that! Claudie, I want you to win, I want you to win. Oh, not altogether selfishly! I—I am an egoist, I suppose. I do care for my husband to be a success. But there's more than that. Yes, yes, there is!"

She held him with passion, and suddenly kissed his eyes. She was crying quite openly now, but not unhappily.

"There's something in you, far, far down, that I love," she whispered. "I am not always conscious of it, but I am now. It called me to you, I believe, at the very first. And I want that to win, I want that to win!"

Claude's face had become set. He bent over Charmian. For a moment he was on the verge of a strange confession. But something that still had greater power held him back from it. And he only said:

"You have worked hard for me. If we do win it will be your victory."

"And if we lose?" she whispered.

"Charmian—" he kissed her—"we must try to sleep."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

ON A night of unnatural excitement Claude had come to a crude resolution. He kept to it, at first only by a strong effort, during the days and the nights which followed, calling upon his will with a recklessness he had never known before, a recklessness which made him sometimes feel hard and almost brutal. He was "out for" success on the large scale, and he was now fiercely determined to win it.

He acted and, carried on by excitement, he acted well. He was helped by his natural inclination to meet people half-way when he had to meet them. And he was helped, too, by the cordiality, the quickness of response, in those about him. Charmian did her part with an energy and brilliance to which the apparent change in him gave an impetus. Hitherto she had tried to excite in Claude the worldly qualities which she supposed to make for success. Now Claude excited them in her. She said to herself, "I have never known him till now!"

Others, too, were impressed by the change in Claude. After the luncheon at Sherry's, Mrs. Shiffney said, with a sort of reluctance, to Charmian:

"The air of America seems to agree with your composer. Has he been on Riverside Drive, getting rid of the last traces of the Puritan tradition? Or is it the theater which has stirred him up? He's a new man."

"There's a good deal more in Claude than people were inclined to suppose in London," said Charmian, trying to speak with light indifference, but secretly triumphing.

"Evidently!" said Mrs. Shiffney.

She felt more interested in Charmian than she had ever felt before, and disliked her, in consequence, much more than formerly. How Charmian would triumph if the Heath opera were a success! How unbearable she would be! In fancy, Mrs. Shiffney saw Charmian enthroned, and "giving herself" a thousand airs. Mrs. Shiffney had never forgiven Charmian for taking possession of Claude. Charmian had got in the way of a whim and Mrs. Shiffney disliked those who got in the way of her whims and resented [illegible] spoilt child re[illegible]

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of a toy. Without hating Charmian she dearly wished for the failure of the great enterprise, in which she knew Charmian's whole heart and soul were engaged. And she wished it the more on account of the change in Claude Heath. In his intensity, his vivacity, his resolution, she was conscious of fascination. He puzzled her.

"There really is a great deal in him," she said to herself.

Mrs. Shiffney separated from the Heaths that day without speaking of the "libretto scandal," as the papers now called the invention of Madame Sennier. They parted apparently on cordial terms. And Mrs. Shiffney's last words were:

"I'm coming to see you one day in your eyrie at the Saint Regis. I take no sides where art is in question, and I want both the operas to be brilliant successes."

She had said not a word about the rehearsals at the New Era Opera House.

Charmian was almost disappointed by her silence on that subject. She had turned over and over in her mind Claude's words about the verdict in advance. She continued to dwell upon them mentally after the meeting with Mrs. Shiffney. By degrees she became almost obsessed by the idea of Mrs. Shiffney as arbiter of Claude's destiny and hers.

Mrs. Shiffney's position had always fascinated Charmian, because it was the position she would have loved to occupy. Even in her dislike, her complete distrust of Mrs. Shiffney, Charmian was attracted by her. Now she longed with increasing intensity to use Mrs. Shiffney as a test.

Rehearsals of Claude's opera were being hurried on. Crayford was determined to produce his novelty before the Metropolitan crowd produced theirs.

ON THE day when Charmian was expecting to see Susan Fleet, she had just come from an afternoon rehearsal which had gone well. Gillier had been almost savagely delighted with the performance of Enid Mardon, who sang and acted the rôle of the heroine. He knew little of music, but in the scene rehearsed Claude had introduced a clever imitation, if not an exact reproduction, of the songs of Sidi Hitani and his companions. This had aroused the enthusiasm of Gillier, who had a curious love of the country where he had spent the wild years of his youth. It had been evident both to Charmian and to Claude that he began to have great hopes of the opera. Charmian had become so exultant on noticing this that she had been unable to refrain from saying to Gillier, "Do you begin to believe in it?" As she sat now waiting for Susan, she remembered his answer, "Madame, if the whole opera goes like that scene—well!" He had finished with a characteristic gesture, throwing out his strong hands and smiling at her. She almost felt as if she liked Gillier. That day she found room in her heart for charity. She had not felt so happy, so safe, for a very long time. It was almost as if she held success in her hand, as a woman may hold a jewel and say, "It is mine!"

A slight buzzing sound told her that there was some one at the outer door of the lobby. In a moment Susan walked in, looking, as usual, temperate, kind and absolutely unconscious of herself. When she had sat down beside Charmian in the overheated room, Charmian began at once to use her as a receptacle. She proceeded to pour her exultation into Susan. And Susan sat quietly listening, with her odd eyes dropping in their sockets.

"Oh, Susan, do take off your gloves!" Charmian exclaimed presently. "You are going to stay a good while, aren't you?"

"Yes, if you'd like me to."

"I should like to be with you every day. You do me good. We'll have tea."

She went to the telephone, came back quickly, sat down again, and continued talking enthusiastically. When the tea-table was in front of her, and the elderly German waiter had gone, she said:

"Isn't it wonderful? I shall never forget how you spoke of destiny to me when we were by the little island. It was then, I think, that I felt it was my fate to link myself with Claude, to help him on. Do you remember what you said?"

"That perhaps it was designed that you should teach Mr. Heath."

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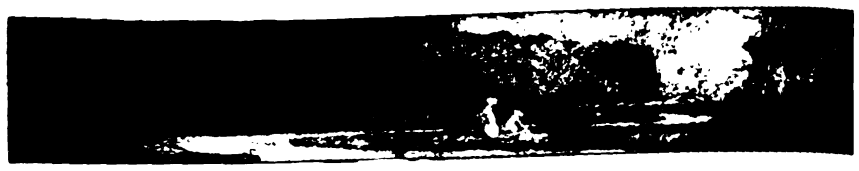

"Don't say Mister—on such a day as this!"

"Claude, then."

"And, Susan, I don't want to seem vain, but I have taught him to know and rely on himself, to believe in himself, in his genius—to dominate. He's marvelously changed. Every one notices it. You do, of course!"

"There is a change. And I remember saying that perhaps it was designed that you should learn from him. Do you recollect that?"

Charmian was handing Susan her tea-cup.

"Oh, yes," she said.

She looked at Susan as the latter took the cup with a calm and steady hand.

"What excellent tea!" observed Susan.

"Is it, Susan?"

"Well?"

"I believe you are very reserved."

"No, I don't think so."

"Yes, you keep half your thoughts about things and people entirely to yourself."

"I think most of us do that."

"About me, for instance! I've been talking a great deal to you in here. And you've been listening and thinking."

There was an uneasy sound in Charmian's voice.

"Yes. Didn't you wish me to listen?"

"I suppose so. But you've been thinking. What have you been thinking?"

"That it's a long journey up the ray," said Susan, with a sort of gentle firmness.

"Ah, the ray! I remember your saying that to me long ago."

"We've got a great deal to learn, I think, as well as to teach."

Charmian was silent for a minute.

"Do you mean that you think I only care to teach, that I—that I am not much of a pupil?" she said, at length.

"Perhaps that is putting it too strongly. But I believe your husband has a great deal to give."

"Claude! Do you? But yes, of course—Susan!"—Charmian's voice changed, became almost sharply interrogative—"Do you mean that Claude could teach me more than I could ever teach him?"

"It is impossible for me to be sure of that."

"Perhaps. But, tell me, do you think it is so?"

"I am inclined to."

CHARMAIN felt as if she flushed. She was conscious of a stir of something that was like anger within her. It hurt her very much to think that perhaps Susan put Claude higher than her. But she controlled the expression of what she felt, and only said, perhaps a little coldly:

"It ought to be so. He is so much cleverer than I am."

"I don't think I mean that. It isn't always cleverness we learn from."

"Goodness, then!" Charmian forced herself to smile. "Do you think me far below Claude from the moral point of view?" she added, with an attempt at laughing lightness.

"It isn't that either. But I think he has let out an anchor which reaches bottom, though perhaps he isn't aware of it. And I'm not sure that you ever have. By the way, I've a message from Adelaide for you."

"Yes?"

"She wants to know how your rehearsals are going."

"Wonderfully well, as I said."

Charmian spoke almost gravely. Her exultant enthusiasm had died away for the moment.

"And if it is allowed, she would like to go to one."

"You must come with her if she does come," Charmian added.

"I don't know whether she will want me," said Susan. "But at any rate I shall be there for the first night."

"Ah, the first night!" said Charmian. "It's coming so near! There are moments when I want to rush toward it, and others when I wish it were far away. It's terrible when so much hangs on one night, just three or four hours of time. One does need courage in art. But Claude has found it. Yes, Susan, you are right. Claude is finer than I am. He is beginning to dominate me here as he never dominated me before. If he triumphs—and he will, he shall triumph!—I believe I shall be quite satisfied."

She laughed, but tears were not far from her eyes. This period she was passing through in New York was tearing at her nerves with teeth and claws, although she scarcely knew it.

Susan came nearer to Charmian, and gently took one of her hands.

"My dear," she said, "does it matter so much which it is?"

"Matter! Of course it does. Everything hangs upon it—for us, I mean, of course. We have given up everything for the opera—altered our lives. It is to be the beginning of everything for us."

Susan looked steadily at Charmian with her ugly, beautiful eyes.

"Perhaps it might be that in either case," she said. "Dear Charmian, I think preaching is rather odious. I hope I don't often step into the pulpit. But we've talked of many things, of things I care for and believe in. May I tell you something I think with the whole of my mind, and even more than that as it seems to me?"

"Yes, yes, Susan!"

"I think the success or failure only matters as it affects character, and the relation existing between your soul and your husband's. The rest scarcely counts, I think. And so, if I were to pray about such a thing as this opera, pray with the impulse of a friend who really does care for you, I should pray that your two souls might have what they need, what they must be asking for, whether that is a great success or a great failure."

The door opened and Claude came in on the two women.

"Did I hear the word failure?" he said, smiling, as he went up to Susan and took her hand. "Charmian, I wonder you allow it to be spoken in our sitting-room."

"I—I didn't—we weren't—" she almost stammered. But quickly recovering herself, she said: "Susan has come with a message from Adelaide Shiffney."

"You mean about being let in at a rehearsal?"

"Yes," said Susan.

"I've just been with Mrs. Shiffney. She called at the theater after you had gone, Charmian. I drove to the Ritz with her and went in."

Charmian looked narrowly at her husband.

"Then of course she spoke about the rehearsal?"

"Yes. Madame Sennier dropped in upon us. What do you think of that?"

Charmian thought that his face and manner were strangely hard.

"Madame Sennier! And did you stay, did you——"

"Of course. I thanked her for giving the opera such a lift with her slanders about the libretto. I tackled her! It was the greatest fun. I only wish Crayford had been there to hear me."

"How did she take it?" asked Charmian, glancing at Susan, and feeling uncomfortable.

"She was furious, I think. I hope so. I meant her to be. But she didn't say much, except that the papers were full of lies, and nobody believed them except fools. When she was going I gave her a piece of news to comfort her."

"What was that?"

"That my opera will be produced the night before her husband's."

Susan got up.

"Well, I must go," she said. "I've been here a long time, and I dare say you both want to rest."

"Rest!" exclaimed Claude. "That's the last thing we want, isn't it, Charmian?"

He helped Susan to put on her fur.

"There's another rehearsal to-night after the performance of 'Aïda.' You see, it's a race, and we mean to be in first. I wish you could have seen Madame Sennier's face when I told her we should produce on the twenty-eighth."

He laughed. But neither Charmian nor Susan laughed with him. As Susan was leaving, he said:

"You come from the enemy's camp, but you do wish us success, don't you?"

"I have just been telling Charmian what I wish you," answered Susan gently, with her straight and quiet look.

"Have you?" He wheeled round to Charmian. "What was it?"

Charmian looked taken aback.

"Oh—what was it?" she repeated.

"Yes," said Claude.

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"Yes. I wished you the very best."

"Capital! Too bad you are going!"

He went with Susan to the door.

When he came back he said to Charmian:

"Susan Fleet is very quiet, the least obtrusive person I almost ever met. But she's strange. I believe she sees far."

His face and manner had changed. He threw himself down in a chair and leaned his head against the back of it.

"I'm going to relax for a minute, Charmian. It's the only way to rest. And I shall be up most of the night."

He shut his eyes. His whole body seemed to become loose.

"She sees far, I think," he murmured, scarcely moving his sensitive lips.

Charmian sat watching his pale forehead, his white eyelids.

And New York roared outside.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THE respective publicity agents of the two opera-houses had been so energetic in their efforts on behalf of their managements that, to the Senniers, the Heaths, and all those specially interested in the rival enterprises, it began to seem as if the whole world hung upon the two operas; as if nothing mattered but their success or failure.

Charmian lived in the opera, as the opera lived in the vast theater. She was, as it were, enclosed in a shell within a shell. New York was the great sea murmuring outside.

Everything conspired to keep that imagination alive and powerful within her. Crayford was an enthusiast for the opera, and infected all those who belonged to him, who were connected with his magnificent theater, with his own enthusiasm.

Then there was Alston, who was to have his first great chance in the opera, and who grew more fervently believing with each rehearsal.

The great theater was pervaded by optimism, which flowed from the fountain-head of its owner. And this optimism percolated through certain sections of society in New York, as had been the case in London before Sennier's "Paradis Terrestre" was given for the first time.

Report of the opera was very good. And with each passing day it became better.

Charmian remembered what had happened in London, and thought exultantly: "Success is in the air."

It certainly seemed to be so. Rumor was busy and spoke kind things. Charmian noticed the manner of many people toward her and Claude becoming increasingly cordial. The newspaper men whom she met gave her unmistakable indications that they expected great things of her husband. Two of them, musical critics both, came to dine with her and Claude one night at the St. Regis, and talked music for hours. One of them had lived in Paris, and was steeped in modernity. He was evidently much interested in Claude's personality, and, after dinner, when they had all returned from the restaurant to the Heaths' sitting-room, he said to Charmian:

"Your husband is the most interesting English personality I have met. He is the only Englishman who has ever given to me the feeling of strangeness, of the beyond."

He glanced around with his large Southern eyes and saw that there was a piano in the room.

"Would he play to us, do you think?" he said, rather tentatively. "I am not asking as a newspaper man, but as a musician."

"Claude!" Charmian said, "Mr. Van Brinen asks if you will play us a little bit of the opera."

Claude got up.

"Why not?" he said.

He spoke firmly. His manner was self-reliant, almost determined. He went to the piano, sat down, and played the scene Gillier had liked so much, the scene in which some of Said Hitani's curious songs were reproduced. The two journalists were evidently delighted.

"That's new!" said Van Brinen. "Nothing like that has ever been heard

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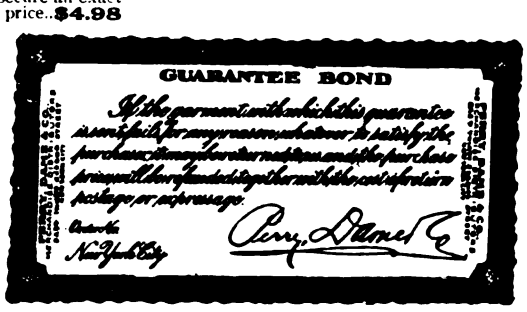

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here before. It brings a breath of the East to Broadway."

Claude had turned half round on the piano-stool. His eyes were fixed upon Van Brinen. And now Van Brinen looked at him. There was an instant of silence. Then Claude swung round again to the piano and began to play something that was not out of the opera. Charmian had never heard it before. But Mrs. Mansfield had heard it.

I heard a great voice out of the temple saying to the seven angels, Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth . . .

The second angel poured out his vial upon the sea; and it became as the blood of a dead man . . .

The fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun; and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire. . . .

The sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the Kings of the East might be prepared. . . .

Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.

When Claude ceased there was a silence that seemed long. He remained sitting with his back to his wife and his guests, his face to the piano. At last he got up and turned, and his eyes again sought the face of Van Brinen. Then Van Brinen moved, clasped his long and thin hands tightly together, and said:

"That's great! That's very great!"

He paused, gazing at Claude.

"That's enormous!" he said. "Do you mean—is that from the opera?"

"Oh, no!" said Claude.

He came to sit down, and began to talk quickly of all sorts of things. When the two newspaper men were about to go away Van Brinen said:

"I wish you success, Mr. Heath, as I have very seldom wished it for any man. For since I have heard some of your music, I feel that you deserve it as very few musicians I know anything of do."

Claude's face flushed painfully, became scarlet.

"Thank you very much," he almost muttered. But he wrung Van Brinen's thin hand hard, and when he was alone with Charmian he said:

"Of all the men I have met in New York, that is the one I like best."

Van Brinen had considerable influence in the musical world of New York, and after that evening he used it on Claude's behalf. The art circles of the great city had Claude's name perpetually upon their lips. Articles began to appear which voiced the great expectation with which musicians were beginning to regard Claude's work. The "boom" grew, and was no longer merely sensational, a noisy thing worked up by paid agents.

Charmian became quickly aware of this and exulted. Now and then she remembered her conversation with Susan Fleet and had a moment of doubt, of wonder. Now and then a fleeting expression in the pale face of her husband, a look in his eyes, a sound in his voice, even a movement, sent a slight chill through her heart. But these faintly disagreeable sensations passed swiftly from her. The whirling of life took her, swept her on. She had scarcely time to think, though she had always time to feel intensely.

OFTEN during these days of fierce preparation she was separated from Claude. He had innumerable things to do connected with the production. Charmian haunted the opera-house, but was seldom actually with Claude there, though she often saw him on the stage or in the orchestra, heard him discussing points concerning his work. And Claude was very often away, when rehearsals did not demand his attention, visiting the singers who were to appear in the opera, going through their rôles with them, trying to imbue them with his exact meaning. Charmian meanwhile was with some of the friends she had made in New York.

Thus it happened that Claude was able to meet Mrs. Shiffney several times without Charmian's knowledge.

Mrs. Shiffney had multitudes of friends in New York, and was always rushing about. It never occurred to Charmian that she had any time to give to Claude, or that Claude had any time to give to her. But Mrs. Shiffney always found time to do anything she really cared to do. And, just now, she cared to meet Claude.

Long ago, in London, when he was very genuine, she had been attracted by him. Now, in New York, when he was dressed up in motley, with painted face and eyes that strove, though sometimes in vain, to be false, he fascinated her. The new Claude, harder, more dominant, secretly unhappy, feverish with a burning excitement of soul and brain, appealed to this woman who loved all that was strange, exotic, who hated and despised the commonplace, and who lived on excitement.

She threw out one or two lures for Claude, and he, who in London had refused her invitations, in New York accepted them. Why did he do this? Because he had flung away his real self; because he was secretly angry with, hated, himself, the self to which he was giving the rein; because he, too, during this period was living on excitement; because he longed sometimes, with a cruel longing, to raise up a barrier between himself and Charmian.

ONE day Claude went to see her after a long rehearsal. When he reached the hotel it was nearly eight o'clock. Claude had promised to dine with Van Brinen that night, and Charmian was dining with some friends. But, at the last moment, Van Brinen had telephoned to say that he was obliged to go to a concert on behalf of his paper. Claude had left the opera-house, weary, excited, doubtful what to do. If he returned to the St. Regis he would be all alone. At that moment he dreaded solitude. After hesitating for a moment outside the stage door, he called a taxi-cab, and ordered the man to drive to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Mrs. Shiffney would probably be out, would almost certainly have some engagement for the evening. The hour was unorthodox for a visit. Claude did not care. He had been drowned in his own music for hours. He was in a strongly emotional condition, and almost wanted to do something strange, something bizarre.

He sent up his name to Mrs. Shiffney, who was at home. In a few moments she sent down to say she would see him in her sitting-room. When Claude came into it he found her there in an evening gown.

"Do forgive me! You're going out?" he said.

"Where are you dining?" she answered.

Claude made a vague gesture.

"Have you come to dine with me?" she said, smiling.

"But I see you are going out!"

She shook her powerful head.

"We will dine up here. But I must telephone to a number in Fifth Avenue." She went toward the telephone.

"Oh, but I can't keep you at home. It is too outrageous!" he said.

"Give me time to telephone," she answered, looking round at him over her shoulder.

"You are much too kind!" he said. "I—I looked in to settle about your coming to that rehearsal."

She got the number in Fifth Avenue and spoke through the telephone softly so he could not hear.

"There! That's done! And now help me to order a dinner for—" she glanced at him shrewdly—"a tired genius."

Claude smiled. They consulted together amicably, arranging the menu.

The dinner was brought quickly, and they sat down, one on each side of a round table decorated with lilies-of-the-valley.

"I'm playing traitress to-night," Mrs. Shiffney said in her deep voice. "I was to have been at a dinner arranged for the Senniers by Mrs. Algernon Batsford."

"I am so ashamed."

"Or are you a little bit flattered?"

"Both, perhaps."

"A divinely complex condition. Tell me about the rehearsal."

They plunged into a discussion on music. Mrs. Shiffney was a past mistress in the art of subtle flattery when she chose to be. And she always chose to be in the service of her caprices. She understood well the vanity of the artistic temperament. She even understood its reverse side, which was strongly developed in Claude. Her efforts were dedicated to the

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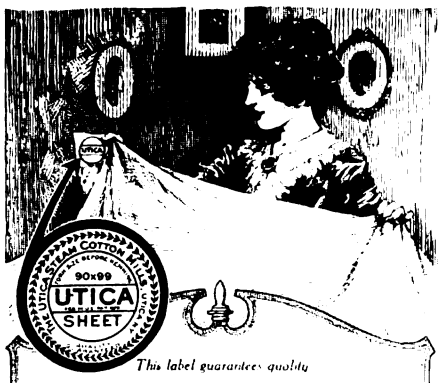

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dual temperament, and beautifully. The discussion was long and animated, lasting all through dinner to the time of Turkish coffee. Claude forgot his fatigue, and Mrs. Shiffney almost forgot her caprice. She became genuinely interested in the discussion merely as a discussion. Her sincere passion for art got the upper hand in her. And this made her the more delightful. The evening fled and its feet were winged.

"I was going to a party at Eve Inness's," she said, when half-past ten chimed in the clock on her writing-table. "But I'll give it up."

Claude sprang to his feet.

"Really you must not. I must go. I must really. I know I need any amount of sleep to make up arrears."

"You don't look sleepy."

"How could I, in New York?"

"We don't need to sleep here. Sit down again. Eve Inness is quite definitely given up."

"But——"

Mrs. Shiffney looked at him, and he sat down. At that moment he remembered the morning in the pine-wood at Constantine, and how she had looked at him then. He remembered, too, and clearly, his own recoil. Now he believed that she had been very treacherous in regard to him. Yet he felt happier with her, and even at this moment as he returned her look, he thought: "Whatever she may have felt at Constantine, I believe I have won her over to my side now. I have power. She always felt it. She feels it now more than ever." And abruptly he said:

"You are on Sennier's side. And really it is a sort of battle here. The two managements have turned it into a battle. We've been talking all this evening of music. Do you really wish me to succeed? I think—" he paused. He was on the edge of accusing her of treachery at Constantine. But he decided not to do so, and continued:

"What I mean is, do you genuinely care whether I succeed or not?"

After a minute Mrs. Shiffney said:

"Perhaps I care more, even, than Charmian does."

HER large and intelligent eyes were still fixed upon Claude. She looked absolutely self-possessed, yet as if she were feeling something strongly, and meant him to be aware of that. And she believed that just then it depended upon Claude whether she cared for his success or desired his failure. His long resistance to her influence, followed by this partial yielding to it, had begun to irritate her capricious nature intensely. And this irritation, if prolonged, might give birth in her either to a really violent passion, of the burning straw species, for Claude, or to an active hatred of him. At this moment she knew this.

"Perhaps I care too much," she said, quietly.

And instantly, as at Constantine, when the reality of her nature deliberately made itself apparent, with intention calling to him, Claude felt the invincible recoil within him, the backward movement of his true self. The spurious vanity of the male died within him. The feverish pleasure in proving his power vanished.

And all that was left for the moment was the dominant sense of honor, of what he owed to Charmian. Mrs. Shiffney would have called this "the shriek of the Puritan." It was certainly the cry of the real man in Claude. And he had to heed it. But he loathed himself at this moment. And he felt that he had given Mrs. Shiffney the right to hate him forever.

Desperation seized him. Abruptly he got up.

"You are much too kind," he said, scarcely knowing what he was saying. "I can never be grateful enough to you. If I—if I do succeed I shall know at any rate that one—" he met her eyes and stopped.

"Good night!" she said. "I'm afraid I must send you away now, for I believe I will run in for a minute to Eve Inness, after all."

As Claude descended to the hall, he knew that he had left an enemy behind him.

[To be continued]

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[*Continued from page 122*]

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Musical Club Program

THERE are many music clubs scattered over the country, as well as many department clubs having a music section. For the benefit of such and for those general clubs who would like to take up the study of music for a change, we append the program of the Harriman Music Club for the present year, which has been found satisfactory in every way:

I. Early Italian Music. Scarlatti as a Composer and Founder of the Neapolitan School. *Round Table:* Evolution of the Opera from Church Music. Music: Chant; Chorus. Piano: Pastoral Caprice (Scarlatti).

II. ROSSINI. The Composer. His Contemporaries (Donizetti and Bellini) *Round Table:* William Tell; Lucia di Lammermoor. Music: Overture (Tancred). Vocal duet, "Norma." Piano duet from William Tell.

III. VERDI. Life; Operas. *Round Table:* Interest of Verdi's Life to the Student. Rigoletto; Il Trovatore; Aïda. Music from Rigoletto, Trovatore, and the aria "Celeste Aïda."

IV. Song Writers: Tosti, Boito, Sgambati. Music: Could I; Goodbye. Violin Intermezzo, Cavalleria Rusticana. The Realistic Italian Opera. *Round Table:* Mascagni; Puccini. Music: The Girl of the Golden West.

V. CURRENT MUSIC DAY. A Club Symposium, with music.

VI. MENDELSSOHN. Biography. Art and Influence. Music: Hunting Song; Spring Song; Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14, Concerto in G minor. *Round Table* (For discussion).

VII. SCHUMANN. The Romanticist; The Song-Writer. Music: Vocal, Dedication, Serenade. Piano: Soaring; Dreaming. *Round Table:* At Home; In Music.

VIII. BRAHMS. Early History. Place in Musical World. *Round Table*: Influence of Schumann upon Brahms. Music: Songs, Lullaby; Still as the Night. Piano Scherzo in E Minor, Op. 4.

IX. WAGNER. Life History: Dramatist: Musician. *Round Table:* Personality of Wagner, Wagnerian Harmony, Influence on Others. Music: Piano, Good Friday Music, Parsifal. Vocal: Lullaby, Träume. Ensemble, Overture to Lohengrin.

X. WAGNER (*cont.*). Early Opera, Lohengrin, The Flying Dutchman. Legends of Nibelungen-Lied. Later Works: Tristan and Isolde; Tannhäuser; Parsifal. *Round Table:* Religion of Parsifal. Famous Singers in Opera. Music: Piano Funeral March, Götterdämmerung. Vocal, Spring Song, Valkyrie; Love's Death, Tristan and Isolde. Ensemble, Introduction to Act III, Lohengrin.

XI. RICHARD STRAUSS. Lyrics. Orchestral. *Round Table:* The Man; Technical Mastery; Salome; Guntram; Elektra. Music: Träumerie, Op. 9. Songs (selected); Ensemble, Tod und Verklärung.

XII. The Latest Word in Modern Music. Who and What? Hänsel and Gretel, Humperdinck.

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DEPARTMENT F-D.

THE DELINEATOR
Butterick Building New York

COMING SUMMER STYLES

[Illustrated on pages 92 and 93]

ONCE when I tried to buy a garden-party hat in August and found that all the new models were velours and beavers, I felt that the shops had a most preposterous way of outdistancing the seasons. I should perhaps think now that January was hardly the time to be offered filmy batistes, crisp linens and dainty crêpes, if I hadn't discovered how extremely satisfactory it is to start my Spring sewing early and get it out of the way. I find that I have an even better assortment of Summer materials now than later, for the shops outdo themselves in January to present an attractive assortment, and the prettiest shades and patterns are soon picked out. And as for the styles, they were decided on some time ago by the Paris *créateurs* and are displayed already by up-to-date houses.

ON PAGES 92 and 93 there are a number of new models pictured which can be copied for smart and useful Summer frocks. Design 5930 is a new shirtwaist which has proved very taking. It has a yoke-facing across the back which extends over the shoulders and under this in front broad tucks. The tucks fill out underarm hollows admirably while the yoke keeps a smooth, unbroken shoulder line. Shorter sleeves and an open-necked collar on the Robespierre order may be substituted for those shown here if the style of the blouse is liked by strenuous tennis players.

An excellent skirt for outing purposes is that shown in design 5911. Its front closing and pocket are both practical and good-looking, and its lines are straight without being too narrow for action.

Design 5913, having tucks in the waist and tucks or gathers at the top of the skirt, is desirable for sheer lingerie materials like cotton voile, batiste or handkerchief linen. Its vest front is one of the marks of the new one-piece dresses. Outlined with a hand-embroidered fancy scallop as in the illustration, the vest is remarkably decorative, but it may be treated effectively in other ways that entail less work—with a plain scallop, for instance, or with lace banding.

IF YOU wish a smart Summer suit of white serge or a more serviceable one of gray homespun you should have a long cutaway coat, and a skirt with just a few plaits introduced in groups as a trimming. Skirts seem to be narrower than ever, but they gain some freedom at the lower edge by these plaits. Design 5944 has two at the right side of the back and an inserted plaited section at the left side of the front. The coat, design 5950, has the newest wide collar.

Design 5953 is one of those very simple linen dresses trimmed only with lingerie collar and cuffs of which one can not have too many in Summer. It has slightly deep armholes and the popular two or three piece skirt.

Probably the most fashionable material for afternoon dresses will be a fine quality of cotton crêpe. It is shown plain, bordered and figured and is being largely used by French dressmakers for handsome lingerie gowns. The model shown in design 5956 was of cotton crêpe trimmed with filet banding. Although of a washable material the skirt was draped very gracefully at the side-front seam. The waist has the favorite dropped shoulder.

In design 5968 the jockey effect of contrasting sleeves is noticed. This idea is becoming rather prominent in new models and may develop into one of the rages of next season. The waist shown here had a jumper of a rich luminous blue crêpe meteor over a blouse of cerise chiffon and was combined with a two-piece skirt which was, of course, slightly draped.

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Twenty-Five Thousand Yards of Fine All-Wool, Men's Wear Serge

a two months' supply for his top-flat trade. Unfortunate financial conditions arose with this importer and he needed some money *quick*. You know we have the largest establishment in New York, and when a man has a big lot of merchandise he wants to dispose of for ready cash he usually comes to us *first*. This Importer showed us the serge and the lot for it. The quality, the texture and the beauty appealed to us, so we told him that we would take the entire lot—all of the twenty-five thousand yards and pay him *cash* for it, if he would let us name our own price. And he did. We took this serge to our best designers, told her that we wanted to make a dress of it which for style, beauty, becomingness and serviceability would have no equal—and here is the dress—positively the most wonderful dress you ever saw for $5.00.

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This handsome dress is made exactly as illustrated, of this fine all-wool, double-warp, men's wear serge in black or navy blue, trimmed with black silk braid; vest and buttons of French Art Cloth in Dresden effect; little amber buttons which are fashion's latest favorite are used to close the vest. The back is ornamented at waist-line with small Dresden covered buttons and the skirt has the fashionable stitched panel. The dress closes invisibly in front. The tailoring is perfect; the collar and cuffs are lined with taffeta silk. Sizes: 32 to 44 inches bust measure; skirt lengths 38 and 41 inches, with basted hem. Order by No. 69169.

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JENNY WREN CORNER

BEING REAL DOLL DRESSMAKERS, GIRLS

NOTE—Do you know about our Jenny Wren Club? First of all, it teaches its members how to sew and it gives them such happy times, too. It has thousands of members now, and it is waiting to welcome you. Write to Catherine Heath, care of THE DELINEATOR, for particulars.

MY DEAR GIRLS: *The Jenny Wren Doll-Dressmaking Shop.* How does that sound, dears? Doesn't it give you an idea for a new kind of work for your clubs this year? It seems to me that you will just love this new idea of mine—to take up in your clubs or in your play a real little business, the purpose of which is the making of dolly clothes to order.

Do you know there are lots of wee little girlies, too small to sew, who will delight in having a new Spring outfit for their dear doll children, but their mothers are too busy to make these doll clothes? Ever so many mothers, I know, will engage you to make dolls' clothes to order. So I want to help you to start some thoroughly practical dolls' dressmaking establishments.

First of all you will need to find some convenient place of business so as not to be in anybody's way. Perhaps your club has a regular clubroom, or some one of you has a playroom that is vacant. Surely some one in the club has an attic with a sloping roof and a window at each end. Any of these rooms will be a splendid place in which to open your dolls' dressmaking business.

Ask your grocer for several empty soapboxes and pile these up, one above the other, to form shelves in which to keep your sewing and your patterns. Perhaps there is a discarded sewing-machine in somebody's storeroom which you can use. This would be splendid. But if you can't find a sewing-machine to be a business manager whose duty it will be to keep the sample-book and the pattern-books up to date. Why not ask the president of your club to do this for you? There should also be a head cutter and a head fitter. You know much better than I do, of course, which girls in your club are able to cut and fit dolls' clothes best.

It might be nice to divide the work of cutting, having one girl cut dresses, another the underwear, another the dolls' coats. One girl may like to make buttonholes and another to sew on lace, but it will be better for each of you to do some work on each doll's garment, so that you will learn how to sew nicely.

When your shop is quite ready for business, print some neat little cards telling all about it, and take them to all the houses in the neighborhood where there are little girls and dolls. You might print this on your card:

> DOLLS' CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER
> Latest Styles Lowest Prices
> Jenny Wren Club No.——

When everything is ready, your shelves in order with their rolls of pretty cloth, your pattern and sample books are neatly pasted and listed, perhaps Rosalie's mother will come in. The manager of your shop will greet her very courteously, and offer her a chair near the table. Then she will show her the pattern and sample books.

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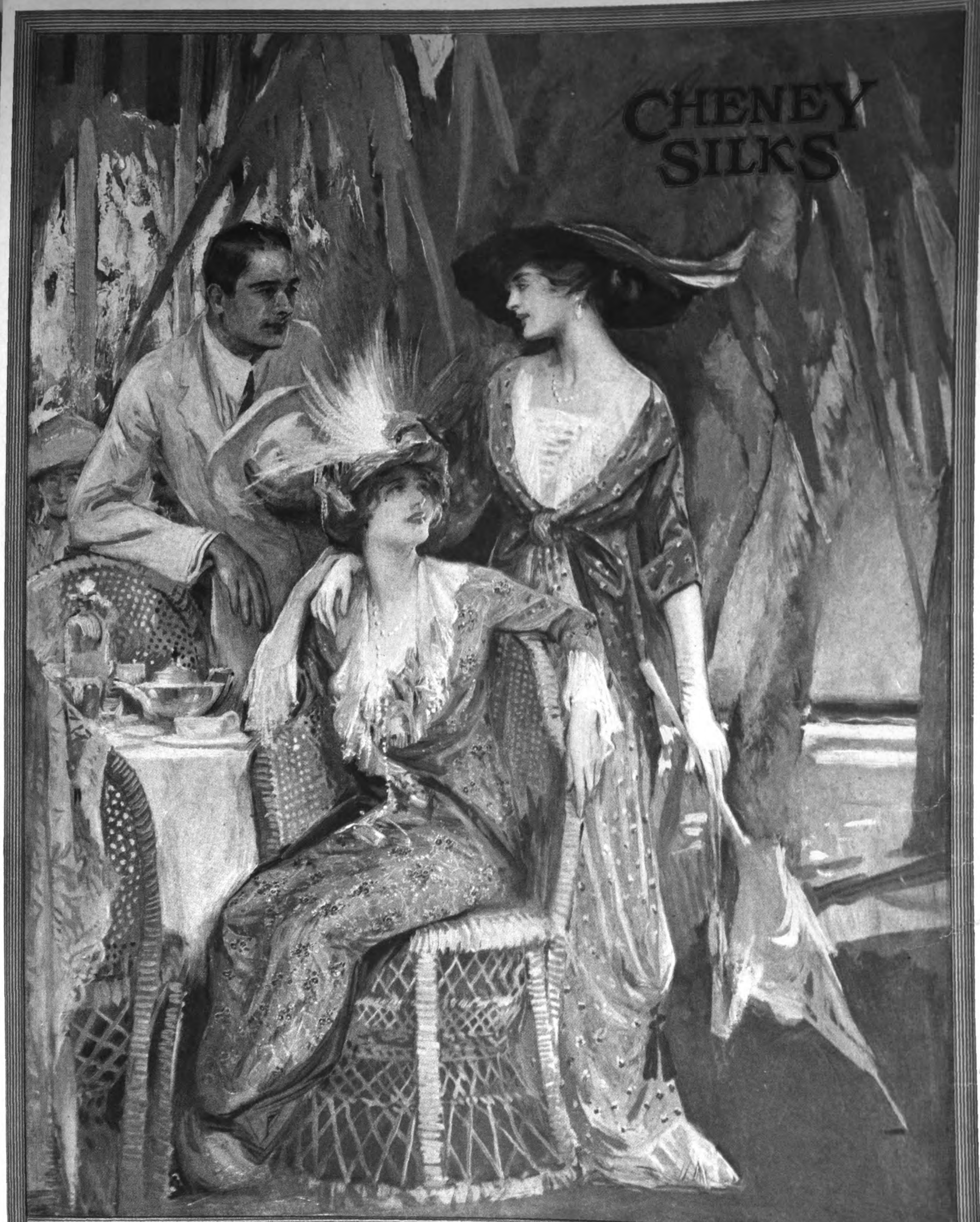

Designs in "Shower-Proof" Foulards for this season are beautiful indeed, and are largely floral, Pompadour, Dresden and Louis XVI effects. A choice is offered from several hundred exclusive patterns in Cheney Silks.

"Shower-Proof"
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Foulards

Cheney Silks are of superior quality, and include practically every kind of goods made of silk—whether for dresses, millinery, decoration or upholstery, the haberdasher or manufacturer. Man or woman.

CHENEY BROTHERS, *Silk Manufacturers*

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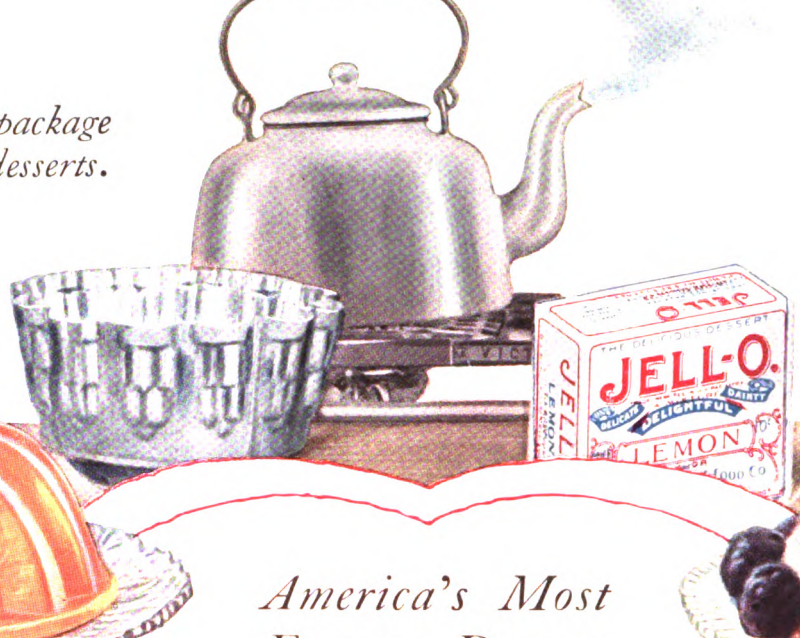
Hot water and a 10 cent package of Jell-O make these fine desserts.



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Only, be sure you get Jell-O, in the Jell-O package, with the word Jell-O upon it in big red letters, for you cannot make such desserts as these with anything but Jell-O.

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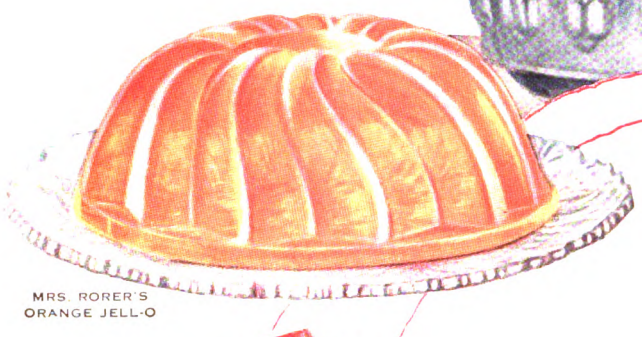


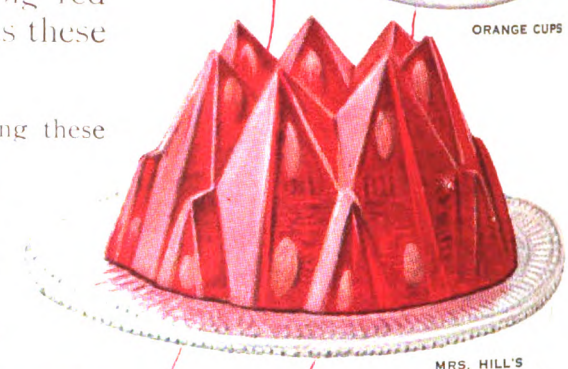
MRS. RORER'S ORANGE JELL-O

MARION HARLAND'S PRUNE WHIP

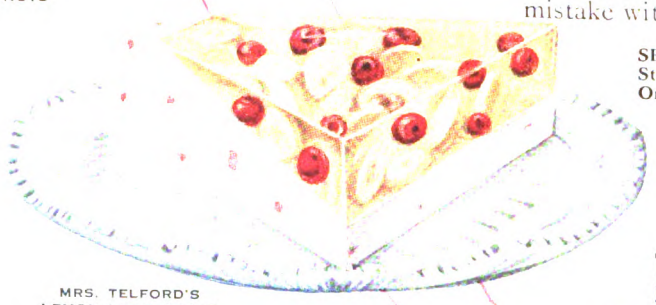
MRS. LINCOLN'S STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

ORANGE CUPS

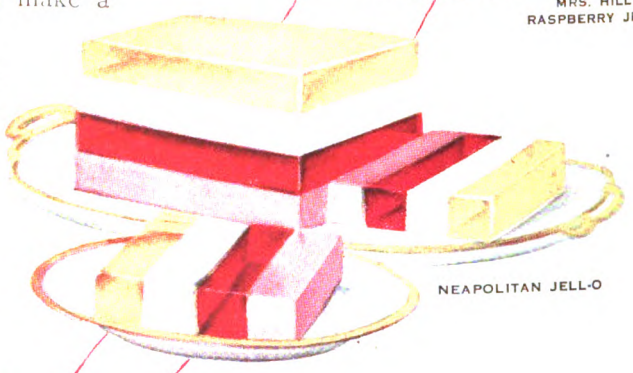
MRS. HERRICK'S CHOCOLATE BLANC-MANGE WITH NUTS



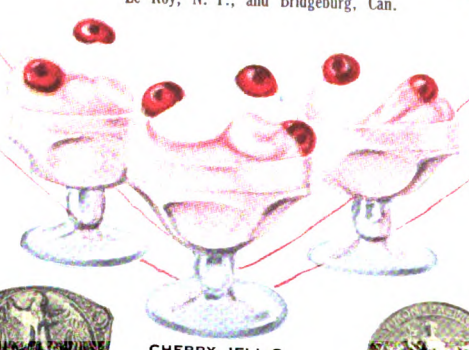
MRS. HILL'S RASPBERRY JELL-O



MRS. TELFORD'S LEMON-SPLIT JELL-O



NEAPOLITAN JELL-O



CHERRY JELL-O

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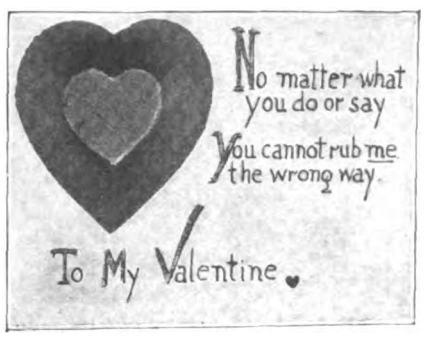
YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

MAKE YOUR VALENTINES

MOTHER AND SISTER AND BROTHER AND BEST-OF-ALL-FRIEND WILL ENJOY THEM SO MUCH

Designs by Zaidee Lord Murphy

THE valentine that you make is just twice, maybe three times, as nice as the valentine that you buy. You see, in the first place, there's all the fun of spending ever and ever so many beautiful afternoons cutting red and gold paper and sticking it with nice, sticky paste. Then there's the fun of packing your very own love into the envelope that carries your home-made valentine to your dearest friend. The gift which you make always carries a whole lot of love, you know. *And* there's the fun of not having to spend very many pennies. Isn't that the nicest part of it all?



For this make-your-own-valentine fun you will need to buy only a sheet of fairly stiff water-color paper, a sheet or two each of red and shiny gold paper, and a tiny pot of gold paint. Your paint-box, paste-tube, scissors, and ten clever fingers will do the rest. Spread all these pretty things out on your play table and begin your first valentine, which is to be for brother.

FROM your stiff white paper cut a rather large oblong. One that measures three inches by five will be a good size. Then cut from your scarlet paper a heart measuring two and one-half inches from top to bottom.

Paste this heart at one end of the oblong as you see it in the picture. For a penny, buy a nice white, spongy school rubber, cut it heart shape with a penknife, and paste it to the center of the red heart. Print the verse very neatly in the big white space on the card, and at the bottom write:

"To My Valentine," in pretty letters.

It will be just the valentine brother wanted, for he can take it to school and really *use* it. Boys, you know, don't care a bit for lace paper and Cupids and doves.

Sister's valentine is a gold four-leaf clover—"for luck." To make it, cut four stiff white hearts, each three inches long. Cover them with the gold paper neatly pasted on, and when the paste is dry, lap the four little gold hearts with their points touching and paste them in the four-leaf clover form that you see in the picture. With a fine paint-brush and your gold paint, draw the arrow and do the lettering.

"Sweets to the sweet,"
So this red-and-white dandy
Comes to you
With his heart of candy

Dear mother shall have a valentine frame to hold her picture. A big white heart makes the back of the frame. A heart the same size and cut from the same stiff paper makes the front, but it is covered with either red or gold paper, and a heart-shaped opening is cut to hold the picture. Join the back and the front by pasting just the edges. Print the message inside, and your valentine for mother dear will please her.

The funniest valentine of all is going to be for your dearest friend. It's a little "candy dandy" and he has a very sweet sugar heart. For the back of this quaint new sort of a valentine, cut an oblong of the stiff white paper measuring six inches long and three inches wide. An oblong of the same paper measuring four and one-half inches by two inches is the foundation for the candy man. Paint little red peppermint stripes going slantwise across this oblong, and when the paint is dry, roll the oblong around a pencil and paste it into a little roll. Draw eyes and nose and mouth with pencil on one end of the roll. It really begins to look like a man!

NOW for his hat.

A circle of red paper pasted to the top of the candy man makes the rim of his hat. A little roll of red paper pasted to the top of the rim makes the crown. When his hat is quite dry, bend down the rim at the back and paste the little person to the card you cut for him. It will be *such* fun to make his arms, his cane and his shiny shoes with ink. He shall have a necktie, too.

Punch a hole in the card on either side of the place where his neck ought to be. Slip a narrow ribbon through these holes from the back and tie it in a smart bow under his chin. On the back of the card write the verse that you read beneath the picture of the funny valentine, and when it is all finished, pack it neatly in a box and tie the box with scarlet ribbons. No child will have such a funny, jolly valentine as this.

If you should be giving a valentine party, you can make these candy valentines, one for each child's place at the party table, using *real* sticks of candy. Buy pretty red-and-white candy sticks, the beautiful, old-fashioned kind that grandmother loved when she was little. Give each one a red-paper hat and tie it to a card with a ribbon just as you made the necktie.

A LARGE gold-paper square that is just a bit more than twice as large as your valentine makes an envelope to hold a flat valentine. Find the center of the square and fold the corners in, touching the center. Slip your valentine inside and paste on a little red-paper heart to hold the corners together. On the other side of the square paste, in the upper right-hand corner, another red-paper heart to do for a stamp, and write in red ink the address of the friend to whom you are going to carry the valentine.

You never had so much valentine fun, did you?

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No Waste No Cooking Always Ready

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For style, durability, and permanency of color it is unequalled.

The original Nurses Stripes in Bates Seersucker Gingham is the standard in all hospitals for nurses' uniforms.

There are many substitutes on the market. Insist upon Bates Seersucker Ginghams.

Bates Crown Bed Spreads are made in white crochet and in white and colored satin effects, in correct sizes to fit all beds, with plain hemmed, fringed or scalloped edges; also with corners cut. We also make white satin effects with floral designs in natural colors to match room decoration.

Ask for Bates Crown Crochet Spreads.
Bates Crown Satin Spreads.
Bates Crown Colored Satin Spreads.
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Bates Colored Table Damask has the same standing among colored damasks that Bates Seersucker occupies among ginghams. Ask for *Bates* Damask.

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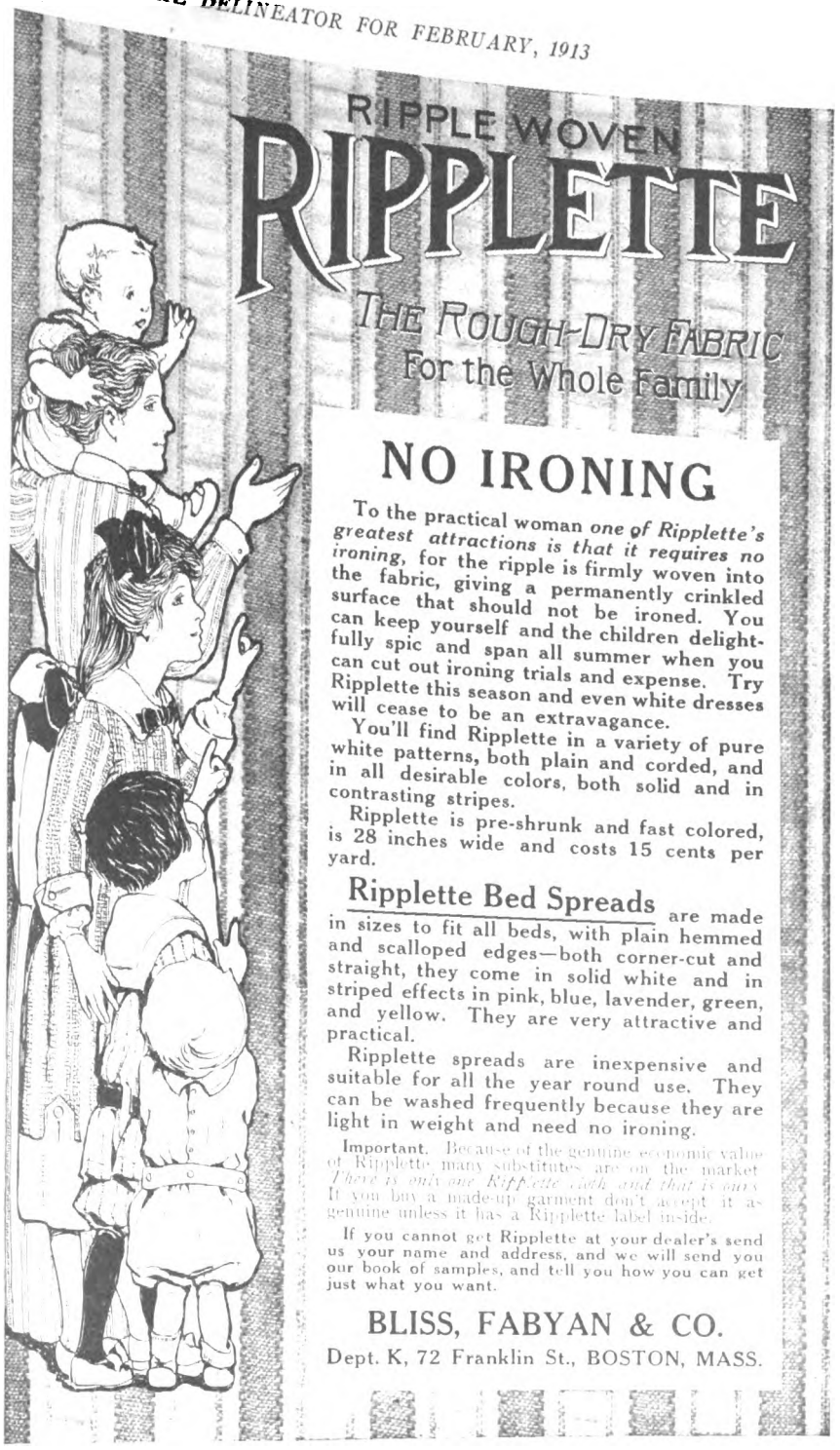

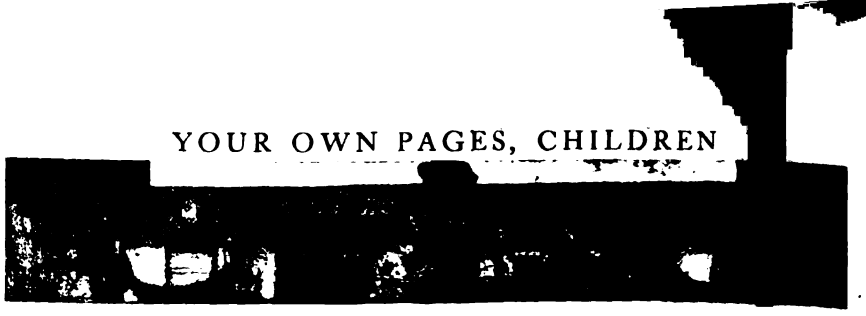

BOY KNIGHTS' PAGE

ONE CORNER OF OUR LETTER-BOX

NOTE: *Do you want to be a Boy Knight? THE DELINEATOR has a great big club organized and conducted solely to give boys good times outdoors and in. You will enjoy it. Write to Sir Launcelot, care of THE DELINEATOR, for particulars.*

Their Own Boy Knight Letter-Heads

AS I am the new secretary I will write my first letter to you. Do tell us what you think about our new stationery. If possible, please print a copy of the heading in our Boy Knights' Page, so that your other clubs may see what we have been doing.

L. V., Louisiana

Such an enterprising club as this one in Louisiana is! The secretary's letter came to us written on the club's own stiff white stationery with this heading at the top in big black lettering:

Boy Knights of the Round Table
LODGE NO. 1558
PRESIDENT — SECRETARY
VICE-PRESIDENT — TREASURER
POST-OFFICE BOX 647

Which club will be the next one to have its own stationery?

When Boy Knights Camp

HERE is a program of our doings while we were in camp. We go up to Grape Creek, which is near the mountains, and where we can get plenty of water and wood. We usually stay about two days and one night. We always camp in military fashion.

First Day

9:00 A.M. Start to Grape Creek to our camping place.

10:00 A.M. In sight of Grape Creek Ice-House. Three miles.

A Lost Club Heard From

I GUESS you think our club has broken up, because we have not written to you in so long. The fact of the matter is that we have been camping along the Delaware River and have had a splendid time. We expect to have many more good times this winter than we did last. We are to have a room of our own instead of being obliged to go from house to house as we had to last season. In this room we will have a wireless set, books, magazines and games, for the amusement of the club.

H. G., Pennsylvania

Congratulations, H. G.! We did think that you were lost, and we are so delighted to know that it was just because your club was so busy having a good time that we did not hear from you before. We are publishing this letter, though, to tell all the other knights how important it is that we have letters from them regularly. You see, if we don't hear from you, boys, we are not able to send your promotion badges as they are due; we can't write you all the news that we haven't room for in THE DELINEATOR and which we are writing the other boys. Write often, please.

Splendid Winter Plans

I WANT to tell you of the progress of our club. A short time ago we gave an entertainment which turned out a perfect success. Last week our club was given a house party of a week at an island near Savannah which has a fine beach and excellent surf. Most of us went in swimming every day and some went crab-

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Ye Olde Reliable

IPSWICH

1822 **HOSIERY** 1913

Verilie, ye maides and matrons of modern dayes, ye will do thee well to avail thee of goode olde brands of hosierye which ye Greate Grandmother boughte.

In ye olden dayes ye thriftie good wife welcomed only hosierye of qualitie—and saveth her purse much monie.

Thy shop-keeper hath many Ipswich styles. Thou canst see for thyself.

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If your dealer can't supply you write us and we'll take order.

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Double cases all over; best copper tank; nursery, self-regulating. Best 140-Chick hot-water brooder $4.85. Both ordered together $11.50. Frt. prepaid (E. of Rockies). Write for book today.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Belle City Incubator Co., Box 177, Racine Wis.

All About Poultry Keeping. Its Profits. ROBERT ESSEX, well known throughout America, after a Quarter Century's Experience in all Branches of Poultry-Keeping tells *How to Keep Poultry Profitably; to Build Houses Correctly—Economically; How to Succeed.* Also all about America's Largest Line of Incubators. You are invited to send for our Catalogue containing this information, valuable alike to *Fanciers, Farmers, Beginners and Experts.* It's FREE. Address nearest office.
Robert Essex Incubator Co. 55 Henry St., Buffalo, N. Y. 67 Barclay St., New York City

The Best Food for Dogs
Send for FREE Sample of
Austin's Dog Bread
carefully made of clean, high-grade materials. Surprise yourself with its perfect results. Give dealer's name.
AUSTIN DOG BREAD AND ANIMAL FOOD CO.
201 Marginal St., Chelsea, Mass.

Think of it! Uses Only One Gallon of Oil to a Hatch
Requires Only 1 Filling of Lamp
Lamp is underneath, in the center—Thus most even Temperature is kept **all the time** in egg-chamber. Oil tank holds 4 to 8 quarts—**automatic trip** cuts down flame at burner when egg-chamber gets **too hot.** No waste, no excess heat—So only 1 gallon oil is needed.
Freight Prepaid
X-RAY INCUBATOR
—has 2 double-glass panels on top. Thermometer always in sight. Tank has to be filled **just once**—not every day. **Write TODAY For Big FREE BOOK No. 113.** Learn **all** about only incubator made on **right** principle. Shipments guaranteed **same day** order is received. We pay freight.
X-RAY INCUBATOR CO., Wayne, Neb.

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

AUNT BETTY'S LETTER, AND A PRIZE CONTEST, DEARS

DEAREST CHILDREN: It's a beautiful month, isn't it, dears? All the flags are flying and the bands are playing and the soldiers are marching so bravely. Something else pleasant is happening, too. All the busy postmen are carrying bags just twice as heavy as they were last month because we are all sending valentines to each other. So my letters to you are going to be your valentines this month, and your letters to me are going to be my valentines, dears. I'll put an extra bit of love in each of *my* letters and you can put an extra bit of love in *your* letters, and then we'll have nicer valentines than anybody else in the world, won't we?

When I was a little girl, I had oh, so many valentines, because I always saved them from year to year in a big box to look at on very special occasions. I presume that some of them were very much like your valentines! All hearts and lace paper and pretty flower pictures and beautiful verses. It *was* so nice to have them all and to get out the valentine box as a very special treat for a rainy day, or a long Sunday afternoon, or the time when your poor little Aunt Betty had the mumps. I do wish that every one of my nieces and nephews would start a valentine box this year.

One Saint Valentine's day, long, long ago, a little boy I knew gave me a fat red-and-white candy heart to be my valentine. It was so pretty that I couldn't bear to eat it, so I put it in my precious valentine box with my year-before valentines, to keep for a while. Then ever so many things happened, and I did not have a chance to look over the valentines for many, many days. One afternoon, though, when it stormed and I couldn't go out-doors to play, I got down the valentine box from the attic and opened it.

Oh, how I jumped when I took off the cover!

In with the valentines was a little gray mouse, who had been tasting my red-and-white candy heart. Wasn't he the funniest little valentine that you ever knew?

And now, here's your valentine prize contest, boys and girls. It looks ever so easy, doesn't it, but it all depends upon how beautifully you answer it whether or not the prize is yours. *Please* put your ages on your answers, and you may either write in the missing words very neatly or make pictures of the missing words—either way you like. Send your answers just as soon as your DELINEATOR reaches you and write soon to your Loving AUNT BETTY

AUNT BETTY'S PRIZE CONTEST

What words are missing in this Valentine verse?

The — — — — — is — — —
The — — — — — — — is — — — — —
— — — — — — is — — — — — —
And so are you.

For the *ten* best answers to this puzzle there are ten of Aunt Betty's own special, beautiful paint-boxes waiting. Send your answers to Aunt Betty, care of THE DELINEATOR, before February fifteenth.

OUR LUCKY NOVEMBER BOYS AND GIRLS

Mabel Leigh, Cuba
Lucile Colburn, New Hampshire
George Alfred Mangum, Texas
Maye Davis, Canada
Druzilla Gordon, Illinois
Harold Willmorth, Idaho
Eleanor Harris, Arkansas
Isla Rhodes, District of Columbia
Janie Homan, Georgia
Andrew B. Hagen, Florida

ROSES of NEW CASTLE is the greatest book on the culture of roses and other plants ever published. 70 pages, exquisitely illustrated in natural colors. Gives lifetime experience. Tells everything about rose culture. Describes wonderful Hoosier Roses, hardy plants, bulbs, seeds, etc., world's best for home planting—FREE. Write now.
HELLER BROS. CO., Box 244, New Castle, Ind.

Maternity Dress Made in one piece, self-adjusting. Expands through changing proportions and fits snugly after confinement.
Made in all styles and materials.
Dresses, suits, coats, skirts, waists and corsets
Illustrated book of models "O" mailed free upon request
LANE BRYANT, 25 West 38th St., NEW YORK

The L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium

THIS thoroughly equipped private sanitarium is devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and deformed conditions, such as Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Wry Neck, Bow Legs, Knock Knees.

Let us advise you regarding any crippled, paralyzed or deformed child or person in whom you may be interested. It will cost you nothing, and in view of over 30 years' experience in this work, our advice should be valuable.

These Girls Had Infantile Paralysis

JANE SHIELDS, daughter of Mrs. J. N. Shields, Broad Fork, Penn. This child, aged 4½ years, was brought to the Sanitarium December, 1910, unable to walk or even stand alone, the result of Infantile Paralysis of two years' standing. She was here 8 months, and as a result of the treatment she received now walks everywhere without braces or crutches. Write Mrs. Shields about this.

PINK VOSBURG, daughter of Mrs. Sula Vosburg, Bedford, Ia. Mrs. Vosburg brought her daughter to this Sanitarium January, 1911, for treatment of Infantile Paralysis. The child could neither walk nor stand alone, but could only crawl on her hands and knees. She was here 8 months; now walks, goes to school and gets about splendidly. Mrs. Vosburg will affirm the above.

These are not selected cases, neither are the results unusual. Our Pamphlets and Book of references will be sent postpaid and free of all charge upon request.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
932 Aubert Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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OMO

Odorless Dress Shields

IF you had all the dress shields made, spread out before you, you would select the OMO after critical investigation.

First—because it is odorless and remains so—it is moisture-proof made with a pure, odorless gum that is not affected by the body's heat. It contains no rubber.

Then the OMO is dainty, double-covered, light, cool, washable and

Every Pair is Guaranteed

There is an OMO style for every costume,—for evening gowns, wash waists and dresses; for coats, in colors to match linings. Ask for OMO SHIELDS at your dealer's. If he does not have them, send his name and 25c for Sample Pair, Size 3. Beautiful OMO SHIELD BOOKLET free on Request.

THE OMO MFG. CO.
50 Walnut St.,
Middletown, Conn.

For Baby's Comfort and Protection, Be Sure to Select

Pants for Infants

Made of OMO Sanitary Sheeting which is odorless, waterproof—but contains no rubber. Hygienic—not heating. Soft and pliable—not harsh and stiff like ordinary kinds. Dainty white, plain or lace trimmed: 25c to $1.00.

OMO Bibs to protect the front of Baby's Dress, 15c to 50c.

THE OMO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
50 Walnut St., Middletown, Conn.

St. Valentine's Day Favors

Cupid Hat Box *Favor Heart* *Cupid on Ring*

Bisque Cupid carrying box, 25c. Bisque Cupid on Gold King, 20c. Flat Crepe Paper Heart containing Metal Favor, 5c. China Cupids, assorted positions, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c each. Gold Key, Miniature Slipper, Wedding and Engagement Rings, Metal Arrows, Gold Wishbones, Heart Mirrors, Heart Thermometers, China Rings, Flat Metal Cupids, 5c each. Assorted Heart Boxes, 5c, 10c each. Red Satin Heart Boxes, 5c, 10c each. Gold China Heart Box, 15c. Decorated White China Heart Box, 25c. Crepe Paper Basket with Heart on handle, 10c each for either Salted Nut or Ice Cream Size. Lace Heart Ice Cream Cases, 50c dozen. Crepe Paper Napkins, 35c package. St. Valentine Jack Horner Pie, 12 Ribbons, $4.00. St. Valentine Tally or Dinner Cards, 25c dozen.

Large Favor Catalog free on request.
We make up $2.00 assortments of St. Valentine Day Favors. *We positively do not pay mail charges.*

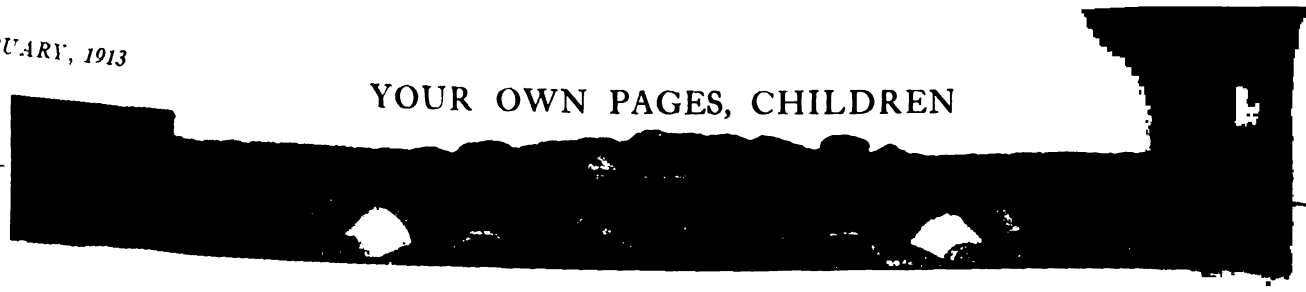
B. SHACKMAN & CO., Dept. 16, 906 Broadway, New York

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"

Powder

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN



GOOD SCHOOL FROCKS

SAILOR DRESSES ARE [illegible]NG
PLAIN DRESSES IN GOOD [illegible]STE

Dress 5912 Dress 5940 Dress 5936 Dress 5929

TWO or three dainty thin dresses are as necessary in a girl's wardrobe as the practical crisp linens and piqués. They are always pretty for parties, and they have a grateful coolness on hot Summer days. Design 5912 is a charming model for one of these. It has a pretty fulness in the tucked blouse and straight gathered skirt, and its trimming-band when cut with the shoulder extension is uniquely shaped. By being cut with its body in one with the upper part of the sleeve the design is given a modern air. To reproduce the embroidery shown, Butterick transfers may be used.

For a girl of ten years, two yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5912 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

AVERY chic little party dress for girls can be made from design 5940 of a bordered cotton voile, or of batiste trimmed with all-over embroidery. The skirt has the fashionable three-piece cut and an optional two-piece tunic, and the blouse to which it is attached at Empire height has oversleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes, and a most becoming bertha. The neck may be high or French round, and one-seam undersleeves used or not.

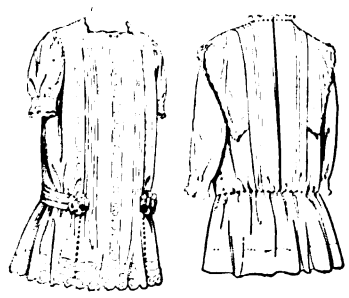
For a girl of twelve years, five yards of bordered material thirty-eight inches deep, one-half yard of batiste thirty-six inches wide for the yoke and sleeve facings and two yards of edging, will be required for the dress as it is shown on the figure.

Design 5940 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

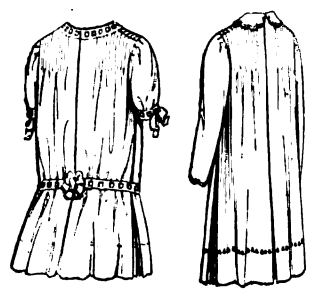
DESIGN 5936 reproduces a little imported dress. You could almost guess that, couldn't you, because its bretelles have such a new shaping and its tucks are so decoratively arranged? The waist is long, in French style with a princess front, and may have high or French square neck and either of two styles of one-seam sleeves in full or shorter length. The attached skirt is straight and gathered. Being straight it may be made of flouncing, in which case the bretelles may be of all-over embroidery, or the whole dress may be of batiste or French nainsook trimmed with insertion without the bretelles.

For a little girl of four years, two yards and three-eighths of flouncing eight and one-quarter inches wide, one yard of material thirty-six inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5936 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.



5936



5929

5912

5940

FINE batiste or lawn flouncing makes a dainty, effective dress for a little child and trims it at the same time. Design 5929 has a straight lower edge with tucks at the top and inverted plaited fulness under the arms, and a yoke in front which may be of a matching all-over embroidery. The neck may be high or French round and the one-seam sleeves in full or shorter length and in either of two styles. The dress may fall free or be drawn in at French depth.

For a child of three years, one yard and seven-eighths of flouncing twenty-four inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of material thirty-six inches wide, and one-quarter of a yard of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide, will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5929 may be obtained in six sizes, from one-half to five years, price ten cents.

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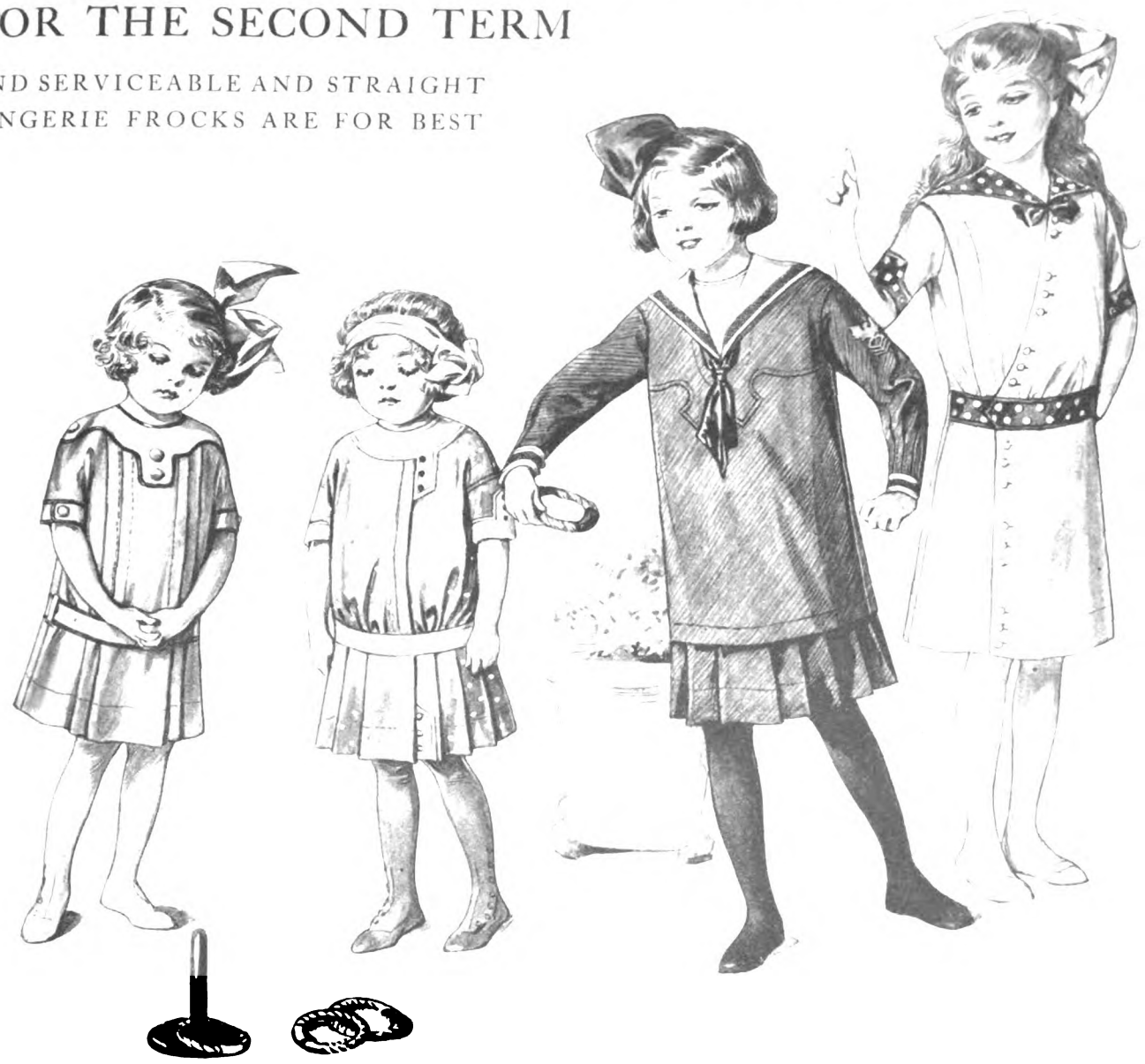
YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

FOR THE SECOND TERM

AND SERVICEABLE AND STRAIGHT LINGERIE FROCKS ARE FOR BEST



Dress 5949 Dress 5918 Dress 5928 Dress 5965

DESIGN 5949 is cut so that it has excellent lines with a very simple construction. It is all in one piece, waist, skirt and sleeves, but it has tucks front and back which, stitched down as far as the belt, relieve the plainness of the waist and give a proper fulness in the skirt. The trimming pieces, which may be used or not, are effective in a contrasting material, say of dotted piqué or percale on a plain dress, or piped with a bright color on one of linen or serge. If they are not used, a scallop embroidered after a Butterick transfer will finish the neck and sleeves. The neck may be cut in a French round or square outline.

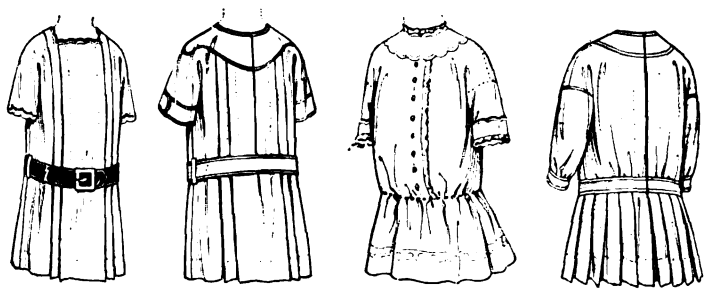
For a little girl of six years, three yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide, with five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide, will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5949 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from two to twelve years, price fifteen cents.

A POPULAR kind of sailor dress for girls consists of a middy or naval blouse and a separate plaited skirt attached to a belt or underbody. Frequently the blouse is white duck or linen while the skirt is blue serge or cheviot, but dresses of one material are also seen. The blouse of design 5928 may be slipped over the head or closed in front, be with or without the yoke facing having no shoulder seam and the removable shield, and may have either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves. The straight skirt may be gathered.

For a girl of ten years, three yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, five-eighths of a yard fifty inches wide and two yards of braid will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5928 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



5949 5918

IN DESIGN 5965, the gored skirt and the diagonal closing line illustrate the present tendency to adapt the lines of older models to girls' clothes. They do not make the dress seem ungirlish, however, for its rather long waist with the Gibson tucks has youthful lines and its collar is becoming. The sleeves which may be full-length in either of two styles or shorter are sewed into slightly deep armholes. The skirt has the smart three or four piece cut. Its plainness is well suited to galatea, piqué and Bedford cord.

For a girl of eleven years, four yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5965 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

THE long shouldered effect, secured by cutting the upper part of the sleeve in one with the body, is enjoying a prodigious vogue. It has been taken over into coats and is appearing in children's dresses. It is found in design 5918 for a little girls' dress, where it gives real style to a simple frock. The sleeves may be in full or shorter length. The attached straight skirt may be plaited or gathered. The tabs may be used or omitted. Good materials for this dress are galatea, repp, poplin, linen, lawn, batiste and cotton crêpe.

For a little girl of five years, two yards and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5918 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.

5928 5965

You have often said

you would give anything for

Perfect Health

and a

Good Figure

You can hold the admiration of Husband, Brother, Friend, Sweetheart. Be sound in body and mind; efficient; well poised. Make the most of yourself.

I have helped 20,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day in the privacy of your room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

Reduced the Weight

of 30,000 women and have

Increased the Weight

of as many more.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense*.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can—

Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in mind and body for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at *your best*.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as

Indigestion	**Torpid Liver**
Constipation	**Catarrh**
Anaemia	**Headache**
Sleeplessness	**Weaknesses**
Nervousness	**Rheumatism**

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.

I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 53 624 S. Michigan Ave, Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

GET America's Star Roses Guaranteed

CATALOG SENT FREE

360 of the Best Roses for America. Vigorous, own-root plants. 11 leaders shown in natural colors; 85 others from photographs. Contains full information about how to select, plant, prune and grow. WRITE TO-DAY for this valuable book, with FREE DELIVERY OFFER.

The Conard & Jones Co., Box 127, West Grove, Pa.

GUARANTEED ROSES

Yachting Flannel

IS CLEAN

Every piece is scoured with soap and water before leaving the mill.

The goods must be clean.
The colors must be fast.

A new wash flannel of fine texture. Soft and light weight. Moderate in price.

Suitable for
Waists and dresses
Infants' garments
Shirts, Pajamas,
Night-robes, etc.

IF THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT, ASK FOR IT.

Made by
ABERFOYLE MILLS CORPORATION
Mill agents—wholesale
GALEY & LORD, NEW YORK

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THE ONLY
Collapsible
GUARANTEED
Baby
Carriage

We give with every Sidway Collapsible Guaranteed Baby Carriage a signed agreement to replace free of charge (transportation prepaid anywhere) any part that breaks or wears out within two years. No manufacturer has heretofore been able to make such an agreement because materials that could be guaranteed for two years did not exist.

DON'T BUY TWO CARRIAGES

The Sidway has every advantage of any carriage and many exclusive features. Instantly convertible from a light runabout into a roomy comfortable crib. Folds into one-seventh the space of an old fashioned carriage. Easily slipped under the seat in buggy, auto or train.

Sidway GUARANTEED **LONG LIFE FEATURES**

Genuine Fabrikoid Leather. A special grade made exclusively for us, and guaranteed against tearing, fading or peeling by us and by the E. I. DuPont de Nemours Powder Co., sole makers of Fabrikoid.

ADJUSTABLE CRADLE SPRING.
SIDWAY REAL RUBBER TIRES.

Write to-day for name of local dealer and free booklet showing carriages in colors. We will also send you a scientifically prepared chart that enables you to watch baby's health through his weight.

Local Dealers: Write for trade proposition on the first line of baby carriages without a "come back."

SIDWAY MERCANTILE CO.
1024 14th St. ELKHART, IND.

A Sidway Guaranteed Carriage Folded.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $2.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 50c.
D. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1031 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WINTER WINDS

with their chilling, marring, roughening breath leave no trace on the fair face guarded by LABLACHE. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded. Invisible, adherent, delicately fragrant. Always a delight to women of refinement.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. H,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

RENFREW DEVONSHIRE CLOTH
32 INCH

THE ECONOMICAL COTTON CLOTH

This is the most durable popular priced cotton cloth made for wash garments.

The first colored cotton cloth in colors good enough to be guaranteed Tub Proof and Sun Proof. New material free should any piece fade or run.

Spring patterns now being shown at the stores include stripes, checks and neat effects as well as the prevailing shades and black and white.

Just the cloth for ladies', misses' and children's wash dresses; skirts, waists, kimonos; children's play clothes and rompers and men's pajamas and negligee shirts.

Look on the selvage for the name **RENFREW DEVONSHIRE CLOTH.**

Look on wash garments for the **RENFREW LABEL.**

At stores everywhere. Samples on request.

RENFREW MFG. COMPANY
Established 1867 Mass.

Adams,

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

AN ORIGINAL HAT

FOR GIRLS, WHICH IS IN A POPULAR STYLE, BUT YET A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM OTHERS

ALL the girls are wearing jaunty little hats of material like their coats, and it will be very nice for you to have one on that order but a little different. The usual type has a gored crown and a scoopy brim rolled up on one side or in front, but there is a new little hat with the brim divided into two turned-back points which ought to especially please girls not yet provided with one. It has the youthful style of all of these hats and the additional charm of novelty. It is shown in design 5962, the various illustrations of which give suggestions for its uses and materials. The shape is charming. The large crown allows it to come low down on the head, and the turned-back brim sets off the face delightfully. The two flaring points make it rather more becoming than are the plain rolled brims. They seem to give a little more breadth and to improve the line of the roll. And then, too, they keep the hat from seeming plain when very little trimming is used. You don't have to have a feather or a pompon; buttons holding back the points or braid straps are quite enough.

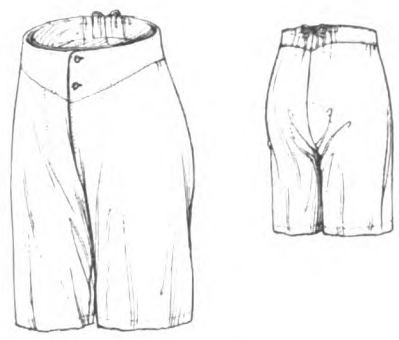
5962

These are suggested for the hat made from the cloth of a Spring suit, cheviot, serge, Bedford cord, sponge cloth, broadcloth, rough goods, mixtures or striped suitings, for which the design is an extremely suitable one. For a linen or cotton poplin hat, which will be one that you can wear all Summer, the smartest finish is an embroidered scallop. A scallop and dot is shown in one illustration of the design, which can be reproduced by means of a Butterick transfer. A Winter version of this hat was so pretty in corduroy faced with a contrasting color that I am sure cotton corduroy or piqué in two colors would be an effective way of making it up, while on a tiny tot it may be used for a lingerie bonnet made of batiste and trimmed with insertion.

For girls of nine to thirteen years, three-quarters of a yard of material twenty inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty inches wide for facing the brim, or one-half yard of material thirty-six or more inches wide, will be required. One-quarter yard of silk twenty inches wide will be required for a lining, one-quarter of a yard of crinoline twenty-seven inches wide to interline the crown, and one-quarter yard of buckram or canvas thirty-six inches wide to interline the brim.

Design 5962 may be obtained in three sizes, children, girls and misses, price fifteen cents.

HOME dressmakers can make entirely satisfactory underwear for men if they follow a good design. Drawers need only to be well cut to be comfortable and to be finished like the best of those in the ready-made line to be entirely practical and serviceable. The best were carefully examined before design 5946 was made, and we are sure that it will be what the majority of men and boys desire. It is a garment which is especially satisfactory for Summer wear and is to be worn with the undershirt shown in design 5919. This combination of coat shirt and short drawers has of late become the most popular of all styles of underwear. It is loose and cool, very comfortable in warm weather, at all times practical and convenient. It must, however, really fit well or all its good points are counteracted. The fit is that for which we particularly recommend design 5946. The greatest care has been taken to get its lines right and its sizes and proportions perfectly adjusted. If it is accurately followed, drawers made from it can hardly fail to please. Yet, though we have put a great deal of pains and effort into the design, the woman who wishes to make it will find it very simple. It is cut in few pieces and has simple fastenings. Crossbar, and this perhaps more than any other, nainsook, linen, muslin, long-cloth and madras, are the materials in which such a garment is most often seen and best liked. Choice of one of these materials will depend on the fineness that is desired. There are also some mercerized cottons manufactured expressly for men's underwear which make very good-looking garments.



5946

For a boy of twenty-six-inch waist measure, one yard and one-half of material twenty-seven inches wide, one yard and one-quarter thirty-two inches wide, one yard and one-eighth thirty-six inches wide, or one yard forty-four inches wide, will be required. For a man of thirty-two-inch waist measure, two yards and one eighth of material twenty-seven inches wide, one yard and seven-eighths thirty-two inches wide, one yard and one-half thirty-six inches wide, or one yard and three-eighths forty-four inches wide, will be required.

Design 5946 may be obtained in fourteen sizes, for men and boys who measure from twenty-four to fifty inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

CAREFUL examination and comparison of the best undershirts that could be bought have resulted in design 5919, an undershirt for men and boys which we consider the best of its kind. Its kind is the most popular now worn, as it is loose, cool, convenient and comfortable. The comfort of such a garment depends largely on the fit, and with this we have taken extraordinary pains. The lines are good, the proportions are accurate and the fit is bound to be better than in the average ready-made garment. We have made it in two styles, with and without sleeves, because there are many men who prefer strongly one or the other kind. The garment is equally satisfactory in either style, and choice will depend entirely on the individual. Crossbar is perhaps the material most often used. Nainsook is excellent, and muslin is also good. Linen is very fine and soft, but somewhat more expensive than the others. Long-cloth is serviceable but a bit hard. Madras in small figures or stripes is frequently seen.

5919

For a boy with twenty-six-inch breast measure, one yard and three-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide, or one yard forty-four inches wide, will be required for the shirt with sleeves. For a man with thirty-six-inch breast measure, two yards and one-half of material thirty-two inches wide, or one yard and seven-eighths forty-four inches wide, will be required for the shirt with sleeves.

Design 5919 may be obtained in sixteen sizes, for men and boys from twenty-four to fifty-four inches breast measure, price fifteen cents.

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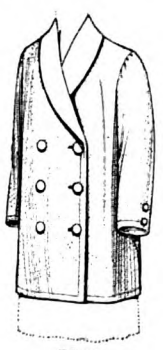
Coat 5942 Coat 5960 Coat 5942

GOOD-LOOKING COATS

GIRLS AND LITTLE GIRLS ARE WEARING THEM WITH WIDE BELTS OR BELT SECTIONS ACROSS THE BACKS

DESIGN 5942 will make a good-looking coat for girls as old as fourteen and for wee little ones of two. It has excellent lines in any size and a simplicity which is suitable for children, and smarter always than fussiness or extremes. Such a boyish, well-tailored look is found only in the best ready-made models, but can be easily achieved by a mother dressmaker if this design be carefully followed and a pressing iron liberally used. In front it is a plain and straight double-breasted box coat; in back, it may be the same, although the addition of a belt holding it in somewhat at the waistline makes it a good deal more jaunty and modern. The collar may be a notched collar which looks smartly tailored or a shawl collar which is a trifle easier for the woman inexperienced in coat-making to handle. Such a woman will be glad that the two-seam sleeves have very few gathers at the top so that they look practically as well as if she shrank out the fulness. That may be done, however, if perfectly plain shoulders are desired. Cuffs on the sleeves, and the large pockets, may be used or not. The coat may be made in full or seven-eighths length, and of serge, cheviot, checks and stripes, broadcloth, whip-cord, diagonals, Bedford cord, satin, taffeta, bengaline, linen, repp, poplin or piqué. Velvet collar and cuffs on a wool coat give it character and sometimes help in taking off the home-made look. In a silk coat, the shawl collar faced with a contrasting color is good.

5960



5942

For a girl of eight years, one yard and five-eighths of blanket cloth fifty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in seven-eighths length as it is illustrated on the back view figure. For a girl of ten years, two yards and one-quarter of wool diagonal fifty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the notched collar and cuffs will be required for the coat in full length as it is illustrated on the front view figure.

Design 5942 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

THE model of coat 5960, which is shown in the figure illustration of the design, was of Copenhagen-blue broadcloth with a large collar, cuffs and wide belt of black velvet. Another copied from it was of pebbly gray ratine trimmed with blue broadcloth, and a third like it was of navy blue whip-cord with a red collar and a black patent-leather belt. They were awfully smart, all of them, but in no case were the colors, good as they were, the cause. The lines of the coat are, in the first place quite perfect, and in the next place the collar has an exceptionally good shaping. Its long lines and one-sided effect are really excellently managed. An important factor also is the wide belt which is beginning now to be used on some of the best coats one sees. This is not a necessary part of the design, however, as the coat can be worn without a belt or with the belt section shown on one back view. Cuffs and a removable shield are also optional, and the two-seam sleeves may be slightly gathered at the top or put in plain by shrinking out the fulness. The coat may be made in full or seven-eighths length and in satin or linen as well as cloth. A Butterick transfer may be obtained for the embroidery shown, which may be used on the collar of a linen coat or on a linen or piqué collar on a serge coat. All-over lace is pretty on a satin or taffeta coat.

For a little girl of five years, one yard and one-half of broadcloth fifty inches wide, and one yard of velvet twenty inches wide for the large collar, the cuffs and the wide belt, will be required for the coat as it is shown on the figure. One yard and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide and one yard and three-quarters of banding for the large collar, or two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, or two yards and three-eighths forty-four inches wide, will be required for the coat as it is shown in the small views in the center of the page.

Design 5960 may be obtained in ten sizes, from one to ten years, price fifteen cents.

5942

"Good-bye Old Hook-Eye"

To-day's fashions demand the KOH-I-NOOR Dress Fastener—you must have it or be out of style. There is nothing so good for waists, dresses, skirts, collars, sleeves, etc. KOH-I-NOOR adds to the fit and appearance of all garments. It can't come unfastened, always lies flat and smooth, never gaps or bulges, has no points to catch on lace or hair. It saves time, temper and eye-strain; can't rust or pull off in the wringer. *Sew on any way you like—no special directions necessary.*

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KOH-I-NOOR is the imported Dress Fastener that all Europe uses. Fashion masters such as Paquin, Redfern, Worth, etc., adopted it on sight. Dressmakers, tailors and ready-to-wear manufacturers of this country are all saying "Good-bye, old hook and eye." Get KOH-I-NOOR in your new garments—it means better looks, wear and satisfaction. Look for the letters K. I. N.—none other contains the Waldespring, the patented part necessary for security.

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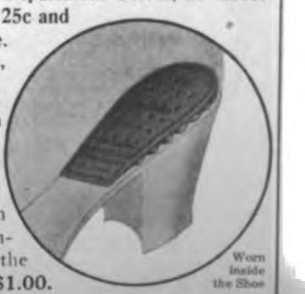
THEY rest you in action—take up the jar when walking—give a spring to the step, and relieve the nervous system.

The rubber globules are hermetically sealed air-chambers. You walk on air. Instantly adjusted and fit any shoe. At **all Shoe and Department Stores, or direct on receipt of 25c and dealer's name.**

"Soft Spots" Combined Heel and Arch Cushions take the place of the old steel arches—weigh but half—comfortable from the start. Only **$1.00.**



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Essex Rubber Company
New York Office, 258 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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Care of the teeth twice-a-day and everyday is a good habit easily formed with Colgate's.

Its flavor is delicious—making its use a treat and insuring regularity.

Its antiseptic action is thorough—checking the germs which cause decay.

Its cleansing is safe—removing deposits and leaving the mouth non-acid *without* over-medication.

Every member of your household—man, woman and child—should have an individual tube.

Single tubes and boxes of half dozen at your dealer's—or send us 2 cents for a trial tube and our booklet "Oral Hygiene."

COLGATE & CO.
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199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

HOW TO MAKE MR. BUTTERICK'S LITTLE HOME VILLAGE, STERLING

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Designs by Carolyn Chester

FIND your dear 1863 paper dolls, children; the beautiful bride doll in her pretty pink dress, the bridegroom in his quaint old wedding clothes and the pretty bridesmaids in their hoop-skirts and full blue and green best dresses.

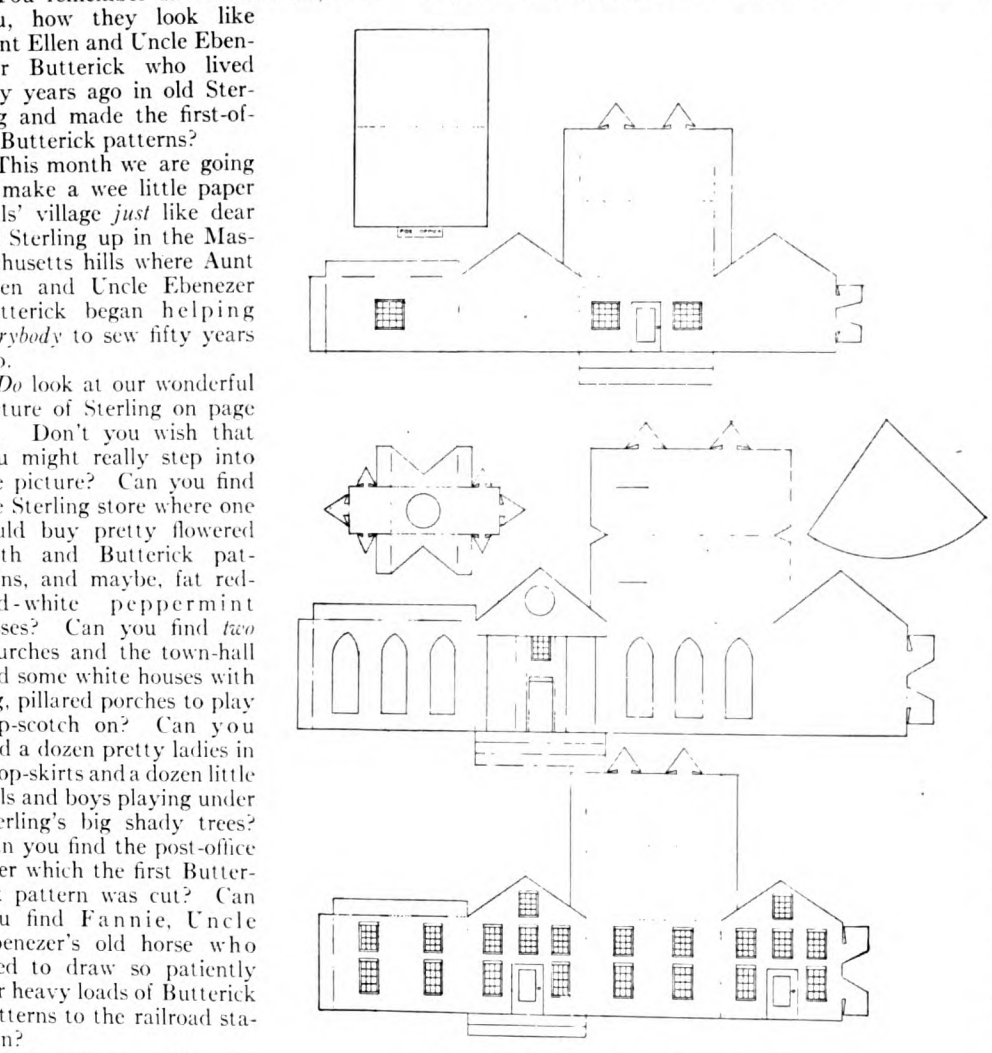
You remember *all* about them, *don't* you, how they look like Aunt Ellen and Uncle Ebenezer Butterick who lived fifty years ago in old Sterling and made the first-of-all Butterick patterns?

This month we are going to make a wee little paper dolls' village *just* like dear old Sterling up in the Massachusetts hills where Aunt Ellen and Uncle Ebenezer Butterick began helping *everybody* to sew fifty years ago.

Do look at our wonderful picture of Sterling on page 78. Don't you wish that you might really step into the picture? Can you find the Sterling store where one could buy pretty flowered cloth and Butterick patterns, and maybe, fat red-and-white peppermint kisses? Can you find *two* churches and the town-hall and some white houses with big, pillared porches to play hop-scotch on? Can you find a dozen pretty ladies in hoop-skirts and a dozen little girls and boys playing under Sterling's big shady trees? Can you find the post-office over which the first Butterick pattern was cut? Can you find Fannie, Uncle Ebenezer's old horse who used to draw so patiently her heavy loads of Butterick patterns to the railroad station?

And now we will make *our* little toy town of Sterling where our paper dolls may play. Scissors and paint-box and sharp-pointed pencil and ruler—all these we will need—and some sheets of white bristol-board or cardboard.

One sheet of the bristol-board will make the grass and streets of your own small Sterling. In your Sterling picture you can see the little triangle of green in the middle of the town. This is the Sterling common. Draw it in the middle of your white bristol-board sheet and paint it a pretty soft green. All around the common, passing the store and houses and churches and winding up the hills, are long, brown roads. Outline these with your pencil, and then paint them brown.



Working diagrams for Sterling buildings

Completed Sterling house

All the rest of the sheet you may paint green and play that it is Sterling's beautiful front yards and Sterling's shining hills. We must make Sterling's elm-trees now. If you draw a circle on one of your other sheets of bristol-board with two straight, parallel lines below for the trunk, you will have a very fine elm-tree. Paint the upper part of the tree dark green with lighter spots as if the sun were lighting it, and the trunk dark brown. Cut out your tree. Glue a wee block of wood—a bit of kindling wood will do—to the base of the trunk. Why, the tree stands! You can make whole roads full of Sterling elm-trees tall and stately!

Here are some drawings that will help you to make Sterling houses and churches and the village post-office. Measure each drawing very carefully with your ruler and then make a *new* diagram *just like it* on one of your sheets of bristol-board, but several times as large as the diagrams that you see in the picture. If you want to make a church, a house and a post-office as tall as your 1863 dolls, you will make your new working diagrams ten times as large as the drawings in the picture. If you want to have a medium-sized doll village you will need to enlarge the drawings four times. If you want a teeny, tiny toy Sterling town, you can just cut out the diagrams from this page, and use them as patterns.

The front of the house is just a square that measures five-eighths of an inch. Ten times as large a square measures six and one-quarter inches, doesn't it? So that's the size to draw the square for the front of your larger house. Draw it, measuring six and one-quarter inches, on your sheet of bristol-board. Measuring and enlarging in the same way, the two oblongs that you draw on either side of this square to make the sides of the house will be seven and one-half inches long by six and one-quarter inches high. The back of the house is a square, measuring six and one-quarter inches and drawn close to one of the sides. The roof, placed as you see it in the picture, is a square, measuring seven and one-half inches. With your ruler and a pencil draw the windows and doors.

You will want to draw enlarged diagrams in this way for a church with its steeple, a post-office and several more houses. When you have laid out all these diagrams on your white sheets, cut slits as you see them in the picture where the folded flaps will slip in and with your ruler and pencil draw all the windows and doors.

Now cut out the little buildings and fold them into the shapes that you see at the bottom of the page. If you have *very* careful fingers you will be able to cut the doors and windows, too, so that they will open and close. The roof of the post-office is to be folded on its diameter which helps it to just fit the building. The church steeple is in two parts, the square belfry and the pointed top, but they will fit together exactly if you do your measuring and enlarging carefully.

Now, you may set your quaint little white buildings on the big painted sheet just at the border of the brown roads and in front of each you may plant one of your painted trees.

Oh, the surprise it will be for your dear 1863 dollies!

They wanted a place to live in like pretty old Sterling where they were born.

Completed Sterling church

Completed Sterling post-office

They don't like skyscrapers and steam-heat and asphalt. *Now* they are happy, walking up and down their Sterling streets and standing at the doors of their Sterling houses. And *do* save your little paper town so carefully, for you next month's Butterick dolls.

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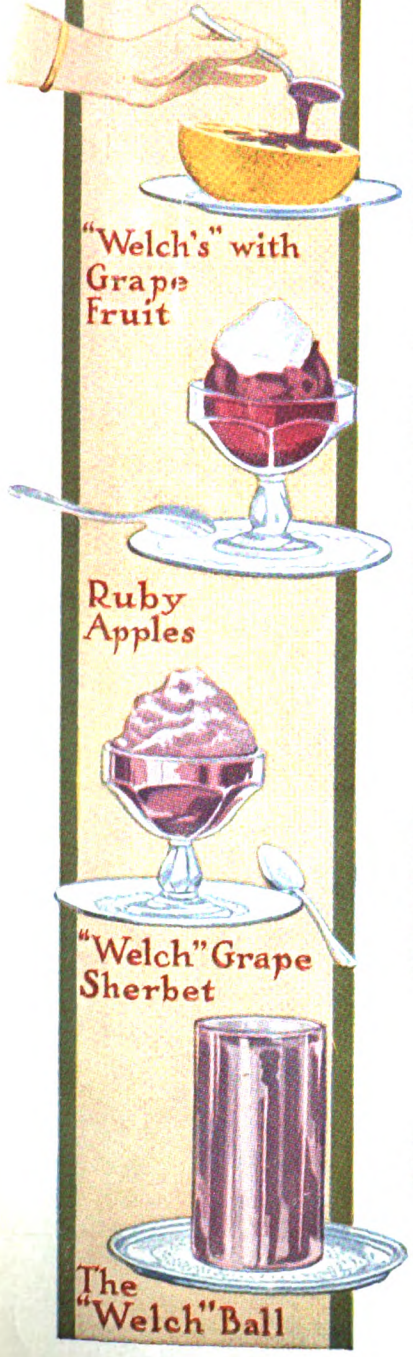
"And we're going to have Welch's!"

WELCH'S helps to make the birthday dinner, or the family reunion, or the anniversary feast, or any formal or informal social function delightful.

The rich purple, the fine, tempting aroma of the splendid Concord grape, the fruity flavor—all this, fresh and fine, just as Nature makes it, is a part of the life and cheer and festivity.



Welch's with Grape Fruit

The Grape Fruit must first be prepared in the usual way.

Powdered or confectioner's sugar is heaped lightly on the fruit, and its amount should be gauged by the flavor.

Pour over the sugar two or three teaspoonfuls of Welch's Grape Juice. The fruit should be thoroughly chilled before serving, and the Welch's Grape Juice given time to permeate both sugar and pulp before bringing to the table.

Grape fruit prepared in this way is a delightful substitute for the soup course at the home dinner table in hot weather. It is equally delicious as a dessert served surrounded by shaved ice, and garnished with halved white grapes or candied cherries.

Ruby Apples

½ cup Welch's Grape Juice ½ cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
8 tart apples 15 almonds

Cook sugar and water three minutes; add grape juice and cook two minutes. Use a saucepan not very large around, that syrup may come up well around the apples. Divide syrup, using two dishes. Put in apples (pared and cored), four in each dish. Simmer gently, turning frequently that they may be evenly colored. When just tender, remove from fire (if over-cooked they lose their shape). Arrange apples in rather deep serving dish, and pour syrup around.

Blanch the almonds and cut into small strips, lengthwise. Thrust them into sides of apples, allowing them to protrude about one-quarter inch. When cool, syrup will form a jelly. The gleaming white almond tips against the ruby red apples lend a pleasing touch to this rich, delicious and wholesome dessert. A "cup" of whipped cream may be added if desired.

Welch Grape Sherbet

Welch's Grape Juice, one and one-half pints; water, two pints; sugar, one and one-half pounds; the whites of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat thoroughly, then stir the froth into sherbet. Freeze as hard as possible; remove the dasher and stand aside for an hour or so. Be careful to pack well. The best mixture for all freezing is four parts ice to one part coarse salt.

The Welch Ball

This is a man's drink. It is an all-the-year-round drink, good any time. It is simple to make. Take a tall glass, place a piece of ice in it, fill half way with Welch's, and rest of the way with charged water. It has a nip and tingle to it, and is a quencher of thirst and an appetizer.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Nature makes WELCH'S. Our part of the work begins with inspection and selection of the vineyards which supply us the finest of Concords. For our pick of the crop, we pay more than table quality grapes bring. We secure the best. In our entire process of washing, rinsing, pressing, sterilizing, and bottling Welch's Grape Juice, neither grapes nor juice are touched by human hands. But a few hours elapse from the vineyard to the bottle.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"
—say WELCH'S—and GET IT

Buy WELCH'S by the case of your dealer. You will always have a supply of it when you want it. It is always ready to serve, either plain or in many splendid beverages. Write today for our free booklet of recipes, "The Hostess and Welch's Grape Juice."

If for any reason you cannot obtain WELCH'S of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-oz. bottle, 10 cents by mail.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.

Welch's is the ONLY grape juice recommended in the Westfield (Mass.) "Book of Pure Foods"

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"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

THERE are twenty-five delightfully refreshing baths in a **five-cent** cake of

FAIRY SOAP

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¶ The quality of Fairy Soap could not be improved if we charged double the price; we would merely add expensive perfumes, which do not improve the quality.

¶ The shape of Fairy Soap is oval, and fits the hand. It always floats within easy reach.

¶ Buy Fairy Soap, try it in the bath, and you'll never be without it again.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

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The Fashion Authority of the World

THE DELINEATOR

MARCH 1913

BEER—NOTED PARIS DRESSMAKER ON SPRING STYLES

Nine Features each worth more than the price of the magazine.

Three Important Articles

The Lie That Precedes Marriage
By JUDGE JOHN FRESCHI

Grandma Sharpless Routs the Fakirs
By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Infant Hygiene
By DR. B. WALLACE HAMILTON

Three Delightful Stories

Love and the Old Bookman
By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Bunny's Bag
By MARY STEWART CUTTING

The Way of Ambition
By ROBERT HICHENS

Three Notable Artists

J. H. GARDNER SOPER

CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

PENRHYN STANLAWS

FIFTEEN CENTS $1.50 A YEAR

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THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY NEW YO

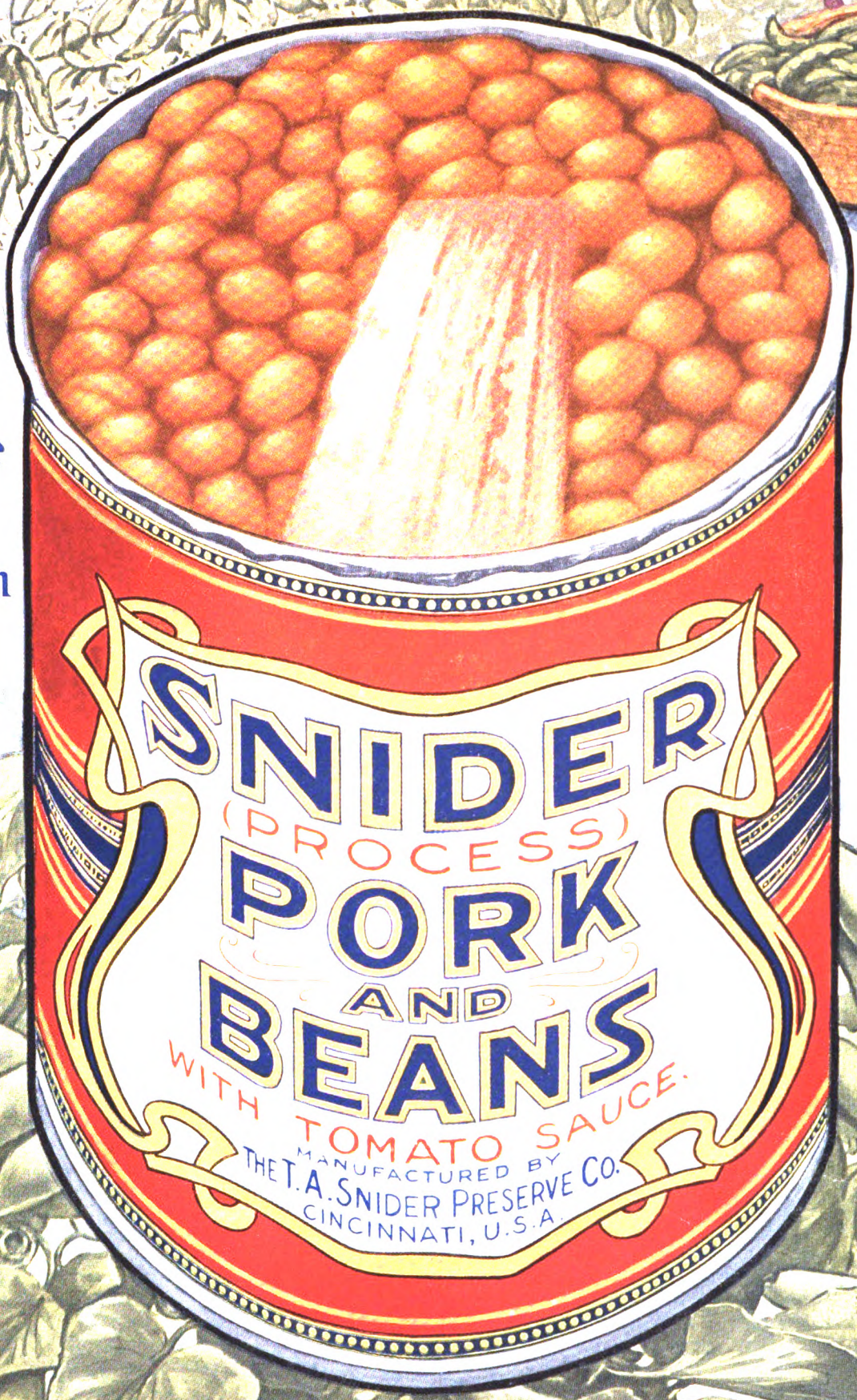
We Advise Serving as Follows:

For LUNCHEON: cold

For DINNER: hot

For BREAKFAST: place six thin slices of Bacon on top of the Beans and heat in oven for fifteen minutes

Prepared as Carefully as a Housewife would Prepare Them in her Kitchen



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Vol. LXXXI

No. 3

THE DELINEATOR

GEORGE BARR BAKER, *Managing Editor*

Victory Number One

THE first victory for "mothers' pensions" in 1913 was won in Philadelphia.

Look at it, and you will open your mind—and your heart—to the most appealing and the most popular movement of the year.

This Philadelphia victory was won by a phrase—by four words "Any person or family."

The juvenile court in Philadelphia was paying people to take care of other people's children.

Here was a mother. She was poor. She could not buy food for her children. The juvenile court, by law, gave the children to "any person or family," usually to a charity society. Along with the children, the court gave public money to that "any person or family," usually a charity society, in order that the food for the children might be bought.

The *Philadelphia Telegraph* and Mr. Henry Neil, happening on the four words "any person or family," inquired:

"Why not find out if the mother herself would be willing to take the trouble to go to the market to buy that food if the money were given to her?"

The answer to this inquiry was astonishing. It appeared immediately that every mother consulted was perfectly willing, if regarded as "any person" and if provided with the necessary money, to buy the food, and to cook the food, and to wash the dishes, and to clean the sink, and to do all other things which a real kind-hearted charity society would do on behalf of children committed to its care.

And so the first new "mothers' pensions" pay-station for the year 1913 is about to be established.

THE DELINEATOR printed the earliest magazine account of "mothers' pensions." For what THE DELINEATOR is doing about it now, please read page 172 of this issue.

What Middle-Aged Women Are Doing

Keeping Up with the Children

BOTH children, a girl of sixteen and a boy of eighteen, are off at college for the first time.

This is the vision that comes to me: The children come home for their first vacation. Do they have just the faintest suspicion that mother is getting old? Not gray—those gray hairs were there before they went away, but is she not getting "old-timey," or "old-fashioned," or "behind the times"? Talk does not come as easy as it used to, and why? Their minds have not been running together of late. They have been out in a new world where "progress" is the slogan; they have been under influences calculated to broaden and develop them, and mother has stood still.

This is a "vision," as I say, a hypothetical case; but how true it might become! And my whole soul revolts, and cries out: "It must not be so!"

Just because James has been in touch with learned men who keep up with, and discuss with him, the current events and news of men of national importance, I must carefully read the daily papers, keep in touch with all that is making history, and be ready, as of yore, with an opinion of my own.

Already my daughter is commencing her letters, "Ma chère mère," and it has sent me to find my French books, study up on my grammar, and fires me with a determination not to let her outgrow me. Heretofore I have corrected her in her music, and now she is making such rapid strides in the favorite study that I find my sentimental resolution not to touch the piano gives place to a resolution not to let her get ahead of me.

There has always been such a "chummy" feeling between James and "mither," and such a bond of loving sympathy between "mother dear" and Inez, and now it must not be broken by having them grow out of my knowledge as well as my life.

MRS. M. W. B.

A limited number of copies of "THE DELINEATOR Girl" may be had for ten cents

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A GOOD BREAD RECIPE

FOR THE GOLD MEDAL MAID

FIRST, mix a luke warm quart, my daughter,
One-half scalded milk, one-half water;
To this please add two cakes of yeast,
Or the liquid kind if preferred in the least.

NEXT stir in a teaspoonful of nice clear salt,
If this bread isn't good, it won't be our fault,
Now add the sugar, tablespoonfuls three;
Mix well together, for dissolved they must be.

POUR the whole mixture into an earthen bowl,
A pan's just as good, if it hasn't a hole.
It's the cook and the flour, not the bowl or the pan,
That—"Makes the bread that makes the man."

NOW let the mixture stand a minute or two.
You've other things of great importance to do.
First sift the flour — use the finest in the land.
Three quarts is the measure, "GOLD MEDAL" the brand.

SOME people like a little shortening power,
If this is your choice, just add to the flour
Two tablespoonfuls of lard, and jumble it about,
'Till the flour and lard are mixed, without doubt.

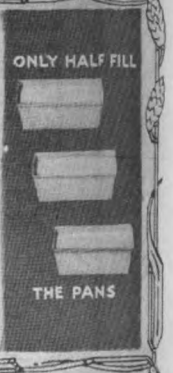
NEXT stir the flour into the mixture that's stood
Waiting to play its part, to make the bread good.
Mix it up thoroughly, but not too thick;
Some flours make bread that's more like a brick.

NOW grease well a bowl and put the dough in,
Don't fill the bowl full, that would be a sin;
For the dough is all right and it's going to rise,
'Till you will declare that it's twice the old size.

BRUSH the dough with melted butter, as the recipes say;
Cover with a bread towel, set in a warm place to stay
Two hours or more, to rise until light,
When you see it grow, you'll know it's all right.

AS soon as it's light, place again on the board;
Knead it well this time. Here is knowledge to hoard.
Now back in the bowl once more it must go.
And set again to rise for an hour or so.

FORM the dough gently into loaves when light,
And place it in bread pans, greased just right.
Shape each loaf you make to half fill the pan,
This bread will be good enough for any young man.



NEXT let it rise to the level of pans—no more,
Have the temperature right—don't set near a door.
Be very careful about draughts; it isn't made to freeze,
Keep the room good and warm —say seventy-two degrees.

NOW put in the oven; it's ready to bake,—
Keep uniform fire, great results are at stake.
One hour more of waiting and you'll be repaid,
By bread that is worthy "A Gold Medal Maid."

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GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

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HANG THE ROD!

Why not, since it will put smiles on his face and strength in his body?

BY ANNA G. NOYES

A DOWEL-ROD or a broom-handle for a baby's toy—what possibilities they hold! The points that commend them are these: varying thicknesses can be secured at any hardware-store, so that a thin one can be put into tiny hands, and the size increased gradually as the hand grows.

As early as the third or fourth month in a baby's life, the rod can begin to serve him, by being fastened to the bassinet or crib at a convenient distance from the baby's hands and eyes, so that little objects of interest to him, a ball, a bit of color, a tinkling bell, or almost any small thing about the house, can be suspended from it.

In this position over the bassinet the rod makes a firm support to pull up on, and upon which the baby will delight in testing the strength of his hands and arms and back.

But feet, too, need something to busy themselves with, and a broom-handle, tied across the bassinet about where the feet come, give a steady resistance against which a baby delights to kick.

Oh, the joy of the first Spring days when the trapeze can be swung in the cherry-tree!

At what age a baby can hang from a rod may vary, but he's never too young to try.

We built a pen for the baby of different-sized rods to help teach him to walk.

"Look what I can do, Mama!" I look at his arms and legs, and am glad that I "used the rod" in his training.

Suspend it over the bed or basket on long ropes. With both ends tied, he can't hurt himself, and oh, how his toes and fingers love it!

Billy Bright Eyes likes to chew it!

WHAT SOME OTHER MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN ARE DOING

Helpful Notes From Members of Our Family

THE invitation THE DELINEATOR gives to tell of some plan to round out the life of a middle-aged woman touches on a matter so near my heart that I am moved to make a few remarks on the subject. I hope they may be of help and suggestion to some woman who is pathetically struggling to keep from being "put on the shelf" before her time by her careful children.

To me, one of the tragedies of life is these good women, who have worn themselves out taking care of the physical needs of their husbands and children, with utter abnegation of self and no forethought of the future; whose children have formed other absorbing friendships; whose husbands have grown away from them, broadened or sometimes coarsened by business associations, until their wives find themselves beached high and dry, with nothing to look forward to but a monotonous round of household cares and accounts of other people's good times.

DON'T GET TOO OLD TO LEARN

I HAVE heard so many dismal lamentations from women of this type, too old to change their habit of mind and learn anything that will fill the vacancy of their lives and absorb their interests, that I decided long ago not to wait until I was too old to try and fill out my life, but to keep my mind occupied as I went along in spite of the care of three children, and even periods when I was obliged to do my own work, including the washing.

I have always systematized my work so as to have time to read solid books for self-culture, to go to art galleries, attend a weekly matinée, and take a proper amount of exercise at something that amused me more than wheeling the baby-carriage.

I have been in turn a crack golfer, a long-distance swimmer, and am now trying to rival Annette Kellermann as a champion diver, and am an active member of the "Woman's Life-Saving League."

I have always held the theory that every woman should be able to support herself, and, knowing nothing of commercial value, three years ago, having a competent maid, and the children being in school all day, I took a two years' course in a local business college, from which I have derived great pleasure and benefit. Though I have never used it practically, I feel that it is a bank-account I can call on at any time.

HOW MY PASTIME SAVED MY TIME

THE bookkeeping, I find, helps me in my accounts and dealings with tradesmen; I take great comfort in reading and being able to write in Gregg shorthand, and my English and typewriting I find invaluable in my literary work, as I have always been a writer of unpublished stories, and at present am making a collection of "Returned with Thanks" slips, which I still cheerfully expect to turn into fat checks in the millenium.

Now, my life is so full of interests, and my heart friends are so many that it is only difficult to find days long enough to carry out the various interests. I should so like to study music. I have always felt I had a latent talent for art. I should love to keep my body young by taking up and teaching gymnastics.

A friend of mine is very anxious to have me study massage this Winter, as she has patients she has no time for who would fall into my hands; but I feel that if one widens one's interests too much, one never accomplishes anything, so am going to stick to my writing, and look forward to the beautiful theory I read the other day that in the next world we will have an opportunity to do all the things we wanted, but lacked opportunity to do in this.

It seems to me that every woman must have a liking or hidden talent for some particular thing, such as art, music, literature, practical charity, or the homely arts of domestic science or embroidery—all things that can be carried on successfully at home if she will only try it, and which, if persisted in scientifically and systematically, will blossom out in little side interests that will make life a far more beautiful and interesting thing.

GROWING OLD THE RIGHT WAY

WHEN we feel ourselves getting old and losing our grip on things, we must always remember the philosopher, who, when he realized he was getting into a rut, took up the study of a new language. I often think of the old lady, whose son was appointed ambassador to Italy, and who, rather than be separated from him, went abroad at ninety years of age, took an Italian maid and learned the language, and even made two trips home; and I hope, and pray, that like her, instead of shriveling up, I will each year broaden and develop and grow old—beautifully. MRS. W. S. B.

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"Keep a thing seven years and you will find a use for it."

Doubtless you have in your attic a trunkful of odds and ends such as trimmings and draperies whose places have been usurped by newer things. Yet many of these pieces if restored to their original brightness would *suggest* the use which the proverb promises.

Try Ivory Soap. You will be surprised at the way it brings back the old time charm to laces, silks, tapestries, velvets, beaded ornaments, etc. And the beauty about it is that it can be used safely on the most delicate and highly prized articles which ordinarily you never would think of washing with soap and water.

Just remember that you can use Ivory Soap on anything that water itself will not harm and you will find the attic trunk a veritable treasure chest.

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Things Inside Our Heads

Mental Atmosphere

WE TAKE in so much by absorption it is necessary to be careful of our mental surroundings. A young couple who were happily married, had two lovely children, owned their home, and had a good income, sold their home and moved to another suburb of the same city.

In explaining the move, which seemed to others hard to account for, the man said: "We found ourselves in with a group of six or eight families where the husbands and wives were always quarreling with each other and we were obliged to hear all about their troubles. For several months it seemed to monopolize our social life. Then we woke up to the fact that it was not our trouble and had no rightful claim on our thoughts. So we decided to get out of it and live in an atmosphere more to our liking."

Do you live in your own mental atmosphere or in that dominated by others? Are you letting yourself be made unhappy because those about you choose to be ill-natured? It may not always be either wise or possible to move away, but it is always wise, whether fully possible or not, to close our ears and minds to what does not concern us, and to occupy our thoughts with things that count for our own growth and happiness. Sometimes it is our privilege to make over the atmosphere about us, but often that is far from possible and flight is better than contamination.

Two Kinds of Ideals

YOUNG people often have high ideals as to what they will make of their lives. And those ideals range all the way from professional success to the presidency, and from nursing the sick to saving the world. And yet the highest ideal of all is sometimes forgotten. The highest ideal there is or can be is normality—in the truest sense of the word. Normal unfoldment of life, mental, moral and physical, with love, marriage and children, harmonious friendships, steady growth in one's chosen line of endeavor, a feeling for the common good, the spirit of true religion that expresses itself in a happy life, letting conspicuous greatness come if it must only as a result of great service and as a means for greater service—that is normality. Holding steadfastly to some distant ideal of outward success or occupation may bring it, and yet it may be at an awful and unknown cost. Attainment of what we set our hearts on is by no means a proof of its worth to ourselves or others. What we put first takes the lead in our lives and bends all other things to it. But if we put first the ideal of normal unfoldment, finding what we can do and what we love most to do, letting all right faculties and functions have their proper development, and letting the eventual form of our activities come as a pleasant surprise, we are not apt to miss much that will make for our happiness and usefulness.

Knowing Ourselves

SCIENTISTS tell us that in the normal human being there is such a perfect harmony between the mind and body that for every faculty in the mind there is a corresponding organism in the body—that even every finger has its mental counterpart. In the brain and certain of the internal organs, it is said, there are little glands and ducts that are closed up in most of us, but obviously intended to be open and active—closed up because our ancestors for many generations did not make enough use of the mental qualities of which those glands and ducts were the base. But just as a stiff arm is unnatural and can sometimes be restored by conscious effort, so may we gradually extend the domain of our thoughts and feelings until we regain the lost faculties. The sense of smell is said to be capable of wonderful development. All our capacities for enjoyment are more or less blunted, just as to some people a fragrant rose has little meaning. Nature is working constantly to restore its original pattern, and some of our mental and physical perplexities are said to be due to this beneficent effort. What we often need is not so much a change of those activities as a right understanding of them. But as the wisest of men admit themselves unable to fathom all the mysteries of the human economy it behooves us to trust instinct and intuition more than opinion, and remember that if digestion and circulation were left to our keeping we would soon be elsewhere. Life is always grander than we think it is, and we are not likely to discover its boundaries—much less guess them correctly.

The Uses of Debt

WHEN others trust us it gives us a power we could not have otherwise. An inventor once got heavily in debt to a man who was fathering his invention. When he found new difficulties of seemingly hopeless solution he would have given up and lost his years of effort. But debt chained him to his task, and honor impelled him to go on. At last the light broke, and the world was given a great invention which will always bless the race. The inventor received an abundance for the remainder of his life, and heavy pay for all his years of effort. But the one thing that made it all possible was debt—or rather another man's confidence in him which was backed up by the advancement of money.

Sometimes we rebel at the thought of debt. We would rather pay cash and ask no favors. But this spirit would not do to build a community upon, and so every man who would boast of his independence must some day, so it seems, come to a place where he may say to his brother man, "I should have gone down in despair if you had not trusted me." For only this gives us the true spirit of trusting others when all the odds seem against them. Human society is held together by its credit systems no less than by its ties of race and blood and friendship.

An Unwise Wish

SOMETIMES when we think our thoughts are hidden, a single remark may write the secrets of our character on our very foreheads. "I wish I were a man," said a young woman, in a certain tone of voice.

"That," said her friend, "is the wickedest wish you could make. It is impossible, and like all such wishes of which this is a sample, wastes your time and thought and opportunity. It shows that you are unwilling to be what you were designed to be. It proves that you are ungrateful for the gift of life as it was given to you, hence ungrateful for all it contains. It betrays a conceit that puts your own wisdom above that of your Creator as to what is best for you. It shows a disposition to shirk your duty for your pleasure. It shows that you lightly esteem womanhood, wifehood, motherhood, that you do not know the meaning of love, and that you would break all bonds to gain your own ends. Hence it shows that you are supremely selfish. As even a little thought would have shown you this, it proves that you are superficial. It betokens a rebellious spirit that must some day be chastened. And finally, it isn't really a true wish, and you knew it when you said it, so it convicts you of insincerity."

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HENRIETTA'S POSTPONED CAREER

How Love and Art Came to Terms

BY BONNIE R GINGER

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

I SHALL have to admit at the outset that this story isn't artistic. It skips.

It has a hero, of course—that's Henrietta. But there's so much non-conformation of topic, so to say, like a geological epoch with strata missing. How can I reconcile under one heading such varying interests as bachelors, peaches, orphans, love, antiques and art? Yet of these is the story of Henrietta woven—the story of her postponed career.

IT WAS early morning, and the blue sky lifted itself above the sage-brush in its profundity of serenest calm. The lizards ran little high-speed journeys and stopped short on sunny rocks as motionless as if they were little mechanical lizards and had suddenly run down. Here and there a sage-hen rose to her clumsy, noisy flight, or a brush-lark soared singing to the sky. Already the sun was shining like a sun that had got up early to do an extra-hard day's work.

Henrietta tickled the flanks of her pinto cayuse with the rotary spur, but only absently, for she was in no hurry. Her eyes were on the foot-hills toward which she rode.

It was Henrietta's birthday. She was thirty-five years old.

"It's funny," she mused, "how, if there's a frost anywhere around a family, it settles on the girl. Just because I'm the girl, I had to miss my career. I had to stay home and keep house till father invested the house in mines. Poor father!" For Henrietta's father had lately died, which was really the only graceful thing he could do, after mortgaging the last thing he could lay hands on to develop his fake mines.

"Now I'm thirty-five," went on Henrietta peevishly. "Where's my career now? Why, off yonder—" she waved her hand toward the horizon, "like those pictures of Diana following the chase. If I don't get up and grab my Destiny's little coat-flaps here and now, it'll be gone off after Halley's comet and the rest of that bunch. I'm not too old to have a career. Other people have been thirty-five and got over it. I can too."

She spurred the pinto and rode toward the foot-hills, where the valley was, and in the valley were the fruit-farms, and on one of the fruit-farms was Mr. Wilbur Thrush.

Mr. Thrush was Henrietta's suitor, and is to be pardoned if he himself couldn't figure out why he was an unsuccessful one. He was not unpleasing to the eye, his disposition and intellect were commendable, and he was affluent through the medium of a goodly peach-farm in the very heart of the peach country. But peaches somehow had failed to get quite the same cat-claw grapple on Henrietta's imagination as her clingstone notions of career. The Career had stood between them in fact ever since Mr. Thrush had met Henrietta and wanted at once to marry her, four years ago. And yet this very morning she was riding over to give him the final election returns from the doubtful precinct, her heart.

Or was it not her heart, but her head?

She reached the peach-farm, and her decision reached the comprehension of Mr. Thrush, who was deeply saddened.

"*Is* it the orphans?" he asked wistfully.

Now, it is true, Mr. Thrush had committed himself to the rearing of certain three orphan children, relics of a departed friend who had staked peach-claims in the valley with him in its first days.

"Well, partly, Wilbur. You've figured on me more as their mother than your wife, somehow. You've always thought I would be good to manage those little mavericks of yours, but I don't know that I want to spend my life bringing up some one else's discard."

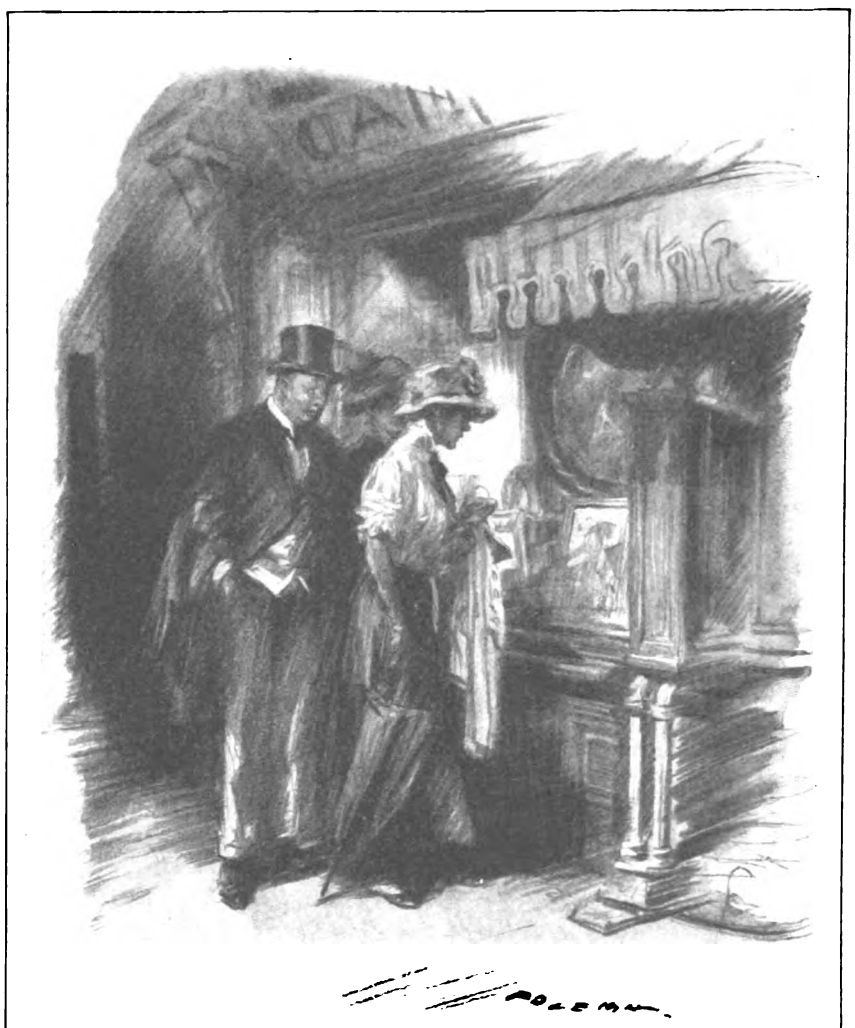
"Discard?" said Mr. Thrush softly. "I'm thinking we might be having a little jackpot of our own, maybe." Henrietta blushed so furiously that the pinto shied, thinking he had heard something.

"I don't know about jackpots," she said. "I'm going to have my Career. It's my right."

Mr. Thrush bowed his head, and had to endure as best he might the crating-up and shipment of his heart's-desire to that far market from which, as he knew, no Henrietta is over-likely to return. And Henrietta dared to turn her back on her Rocky Mountain land, and raw-boned and young-spirited she went East to break through the barrier of bristling years, at the age when most women have moulted the first feathers of ambition and are coming out in a coat of settled permanent domesticity. And Henrietta's career being Art, she sold her house and lot, gave up her class in china-painting, and with her little denatured allowance headed right for the city of New York!

Brave? Not a bit of it. Ignorance, sheer ignorance. Henrietta had no more artistic talent than a fish has corns. But she didn't know it, of course. They never do.

WHEN the gaunt and gallant Henrietta first came to the city it was as if a fresh breeze had come straight from the foot-hills down to this great world of congested realism. Henrietta knew just one human being of all the five million of the city. Mrs. Lucy de Lacy, a newspaper woman. Lucy de Lacy was too busy to see much of Henrietta, but to her, herself a Westerner and overworked, Henrietta's very phrases were a tonic, though it was a tonic with a touch of the bitter in it, born of a glorious scorn. The girl was scornful out of her gigantic unsophistication. Perhaps it was for this reason that at first somehow her art didn't, to use her own expression, exactly clinch. She was too busy looking at the city and berating it. She took especial joy in berating its crowdedness. But she had been used, for scenery, to a flat sage-brush plain, a distant range of mountains, three windmills indicating three neighbors, a bunch of cottonwoods indicating a dry creek, and at times the additional objectives of a passing buckboard, a coyote and, very rarely, clouds. She could not understand.



Henrietta's culture fell from her like a bath-robe discarded at the bath-tub

Her intolerance delighted Mrs. de Lacy, who, just from her gathering of the day's facts which in a great daily's office are phenix-born into the world's news, would listen with relish to the utterances of her iconoclastic friend.

Henrietta chose first a place of residence in the hundred-and-umpties. Here she could turn herself loose for the long walks her vigorous nature demanded. She liked that part of town, and liked and was used to newness. She had an idea that anything with years to it must be musty and unsanitary. She thought Lucy's part of town was dowdy, and she liked the big vistas of river and the wider streets, where the blue sky showed.

I think that somewhere in the past dozen years or so Henrietta's humor had been sidetracked somehow. Was it the china-painting, or her father's mines? Perhaps any one who will do china-painting hasn't humor, but I think it's a proof they have. But Henrietta certainly had faith in herself, and never guessed what a glorious failure she was destined to make of it with her Art. Lucy foresaw, though, and said nothing. Lucy was wise. She knew that sometimes a discreet silence is the only thing people will listen to. For instance, when Henrietta told her about Mr. Thrush and the three little mavericks, Lucy's silence was so discreet that the air fairly rang with all the things she refrained from saying. Henrietta understood, too.

In time, of course, Henrietta's art gripped her, and she joined leagues and learned the jargon and began to put on soul with a trowel. She forgot all about mountains. Now Westerners are acquisitive. Henrietta began to acquire less crude tastes. She could allow presently that a little mellowness need not be unhealthy. Her arting taught her this, and once started on the way of enlightenment, after the Western fashion, she just slid along of herself. And in this matter Lucy helped her, for Lucy had the real artistic taste. At least, as much as she had time for. She was the busiest human being Henrietta had ever seen.

Perhaps postponed careers are like postponed mumps, and take hard. How otherwise account for the rapidity and the completeness with which Henrietta moulted her own natural raw-boned individuality and took on culture and other habits of the "effete East"? She began to regard her mountains as crude and inartistic, and a snow-capped peak, she said, was in bad taste. She tore up the little water-color studies of creeks and clumps of cottonwoods and mustangs on the sky-line which she had made out home, and she took instead to knuckly statuary and dinky little street squares, and she began to pursue the dreamy, dopey sort of art which goes away up above timber-line, so to say, where the real world lies under a cloudland below and no one ever sees through it to the hard, dingy actualities which cling with all the force of gravitation to the earth's lowly crust. Sometimes Lucy, after a half an hour of this sort of thing, would produce some little inartistic unstatuesque fact she had unearthed that day, displaying it in all its horrid unsavoriness, and Henrietta would stare—but again Art would grip her and soulfulness would swamp her humor miles deep.

Then Henrietta moved down-town near Lucy. She did not live on a par with Lucy, who had a sixty-a-month flat, but at least she did live on the same square. You can guess the locality—one of those places near a little historic park, with historic setting of old-fashioned houses just like retired rear-admirals, no longer active but very decorative. Henrietta had a little room on a top-floor. At first she couldn't help feeling the neighborhood was a bit dinky, but she no longer made sport of antiquity. She, in fact, quite suddenly became antique mad.

THIS is the psychological moment to introduce Mr. Percival Heatherbee. Henrietta met him when she moved. He resided in the same house with her. He was a co-boarder. He was a bachelor. Now you scent a romance? Wrong. Henrietta was foolish over career, but she wasn't a fool.

Mr. Heatherbee was small and rotund, with glistening bald head and glistening eye-glasses and glistening pink nails. In contrast to these glistening qualities he possessed the calm and compact self-complacency of a little fat Aztec god. Henrietta had bought little fat Aztec gods by the dozen from lazy greasers down in the peach-country, but she missed the semblance when it confronted her in the fleshly person of Mr. Heatherbee. And although in her normal state she would have despised the woman who would worship at the feet of little Aztec gods, still just now she was not normal, her humor was deflected somehow, and it had been so ever since she set off on her aeroplane flight through the dizzy realms of Art. She deliberately ducked right under Mr. Heatherbee's wing, his latest devotee, and he gave in return his own erudite patronage just as a stone god gives out its placid archaic blessing, without effort, without discrimination. For he was erudite. He was really something of a connoisseur when off duty from his regular business, which was clerical in some sleek, undefined way.

Henrietta now made rapid friendships, and in all the branches of art. There was a girl who painted—though why tell it? Her pictures never got any farther than her own walls, where they hung and suffered unseen. There is something noble, however, about silent suffering. . . . Mortimer Marchmont was an illustrator with a perpetual mystery about him, the mystery being what he illustrated. Another chap, having gone to seed as a symbolic artist, was now unaccountably blossoming forth as a writer of vaudeville sketches. There was the youngish widow who "did" china. She perpetrated plaques and bread-and-butter sets, and lived in a two-

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Lucy was inured to shocks of all sorts, and she met each painting without a flinch

by-twice room amid her orgy of floricultured crockery, and once each week she took her china to the kiln.

We mention separately Caroline Claire Crothers. C. C. C. made real money, such as there was of it, and her name actually appeared in print, at the foot of rank little fashion-drawings in a daily. She also did slang-philosophy on the side. But she did at least deal in tangibilities, and the others honored her, envied her—and borrowed all her money.

Henrietta, however, became most intimate with Miss Andante Fanstead. Miss Fanstead had evolved at a time somewhat prior to the bachelor-girl movement, and the aura of obsolete spinsterhood hung about her delicately and Jane Austenishly. She was in arts and crafts, she talked in terms of decorativeness, and Mr. Heatherbee talked with her. In fact, they both talked to and at Henrietta, and Henrietta listened and absorbed with all her might.

And, after the people, there was the park. They all lived "just off" the park. The park was the religion of the neighborhood. It figured in their letters. It was the coat of arms. "I have just glanced toward the park," wrote Henrietta, "which is now lost in the mist of the early October evening. Whistler would have loved it now." Or, "As I look up to the park I can hear the first bird twittering in the newly budded branches."

All the greater lights, whether great for the hour or for all time, were known by sight to every one of these humble dim flickers which made up Henrietta's circle. And other circles too. Not only the neighborhood of this particular sanctified park, but a dozen other neighborhoods are thick with these folk I call dim flickers. It is the pathos of near-talent, the tragedy of the self-deceived, the Nemesis of mediocrity, not because it is mediocre, but because it thinks itself genius. The good artisan will persist in being a very bad artist. He has a power of appreciation, and mistakes it for the power of creation. The eternal blunder!

Some of them do have the blessed privilege of seeing their own limitations. As artisans they may fare very well. But most of them never will have it that they aren't divinely fired, and so they go on calmly enacting the tragedy of their destiny—and as for that, who is going to stop them? They are happy, they have the supreme gift—for happiness—of self-faith.

So you see why no one headed off Henrietta from her career. None of them ever disillusioned the others. They all might admit a friend's fallacies if his back were turned, but to his face they hadn't the heart. It was their unwritten code—never to slay the one thing each one of them had, and perhaps which, in lucid intervals if there were any, they knew was all they had—their faith each one in himself. *For at some one time or other each one had had some one little success*—and there you have the whole of their hope's secret.

Well, now, for Henrietta. She was hopeful by infection or contagion, whichever it was, or both. Also she was increasingly soulful. Her sources-in-chief of the latter were Miss Fanstead and Mr. Heatherbee. Both were a bit flattered by Henrietta's meek unsophistication, and Mr. Heatherbee at least mistook it for worship. Other women worshiped, why not she? Certainly her unsophistication did serve as a background against which his erudition glowed as never before. And she bathed in the reflected glow as if it had been the sunset glow in her own painted desert skies. But she had forgotten her desert skies. The song of the new and the undiscovered and the primeval was lost in the babble of the ancient and the artistic and the done-to-death. Nature was swept aside for the artificial. She who had seen the great cameo of a white peak against the turquoise sky had taken to haunting dusty corners in unhygienic back-shops looking for horrible old plates with cracks in them, or awful pictures of shepherds who never were, spooning in a manner which certainly never ought to have been; or it was woodeny babies being baptized, or historical dames undressing, or stuffed kings being crowned or signing edicts or what not. And Mr. Heatherbee, when he saw his handiwork, took to himself pride and let out another reef in his self-complacency.

"Tell me, Lucy, just how big a fool have I been?"

It was at just about this time that Mrs. de Lacy, who had been away upon an assignment, returned and saw the change in Henrietta. She was dumfounded. But she was wise. Also, she was sincerely interested in Henrietta. She spent a careful evening looking over all Henrietta's drawings and paintings, for the girl had been industrious. Lucy was inured to shocks of all sorts, and she met each painting without a flinch, and only once did her face slip. That was when she took something to be a fireman in a cellar full of smoke, when it was really the Metropolitan Tower in a fog.

She did some hard thinking about Henrietta. "Is there a name for it?" she pondered. "I suppose it's better out than in. By the way, Henrietta, heard from your friend Mr. Lark out yonder?"

"Mr. Thrush? Yes, he sent me some kodak pictures." She produced them. They portrayed such simple inartistic subjects as a fruit-farm in full bloom, foot-hills with scrub-oak and piñon, cattle in pastures, haystacks, corrals, and a ranch-house running strongly to veranda. Also, separately and in groups, the figures of a sunburned, picturesque, clean-shaven chap in overalls, and three awkward, open-air, self-assured, miscellaneous youngsters.

"Let's see, I forget the reason why you didn't marry him," said Lucy.

"There were three reasons," said Henrietta shortly. "These three orphans. No, I'm here now, I have my career—that's all over with, and he knows it."

So Henrietta went on her careering way. Mr. Heatherbee and Miss Fanstead vied with each other in the culturing-up process, and Lucy de Lacy was too busy to interfere.

One evening Henrietta was walking up Broadway with the bachelor and the spinster. There was an enlarged view of the Royal Gorge in a camera-shop window. Henrietta stopped dead, and her culture fell from her like a bath-robe discarded at the bath-tub. She stood naked of antique wrappings and soul drapery, revealed in all her shameful primitive crude enthusiasm, in her own naturalness unadorned.

Mr. Heatherbee and Miss Fanstead were shocked.

"Oh, gee! Say, see this, will you? Now tell *me* if that isn't some scenery! That's rocks for you. That's what a cañon is. Oh my! Oh my!"

What did they say to her, these two? Gently they

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THE LIE THAT PRECEDES MARRIAGE

Wherein the Judge, Who Last Month Seemed Almost to Condone a Certain Kind of Fib, Flays the Lying Man or Woman Whose Deceit Before Marriage Makes Misery and Divorce

BY THE HON. JOHN J. FRESCHI

CITY MAGISTRATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

BEFORE two persons enter into a business partnership there is a frank showing of their respective assets and liabilities; the duties and profits of each are clearly defined. If they fail—as many do—they separate, and there is an end to it.

Contrast to this the usual preliminaries to that most important of all partnerships — MARRIAGE — whose contract is written—"Till Death."

Instead of a frank showing, there is subterfuge—a glossing over of the liabilities, that is to say the failings; an exaggeration of the assets—the respective virtues and attainments.

The business man defrauded into partnership can punish the partner.

In marriage it is the defrauded one who reaps the punishment.

Society smiles upon the masquerade of courtship—it is the popular bait of matrimony. And yet the masquerade is one of the most definite causes of marital disaster.

Behind each marital dispute there must be disillusion—the disappointment of one or both in their mate. We gasp at the alarming increase of divorce and separation. The statistics are but a shadow to the private divorces, held back from legal consummation for the sake of children or fear of public scandal.

And most of the troubles were assured in advance.

The Masquerade of Courtship

THE *natural* disappointments of married life come gradually, as troubles and problems arise.

The *disillusionments* due to false pretensions come quickly.

As to whether the masquerade plays any part in our national marital turmoil, consider that of all divorces granted, the average duration of married life of the couples is about five years. In twenty-five per cent. of cases it takes *less than one year* for the couples to discover they are mismated! Thirty-eight per cent. in two years! What a commentary on the swift awakening!

Among these are the whilom lovers who blinded themselves to the obvious shortcomings of their chosen one; they have only themselves to blame. But far greater in number are those who were blinded, hoodwinked, deceived, *by* the chosen one.

Recently, a friend of philosophic mind said cynically that if there were no masquerading there would be no marriages! But, like society generally, he failed to draw a sharp line between the harmless amatory preening of a lover and the masquerade based on utter misrepresentation.

It is natural for youth to put its best foot forward in the wooing season—to cater to the likes and dislikes of the loved one. This is not hypocrisy: it is the deference of love. We expect him to tell of the wonderful things he will do, or win, or be. This is not pretension—merely optimism, ambition, boundless enthusiasm.

But what of the countless lovers who pretend to be what they are not? who make *definite* assertions, not of what is to be, but what they falsely claim already exists? Is their masquerade harmless?

Young men lie deliberately to their sweethearts about their business achievements; imitate prosperity by dressing better and entertaining more elaborately than they can afford; simulate virtues they do not possess; pretend keen interest in matters that really bore them.

Young girls to lure hesitating swains pretend accomplishments, artistic and practical, they do not possess; simulate an angelic disposition when they are shrews; assert liberality in matters upon which they are intolerant.

Does it mend matters that they were impelled by love? They can not hope to live up to their pretensions, even if that were the usual course. A man might pose to his intimates, but no man can hide the truth about himself from his wife!

If there be any excuse, it is that usually the masqueraders are young.

Statistics compiled for the District of Columbia show that forty per cent. of the divorces granted were to couples who had *eloped*, and that in thirty per cent. one of the pair, at least, was *under twenty-one*. There we have the potent factors to a quick awakening—haste and youth.

Won by an Automobile

A YOUNG wife before me recited a list of grievances which, patently, were inspired by a general feeling of discontent. The husband, a chauffeur, voiced but one recrimination:

"She expects me to do more than I can afford," he said. "She turned against me when she discovered I didn't own the automobile I used to take her out in."

And then the story was easy to analyze.

She had been a well-paid stenographer. Her family was respectable, but she was ambitious to raise herself to a different social station.

The automobile he took her out in belonged to his employer, but he pretended it was his own; the money he spent in lavish entertainment was mostly borrowed, but he implied that it was but a small part of his income.

The awakening followed on the heels of the runaway marriage. He lost his position and the debts pressed. He thought her resentment was altogether because of his lack of prosperity; he could not realize that it might be partly because she was disappointed in the man, disappointed in his whole plan of life.

Who of this pair was to blame? Indubitably, the man. You might argue that the girl deserved punishment for loving the masquerade and not the individual back of it—for marrying, for better and worse, the automobile and the seeming prosperity.

One remark of the husband was striking:

"I asked her often if she would love me if I was poor, and she always answered 'yes.'" He held, now, that this subterfuge exculpated him—that her answer had been as culpable a masquerade as his own.

That deduction does not at all apply. The chances are that his poverty and failings would have been no barrier to her continued love—provided she knew of them before they were married. Love is a wonderful equalizer—a veritable destroyer of romantic ideals. How many of us marry the wonderful creature of our early dreaming? And of those who do, or think they do, how many make successful marriages?

The Lies of Our Friends

THE saddest feature of the masquerade is that it is so pitifully unnecessary. When romance is in the heart of a girl, it is needless for the loved one to color his endowments—she will do that for him. And doing it herself, she has only self to blame when the inevitable disappointments come.

We jeer at the confirmed matchmaker, and yet, broadly speaking, the whole world, as it is represented in the respective friends and relatives of the courting pair, divides into two parties bent on hoodwinking the young people into matrimony. Indeed, the masquerade would not so often prevail but for these partizans.

Does Helen's mama tell George that her daughter's love of little children is of suspicious newness; or that her smart, trig appearance is due to borrowed dresses, and that Helen's stockings are never darned?

Does George's mother tell Helen that her son's extreme generosity is in direct contrast to his usual stinginess at home? Does his sister confide that his recent industry is surprising in view of his former indolence?

Oh, no—such unmasking would be unfair to George and Helen.

And so these friends sit back and smile at the masquerade, not realizing that they are assisting at a domestic tragedy. Mutual love will smooth over everything, they assert in self-justification. They do not see that their very actions discount their own arguments. If love in the red-hot flux of courtship could not survive unattractive truths, what can they expect of that love when marriage has cooled it off?

Say what you will, all of our dreams of future wedded happiness are but air-castles built upon the seeming qualities and attainments and character of the chosen one. Troubles that arise may disillusion—they mar, but they do not destroy. So long as a shred of those air-castles remain, there is hope. But where the foundation of that air-castle was the pretensions of a hollow masquerade, the whole structure collapses beyond hope of repair.

Women will cleave to men who asserted nothing but love, even when they fail in every material thing. They have only contempt—that precursor of aversion—for men who posed much and fall short of their own pretensions.

Where Religion Comes In

OF A case in mind, the girl, pretty, intelligent and liberal on most things, was a religious bigot, intolerant of any but her own particular sect. Her lover was a frivolous chap, irreligious, although deep down in his conscience he retained, as most people do, an inherited fidelity to the church of his parents. But he must have the girl, so he became a hypocrite. He simulated piety, accompanied her to church, and pretended to agree with her fully as to the merits of her particular form of worship. But this was not what he told his old friends. Afterward, he confided, it would be easy enough to compromise. He would cease to go to church, or she could go to her church and he to his.

There was no thought of the possible child and whether it was to follow father or mother. The child came finally, and then began the religious tug of war. There is no more bitter form of dissension. The woman's smoldering grievance flared to fury. Farewell to peace!

This marital shipwreck was *not* due to religious difference. Many couples of different faiths marry and live without discord, but only where there was an honest understanding beforehand.

The mere division of blame does not cure such a situation. Granted that the girl in a sense invited deception, she was none the less defrauded. She might have married him and she might not, with this religious barrier between. She had the right to choose. Cupid, despite the poets, does not always annihilate such scruples. Strong characters can make choice of whom they will allow themselves to love, and love not the less sincerely because they govern their emotions.

Argue it from whatever side, the man or woman who is tricked into marriage by pretensions of any sort, has as just a cause for anger and retaliation as the business man tricked into a commercial partnership.

The Made-Up Wife

THE young husband at the bar was dapper and intelligent, albeit rather garrulous and blunt. Marital discord had arisen because of his dalliance with other women.

"He says I nauseate him," continued the wife; "that I'm so ugly I can't blame him for flirting with other women. And we've only been married six months!"

I glanced more closely at the woman. She was a decided blonde, well formed and of a strikingly attractive appearance. The husband interpreted my look of surprise. He sneered.

"It's all right, your honor," he said. "I thought what you think before we were married. What you think you see, you don't see. She's bleached, she's whitewashed, she's tinted and smeared. All you see about her that's pretty ain't hers; all that ain't pretty is hers. Oh, but I was fooled!"

A ludicrous case, and yet at bottom deeply significant.

Beauty is not necessary to a woman in the courts of love. We have all of us observed that some of the most popular girls and the most happily married are ugly

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WHO'S GOING TO BE WHO

IN MONTENEGRO

KING NICHOLAS of Montenegro isn't fighting Turks all the time, and when he isn't he spends a little while each morning romping with his youngest grandson, Prince Paul, and a little while each afternoon parading up and down in front of the palace with Prince Paul and Prince Paul's father, Prince Mirko. According to Servian right of succession, Prince Paul may some day wear the crown of Montenegro.

IN WASHINGTON

FOR the first time in sixteen years, the White House is going to have a baby in it. When President Wilson installs himself in the Executive Mansion at Washington, his family will contain little Miss Josephine Cathron, who is the baby daughter of the President's niece. The presidential home hasn't centered about so small a ruler since the days of the Cleveland babies.

FIRE!

10,000 lives and 100,000 homes are the yearly sacrifice which following these precautions would prevent

BY WALTER S. HIATT

ONE of the serious fire menaces to life and home in modern America is gasoline (or benzine, or naphtha—they are all, in effect, the same). It claims more than three thousand homes as its annual prey. Through its use as a dry cleaner alone, ten women are roasted to death each week, and twenty are injured so as to bear for life the deep, ugly scars peculiar to gasoline burns. Gasoline won't stay where it is put. As soon as its container is unstoppered, its vapor races away. If there is a fire near, even in the adjoining room, it will find it and bring back the fire to the open container. The consequent explosion brings a dangerous fire.

The gasoline explosions of apparently mysterious origin are caused by the electric spark generated while silk cloth is being cleaned. If parts of a silk dress, or silk gloves, are rubbed together, static electricity is generated. For this reason dry-cleaning establishments are required by city ordinance to keep their gasoline underground, connecting by pipe with an air-tight cleaning tank in which wires are laid to carry away the electricity generated in silk cleaning.

The ghostlike vapor of gasoline is so inflammable that a spark from the steel nail of a shoe heel will ignite it and set the clothes of the wearer on fire. Because of its insidious dangers, not a gill of gasoline should be used in any home, either for dry cleaning or in stoves. There are market substitutes for it as a cleaner.

That Mysterious Spontaneous Combustion

UNNUMBERED lives and homes are lost each year because of ignorance of the fire-producing properties of oily rags and waste and of coal improperly stored in the cellar. Such fires are slow-burning and are apt to gain headway in the dead of night, because no one can then discover them in time. Spontaneous combustion is rapid oxidation. The human body burns to ashes in the grave, but it burns slowly. The carbon of the body unites with the oxygen of the air. If these two elements unite rapidly, the combustion is visible in flame. Vegetable oils, such as cottonseed and olive, placed on cotton rags or waste, will under proper conditions blaze like a torch. It has been conjectured that the holocaust of one hundred and sixty school children at Collinwood, Ohio, was caused by fire originating in an oily floor-mop.

Such fires have been known to occur in oily thread bobbins, in attics where were stored old clothes, in garbage-cans, and in damp excelsior. Because of these facts the housekeeper should use great caution in cleaning up and burning such articles. Cellar coal should not be stored in wooden bins, nor when wet, nor near a hot furnace.

The Match Menace

THERE are ten thousand matches struck every second of the day and night in the United States. Out of 231,425 investigated fires in dwellings in the United States, 20,874 were found to have been caused by the careless use of matches. At least three hundred children are annually burned to death while playing with matches. Mrs. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the wife of the poet, dropped a lighted match on the floor, put her foot on it to stamp out the fire, her clothing blazed, and she died of her injuries. The greatest care should be observed in the handling of matches. None but safety matches should be used about the home. By safety matches is meant preferably the new sesquisulphide match. After July first this match will be for sale everywhere. It is not only safer to use and keep in a house, but much more humane to manufacture.

It has long been popularly supposed that many fires have been started by mice gnawing on matches. Through an experiment recently conducted in the Underwriters' Laboratories of Chicago, it was shown that mice will not gnaw the kind of matches ordinarily used. Mice were placed in cages, the bottom of which was strewn with matches. The mice starved to death without having gnawed the matches. However, an examination of mice nests has shown that they build their nests with matches. So it is possible for them in their play to scratch a match and start a fire between the walls of a house that can not but burn it to the ground.

Beware the Exploding Lamp

IT HAS been estimated that lamp explosions cause an annual average of over fifteen thousand fires in dwellings and burn alive at least a hundred and seventy-five women. Many others are crippled and disfigured for life from this cause. If a lamp is of glass, it may be knocked over, or dropped while being carried, and broken, with a dangerous fire as a result. In such a case, the fire should be put out, not with water, but smothered with sand or a rug.

Another frequent explosion cause is the filling of a lamp at night, with another light near. While kerosene oil vaporizes but one-third as quickly as gasoline, its vapor in hot weather or in a hot room is to be feared.

The majority of such explosions, however, come from dirty or improperly cleaned lamps. A lamp is not clean because its outside is wiped and polished. The little flat tube alongside the wick tube is an open passage for the constant escape of vapor from the oil, which, if confined, creates explosion conditions. If the holes in the tube are kept open, the vapor is consumed in the flame of the lamp without noise or danger. But if these holes or the wick tube become choked with carbon from match ends and from the burned wick end, an explosion is likely to occur. This danger is increased by the habit of "blowing out" a lamp instead of turning the wick down until the flame is smothered out.

The Christmas-Tree Danger

NEXT in rank to the Fourth of July orgy, which has injured thirty-nine regiments of children in the past nine years, is the Christmas-tree hazard. Each year these indoor bonfires set ablaze ten thousand homes and kill or injure at least four hundred persons. While the public tree entertainments are now generally lighted with electric lights, the home celebrations are still usually lighted with candles. The trees are too often already dry and ready to blaze. The decorations are made of flimsy cotton cloth. Unless electric lights are used, a Christmas tree should be carefully watched at every moment, so that an incipient blaze can be put out instantly.

Gas Jets, Stoves and Open Fires

THE number of curtain fires runs into the thousands each year, because windows are left open and curtains untied. The wind blows them back over a lamp or against a gas-jet. Gas-jets should always have a wire screen about them for this reason.

Because of carelessness with gas-stoves nearly fifty women are burned each year. Before lighting a gas-stove, the housekeeper should make sure that the gas is flowing freely, so it will not snap back and set her sleeves or her apron on fire. Worn out rubber-tube connections are also a cause of fire from a gas-stove.

Because of badly arranged or neglected kitchen coal

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BUNNY'S BAG

A Little Story of Married Life

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

Author of "The Lovers of Sanna," etc.

Illustrated by R. M. Crosby

IT WAS the fifteenth of May. The large calendar with the enormous black numbers that hung opposite Mr. Ridgely Ferguson's desk announced the fact persistently whenever he raised his brown nervous eyes. Years after, when the fifteenth of May was mentioned, it brought back a vague, haunting sense that something of import, long since forgotten, had happened on that date, as the grief-stricken one in Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poem, leaning forward with his hand on his knees looking vacantly down into the weeds and grasses, remembered clearly afterward not what had driven him there, but only that the woodspurge made a "cup of three."

Apart from looking at the calendar, Mr. Ferguson was staying home ostensibly to write a popular financial article—which incidentally refused to write itself—to be delivered to the magazine on Monday. It was Saturday—a half-holiday by rights—and his wife, who had an appointment with her sister in town directly after lunch, warmly deplored the necessity of leaving the house when he was unaccustomedly in it.

"But you'll have a better chance to write when I'm out of the way!" she proclaimed. "Everything will be quiet this afternoon, and you'll have nothing to disturb you."

He had acquiesced, with a sneaking feeling of anticipatory relief in the possession of a perfectly clear field, the house all to himself, with none to ask him why or wherefore, with no sense of Bunny's pervading presence—neither the sound of her light footsteps nor her voice, as she went restlessly in and out of other rooms, nor her head poking in at the door to see how far he'd got, to disturb him even momentarily, nor—what went deeper!—that sense of the critical frame of her mind where he was concerned.

Yet what is there in an empty house with all hindrances to work removed that so often militates against it? Why is it that when one stands no chance of interruption, ideas halt and stumble against some unseen barrier? There is a vacuum where before was fulness, a ghostly sense of strangeness in which the spirit has to strive to regain its natural bearings—a chill pressure is laid upon the working muscle that numbs it. Far off in the kitchen Ridgely could hear the clatter of dishes, or the dull shaking down of the kitchen range—alien sounds that were usually veiled from his perception. The grandfather clock in the hall ticked loudly, as in an empty vault; the strike was out of order, because he never could take the time to fix it. He had an almost irresistible desire to put down his urgent work and take time to fix it now. He might even have insanely done so, if it hadn't occurred to him that he had forgotten to bring out the new weight for which Bunny had been asking him for the last two weeks.

Writing his financial article seemed on the face of it to be an easy task—his facts were ready to hand, cut from newspapers or noted down from other sources. The Express Companies, the Tariff, the Trusts, the High Cost of Living, were all represented—he had tabulated, figured, compared. The only difficulty lay in the proper handling of the subject; it had to catch the popular, untechnical reader; it all depended on getting the right keynote. He had already written and rejected seven opening paragraphs.

A yellow envelope on the mantelpiece to one side of the black-numbered calendar caught his roving eye: Nellie had brought it when the postman made his last round. He knew it as a bill from the plumber, which had no reason for being there or for the "Please Remit" that, he felt by instinct, adorned one corner of it; he had had its double in his pocket since last month, and had promised his wife faithfully to write out an immediate check for it from the balance which she knew to be in the vault. Somehow, when he got so far as putting a bill in his pocket he felt as if it were paid. He got up now, took the duplicate, tore it in small pieces with his long, nervous fingers and dropped them in the waste-basket. There was no need of Bunny's seeing it when she came in.

On the brink of grappling with the financial article his mind wandered idly, picking up foolish straws, such as "Seed-time and bill-time shall not fail;" he imagined the consternation in different households if all such missives were put in the hand of a special messenger with a whistle, to be called the Bill Whistler; what awful revelations would be made—he would send the check for this bill this very afternoon; he only hoped he wouldn't tell Bunny about his forgetfulness—he had an absurd habit of confession; he couldn't help telling her things even when he had firmly resolved not to.

He looked meditatively now at the faded, silver-framed photograph of her that had stood for eight years in the corner of his desk—a childish-faced Bunny, with a rose in her hair. She had a different expression now.

"There's some one at the telephone for you, sir."

Ridgely arose with a start and made his way to the landing. It was his wife's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Yes, dear!"

"Ridgely, is that you, dearest?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I want to tell you that we have just had the most delightful invitation for to-night. Sue and Joe are to take us with them to dinner at the Pallisers'—the Hawley Pallisers'—he's the artist, you know; the ones who have the gorgeous Italian studio, and are so charming. Do you understand me, dearest?"

"Yes, dear."

"I thought if you could take the six-o'clock train—that ought to give you time to finish your article first. Besides, if you haven't finished it, you'll need a rest and a change then, anyway. The Pallisers are going to Europe next week, and we'll never get such an invitation again. I'm just crazy about it! And, dearest——"

"Yes, dear."

"I want you to bring in a bag with my things. Nelly can get them together. You'd better get a pencil and paper and write them down. Have you got it there? Well, all right, dearest. Now *listen*.

"My evening gown."

"Your evening gown—which one?"

"Ridgely Ferguson, I've had the same evening gown for two years. The white silk one, the only one I possess. It's hanging up in my closet—Nelly knows. And my white silk stockings and white slippers. Tell Nelly to clean them with gasoline if they need it, and put them in the sun so they won't smell, and my long white gloves, the best pair; she'd better clean them too; they are in my second drawer; or they may be rolled up in my silver scarf—I want that, too—in the blue window-box in my room. And I want my white bandeau for my hair; it has pink rosebuds on it—Nelly knows where it is. Have you written all that down, dear?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell her to get the tan-leather suit-case from the tank room. Oh!—and I want my little pearl pendant, it's in the green case in my top drawer—the chain is in the jewel-box. Oh!—and my messaline underslip. Tell Nellie not to forget that when she gets the dress. I think that's all. Did I say the slippers, dearest?"

"Yes, dear."

"Perhaps you'd better read the list over, dearest."

"Yes, dear. White silk gown in closet. White silk stockings. White slippers to be cleaned. White gloves, ditto. Silver scarf in blue window-box. White bandeau with rosebuds for hair. Pearl pendant. Chain. White messaline slip."

"Yes, that *sounds* all right—and oh, dearest——"

"Yes, dear."

"Be *sure* and don't forget a *thing*. Oh, and you'd better bring my tube of cold cream and the little silver shoe-horn on the dressing-table. Sue never keeps anything where you can find it, since the baby came. And dearest—there's a couple of yards of white baby ribbon in my work-basket or somewhere, if Nelly can find it—you *won't* forget anything this time, will you, dearest?"

"No, dear."

"Dinner's at seven-thirty. You'll have to get dressed yourself, don't forget that. Come straight up to Sue's as quick as you can with my things. Tell Nelly not to light the lamps, and to turn down the gas in the hall. Good-by."

"Good-by, dear."

Ridgely hung up the receiver and went back to his room. As he sat down to his work once more he had a paralyzing sensation of being physically and mentally exhausted. He took up the pen; his brains felt as if they had been scattered in a dozen different directions, and could never come together again to a focusing point.

"Please, sir—" it was Nelly's voice again as before. "Some one's at the telephone for you, sir."

Ridgely laid down his pen with an exclamation and stepped down to the landing once more. It was his wife's voice, as he knew it would be.

"Is that you, dearest?"

"Yes, dear."

"I just want to say that I hope you don't mind coming this way. If it were any ordinary invitation, I would have refused; but one like this, so important—you sounded some way as if—Sue is paying for these calls, dearest."

"No, I don't mind—it's all right. But I'll have to get back to work now, if—"

"And you *won't* forget?"

"No. Good-by!"

As he started back to his desk it suddenly struck him with a spasm of fear that he almost *had* forgotten. Nelly must be called at once and started on her quest. She listened, with her head on one side, as he read over the list aloud impressively; her running comments showed a reassuring intelligence that took the whole burden from him.

He dropped the pieces in the waste-basket

"Ah, yes, 'tis in her lower drawer. The blue window-seat—ah, yes. Sure I'll find the gloves whichever place they are. Ah, yes, 'tis cleaned they have to be. If you'll give me the paper, sir—'twill be all right. I'll have them in the big dress-suit case when you're ready for them."

It was already three o'clock. The indefinite spaciousness of the afternoon in which any large work might be accomplished had contracted to a meager complement of two hours and a half—two hours and a quarter, for he must begin to dress and shave not later than five-fifteen.

He marshaled his slips and notes before him and strove with knitted brows to decide at just what point he should begin. The first sentence must catch the eye and pique the attention, while yet being the exact beginning from which the sequence would naturally flow. It gave an arresting shock to realize how nearly he had forgotten to speak to Nelly about Bunny's things! He might have exerted himself to throw a little more warmth into his tone when he said he didn't mind coming in—though it *was* taking time from his work.

It was just that lack of enthusiasm that Bunny had missed in his tone the first time and that she longed to call forth in him. That was the trouble—she weighed every tone, every gesture, she was always missing something in him and showing that she did.

A strong smell of gasoline assailed him—evidently Nelly, good girl, was following out instructions. The defective clock in the hall suddenly struck thirteen—an unnatural hour. By looking at his watch he found that thirty minutes had gone from his afternoon. He went in the other room and deliberately laid out his togs, even his necktie, so that if he ever got started on his theme he needn't stop until the last possible minute.

She listened as he read over the list

He shaved, put on his dressing-gown, came back to his desk—it was five minutes of four. The sense of the shortness of the time left seemed to give a click to the close-locked mechanism of his brain; he seized the pen masterfully and wrote without hesitation his illuminating opening sentence:

"The late Commodore Vanderbilt was once heard to say——"

The handling of the whole thing suddenly became plain before him; the newspaper clippings and financial tables and jottings fell into place like the blocks from a magic wand—his pen went like a race-horse. His face grew flushed as he wrote and wrote, faster and faster, with higher concentration each moment. A darkening shadow across his paper made him suddenly look up at last and glance at his watch. Immersed as he had been in his work the sixth sense of a commuter as to trains had not left him.

Twenty minutes to six. He scratched another sentence, flung down the pen impatiently and dashed for his clothes, blessing himself for having laid them out.

"Nelly! Nelly!" he shouted, as he tugged on his waistcoat, "is that bag ready?"

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"I'm just after closing it, sir," said the maid.

"You're sure everything is there?"

"Ah, yes, sir; everything."

"All right, give it to me, then."

He finished his hurried toilet subconsciously, his mind still immersed in pregnant sentences, caught up the bag, ran down-stairs with it and deposited it by the front door while he put on his overcoat and hat, ran back up-stairs swiftly to get his commutation and money—not very much of the latter—from the pocket of his every-day suit, and was off at last.

It was time. He swung complacently on to the just-departing train with that pioneering prehensile leg-movement which bespeaks long practise.

There were not many people in the car at that time of day. Ridgely sat abstractedly, gazing straight before him, with brows knit, his lips occasionally moving with the reflex action of the paragraphs pounded out by his still-working brain. That was a good article, if he knew one; it could be read with interest by people who knew nothing technically of the subject, as well as by those who did. It was by such handling of facts as this that men suit the popular taste, and to suit the popular taste meant money and perhaps fame. He might come to be an authority on certain subjects.

Ridgely turned suddenly and looked out of the window idly as the train made its only stop—it was an express from here on. He felt his half-arrested attention to have some hazy yet peculiar significance in it that seemed striving to reach his consciousness. Several people got on, but he certainly knew none of them—a gaunt, low-collared, long-throated, gum-chewing lad, a large woman with a little boy, and a pretty girl with a bag.

A bag! Ridgely leaned swiftly forward and groped beside him in the place where the tan-leather dress-suit case should have been. It was not there—it never had been there—he had left it inside of the front door of his own house when he had dashed out of it!

He sat, still gropingly leaning forward, struck to stone, as the full horror of his loss broke over him.

The next instant he had grasped a time-card from his pocket and was wildly burrowing down into the figures, trying to extract a return train at the moment of his arrival in the big station and another with which it might connect at home in time to get the bag after all.

It was not there!

As he knew before he looked, the outgoing train left five minutes before his rolled in, and the next would make eight-ten the earliest hour at which he could catch one back to town. It was as impossible now to get the bag to Bunny in time for that dinner as to bring to life a man he might have murdered; there was an appalling, sheer finality about the frustrative quality of such a grotesquely small amount of time and space—so few miles to go, so few minutes lacking for accomplishment, and the bag utterly beyond reach.

It was the worst thing, short of death or disgrace, that could have happened; one thought stared him in the face: *What would Bunny look like when she saw that he hadn't brought the bag?*

The thought was such a baleful one that he leaned back with his eyes closed, to see it more clearly with his inner mind. If he could have had a moment's hope that even after the first shock she might condone his oversight! But there could be no such prospect. There had been times—times, as he allowed, much too many!—when he had too delusively entertained such a hope. Bunny never condoned anything he did; her clear sight of the reasons for any remissness on his part, and her irritated impatience at his omissions, grew with their recurrence.

He had no excuse to offer for having forgotten the bag, whose safe transmission meant so much to her, beyond the usual one of having been thinking of something else.

"Oh, you are *always* thinking of something," she would reply in that tone that he knew so well. "I *can not* understand how you——"

That was the way it always began. She would flare out, control herself with an effort, listen to his halting excuses, bitterly smiling, drive home a truth or two stingingly, thresh the whole matter out—Heavens, at what length!—and finally, as one beaten to cover by circumstances too much for her, come to him, the angry helpless tears still in her eyes, to be consoled by his caresses as the only thing left for her.

He knew, with a twinge, what this going to the Pallisers' meant to Bunny. She was always deeply susceptible to the joy of the Surprise. This stepping unexpectedly out of the rut of daily life into another world, virtually, at the Pallisers' Italian studio, would have given her the keenest pleasure. Well—! This time she couldn't have the pleasure, that was all there was to it! And he had to meet her and tell her so; there was no help for that.

It wasn't only his larger faults that she minded, faults for which, when you came down to it, she had some reason to hold him to account. He had been conscious for this last year, especially, that her critical faculty where he was concerned had taken more and more possession of her. She was a woman who tried to live up to her own generous standard—she exacted much from herself in the household, his home was well kept, his comfort considered and planned for unvaryingly.

But she noticed everything he did; if he pulled down a window-shade, she rose the moment after and pulled it a fraction higher or lower; if he laid a book inconsequently on the table, she immediately took it up and put it in the right place; if he poured a glass of water for himself, she instantly wiped up the few drops that he had spilled on the table. His necktie was never the right one to wear with that suit, and the suit itself the one that should have been sent to be pressed.

He either shut the door so hard that it made her jump or he didn't shut it at all. He forgot continually when he should have remembered, and remembered when he should have known that the conditions were changed. Bunny was not ill-tempered in this attitude of hers—she might even laugh as she chided, though with an inner note of earnestness that took all mirth out of the laughter—but his most trivial action was subjected to an adverse scrutiny that saw the flaw before it saw anything else—or saw nothing else.

"Nelly! Is that bag ready?"

Love can not live in the chill atmosphere of continual criticism. Where the atmosphere is primarily of love, warm-enfolding, all-encouraging love, criticism may take its rightful, helpful place among a hundred other forces, but it is a blighting, killing thing where it has the main prominence.

Ridgely had what he felt sometimes to be a foolish, boyish habit of confessing small misdeeds to his wife when she needn't have known them otherwise—when he forgot to post her letters, or made a mistake in an order to be delivered, or got something wrong that for a wonder she had taken for granted he had got right. He would resolve on the way home not to tell Bunny a word about it this time, yet after all he would find himself owning up lightly in a moment of weakness, and getting the storm over with at once; it seemed somehow petty, and not worthy of him, to keep such things from his wife even though he pandered to her critical spirit in so doing.

But perhaps the real reason lay back of this; perhaps the real reason, so dimly felt as to be unacknowledged, lay in the fact that if he recognized the necessity of silence toward her it would also be a recognition of that quality in her which he was growing to dislike—to dislike a quality in a person means usually, after a while, to dislike the person.

A sensation of intense bitterness surged suddenly over Ridgely, an overpowering revolt at the conditions of his life. Women take tally of their feelings continually, changing the grades and coloring in the handling. It is well that so many of the reluctant perceptions of the normal man, unwarped by vice or genius, are unacknowledged to himself; for once to acknowledge a condition or a feeling makes it instantly concrete.

"I'm going to go without shines entirely if I feel like it—you hear?"

As Ridgely sat leaning forward, his head in his hands, his eyes gleaming with an exhausting fire, a long procession of days stretched out before him in which, instead of the warming and steady glow of the hearth-fire, he should have the crackling of thorns; instead of bread, a stone. Heaven knew, he worked hard enough for Bunny to get her what she wanted!

There was this valise business. He had known all the time that he should never have been asked to stop his work and bring it in. He tried to keep a hold on himself through the intense passion that seemed about to rise and wreck him. He was sorry that she should be disappointed; of course he realized that this chance to visit the Pallisers was an unusual one that probably wouldn't occur again—they were unusual people, much sought after.

Yes—but suppose Bunny *was* disappointed, what did it all amount to anyway that such monstrous prominence should be given it as he foresaw would be the case? Her face, when her eyes first fell on him without that bag, showed itself inexorably before him. He felt in advance the impatient, dumb writhings of spirit to which that exhausting disappointment, with all its raking up of past misdeeds, would condemn him, until he was finally and tearfully forgiven, when he no longer cared whether he were forgiven or not, except that the air would fortunately be breathable once more.

This, then, was what his married life had come to be, a shift, an evasion, an eternal struggle to keep up with trivial demands that meant nothing, that never should have been made! The daily irritation, the continued picking at him, the continued lack of sympathy, why should he put up with them longer?

An utterly wild and insane idea took momentary possession of him. Suppose he cut the scene with Bunny altogether; suppose he stepped out of this train into one that would carry him far, far out West? Yellowstone Park spread out before him, all crimson and purple rocks and golden-hazed mountains.

Suppose he took another train and stepped into a new life where a man could be a man, where there were big things instead of these little ones that made this slowly tightening, fettering web about his feet? He had always loved travel; in his boyhood he had imagined himself going through many lands. He mechanically thrust his hand into his pocket; the action brought him back sanely to reality. Besides his commutation ticket, he had but a dollar and fifty cents. What *had* come over him, anyway?

He rose, as he saw others doing; the train was nearing the terminus. There was still that tube journey for him afterward! He remembered suddenly, as if it were in the trembling film of a moving-picture, an intoxicated man sitting with a friend on the opposite side of a midnight trolley once in the past; the friend was loudly proffering encouragement as to the fitness of the tipsy one's condition, in view of his home-coming. The latter, while confidently agreeing, stopped every few minutes to lament fearfully: "Yes, but what'll me *wife* say when she sees me?"

The gray stone of the platform, the darkened lines of cars on the tracks, the high iron railing separating them from the gray stone space outside the waiting-rooms with their swinging doors, the broad flight of gray stone steps leading upward at the side, showed desolately through the electric lights as the small straggling procession emerged from the train—passengers belonging to no regular hour of travel and with no cheerful suggestion of the business world about them.

Hunched ahead of Ridgely in the dreary emptiness of the station were two smaller, slouch-hatted men carrying bundles. A short, shawled, pyramidal Italian woman followed with several children. He hurried past them straggling, and went down the steps to the tunnel automatically, a desultory figure going his way as in a dream. He was steeped in a monstrous moodiness in which this sickening, chafing episode seemed as if it would never come to an end and be over instead of always in prospect.

He sat down in the tunnel car with a lurch and something hit lightly against his hand; as he looked down he saw that a tiny locket which he wore on his watch had come open. Within was the tiniest curl, the faintest flaxen wisp, cut from the head of the baby boy whose brief little life had ended seven years before.

Something blurred Ridgely's vision. With a mighty rush came a torrent of tenderness for Bunny—his Bunny—little bride, little wife, little mother. Ah, little mother! Could he ever forget her face when the baby first lay in her arms after that terrible fight for life—could he ever forget her face when the boy went from them, lying in his arms at the very last, so little and so unspeakably dear? The greatness of that bond of joy and grief—oh, what, what could ever lessen it? How infinitely small seemed these selfishnesses and meannesses of hers—yes, and his! when one so much as touched the healing garment of Love. Poor little Bunny, whoever else meted out stern justice to her, not he—never he!

He sat up straight now, still looking piercingly ahead of him athwart the white-enameled posts of the car into the rock-bound darkness outside. There was a new sadness in his eyes, a firmer compression of his lips.

That rush of love and pity still held its place, but he knew also inexorably that it would fade, as before; no such moment of sentiment could keep its living force in the demands of the present. One couldn't live only on the love of the past with a living, changing person; one drew one's breath every morning anew to the day and the love and the problems of it. He ought to try to help Bunny, of course; he ought to try to

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THE WAY OF AMBITION

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Ambition—the desire to be an influence beyond the smart social circle into which she was born—dominates the life of Charmian Mansfield. It leads her into a marriage with Claude Heath, a gifted but retiring young composer whom she feels she can inspire to great things. Spurred on by the example of Madame Sennier, who has molded her husband's career into one of international fame, she gets Claude to write an opera, though he knows his talents are not at all fitted to that kind of expression; and she gets it accepted by Jacob Crayford, an American impresario who has opened an opera-house in New York in opposition to the Metropolitan and is looking for something big with which to rival the Metropolitan's production of Sennier's new opera. But the Heaths' married life is a barren thing. Each misses something essential, with only a vague realization that it is love they long for. Each thinks the other is interested only in success. Charmian, however, feels intuitively that Mrs. Shiffney, a cultivated Englishwoman who has become a leader in musical circles, is interested in Claude; but she does not know that Claude has fled from Mrs. Shiffney's subtle advances, and so made an enemy of her.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THAT night, when Claude arrived at the St. Regis, Charmian was still out. She did not return till just after midnight. When she came into the sitting-room she found Claude in an armchair near the window, which was slightly open. He had no book or paper, and seemed to be listening to something.

"Claudie! Why, what are you doing?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said.

"But the window! Aren't you catching cold?"

He shook his head.

"I believe you were listening to New York," she continued, taking off her cloak.

"I was."

She put her cloak down on the sofa.

"Listening for the verdict?" she said. "Trying to divine what it will be?"

"Something like that, perhaps."

"There's still a good deal of the child in you, Claude," she said, seriously, but fondly, too.

"Is there? Too much, perhaps," he answered in a low voice.

"What's the matter? Are you feeling depressed?"

She sat down close to him. "Are you doubtful, anxious, to-night?"

"Well, this is rather an anxious time. The strain is strong."

"But you are strong, too."

"I!" he exclaimed. And there was in his voice a sound of great bitterness.

"Yes, I think you are. I know you are."

"You have very little reason for knowing such a thing," he answered, still with bitterness.

"You mean—?" she was looking at him almost furtively. "Whatever you mean," she concluded, "I can't help it. I think you are. Or perhaps I really mean that I think you would be."

"Would be! When?"

"Oh—I don't know. In a great moment, a terrible moment, perhaps." She dropped her eyes, and began slowly to pull off her gloves.

"Talking of the verdict," she said, presently, glancing toward the still open window, "is the date of the first full rehearsal fixed?"

"Yes. We decided on it this evening at the theater."

"When is it to be?"

"Next Friday night. There's no performance that night. We begin at six. I dare say we shall get through about six the next morning."

"Friday! Have you—I mean are you going to ask Mrs. Shiffney?"

During their long and intimate talk at dinner that evening Claude had invited Mrs. Shiffney to be present at the rehearsal, and she had accepted. Now it suddenly occurred to him that she was his enemy. Would she still come after what had occurred just before he left her?

"I have asked her," he almost blurted out.

"Already! When?"

"I went round to the Ritz-Carlton to-night."

"Was she in?"

"Yes. But she was—but she went out afterward, to Mrs. Inness'."

"Oh! And did she accept?"

"Yes."

Charmian's eyes were fixed upon Claude. He saw by their expression that she suspected something, or that she had divined a secret between him and Mrs. Shiffney. She looked suddenly alert, and her lips seemed to harden, giving her face a strained and not pleasant expression.

"How is she coming?" she asked.

"How?"

"Yes. Are you going to fetch her? Or am I to?"

"That wasn't decided. Nothing was said about that."

"She can't just walk in alone, without a card to admit her, or anything. You know what an autocrat Mr. Crayford is."

"But he knows Mrs. Shiffney. We met him first at her house in London, don't you remember?"

"You don't suppose he's going to let every one he knows into a rehearsal, do you?"

His face was stern, grim.

"Now I'll shut the window," he added. "Or you'll catch cold in that low dress."

He was moving to the window when she caught at his hand and detained him.

"Would you care if I did? Would you care if I were ill?"

"Of course I should."

"Would you care if I——?"

She did not finish the sentence, but still held his hand closely in hers. In her hand-grasp Claude felt jealousy, warm, fiery, a thing almost strangely vital.

"Does she—is she getting to love *me?*"

The question flashed through his mind. At that moment he was very glad that he had never betrayed Charmian, very glad of the Puritan in him which perhaps many women would jeer at, did they know of its existence.

"Charmian," he said. "Let me shut the window."

"Yes, yes, of course."

She let his hand go.

"It is better not to listen to the voices," she added. "They make one feel too much."

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

NOTHING more was said by Charmian or Claude about Mrs. Shiffney and the rehearsal. Mrs. Shiffney made no sign. The rehearsals of Jacques Sennier's new opera were being pressed forward almost furiously, and no doubt she had little free time. Nevertheless, when the darkness gathered over New York on Friday evening, Claude found himself wishing strongly, even almost painfully, for her verdict.

Charmian was greatly excited. Claude still kept up his successful pretense of bold self-confidence. He had to strain every nerve to conceal his natural sensitiveness. But although he was racked by anxiety, and something else, he did not show it. Charmian was astonished by his apparent serenity now that the hour full of fate was approaching.

"There's an atmosphere of success round you," she said.

"Why not? We are going to reap the fruit of our labors," he replied.

"But even Alston is terribly nervous to-day."

"Is he? My hand is as steady as a rock."

He held it out, by a fierce effort kept it perfectly still for a moment, then let it drop against his side.

The bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral chimed five o'clock.

"Only an hour, and we begin!" said Charmian. "Oh, Claude! This is almost worse than the performance."

There was a "b-r-r-r!" in the lobby. Charmian started violently.

"What can that be?"

Claude went to the door and returned with Armand Gillier.

But the expression in his face belied his words.

"Claude is cooler than he is!" Charmian thought.

She went to put on her hat and her sealskin coat. She longed, yet dreaded, to start.

When they arrived at the stage door of the Opera House, the dark young man came from his office on the right with his hands full of letters, and, smiling, distributed them to Charmian, Claude and Gillier.

"It will be a go!" he said, in a clear voice. "Every one says so. Mr. Crayford is up in his office. He wants to see Mr. Heath. There's the elevator!"

At this moment the lift appeared, sinking from the upper regions under the guidance of a smiling colored man.

"I'll come up with you, Claudie. Are you going on the stage, Monsieur Gillier?"

"No, madame, not yet. I must speak to Mademoiselle Marden about the Ouled Naïl scene."

Charmian and Claude stepped into the lift, holding their letters. As they shot up they both glanced hastily at the addresses.

"Nothing from Adelaide Shiffney!" said Charmian. "Have you got anything?"

"No."

"Then she can't be coming."

"It seems not."

"I—then we sha'n't have the verdict in advance."

The lift stopped, and they got out.

"If we had, it would probably have been a wrong one," said Claude. "The only real verdict is the one the great public gives."

At six o'clock the rehearsal had not begun. At six-thirty it had not begun. The orchestra was there, sunk out of sight and filling the dimness with the sounds of tuning. But the great curtain was down. And from behind it came shouting voices, noises of steps, loud and persistent hammerings.

Seven o'clock struck from the clocks of New York. Just as the chimes died away Mrs. Shiffney drew up at the stage door in a smart white motor-car. She was accompanied by a very tall and big man, with a robust air of self-confidence, and a face that was clean-shaven and definitely American.

"Hullo!" said Crayford, a moment later to Claude. "Here's Mrs. Shiffney wants to be let in to the rehearsal! And who with, d'you think?"

"Whom?" asked Claude, quickly. "Not Madame Sennier!"

"Jonson Ramer!"

"The financier?"

"Our biggest! My boy, you're booming! Old Jonson Ramer asking to come in to our rehearsal! We'll have that all over the United States to-morrow morning."

Claude turned away. He wished to find Charmian, to tell her. But he did not know where she was.

Charmian meanwhile had gone into the theater with a dressmaker, who had come to see the effect of Enid Mardon's costumes which she had "created." Charmian and the dressmaker, a massive and handsome woman, were sitting together in the stalls, discussing Enid Mardon's caprices.

"She tore the dress to pieces," said the dressmaker. "She made rags of it, and then pinned it together all wrong, and said to me—to *me!*—that now it began to look like an Ouled Naïl girl's costume. I told her if she liked to face Noo York——"

"H'sh-sh!" whispered Charmian. "There's the prelude beginning at last. She's not going to——?"

"No. Of course she had to come back to my original idea!"

And the dressmaker pressed a large handkerchief against her handsome nose, savored the last new perfume, and leaned back in her seat magisterially with a faint smile.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Shiffney came into a box at the back of the stalls, followed by Jonson Ramer. Without taking off her sable coat she sat down in a corner and looked quickly over the obscure space before her. Immediately she saw Charmian and the dressmaker, who sat within a few yards of her. Claude was not visible. Mrs. Shiffney sat back a little farther in the box and whispered to Mr. Ramer.

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FROM THE PAINTING BY PENRHYN STANLAWS. THIS IS THE THIRD OF OUR HISTORICAL SERIES, "FIFTY YEARS OF DELINEATOR GIRLS," DEPICTING THE CHANGING FASHIONS DURING THE HALF CENTURY SINCE EBENEZER BUTTERICK CUT HIS FIRST PAPER PATTERNS IN 1863.

"THE BUSTLE"—1883

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arm with one of his powerful hands. "You must tell me to-night whether he is going to be worth while."

"Won't you know?"

"I might when I got him before a New York audience. But you are more likely to know to-night."

"I have got rather a *flair*, I believe. Now—I'll taste the new work."

She did not speak again, but gave herself up to attention; though her mind was often with the woman in the sealskin coat who sat so near to her. Had Claude said anything to that woman? There was very little to say. But—had he said it? She wondered on what terms Charmian and Claude were, whether the Puritan had ever found any passion for the Charmian-creature. Claude's music broke in upon her questionings.

Mrs. Shiffney had a retentive as well as a swift mind, and she remembered every detail of Gillier's powerful, almost brutal libretto. In the reading it had transported her into a wild life, in a land where there is still romance, still strangeness, a land upon which civilization has not yet fastened its padded claw. And she had imagined the impression which this glimpse of an ardent and bold life might produce upon highly civilized people, like herself, if it were helped by powerful music.

Now she listened, waited, remembering her visits to Mullion House, the night in the café by the city wall when Said Hitani and his Arabs played, the hour of sunset in the wood above the great ravine, other hours in New York. There was something in Heath that she had wanted, that she wanted still, though part of her sneered at him, laughed at him, had a worldly contempt for him, though another part of her almost hated him. She desired a fiasco for him. Nevertheless, the art-feeling within her, and the greedy emotional side of her, demanded the success of his effort just now because she was listening, because she hated to be bored, because the libretto was fine. The artistic side of her nature was in strong conflict with the capricious and sensual side that evening. But she looked—for Jonson Ramer—coolly self-possessed and discriminating as she sat very still in the shadow.

"That's a fine voice!" murmured Ramer presently.

Alston Lake was singing.

"Yes. I've heard him in London. But he seems to have come on wonderfully."

"It's an operatic voice."

Silence fell between them again.

THE dressmaker had got up from her seat and slipped away into the darkness, after examining Enid Mardon's costume for two or three minutes through a small but powerful opera-glass. Charmian was now quite alone.

While the massive woman was with her, she had been unconscious of any agitating or disturbing influence in her neighborhood. Very soon after she had gone Charmian began to feel curiously uneasy, despite her intense interest in the music and in all that was happening on the stage. She glanced along the stalls. No one was sitting in a line with her. In front of her she saw only the few people who had already taken their places when the curtain went up. She gave her attention again to the stage, but only with a strong effort. And very soon she was again compelled by this strange uneasiness to look about the theater. Now she felt certain that somebody whom she had not yet seen, but who was near to her, was disturbing her. And she thought, "Claude must have come in." On this thought she turned round rather sharply, and looked behind her at the boxes. She did not actually see any one. But it seemed to her that, as she turned and looked, something moved back in a box very near to her, on her left. And immediately she felt certain that that box was occupied.

"Adelaide Shiffney's there!"

Suddenly that certainty took possession of her. And Claude? Where was he?

Hitherto she had supposed that Claude was behind the scenes, or perhaps in the orchestra sitting near the conductor, Meroni; but now jealousy sprang up in her. If Claude were with Adelaide Shiffney in that box while she sat alone! If Claude had really known all the time that Adelaide Shiffney was coming and had not told her, Charmian! Unreason, which is the offspring of jealousy, filled her mind. She burned with anger.

"I know he is in that box with her!" she thought. "And he did not tell me she was coming because he wanted to be with her at the rehearsal and not with me."

And suddenly her intense, her painful interest in the opera faded away out of her. She was concentrated upon the purely human things. Her imagination of a possibility, which her jealousy already proclaimed a certainty, blotted out even the opera. Woman, man—the intentness of the heart came upon her, like a wave creeping all over her, blotting out landmarks.

The curtain fell on the first act. It had gone well, unexpectedly well.

"Surely Claude will come now," Charmian said to herself. "In decency he must come."

But no one came, and anger, the sense of desertion, grew in her till she was unable to sit still any longer. She got up, turned, and again looked toward the box in which she had fancied that she saw something move. Now she saw a woman's arm and hand, a bit of a woman's shoulder. Somebody, a woman wearing sables, was in the box, turning round, evidently in conversation with another person who was hidden.

Adelaide Shiffney owned wonderful sables.

Without further hesitation Charmian, driven, made her way to the exit from the stalls on her right, went out and found herself in the blackness of the huge corridor running behind the ground-tier boxes. Before leaving the stalls she had tried to locate the box, and thought that she had located it. She meant to go into it without knocking, as one who supposed it to be empty. Now, with a feverish hand she felt for a door handle. She found one, turned it and went into an empty box. Standing still in it she listened and heard a woman's voice that she knew say:

"I dare say. But I don't mean to say anything yet. I have my reputation to take care of you must remember."

The words ended in a little laugh.

"It is Adelaide. She's in the next box!" said Charmian to herself.

For a moment a horrible idea suggested itself to her. She thought of sitting down very softly and of eavesdropping. But the better part of her at once rebelled against this idea, and, without hesitation, she slipped out of the box. She stood still in the corridor for three or four minutes. The fact that she had seriously thought of eavesdropping almost frightened her, and she was trying to come to the resolve to abandon her project of interrupting Mrs. Shiffney's conversation with the hidden person who, she felt sure, must be Claude. Presently she walked away a few steps, going toward the entrance. Then she stopped again.

"I have my reputation to take care of, you must remember."

Adelaide Shiffney's words kept passing through her mind. What had Claude said to evoke such words? In the darkness Charmian, with a strong and excited imagination, conceived Claude faithless to her. She did more. She conceived of triumph and faithlessness coming together into her life, of Claude as a famous man and another woman's lover. "Would you rather he remained obscure and entirely yours?" a voice seemed to say within her. She did not debate this question, but again turned, made her way to Mrs. Shiffney's box, which she located rightly this time, pushed the door and abruptly went into it.

"Hullo!" said a powerful and rather surprised voice.

In the semi-obscurity, Charmian saw a very big man, whom she had never seen before, getting up from a chair.

"I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, startled. "I didn't know——"

"Charmian! Is it you?"

Mrs. Shiffney's voice came from beyond the big man.

"Adelaide! You've come to our rehearsal!"

"Yes. Let me introduce Mr. Jonson Ramer to you. This is Mrs. Heath, Jonson, the genius's good angel. Sit down with us for a minute, Charmian."

Adelaide Shiffney's deep voice was almost suspiciously cordial. But Charmian's sense of relief was so great that she accepted the invitation, and sat down, feeling strangely happy.

But almost instantly with the laying to rest of one anxiety came the birth of another.

"Well, what do you think of the opera?" she asked, trying to speak carelessly.

Jonson Ramer leaned toward her. He thought she looked pretty, and he liked pretty women even more than most men do.

"Very original!" he said. "Opens powerfully. But I don't think we can judge of it yet. It's going remarkably well."

"Wonderfully!" said Mrs. Shiffney.

Charmian turned quickly toward her. It was Adelaide's verdict that she wanted, not Jonson Ramer's.

"Enid Mardon's perfect," continued Mrs. Shiffney. "She will make a sensation. And the *mise-en-scène* is really exquisite, not overloaded. Crayford has evidently learned something from Berlin."

"How malicious Adelaide is!" thought Charmian. "She won't speak of the music simply because she knows I only care about that."

She talked for a little while, sufficiently mistress of herself to charm Jonson Ramer. Then she got up.

"I must run away. I have so many people to see and encourage."

Her gay voice indicated that she needed no encouragement, that she was quite sure of success.

"We shall see you at the end?" said Mrs. Shiffney.

"But will you stay? It may be six o'clock in the morning," said Charmian.

"That is a little late. But——"

At this moment Charmian saw Claude coming into the stalls by the left entrance near the stage.

"Oh, there's Claude!" she exclaimed, interrupting Mrs. Shiffney, and evidently not knowing that she did so. "*Au revoir!* Thank you so much!"

She was gone.

"Thank me so much!" said Mrs. Shiffney to Jonson Ramer. "What for? Do you know, Jonson?"

"Seems to me that little woman's unfashionable—mad about her own husband!" said Jonson Ramer.

THE curtain went up on the second act.

Claude had sat down in the stalls. In a moment Charmian slipped into a seat at his side and touched his hand.

"Claudie, where have you been?"

Her long fingers closed on his hand.

"Charmian!"

He looked excited and startled. He stared at her.

"What's the matter?"

His face changed.

"Nothing. It's all going well so far."

"Perfectly. Adelaide Shiffney's here."

"I know."

Charmian's fingers unclasped.

"You've seen her?"

"No, but I heard she was here with Jonson Ramer."

"Yes. I've——"

They fell into silence, concentrated upon the stage. In a few minutes they were joined by Gillier, who sat down just behind them. With his coming their attention was intensified. They listened jealously, attended as it were with every fiber of their bodies, as well as with their minds, to everything that was happening in this man-created world.

Something went wrong on the stage, and the opera was stopped. The orchestra died away in a sort of wailing confusion, which ceased on the watery sound of a horn. Enid Mardon began speaking with concentrated determination. Crayford and Mr. Mulworth came upon the stage.

"Where's Mr. Heath? Where's Mr. Heath?" shouted Crayford.

Claude, who was already standing up, hurried away toward the entrance and disappeared. Charmian sat biting her lips and tingling all over in an acute exasperation of the nerves. Behind her Armand Gillier sat in silence. Claude joined the people on the stage, and there was a long colloquy in which eventually Meroni, the conductor, took part. Charmian presently heard Gillier moving restlessly behind her. Then she heard a snap of metal and knew that he had just looked at his watch. What was Adelaide doing? What was she thinking? What did she think of this breakdown? Everything had been going so well. But now no doubt things would go badly.

"Will they ever start again?" Charmian asked herself. "What can they be talking about? What can Miss Mardon mean by those frantic gesticulations, now by turning her back on Mr. Crayford and Claude? If only——"

Meroni left the stage. In a moment the orchestra sounded once more. Charmian turned round instinctively for sympathy to Armand Gillier, and caught an unpleasant look in his large eyes. Instantly she was on the defensive.

"It's going marvelously for a first full rehearsal," she said to him. "Claude expected we should be here for nine or ten hours at the very least."

"Possibly, madame!" he replied.

Claude slipped into the seat at her side, and suddenly she felt comforted, protected. But these alternations of hope and fear tried her nerves. She began to be conscious of that, to feel the intensity of the strain she was undergoing. Was not the strain upon Claude's nerves much greater? She stole a glance at his dark face, but could not tell.

THE second act came to an end without another breakdown, but Charmian felt more doubtful about the opera than she had felt after the first act. The deadness of rehearsal began to creep upon her, almost like moss creeping over a building. Claude hurried away again. And Mrs. Haynes, the dressmaker, took his place and began telling Charmian a long story about Enid Mardon's impossible proceedings. It seemed that she had picked or torn to pieces another dress. Charmian listened, tried to listen, failed really to listen.

"What a long wait!" she exclaimed, ruthlessly interrupting her companion. "I really must go behind and see what is happening."

"But they must have a quarter of an hour to change the set," said the dressmaker. "And it's only five minutes since——"

"Yes, I know. I'll look for you here when the curtain goes up."

As she made her way toward the exit she turned and looked toward the boxes. She did not see the distant figures of Mrs. Shiffney and the financier. And she stopped abruptly. Could they have gone away already? She looked at her watch. It was only ten o'clock. Her heart sank, but her cheeks burned with an angry flush. At that moment she felt almost like a mother who hears people call her child ugly. She stood for a moment, thinking. The verdict in advance! If Mrs. Shiffney had gone away it was surely given already. Charmian resolved that she would say nothing to Claude. To do so might discourage him. Her cheeks were still burning when she pushed the heavy door which protected the mysterious region from the banality she had left.

But there she was again carried from mood to mood.

She found every one enthusiastic. Crayford's little beard bristled with an aggressive optimism.

"Where's Claude?" said Charmian, not seeing him and thinking of Mrs. Shiffney.

"Making some cuts," said Crayford. "The stage shows things up. There are bits in that act that have got to come out. But it's a bully act, and will go down as easily as a— Hullo, Jimber! Sure you've got your motors right for the locust scene?"

He escaped.

"Mr. Mulworth!" cried Charmian, seeing the producer rushing toward the wings, with the perspiration pouring over his now haggard features. "*Mister* Mulworth! How long will Claude take making the cuts, do you think?"

"He'll have to stick at them all through the next act. If they're not made the act's a fizzle! Jeremy, see here! We've got to have a pin-light on Miss Mardon when she comes down that staircase!"

He escaped.

"Signor Meroni, I hear you have to make some cuts. D' you think——?"

"*Signora—ma sì! Ma sì!*"

He escaped.

"Take care, marm, if you please! Look out for that sand bank!"

Charmian withdrew from the frantic turmoil of work and fled to visit the singers, and drink in more comfort. The only person who dashed her hopes was Miss Enid Mardon, who was a great artist but by nature a pessimist, ultra-critical, full of satire and alarmingly outspoken.

"I tell you honestly," she said, looking at Charmian with black and fatalistic eyes, "I don't believe in it. But I'll do my best."

"But I thought you were delighted with the first act. Surely Monsieur Gillier told me——"

"Oh, I only spoke to him about the libretto. That's a masterpiece. Did you ever see such a dress as that elephant Haynes expects me to wear for the third act?"

"Really Miss Mardon's impossible!" Charmian was saying a moment later to Alston Lake.

"Why, Mrs. Charmian?"

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"Oh, I don't know! She always looks on the dark side."

"With eyes like hers, what else can she do? Isn't it going stunningly?"

"Alston, I must tell you—you're an absolute darling!"

She nearly kissed him. A bell sounded.

"Third act!" exclaimed Alston in his resounding baritone.

Charmian escaped, feeling much more hopeful, indeed almost elated. Alston was right. With eyes like hers, how could Enid Mardon anticipate good things?

Nevertheless Charmian remembered that she had called the libretto a masterpiece.

Oh! the agony of these swiftly changing moods! She felt as if she were being tossed from one to another by some cruel giant. She tried to look forward. She said to herself, "Very soon we shall know! All this will be at an end."

But when the third act was finished she felt as if never could there be an end to her acute nervous anxiety. For the third act did not go well. The locusts were all wrong. The lighting did not do. Most of the "effects" missed fire. There were stoppages, there were arguments, there was a row between Miss Mardon and Signor Meroni. Passages were retried, chaos seemed to descend upon the stage, engulfing the opera and all who had anything to do with it. Charmian grew cold with despair.

"Thank God, Adelaide did go away," she said to herself at half-past one in the morning.

She turned her head and saw Mrs. Shiffney and Jonson Ramer sitting in the stalls not far from her. Mrs. Shiffney made a friendly gesture, lifting up her right hand. Charmian returned it, and set her teeth.

"What does it matter? I don't care!"

The act ended as it had begun, in chaos. In the finale something went all wrong in the orchestra, and the whole thing had to be stopped. Miss Mardon was furious. There was an altercation.

"This," said Charmian to herself, "is my idea of Hell."

She felt that she was being punished for every sin, however tiny, that she had ever committed. She longed to creep away and hide. She thought of all she had done to bring about the opera, of the flight from England, of the life at Djenan-el-Maqui, of the grand hopes that had lived in the little white house above the sea.

"Start it again, I tell you!" roared Crayford. "What do you think, anyway? We can't stand here all night to hear you talking!"

"Yes," a voice within Charmian said, "this is Hell!"

She bent her head. She felt like one sinking down.

When the act was over she went out at once. She was afraid of Mrs. Shiffney.

The smiling colored man took her up in the elevator to a room where she found Claude in his shirt-sleeves, with a cup of black coffee beside him, working at the score. He looked up.

"Charmian! I've just finished all I can do to-night. What's the time?"

"Nearly two."

"Did the third act go well?"

She looked at his white face and burning eyes.

"Yes," she said.

"Sit down. You look tired."

He went on working.

Just as two o'clock struck he finished, and got up from the table over which he had been leaning for hours.

"Come along! Let's go down. Oh!"

He stopped, and drank the black coffee.

"By the way," he said, "won't you have some?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly.

He rang and ordered some for her. While they were waiting for it she said:

"What an experience this is!"

"Yes."

"How quietly you take it!"

"We're in for it. It would be no use to lose one's head."

"No, of course! But—oh, what a fight it is. I can scarcely believe that in a few days it must be over, that we shall *know!*"

"Here's the coffee. Drink it up."

She drank it. They went down in the lift. As they parted—for Claude had to go to Meroni—Charmian said:

"Adelaide Shiffney's still here."

"If she stays to the end we must find out what she thinks."

"Or—shall we leave it? After all——"

"No, no! I wish to hear her opinion."

There was a hard dry sound in his voice.

"Very well."

Claude disappeared.

The black coffee which Charmian had drunk excited her. But it helped her. As she went back into the theater for the fourth and last act she felt suddenly stronger, more hopeful. She was able to say to herself: "This is only a rehearsal. Rehearsals always go badly. If they don't, actors and singers think it a bad sign. Of course the opera can not sound really well when they keep stopping." Another thing helped her now. She was joined by Alston Lake, who was not on in the last act. He took her to a box and they ensconced themselves in it together.

She shut her eyes for a minute and found herself praying. The coffee had revived her. She felt renewed. All fatigue had left her. She was alert, intent, excited, far more self-possessed than she had been at any other period of the night. And she felt strongly responsive. The power of Gillier's libretto culminated in the last act, which was short, fierce, concentrated, and highly dramatic. In it Enid Mardon had a big acting chance. She and Gillier had become great allies, on account of her admiration of his libretto. Gillier, who had been with her many times during the night, now slipped into the front row of the stalls to watch his divinity.

It went splendidly, without a hitch. After the misery of the third act this successful conclusion was the more surprising. It swept away all Charmian's doubts. She frankly exulted. It even seemed to her that never at any time had she felt any doubts about the fate of the opera. From the first its triumph had been a foregone conclusion. From the abysses she floated up to the peaks and far above them.

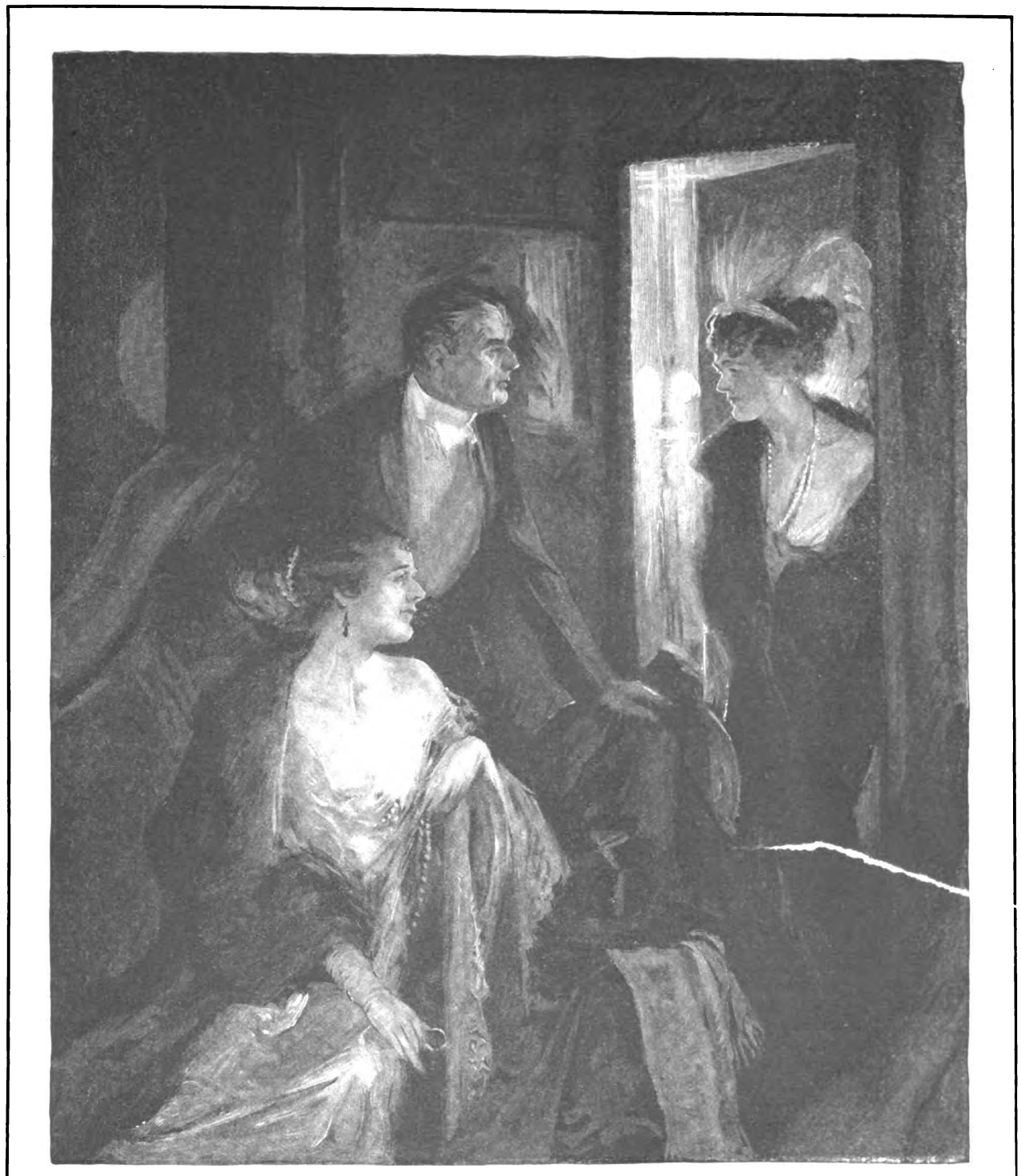
"Oh, Alston, it's too wonderful!" she exclaimed. "If only there were some one to applaud!"

"There'll be a crowd in a few days."

"How glorious! How I long to see them, the dear thousands shouting for Claude! I must go to Adelaide Shiffney. I must catch her before she goes. There can't be two opinions. An act like that is irresistible. Oh!"

She almost rushed out of the box.

In the stalls she came upon Mrs. Shiffney and Jonson Ramer who were standing up ready to go. A noise of departure came up from the hidden orchestra. Voices were shouting behind the scenes. In a moment the atmosphere of the vast theater seemed to have entirely changed. It was as if night and the deadness of slumber were falling softly, yet heavily, about it. The musicians were putting their instruments into cases and bags. A black cat stole furtively unseen along a row of stalls, heading away from Charmian.



"I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, startled. "I didn't know——"

"So you actually stayed to the end!" Charmian said.

Her eyes were fastened on Mrs. Shiffney.

"Oh yes. We couldn't tear ourselves away, could we, Mr. Ramer?"

"No, indeed!"

"The last act is the best of all," Mrs. Shiffney said.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Charmian.

There was a slight pause. Then Ramer said:

"I must really congratulate you, Mrs. Heath. I don't know your husband, unfortunately, but——"

"Here he is!" said Charmian.

At this moment Claude came toward them, holding himself, she thought, unusually upright, almost like a man who has been put through too much drill. With a determined manner, and smiling, he came up to them.

"I feel almost ashamed to have kept you here to this hour," he said to Mrs. Shiffney. "But really for a rehearsal it didn't go so badly, did it?"

"Wonderfully well, we thought. Mr. Ramer wants to congratulate you."

She introduced the two men to each other.

"Yes, indeed!" said Ramer. "It's a most interesting work—most interesting." He laid a heavy emphasis on the repeated words, and glanced sideways at Mrs. Shiffney, whose lips were fixed in a smile. "And how admirably put on!"

He ran on for several minutes with great self-possession.

"Miss Mardon is quite wonderful!" said Mrs. Shiffney, when he stopped.

And she talked rapidly for some minutes, touching on various points in the opera with a great deal of deftness.

"As to Alston Lake, he quite astonished us!" she said, presently. "He is going to be a huge success."

She discussed the singers, showing her usual half-slipshod discrimination, dropping here and there criticisms full of acuteness.

"Altogether," she concluded, "it has been a most interesting and unusual evening. Ah, there is Monsieur Gillier."

Gillier came up and received congratulations. His expression was very strange. It seemed to combine something that was morose with a sort of exultation. Once he shot a half-savage glance at Claude. He raved about Enid Mardon.

"We are going round to see her!" Mrs. Shiffney said. "Come, Mr. Ramer!"

Quickly she wished Charmian and Claude good-night.

"All my congratulations!" she said. "And a thousand wishes for a triumph on the first night. By the way, will it really be on the twenty-eighth, do you think?"

"I believe so," said Claude.

"Can it be ready?"

"We mean to try."

"Ah! you are workers! And Mr. Crayford's a wonder. Good night, dear Charmian! What a night for you!"

She buttoned her sable coat at the neck and went away with Ramer and Armand Gillier.

As she turned to the right in the corridor she murmured

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Aids to Intelligent Conversation

HOW TO STUDY AND ENJOY PICTURES

Many people indicate what they don't know by telling what they like. Here is a simple, helpful talk to prove that knowing about art makes one like what is best

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

Lecturer in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and Yale School of Fine Arts

WHAT do you look for in a picture? Most of us expect to find in them the representation of some person or persons, of certain objects or incidents. And we are right—as far as we go. For the visible world is the storehouse from which all artists draw the materials for their pictures. They have to paint something visible to the eye. Even though the subject be imaginative, the picture must contain the representation of certain things that we have seen or might see in the actual world; and one source of our pleasure is to compare the painted representation with our own experience.

To take a very simple example, here is a picture of a cow. How far does this representation hold its own with what we ourselves have observed regarding cows?

Or again, here is a scene of soldiers round a camp-fire; one of them has received a newspaper from home, and is reading it aloud to his comrades. How is the character of each man represented? How does each show his separate kind of interest in the news? Does the whole scene strike one as natural? For probably we ourselves have not seen soldiers engaged in war. So we do not judge of the accuracy of the incident from what we have seen, but from what we imagine that we might see, if circumstances permitted.

Or again, to cite a more extreme instance, let us recall one of those old Italian pictures, of which at least we have seen a photograph. Here, in the open country is set up a throne, on which the Virgin sits with her Child on her lap. On one side of the throne stands John the Baptist, clad only in cloth camel's hair, and on the other, St. Sebastian the martyr, stripped of clothing, with arrows sticking in his flesh, while overhead hover two winged angels. This as a whole is the representation of something that no one ever has seen or ever will see. It is an imaginary incident. Yet the various parts of it we can bring to the test of our experience. Does the landscape look natural? The throne firmly constructed? Are the different figures lifelike? Does the picture itself suggest what we ourselves have felt about the different personages?

It's Feeling That Makes Art

YES, what we have felt. For by this time, you will observe, we have got further than seeing; we are taking into account what we feel. The picture is something more than a mere representation of visible persons and objects. Through what we see we are led on to experience certain impressions of feeling. And, if you will believe me, this is true of all good pictures. They not only represent something to the eye, but they stir us to feel. Indeed, as I hope to show, the really important quality of a picture is its capacity to arouse our feeling.

Many of my readers, I know, will find this a hard saying. "Surely," they will say, "it must make a lot of difference to the beauty of the picture what the artist selects to represent!" Not so much as you may suppose. Let me cite an instance. If we have been to Antwerp, we have seen Rubens's "Descent from the Cross;" at any rate most of us are familiar with the photograph of it. It is a very famous picture; not only because those who are supposed to know a great deal about pictures praise it highly, but because among the thousands of people who are acquainted with it there are few who are not impressed by it. And what is the reason? Do you really think it is on account of the subject? For many other artists have represented that subject; yet their pictures are not famous as this one of Rubens's; they have not impressed so many people.

Surely the reason must be found, not in the subject, but in the particular treatment of it. Rubens so moves us because he himself was moved by the dramatic and emotional character of the subject. He felt deeply, and deeply also he wished to make us feel. And he knew that in real life our feeling is stirred by the contrasts between the bright and the dark sides of human existence, the contrasts, for example, of sickness and health, poverty and riches, sorrow and gladness, life and death. Therefore he introduced contrasts into his picture; in the first place, of the dead and living; secondly, of masses of light interspersed with masses of dark. It is the marvelous use of these contrasts that so profoundly impresses our feelings.

The Subject Doesn't Matter

A PICTURE, then, is not only the representation of something, but a source of feeling; and the feeling is aroused not only by the subject, but still more and principally by the way in which it is treated. I want to enforce this point; so I ask you to recall some poem of which you are particularly fond. Is it the story, or the incident, or the sentiment embodied in the poem, that explains your fondness? That song, again, that you like so much, is it the fact that it is called, shall we say, "To-morrow," that moves us; or the words, which are not always heard, and may be twaddle? Certainly not: it is the music. And speaking of music, you know that much of the best music has no titles; that composers distinguish their works as "opus I," "opus II," and so on. In other words, its appeal is what is called *abstract;* that is to say, addressed to pure feeling, undisturbed by any suggestion of concrete facts.

On the other hand a picture, since it has to represent some visible thing, for which we have a name and about which we are all able to talk, can not appeal to pure feeling. Our attention is divided between what we understand about the subject and what we feel as a result of its treatment. Nevertheless, the more the artist relies upon his treatment and tries to appeal to us in an abstract way, the better is the picture.

If you still press for a further explanation of what "abstract" means, I repeat that it refers to the method of the painting as distinct from the subject represented; and will try to make this distinction clear by a very simple example. A lady is buying a hat. Will any hat, just because it is a hat, satisfy her? No, the saleswoman has to find a hat that will please her; that because of its lines and shape, the distribution of its feathers and bows, and the color arrangement, will so work upon her feelings that she will want to own it. If she buys it, it is not because of its subject—namely, that it is a hat—but because it is a hat with beautiful abstract qualities of color and line and shape.

Let me suggest another illustration.

This picture by Jan Vermeer is a gem of realism

"The Storm" illustrates the idealistic method

You may be familiar with a face that has never interested you, when suddenly an expression passes over it, and your thought is—"I would never have believed that So-and-so was so good-looking." Yet the subject is the same as before, the same eyes and nose and mouth—the beauty which has irradiated them is apart from them—abstract. For it is the expression of feeling displayed in So-and-so's face that constitutes the momentary charm.

And now that we have used the word "expression," let us recognize that all these qualities of color, line and form, light and shade and atmosphere, which I am urging you to look for in a picture, may be summed up under the single word, expression. Quite apart from the mere subject, it is the expression of his love of beauty which the artist puts into his pictures, appealing to the sense of beauty in ourselves, that makes his picture a work of art. Without such expression, it is merely a more or less workmanlike representation of concrete facts.

We Are All Born with a Sense of Beauty

PRESENTLY I am going to speak of the artist's expression of his love of beauty; but, first, I must say a word about the sense of beauty possessed by those who are not artists. I believe that the majority of children are born with a sense of beauty. Why not? They have a capacity for pleasure or pain; and one of the avenues through which sensations reach the brain is the sense of sight. So what more natural than that the sight of certain ugly things should frighten and distress the child, while the sight of other things that seem pretty give it pleasure? There are few children that do not take pleasure in the prettiness, for example, of flowers, birds and butterflies, bird's eggs and sea-shells; or will not, if they have the chance, search the seashore and the woods for little objects that seem pretty; or, if they are confined to city life, do not love to dress their dolls in pretty clothes.

When, however, the child goes to school, he has to spend so much time in the labor of learning to read and spell and write, that these duties are apt to interfere with the natural love of pretty things. Instead of being developed, it either stands still or it is crowded out and gradually lost sight of. Then by degrees the child learns a new thing to admire—money. And, in time, it begins to judge of the value of a thing, not by its prettiness, but by its cost. Finally, as the child grows up, it has lost its faculty of receiving definite pleasure through its sense of sight, and depends upon the taste or lack of taste of other people. It wants to possess things because it is told "they are all the style."

And the manufacturer and the storekeeper have sized up the situation, for they are students of human nature. They know that in the matter of taste grown-up children are still children, often less than children, for they are not discovering beauty for themselves; and that children like bright colors. Therefore they provide for the general market carpets and wall-papers of violent colors and turbulent masses of flowers; gilded sofas and chairs, upholstered in flashy colors; and cart-loads of vulgar glittering bric-à-brac.

We're All Learning All the Time

HOWEVER, while this is true, improvement of taste is going on all the time. People are gradually showing more regard for quality than quantity in the furnishing of their homes; substituting taste and simplicity for extravagant display. And one source of self-instruction is pictures, especially if our study of them leads us to study nature. For, after all is said and done, what is a picture but some aspect of nature seen through the temperament of the artist and interpreted by his feeling? Now, at last, you will observe, we have reached, after some necessary preliminaries, an actual definition of a picture. We find a picture is not merely a representation of something in nature, but an interpretation of nature colored by the temperament and feeling of an artist. And, if you recall that we were agreed that the beauty of a poem is not primarily due to the theme, but to the poet's interpretation of it, I hope you will acknowledge that the same may hold good of a painting; that in the artist's interpretaion of what he sees in nature is to be found the chief charm of his pictures.

Now, what an artist sees in nature depends partly on the character of his eyesight and partly on the quality of his brain, which leads him to look for certain things rather than others. His picture not only represents a scene—that is a small part of the matter—but what the scene meant to him, how he felt about it; and more than that, what sort of a man he himself was. A picture, in fact, being an interpretation, is also a human document.

Recognizing this, we should all be able to see how much those people miss who, having got some idea into their heads of what they "like," run around praising or blaming pictures according as they do or do not correspond to this standard. Because you like So-and-so's way of preaching or speaking, you don't insist that every one shall speak or preach in the same style, and leave your seat as soon as you find out one who doesn't.

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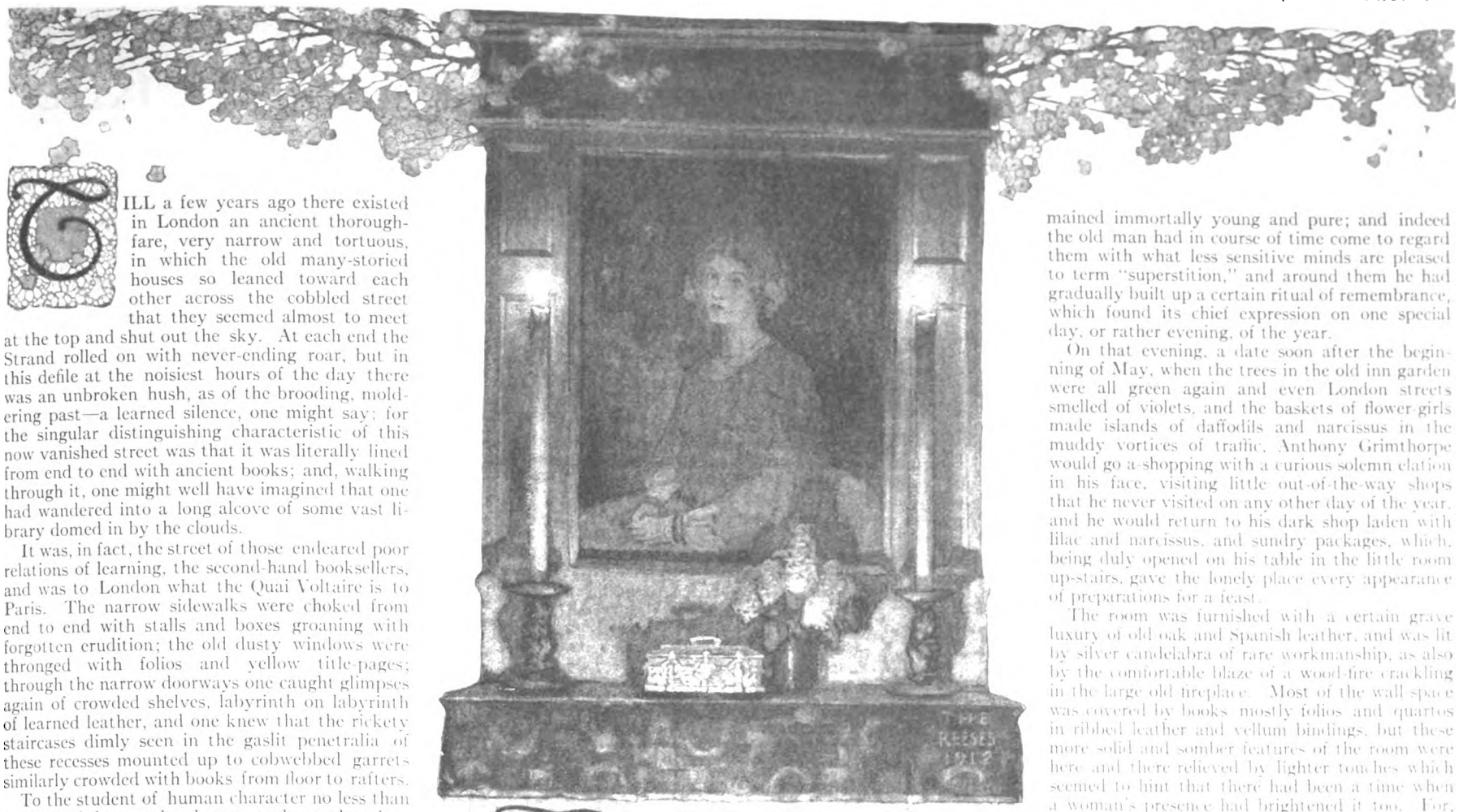

Love And An Old Bookman

Richard Le Gallienne

OLL a few years ago there existed in London an ancient thoroughfare, very narrow and tortuous, in which the old many-storied houses so leaned toward each other across the cobbled street that they seemed almost to meet at the top and shut out the sky. At each end the Strand rolled on with never-ending roar, but in this defile at the noisiest hours of the day there was an unbroken hush, as of the brooding, moldering past—a learned silence, one might say; for the singular distinguishing characteristic of this now vanished street was that it was literally lined from end to end with ancient books; and, walking through it, one might well have imagined that one had wandered into a long alcove of some vast library domed in by the clouds.

It was, in fact, the street of those endeared poor relations of learning, the second-hand booksellers, and was to London what the Quai Voltaire is to Paris. The narrow sidewalks were choked from end to end with stalls and boxes groaning with forgotten erudition; the old dusty windows were thronged with folios and yellow title-pages; through the narrow doorways one caught glimpses again of crowded shelves, labyrinth on labyrinth of learned leather, and one knew that the rickety staircases dimly seen in the gaslit penetralia of these recesses mounted up to cobwebbed garrets similarly crowded with books from floor to rafters.

To the student of human character no less than to the book-hunter the place was a happy hunting-ground, for the shabby figures that for the most part poked about in search of treasure in the penny boxes or burrowed their way about the dim-lit interiors were no more quaint or singular and worthy of study than the booksellers themselves, and a kind of mystery and even romance seemed slumbering in the dusty atmosphere, though it hardly suggested the kind that finds its way into novels or thrills in the hearts of the young.

However, one never knows, and at all events our present concern is with a shop that stood midway up the street, and was distinguished from the others by a broad circular window, a bow-window of Queen Anne's time, a general air of superior neatness and old-world style, and an ancient swinging sign, with the announcement, "Anthony Grimthorpe, Heraldry, Incunabula, and Old Voyages."

Anthony Grimthorpe was, in fact, as this advertisement of his specialties denoted, as also the superior condition of the volumes exposed in his window, the aristocrat of the quarter. And the man's personality was in keeping with his wares. An old-world distinction breathed about his tall, ancient figure of an ascetic leanness, his fine clean-shaven features and his longish white hair giving him the look of an old actor, though the severe, quaintly cut broadcloth and the white tie, which had been his only wear as long as any one remembered him, added a priestly touch—an impression enhanced by the benignity of his rather sad, dream-like smile, the soft shining light, as of old silver, in his worn face. His manner and speech had a dignity, a sort of wistful elegance as of past days, but his deep gray eyes were still almost startlingly young—young as with the interior fire of some pure and radiant memory.

He had few acquaintances and no friends, and no one seemed to know anything of his history. He was known to live alone in one of the old inns of court, in the gardens of which you would sometimes come upon him walking meditatively at evening. A boy who opened up his shop of a morning was his only familiar, and his human intercourse seemed to be confined to the antiquaries who resorted to him for their learned food, and held him in great regard for his unique knowledge of many out-of-the-way studies.

He was rumored to be well-off, for the books in which he dealt were of a rarity that placed them only within the reach of scholarly and wealthy collectors, as his sign indicated: black-letter volumes of the early printers ("incunabula," that is, "cradle-books," books from the cradle of printing, as the learned call them), the quaint folios of old-time voyages, garnished with fantastic maps, and above all obscure treatises on the royal science of heraldry, which was the old man's only known passion.

IT MIGHT, however, be inferred that it was something other than an antiquary's enthusiasm for blazoned genealogical trees that shone so steadfastly in the deeps of his eyes. The study of old parchments and heraldic quarterings could scarcely account for that; and indeed that spiritual light was there, because the old man's heart had for many years been the altar of a sacred romance, which memory tended with a never-dying flame.

This romance itself is not so much our present concern as the curious piety which in his later years, the offspring of much loving of a long vanished face, had formed itself into a sort of fanciful memorial rite. Because of that face, "enskied and sainted" so many years, that fairy face of his youth, Anthony Grimthorpe, white-haired, white-tied, black-coated, had conceived for himself a sort of sacerdotal quality, as one whom love had chosen for its pilgrim and its priest, and thus the love he had preserved stainlessly for one had broadened and deepened into a religion, a worship of love itself, a pious solicitude for it in all its manifestations, and a special tenderness for all lovers, a hallowed happiness in the thought of the miracle of young love in this old world.

In his comings and goings he was ever gently on the watch for the signs of love in the faces of the passers-by, and he grew as skilful in their detection as he was in the reading of a difficult coat of arms. Wherever men and women were open to his unobtrusive observation, in cars, on omnibuses, in the hurrying street, he was ever alert for the accent of tenderness in their manners toward each other, for that quiet interchange of eyes that spoke of devotion and old understanding, those looks that suddenly make a shrine of silence in the midst of surging crowds, and when, by good fortune he caught such in the welter of the human herd, he thanked God in his heart; but most was it his innocent joy to mark the halos that surrounded the heads of young lovers.

"Ah, holy Youth!" he might have been heard murmuring to himself under his breath on these occasions. "It is so in heaven the angels walk hand in hand, with no language but each other's names!"

Now to some all this may seem merely ridiculous and even unbecoming in so ancient and studious a figure. This simple story is not meant for such, but for those of simple heart, those to whom the great Dante appealed, "that have intelligence in love," and maybe, like him, have carried from youth to age, along the rough ways of the world, and even through the blackness of hell itself, the pure flame of an early love. As I have said, it was such a flame old Anthony Grimthorpe carried year after year through the streets of London, all unconsciously haloed with it for some sympathetic eyes that would sometimes turn one to the other and remark on the singular sweetness of the old man's face. Indeed, he might, had he been more occupied with himself, have applied to his own case those lines of Dante, which indeed he knew by heart, his preoccupation having made him a reverent student of the literature of ideal love:

> Love (never certes, for my worthless part,
> But of his own great heart)
> Vouchsafed to me a life so calm and sweet,
> That oft I heard folk question as I went
> What such great gladness meant:
> They spoke of it behind me in the street.

But probably it seldom occurred to the old bookseller that he was an old man, for, you see, the face with which he had so constantly lived had never grown old, and the thick treasure of hair which he sometimes lifted from an antique silver casket, when he sat alone in the lamplight in the little book-lined study over his shop, was still the same bright gold. In that silver casket were other relics—relics which indeed, properly regarded, might truthfully be said to possess miraculous properties, in that, by his veneration of them, his soul had thus remained immortally young and pure; and indeed the old man had in course of time come to regard them with what less sensitive minds are pleased to term "superstition," and around them he had gradually built up a certain ritual of remembrance, which found its chief expression on one special day, or rather evening, of the year.

On that evening, a date soon after the beginning of May, when the trees in the old inn garden were all green again and even London streets smelled of violets, and the baskets of flower-girls made islands of daffodils and narcissus in the muddy vortices of traffic, Anthony Grimthorpe would go a-shopping with a curious solemn elation in his face, visiting little out-of-the-way shops that he never visited on any other day of the year, and he would return to his dark shop laden with lilac and narcissus, and sundry packages, which, being duly opened on his table in the little room up-stairs, gave the lonely place every appearance of preparations for a feast.

The room was furnished with a certain grave luxury of old oak and Spanish leather, and was lit by silver candelabra of rare workmanship, as also by the comfortable blaze of a wood-fire crackling in the large old fireplace. Most of the wall-space was covered by books mostly folios and quartos in ribbed leather and vellum bindings, but these more solid and somber features of the room were here and there relieved by lighter touches which seemed to hint that there had been a time when a woman's presence had brightened it too. For, in contrast with the massive learning that weighted most of the shelves, was an elegant Chippendale bookcase filled with volumes of more dainty and modern appearance, and on one side of the fireplace, contrasting with the solid oak furniture, was a little wicker-chair upholstered in chintz such as women once sat in with their sewing, while on a fragile walnut table near-by rested a work basket, overflowing with needlework and skeins of silk and such woman's matters, as if it had been laid aside but a moment or two ago—though indeed it had rested untouched as it was for nearly thirty years.

In one corner of the room there was a sort of shadowy alcove, having the appearance of a little oratory, from which gleamed dimly the picture of a woman's face; beneath it stood a cabinet of Renaissance workmanship, and on it rested the carved silver casket already referred to, while on each side stood an enormous altar-candle.

These the old man presently lit, reverently as a priest preparing an altar, thus revealing the water-color of a young girl's face of an exquisite and unearthly beauty. When he had lit the candles he placed a vase filled with the lilac he had just brought in beneath the picture, and then set about arranging the table with spotless linen and old silver, delicate china and glass, laying places for two. Grapes and white bread and wine in a silver jug—such was the sacrificial meal the old man set forth upon the table, over which a jar of the fragrant narcissus breathed its piercing Spring sweetness; so had he and she who was now a spirit sat and eaten together three successive nights in May, a young love's birthday feast—and so, for the years that followed, he had gone on keeping that birthday feast alone.

THE dotage, if you will, of a monomaniac! And yet who shall say but that in such sacraments of memory as come naturally to some faithful hearts the real presence of those vanished ones we have loved may not be brought mysteriously near; and indeed I am not sure that Anthony Grimthorpe sat alone, as he seemed, on those memorial nights in May.

For the last year or two, however—was it the growing chill of age beginning to numb even the vitality of memory?—he had been sadly aware of a lessening hold on the vision which had for so long been his one reality. The relics he loved seemed just a little to have lost their miraculous power, and the presence he evoked by their aid seemed to have grown more shadowy, as though slowly fading out of reach beyond the confines of his love. The loneliness of his long service of memory was more and more borne in upon him, and as he saw the faces of young lovers in the street, so visibly filled with the sap and the Spring of their love, a wistful longing grew in him after the possibility of somehow bringing the shadowy silver of his vision into revivifying association with such young happiness, to warm and kindle it anew, so to say, at the fragrant fires of youthful hearts.

But where should he find those youthful hearts, he reflected, that could understand and take to themselves the fantastic dreams of the old? How bridge the chasms of the years? Would not young love shrink in fear from his story, as from the cold touch of one already with the dead?

However, the idea dwelt with him and grew, and, as May came again with its lilacs, courage waxed in his old heart, and one evening as he walked at sunset in the gardens of his old inn, it seemed that the opportunity he had sought had come.

For two nights previous, as he had paced the gardens, he had observed the joyous meeting of two young people, who had walked there to and fro in that rapt con-

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versation which, since the world began, has had but one subject. Their meetings had an air of secrecy, and it seemed as if the inn-gardens afforded them their only place and opportunity for saying those infinitely important things. They were evidently none of your common lovers. On the contrary, the romantic old man said to himself that they looked like a poet and a princess planning to defy an embattled world.

Little heed, alas! they paid to his grave and ancient figure, but as now and again in the course of their walk they passed him by with a wafted fragrance of violets, the old bookseller took a desperate resolve. The following night was that of his annual festival. His thought was this: he would prepare his feast as in other years, make bright the room with lights and flowers, and then not he but they should keep the feast for him, bringing the fire and fragrance of their young hearts to his lonely altar.

The old man's pulse beat faster as he pondered his fancy, and it seemed to him that the loved face smiled at him out of the years, smiled a happy participation in his innocent whim. Presently as the twilight deepened the two young forms had disappeared from the garden and the old man was alone; but he had caught a glimpse of their parting, and slyly concluded that to-morrow's sunset would see them in the garden again.

Nor was his intuition at fault, for on the following evening there for a certainty they were, pacing to and fro beneath the trees, deep in the same weighty matters. Surely they had not waited all day for the sunset with more breathless expectancy than the old man whom they scarcely noticed had waited for their coming.

But, need one say, it was a delicate piece of daring that our old friend had undertaken, and his heart fluttered no little as they passed and repassed him once or twice, while he was girding up his courage to address them. He saw a vision of himself in all his quaint antiquity, and a fear came over him lest they should shrink from him in fear as from some fantastic madman; yet, as has been said, Anthony Grimthorpe had an air about him, something of the grand style; and then, too, he was as learned in the hearts of lovers as in the royal science of heraldry, and he reassured himself by thinking that what he was about to do might well appeal to the adventurous spirit of love, as well as to love's madcap sense of fun. Yes, the princess would surely see the fun of it, smiled the old man to himself, welcome it as a charming escapade, something out of a fairy-tale! Whereby one sees that the old bookseller was not so old, after all.

Encouraged by these considerations, he turned about, and seeing the young figures again approaching, he braced himself with confidence, and as he came in front of them, he stopped and, making his old-world bow, brought them to a somewhat astonished standstill. It was as though he had walked into a cloud of rosy fire serenely moving across high heaven.

"Ah, holy Youth!" he said once more in his heart, as his old eyes rejoiced in their lit young faces—and "I was right," he added, "a poet and his princess, without a doubt"—so noble-looking and manly was the youth, and such a wild young queen was the girl.

What he had to say was not easy, but the frank courtesy with which they turned to him, after their first little start of surprise, encouraged him to proceed.

"My young friends," he began, "I hope when I have explained my intrusion you will pardon it. I want you to do something kind for me, a pretty service that only two young people like yourselves can do for an old man, who once walked this garden, not alone as to-night, but just as you are doing now. I want you, if you will, to take this key and go to the address you will find on this card. It is but a few yards away. There you will find a room with books and flowers and candle-light, a room that has been lonely for many years for young faces like yours. Make it your own, and be happy there as once I was happy. When you are there you will understand, and perhaps we may meet again."

And slipping the key into the young man's hand, Grimthorpe nervously hurried away, before they had time to recover from the surprises of so whimsical an encounter.

"What a singular old man!" exclaimed the youth.

"But what an old darling!" exclaimed his companion.

"What shall we do about it, Myrtle?"

"Go, of course," said the girl, just as the old man had foreseen. "Can't you see that it's [illegible]

So, laughing together at the oddity of [illegible] they found the dark old shop, and grop[illegible] through the silent book-shelves, came at [illegible] little room, a mysterious island of light [illegible] strangely set in the midst of those hushed [illegible] ancient learning.

The great altar candles were burning before [illegible] tiful face.

"Look, darling," said the girl softly, taking h[illegible] hand and leading him toward the old man's shr[illegible] standing there, they kissed each other gently, [illegible] they were in a church. And one might have thou[illegible] the dead woman smiled.

"Poor old man!" said the girl. And then they went reverently about the room.

"Look!" said the girl again, pointing to the work-basket, and again, as they scanned the titles of the books in the little Chippendale case—

"See! these were her books."

And with a feeling of awe they took one and another of the books from the shelves—books of poetry and romances of ideal love—and as they turned the pages they stopped here and there to point out to each other lines and passages faintly marked in pencil.

"Think, they read these very lines—our lines!—together, so long ago. Listen:

"To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still.

Poor old man!"

And so young love kept the festival of the old love that was still young—"the old moon in the young moon's arms"—and when Grimthorpe came early to his shop next morning he found on the table that old copy of Shakespeare's sonnets pressed open at that one hundred and fourth sonnet, with the bunch of violets from Myrtle's bosom keeping the place. His desperate adventure had succeeded. His young lovers had understood his old heart, and he knew that henceforth he and his dream were no longer uncompanioned in the world.

Stories of Successful Women

THE LITTLE MOTHER OF THE PUEBLOS

BY JOHN M. OSKISON

Author of "Out of the Night that Covers"

TEN years ago Clara D. True went to teach an Indian day-school at the Santa Clara pueblo, in New Mexico. Six years she labored there, under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and was then sent to Morongo, in southern California, as agent for a number of groups of demoralized "Mission" Indians. After two years of regenerative work, under conditions so difficult that they could no longer be endured, she resigned from Government service and went back to Santa Clara. There she is living now, on a small fruit ranch, and working at the job she has made for herself—being the Little Mother of the Pueblos.

Up and down the Rio Grande for a hundred miles these ancient, orderly pueblos are scattered—from Isleta to Taos. Eleven villages lie between Isleta and Taos. To you, if you go through New Mexico as a tourist, they will appeal as picturesque survivals of the oldest civilization this country can show. Their crowded adobe community houses, their guarded underground chambers of native worship, maintained through the centuries within a stone's throw of the Catholic churches whose priests they hear with quiet tolerance, their ceremonial dances, and the highly perfected social system they have worked out, will interest you. But you are apt to go away with a feeling that you have been through a museum. For your gaze, history has turned back five hundred years.

In those thirteen pueblos, however, live about four thousand human beings, with peculiarly difficult problems to face. White civilization is pressing upon them; in some way they must be made to pass from medieval to modern America—and the transition can not long be delayed. To the Indian Bureau the Pueblo Indians are but a tiny factor in a big problem; there are in this country 300,000 native Americans to fit for the grapple with modern life.

The Indian Bureau does what it can; often, however, it stands helpless, moves too slowly, blunders sadly, obstructs justice through no motive of malice. Patiently, silently, the Pueblos have endured the Bureau's intrusion—the introduction of schools badly taught, the replacement of their orderly self-government by the unfamiliar civil law of New Mexico, stupid interference with religious ceremonials and family practises.

They needed a Voice. Miss True has supplied it. Early in her service at Santa Clara she found that school-teaching was but one of the many services to be rendered if she meant to satisfy her conscience. There was an outbreak of diphtheria, ten babies were dead, and the women of the village were hiding their young from the death which walked among them unseen. It was a time for a thorough sanitation and Miss True acted promptly. She spent sixty dollars in buying from the Indians infected clothing and bedding, which she burned, and in cleaning out the pest places.

The best society on the reservation

As reward for that she was reprimanded by the Superintendent, who should have done the work himself, but was afraid to enter the village. But the Indians were grateful, and ever since they have turned to her in time of trouble.

It seems inevitable that a Superintendent in the Indian Service should seek to avoid trouble, to ignore wrongs when their righting is likely to involve him with men of political weight. He settles into his job, and doesn't want to lose it. The man who reprimanded Miss True for an unauthorized expenditure of sixty dollars for ending an epidemic of diphtheria has been transferred to another post, and it is no libel to say that he was a skilled shirker of moral duties. Under his administration the Santa Clara Indians lost 8,000 acres of land to a white man who told the Indians that they were only signing a grant of a right of way for a road; in the time of his stay at Santa Fé, the Pueblos under his charge were overrun with the cattle of white ranchers, and Mexicans appropriated Indian land with impunity. And he watched the debauching of Indian youths by whisky-sellers without lifting his hand; indeed, he held stock in a Santa Fé drug-store which, in violation of the law, sold whisky to Indians.

As a teacher at Santa Clara, Miss True saw these things and reported them to Washington. Investigation confirmed her reports, but the Superintendent stayed on and made life as miserable for her as he could. There came a respite when Miss True was sent to California. Conditions grew worse, and when she returned to Santa Clara two years ago, no longer in the pay of the Government, she took up the Indians' fight in earnest.

One of her first acts was to send for "Pussyfoot" Johnson, the chief special officer of the Indian Bureau for the suppression of the liquor traffic among the Indians. Johnson came willingly; they two had fought effectively against the "boot-legging" whisky men in southern California. Johnson worked with characteristic energy and skill to jail violators of the law against selling whisky to Indians, and the Superintendent reported to Washington that Johnson was stirring up trouble among the Indians. One night, at Chamita, there was a fight. Four drunken Indians pounced upon Juan Cruz, a young Indian deputy appointed by Johnson, and Cruz fired. One of the four was killed. Cruz was arrested by the Territorial authorities (this was before New Mexico became a State) and promptly put to trial.

Here was a chance for the Superintendent which he did not neglect. To Washington he sent such a report of the shooting that telegraphic orders were sent to Johnson forbidding him to take any steps to defend Juan Cruz. Promptly the stage was prepared for a drama entitled "The Doom of the Meddler." It was to end with the hanging of Juan Cruz—a realistic and terrible scene when you consider the drama's inspiration.

Miss True didn't believe that the young Indian ought to be hanged; she knew how passionately the fathers and mothers of all the Pueblos desired the stamping out of drunkenness among their young men, and knew that Juan Cruz was a clean crusader for sobriety and order. She organized, among the women of the Rio Grande Valley and Sante Fé, a Juan Cruz Defense Committee, and Johnson, facing certain discharge, made her his deputy in order to help her gather evidence.

That Defense Committee became one of the most active bodies that you ever heard of. They prepared a statement and wired it to Washington; back came an order to Johnson to get busy instantly in Juan Cruz's defense.

That was followed by an inspector, whose report you are not allowed to see at Washington. Juan Cruz was freed, Johnson lost his job, the Superintendent was transferred—and the Juan Cruz Defense Committee, inspired by Clara D. True, have taken up the other work which must be done if the Pueblo Indians are to become contented and useful citizens of New Mexico and the United States.

This Little Mother of the Pueblos comes from an old Kentucky family. Before entering the Indian Service in 1893 she was graduated from the Mayfield-Smith Academy, in Missouri; the principal's letter of recommendation said that she stood "high in the classics," and that she was "cultured and refined." I suppose she weighs about 105 pounds, and every ounce of that is fighting brain and bone and muscle.

Courage and sanity and great-heartedness are her equipment. And the Indians love and trust her.

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Mr. Monroe M. Goldstein, secretary of the Committee on Desertion of the National Desertion Bureau. Between February 1, 1911, and April 1, 1912, the Bureau succeeded in 561 out of 852 cases in locating the deserter.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"

HUSBANDS WHO RESIGN

Wife desertion costs the city of New York four hundred thousand dollars annually

BY WILLIAM HARD

Mrs. William Einstein, of the Widowed Mothers' Fund Society, a New York City organization formed to prevent the breaking up of homes. Mrs. Einstein is heartily in favor of a New York "widows' pensions" law.

THE great ones of this earth have just begun to think about some of its most important propositions.

For instance: If a man steals a few dollars from a bank and runs away to Canada, he can be brought back and jailed.

But suppose he merely deserts his wife and children.

Some of the children are conveyed to asylums, where they cost the public (which supports the asylums) at least a hundred and fifty dollars a year apiece.

Some of the children, remaining with the wife, become the objects of much visiting on the part of the local charity society. The society will pay the rent if the mother will earn the food and clothes. The mother goes out and sews in other people's houses.

Net results:

A great moral loss to the community, because a home for children to grow up in has been shattered; and a great financial loss, because taxes and charity contributions have to be increased.

The mere money-cost of that deserted family to the community may amount in ten years to three or four thousand dollars.

The man responsible for all of it takes the train into Canada. There he is beyond recall. He has been guilty of one of the most dastardly of human acts. But it is not an act between man and man in business. It is an act within the field of home life. It is beneath the notice of diplomacy. No extradition treaty covers it. Canada has become a pleasure resort for the wife-deserter from the United States. Once there, he is secure.

All of which is respectfully submitted as just one small illustration of the fact that diplomats, legislators, prosecuting attorneys and other public men spend their official lives in an atmosphere which is too exclusively masculine. The things that look big to them are the things that happen downtown. The man who commits a commercial crime must be dealt with immediately. The man who lets a home with children in it drop into bottomless destruction may be dealt with after a while—and perhaps not then.

A few women among our diplomats, legislators and prosecuting attorneys would make our public life look more human—more like civilization and less like a military expedition or a mining-camp. Wife desertion would come to be an occasional topic of conversation among the great ones of the earth, along with the export price of steel rails; and the deserting husband might get a government report devoted to him, along with the bollweevil.

The deserting husband is numerous enough for it.

In the city of New York alone there are every year several hundred children committed to institutions because of having been left destitute by runaway fathers.

In the year 1907 there were 446 such children in New York sent from home life into institution life. In 1908 there were 611. In 1909 there were 653. In 1910 there were 452. In 1911 there were 799. There, then, stands a total of almost 3,000 children committed in five years to "asylums" and "homes" in the city of New York because of the resignation and departure of the husband and father.

It might be assumed that such things would happen in wicked New York, but not in the innocent remainder of the country. In fact, such things happen in all sections of the country, impartially.

In that shrewd play, "The Man from Home," the hero is called on to explain how he can be supposed to know very much, in view of the fact that he has lived all his life merely in Indiana. He immortally replies: "There are just as many kinds of human nature in Kokomo as there are in Pekin."

Nobody who has ever heard that speech will ever make his escape from the good sense in it. A man can get wise in Superior, Wis., as efficiently as in New York, N. Y. And he can just as efficiently go wrong.

In the *Telegram*, a newspaper published in Superior, Wis., there appeared, on September 5, 1912, a news article as follows:

"A total of $496.33 was disbursed during the month of August for the benefit of the destitute in Douglas County, according to a report made to-day by Poor Commissioner Swan Hard. Most of the money went for groceries and fuel; and, according to Mr. Hard, the expenditure was made necessary by the large number of abandonment cases.

"'Most of the cases of destitution we are called upon to handle are caused by desertion,' said Mr. Hard. 'Last month groceries and fuel furnished families deserted by the head of the house cost the county over $200, or about half of the total expenditure.'"

I do not know my cousin Swan, but I take pride in the good sense he shows when he dwells on the proposition that wife desertion is a money problem as well as a moral problem to the community in which it happens. He will make the "hard-headed business man" begin to see that what is happening out in the homes of a town ought to be just as important to the City Council as what is happening in the business blocks.

Nobody knows how many deserted wives and children there are in the United States. We don't know much about human beings—about ourselves, yet.

And that is natural. In order to keep alive on this planet we have had to spend most of our time studying plants and minerals and animals. We shall get to human beings after a while.

And we shall get there all the faster because of the growing influence of women in public life.

Women take a great interest in human beings. They think more of the engineer than they do of the locomotive, which is where they differ most profoundly from men. The age of women in government will be an age of human interest in government.

Of just one thing we may be sure with regard to the number of deserted wives and children. Great as it is, it is very much smaller than the number of wives and children suffering in health and in education and in morals by reason of not being supported by husbands and fathers who have *not* deserted them.

When the Comptroller of the city of New York says that desertion costs the city of New York four hundred thousand dollars a year, he is speaking only of those cases in which a man actually abandons his family and leaves the city. He says nothing about that very much larger number of cases in which a man stays at home, but either abstains altogether from hurting his hands by working or else takes what he earns and spends most of it on himself.

To the man who deserts, to the man who will not work, we must add, above all, that much more usual man who spends his money like a bachelor and keeps his wife most of the time in the financial condition of a widow and his children in the financial conditions of orphans.

The total loss, then, to the United States from non-support must rise every year to a sum so large as to be one of the big entries on the wrong side of the national ledger; for if desertion (which is only one part, and a small one, of non-support) can cost the city of New York four hundred thousand dollars a year, the accumulated cost of all non-support to the whole country must amount to many millions.

Now everybody knows, and especially a bishop or a President of the United States when addressing an audience of women, that the most important work in the world is taking care of children.

Taking care of children is more important than voting. As the *El Paso Times* said not long ago in an editorial on woman suffrage: "There are millions of women in this fair land who could not be induced to approach the polls, and blessed are they, for such is the future hope of the human race—the women who are content to reign as the queens of men's hearts and the angels of the homes they bless and adorn."

This queen-and-angel occupation, however, as well as the somewhat more exacting occupation of sweeping the floor, making the beds, washing the dishes, mending the socks and otherwise maintaining a place for the rising generation to rise in, requires that the chivalrous male voter, who is supposed to support the place, shall do so. At the very bottom of the home-business—at the very bottom of all physical and moral education for the generation which shall succeed us in the world—lies the duty of the husband and father to do his best to provide the money on which a home can be built. And it is a duty which can be violated, and is daily violated, with less chance of correction than would come from the theft of a ham.

What does the law say?

For the most part, till very recent times, the law has said things that were mere pompous principles, reverberating but resultless.

"The husband is legally bound to support his wife."

Yes, but how are you going to make him do it, practically?

When Mr. William H. Baldwin stopped manufacturing steel and went to live in the District of Columbia, he took a business man's businesslike interest in this question.

He had become a member of a district council of the Washington Charity Organization Society.

The following case, not an uncommon one, came to him:

A man has a family. He works—part of the week. He draws his pay and passes the rest of the week intoxicated. When he comes to himself, with no money in his pockets for his wife and children, he feels that there is a problem ahead of him. But there isn't. He inspects his home. No problem at all. Kind people have provided the wife and the children with food and fuel. His family is just about as well off as if he had brought home his wages. Next week he works—part of the week. He draws his pay and passes the rest of the week intoxicated. When he comes to himself, etc., etc. Around in a circle, forever.

Mr. Baldwin perceived, as did the other members of the district council, that this line of attack had no end. It came back to the same place every week, and if followed in a sufficient number of cases it would bankrupt all the charity societies in town.

In other words, the final answer to non-support is not charity. It is support.

Mr. Baldwin then thought of trying to get the husband put into jail. He soon dismissed this idea. From the standpoint of the business man there was nothing in it. The husband would still be useless to his family; the family would still be dependent on the charity society; the charity society would still be endlessly parting with its money.

In other words, the final answer to non-support is not punishment. It is support.

Mr. Baldwin determined to get support for that family from that man.

He went to the police court. The officials could see no remedy there for him. Would he go to the Supreme Court of the District?

Mr. Baldwin went to the Supreme Court of the District.

Yes, indeed, there was a remedy for him there. No wrong without a remedy. The proudest boast of the law.

What was the remedy? Very simple. Let the wife sue the husband for an order ordering him to support her.

Mr. Baldwin, before engaging himself to buy it, wished to know how much such an order would cost.

The market rates were about as follows:

Fees for lawyer	$25.00
Court costs	15.00
Supplementary proceedings to enforce judgment	10.00
Total	$50.00

Such was the remedy provided by the wisdom of the law. No wrong without a remedy.

But the remedy was in a bottle that couldn't be opened.

Where was the woman to get fifty dollars for the purchase of such an order? And if the husband, in the end, had to pay for it, how long would it take him to get through paying for it and to begin to have some money for her and the children? Abstracting three weeks' wages from the husband is no gracious favor to the wife—especially when there is no certainty that he will earn and retain the three weeks' wages.

These thoughts disturbed the business mind of Mr. Baldwin. And his notions of efficiency were further shocked when he learned that even if he should purchase the order, the husband could walk a few miles out of Washington into Maryland and, beyond the jurisdiction of the court, there, without much fear, forget it.

Mr. Baldwin prudently withdrew from the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and began to meditate on the difference between business and law.

He then began to read all the desertion and non-support laws of all the States of the United States.

This was an unusual form of entertainment for a steel manufacturer.

But Mr. Baldwin was determined to see if there wasn't some way of making that man support that woman and those children.

And there is.

Desertion and wilful non-support, ancient evils, ancient as the world, swamps of poor human weakness which have sucked down myriads of child bodies, can be virtually abolished.

[To be continued in an early number]

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"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"

WATCH THE RESULTS

The information collected by this department of The Delineator is being used on behalf of better laws in many States

BY WILLIAM HARD

Mr. Robert W. Hebberd, at present secretary of the New York State Board of Charities, at one time New York City Commissioner of Charities. Mr. Hebberd is most heartily in favor of a New York "widows' pensions" law.

MRS. HORTENSE WARD of Houston has written an admirable account of the laws of Texas depriving married women of the control of their own property and of the right to enter into business dealings competently.

THE DELINEATOR has taken Mrs. Ward's essay and has reprinted it into a little pamphlet for distribution throughout Texas. A special edition of it was presented to the State Federation of Women's Clubs at its State convention at Fort Worth, and another special edition was presented to the State Congress of Mothers at its State convention at Houston.

In each case the convention courteously thanked THE DELINEATOR by special vote for putting at the disposal of the women of Texas a compact campaign document for use in their appeal to the men of the State and to the Legislature.

We appreciate such thanks, while realizing fully that the service rendered by us in this way and in other ways to be mentioned in later issues is small indeed compared with the services daily being rendered by the newspapers.

Which reminds us to say:

A Boston newspaper, in opposing the "widows' pensions" idea, speaks of it as having been "subsidized" by THE DELINEATOR. This does THE DELINEATOR too much honor.

One might as well say that the campaign for tariff revision was "subsidized" by the New York *World* because *The World* spent time and money to expose and illustrate the robberies being committed under the shelter of the present tariff schedules.

The "Widows' Pensions" idea and the Married Women's Property Rights idea and the Joint Guardianship idea and all the other ideas discussed in these columns have existed, in some cases a very long time, as ideas to which any newspaper or magazine might properly contribute the services of its organization.

In each case the idea has existed not only as an idea but as an active local movement within the State concerned.

THE DELINEATOR, circulating in Massachusetts and in every other State in the Union, can advocate State measures as appropriately as can any newspaper. With the exception above mentioned, we are aware of no newspaper which has taken any other view of the matter. And we most earnestly deprecate the notion, and declare it to be false, that in its support of the "widows' pensions" campaign, or of any other campaign, THE DELINEATOR has been engaged in manufacturing legislative movements or in capturing and "subsidizing" them. In every case THE DELINEATOR has done nothing more than to support a local campaign already under way—a course of conduct adopted likewise by hundreds of local newspapers.

In Texas, for instance, and in Tennessee, the local newspapers are devoting many times as much space to the "property-rights" movements as THE DELINEATOR possibly can. When the victory comes they will be proud of the help they gave the women of their States. And THE DELINEATOR will be proud of the help given by it. The movement itself belongs to the women and their organizations. Support can appropriately be offered by any publication circulating among Texas or Tennessee people. That is the common sense of the situation. And we beg our friend in Boston not to try to deny to any publication circulating in Massachusetts the civic opportunities which he would manfully claim for the publication managed by him.

THE Daily *Journal and Tribune* of Knoxville, Tennessee, in its issue of November 12, said:

"The thanks of not only the women of Tennessee but of all other States in which the laws discriminate against the property rights of married women are due THE DELINEATOR for the activity it is showing in the campaign for the enactment of laws favoring equality of rights to the women of the country. Let it be hoped that the situation will be opened before the Legislature and that the laws in the case of the property rights of married women will be changed so as to harmonize with the principles of an up-to-date civilization and common justice."

We appreciate the nice words about ourselves; and we join the *Journal and Tribune* in hoping that this present Winter will see a great advance made in the Law of the Home. If we are able to be of assistance in Tennessee or elsewhere, it will be because we have conscientiously and painstakingly collected the solid, undeniable facts in the case, and have contributed those facts to the general public and to the people immediately engaged in the fight for reform. It has been our wish to provide the ammunition—and we have succeeded.

IN TENNESSEE we have taken our facts, drawn from a long study of the Tennessee Supreme Court Reports, and have placed them in the hands of the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs to make a pamphlet which has become the principal campaign document in the Federation's earnest and hopeful effort to enlarge the property rights of the married women of the State.

This pamphlet is entitled "Fifteen Reasons Why the Law of Tennessee Governing the Property Rights of Married Women Should be Changed." It consists simply of fifteen cases in which the Supreme Court of Tennessee has announced the law of Tennessee and has applied it to the property of married women.

We could have provided a hundred such cases to illustrate the injustice of the law as it stands.

One of the fifteen which we finally selected exhibits a weirdly unjust legal rule which we have not so far discussed in these pages. It is as follows:

"A legacy was left to a married woman. Also, she owned some bank-stock. Her husband took both the legacy and the bank-stock into his own possession. In so doing he was legally beyond criticism.

"'He obtained possession of the money,' said the court, 'and used and appropriated it as his own. And we hold it to be too clear for argument that the husband, having the right (by virtue of his marriage) to reduce the wife's personal property to possession, has also the right to use the necessary means of effecting that right, and this with or without the consent of the wife.'

"The husband, then, having taken possession of his wife's personal property, died.

"The wife, now a widow, brought suit to recover the value of the legacy and the value of the bank-stock out of her husband's estate. These things had been hers. She wanted them back.

"The court held that she could not get them back, except partially and indirectly.

"As a widow (though the court did not mention this fact) she would have certain rights in whatever personal property was left by her husband. She would become entitled, that is, to a child's share of it. If there were two children, she would get one-third. If there were five children, she would get one-sixth.

"But these rights, belonging to her as a widow, were the only rights she still possessed in her own personal property.

"That personal property of hers became her husband's when she got married; and now, at his death, it would pass to the administrators of his estate to be used in paying his debts and then to be distributed among his heirs according to law.

"She might thus see the bulk of her own personal property, *during her own lifetime*, pass by law to her children; or, if her husband made a will, she might see the bulk of it pass to strangers.

"The court announced the law, and decreed that her property should not be restored to her, but should remain part of her husband's estate."

Does it seem shocking to you?

Well, it is no more shocking than what happens all the time under the general laws of inheritance all over the United States. We have been collecting some facts about inheritance and we will print them shortly.

IT PLEASES us greatly, and we hope it will please the readers and supporters of this department, from whom we have had much help, to read letters like the following:

Legislative Reference Bureau,
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Mr. William Hard.

Dear Sir: We have your communication enclosing very valuable material on the subject of widows' pensions or mothers' compensation laws now in force or proposed in the different States.

We wish to thank you very kindly for the same, as the subject is being agitated in our State, and the material sent us is just such as we need. Yours very truly,

JAMES N. MORROW, Director.

Prof. Robert F. Foerster, of the Department of Social Ethics, Harvard University. Prof. Foerster is chairman of the Massachusetts Commission which has made a complete study of the question of "widows' pensions."

Office of the
Evening Telegraph,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Mr. William Hard.

Dear Sir: Permit me to thank you for the very valuable material concerning mothers' pensions which arrived to-day.

A glance at the enclosures has shown me that they will prove of the utmost value to us in our campaign in Pennsylvania.

Your splendid summary of existing legislation on mothers' pensions is precisely what we have wanted and what we had not yet managed to collect. You have served us enormously.

You may be glad to know that thirty-four members of the Legislature are already pledged to support a pension bill and that we have begun a hopeful canvass of the other members.

Very truly, PAUL HANNA,
Editorial Department.

MISS HELEN M. WINSLOW, representing THE DELINEATOR, has been continuing her lecture tour in Massachusetts, speaking before many women's clubs and conveying to them THE DELINEATOR's information with regard to "widows' pensions" laws and with regard to the consequences of such laws in the States of the Middle and Far West.

THE DELINEATOR has never done and never will, and never can, do anything which will give it more satisfaction than having been able to spread immediate and accurate information with regard to the home-saving, child-saving, soul-saving effects of the few present "widows' pensions" laws.

We call them "widows' pensions" laws, though they already deserve a wider title and will finally grow into systems of legislation which will insure all worthy motherhood in its right to the care of the lives that have sprung from it. The Illinois law, in its wording, already reaches that end.

No idea, in recent years, has traveled faster. In at least ten new States a bill for the establishment of "widows' pensions" has this Winter been introduced into the Legislature.

But there was no place from which a complete knowledge of the existing "widows' pensions" laws could be secured.

Why pass new laws in darkness as to the effects of the present laws?

There ought to be some kind of national bureau where State laws are gathered and compared. There isn't.

By correspondence, by personal inquiry, THE DELINEATOR brought together, after many months of work, all the details with regard to the "widows' pensions" laws now in operation—the text of the law, the class of mother included or rejected, the size of the pension granted, the number of children reached, the total amount expended, the opinions of experts with regard to the results—everything of importance.

All this material, now very bulky, we have sent to State librarians, newspaper editors, legislators, club women, in States in which the new "widows' pensions" bills seemed likely to be introduced.

WE HAVE the pleasure of knowing, as the letters above printed show, that this information, nowhere else available in the United States, is welcome and is useful.

The second crop of "widows' pensions" laws ought to be better than the first.

But how can they be unless the seed from the first is gathered and inspected and cleaned before replanting?

We have sent out that seed, in assorted packages, and it has been received gladly by large numbers of interested persons in all parts of the country—and they are the persons who are putting through the new laws—and their knowledge will appear in their works.

You know, the happiness of just one child would be sufficient repayment.

I can imagine him looking through a shop-window at a copy of THE DELINEATOR. There is a beautiful lady on the cover. He admires the beautiful lady. He spells out the letters over her. That's all he sees. He goes off home to tell his mother about it. But because of what was in that magazine, partly because of it, just a little bit because of it, he has a mother to go back home to.

That's enough.

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"The Health Master"

"Let this hireling of the Doctors' Trust answer if he can"

GRANDMA SHARPLESS DRIVES A QUACK OUT OF TOWN

A Strong-Arm Demonstration

The Health Master Furnishes Gratis Instruction to an Editor, a Clergyman, and a Community

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

A TWENTY-DOLLAR bill! Crisp, fresh, and golden, it rose monumentally from the basis of nickels, dimes and quarters which made up the customary collection of the Bairdstown Memorial Church. Even the generosity of the Clyde family, who, whenever they spent a week-end at Mr. Clyde's farm outside the little city, attended the Sunday services, looked meager and insignificant beside its yellow-backed splendor. Deacon Wilkes, passing the plate, gazed at it in fascination. Subsequent contributors surreptitiously touched it in depositing their own modest offerings, as if to make certain of its substance. It was even said at the Wednesday Sewing Circle that the Rev. Mr. Huddleston, from his eminence in the pulpit, had marked its colorful glint with an instant and benign eye and had changed the final hymn to one which specially celebrated the glory of giving.

In the Clyde pew also there was one who specially noted the donor, but with an expression far from benign. Dr. Strong's appraising glance ranged over the plump and glossy perfection of the stranger, his symphonic grayness, beginning at his gray-suède-shod feet, one of which unobtrusively protruded into the aisle, verging upward through gray sock and trouser to gray frock coat, generously cut, and terminating at the sleek gray head. Even the tall hat which the man dandled on his knees was gray. Against this Quakerish color scheme the wearer's face stood out, large, pink, and heavy-jowled, lighted by restless brown eyes. His manner was at once important and reverent, and his "amen" a masterpiece of unction. No such impressive outlander had visited Bairdstown for many a moon.

After the service the visitor went forward to speak with Mr. Huddleston. At the same time Dr. Strong strolled up the aisle and contrived to pass the two so as to obtain a face-to-face view of the stranger.

"At nine o'clock to-morrow, then, and I shall be delighted to see you," the pastor was saying as Dr. Strong passed.

"Good-morning, Professor," said Dr. Strong, with an accent on the final word as slight as the nod which accompanied it.

"Good-morning! Good-morning!" returned the other heartily. But his glance, as it followed the man who had accosted him, was puzzled and not wholly untroubled.

"WHO is your munificent friend?" asked Mrs. Clyde, as the Health Master emerged from the church and joined her husband and herself in their car.

"When I last ran across him he called himself Professor Graham Gray, the Great Gray Benefactor," replied Dr. Strong.

"Dresses the part, doesn't he?" observed Mr. Clyde. "Where was it that you knew him?"

"On the Pacific coast, five years ago. He was then itinerating—the quack term for traveling from place to place, picking up such practise as may be had by flamboyant advertising. Itinerating in eyes, as he would probably put it."

"A wandering quack oculist?"

"Optician, rather, since he carried his own stock of glasses. In fact that's where his profit came in. He advertised treatment free and charged two or three dollars for the glasses, special rates to school children. The scheme is an old one and a devilish. Half of the children in San Luis Obispo County, where I chanced upon his trail, were wearing his vision-twisters by the time he was through with them."

"What kind of glasses were they?"

"Sometimes magnifying lenses. Mostly just plain window glass. Few children escaped him, for he would tell the parents that only prompt action could avert blindness."

"At least the plain glass couldn't hurt the children," suggested Mrs. Clyde.

"Couldn't it! It couldn't fail to hurt them. Modify the sight of a delicate instrument like a child's eye continuously by the most transparent of barriers, and it is bound to go wrong soon. The magnifying glasses are far worse. There are hundreds of children in that one locality alone who will carry the stigma of his quackery throughout their lives."

"Do you think he is here with a view to practising his amiable trade?" inquired Clyde.

"Only in part, if at all. I understand that he has changed his line."

"How comes he by all that showy money, then?"

"By murder."

The Clydes, accustomed to their physician's hammer-stroke turns of speech, took this under consideration. "But he wasn't committing murder in the church just now, I suppose," insinuated Mrs. Clyde at length.

"Not directly. His immediate business there, I suspect, was bribery."

"Of whom?"

"The minister."

"Oh, come, Strong!" protested Mr. Clyde. "Mr. Huddleston isn't an intellectual giant, I grant you; but he's certainly a well-meaning and honorable old fellow."

"Some cynical philosopher has remarked that wicked men have a talent for doing harm, but fools have a genius. Mr. Huddleston's goodness and honesty, taken in connection with his hopeless ignorance of human nature, are just so much capital to hand for a scoundrel like this Gray."

"What does he expect to get for his twenty-dollar bill?"

"First, a reputation for piety and generosity. Second, that reputation duly certified to by the leading minister of the town."

"In other words, a testimonial."

"Precisely. For home use, and cheap at twenty dollars. Preparatory to operating in a town, your itinerating quack bribes two people—if he can. First, the editor of the local paper; second, the pastor of the leading church. The editor usually takes the money with his eyes wide open; the minister with his eyes tight shut."

Bairdstown's suffering womanhood turned out extensively

"How can his eyes be shut to such a business?" asked Mrs. Clyde.

"Because so much dust has been thrown in them by the so-called religious journals."

"Surely you don't mean that religious journals exploit quackery in their pages!" cried Mrs. Clyde.

"They are the mainstay of the quack and patent medicine business," declared the Health Master. "Leaving out the Christian Science papers, which, of course, don't touch this dirty money, the religious press of all denominations, with a few honorable individual exceptions, sells out to any form of medical fraud which has a dollar to spend. Is it strange that the judgment of some of the clergy, who implicitly trust in their sectarian publications, becomes distorted? It's an even chance that our Great Gray faker's advertisement is in the religious weekly which lies on Mr. Huddleston's study table at this moment."

Grandma Sharpless turned around from her seat in front, where she always esconced herself so that, as she put it, she could see what was coming in time to jump. "I know it is," she stated quietly. "For while I was waiting in the parsonage last week I picked up the *Church Pillar* and saw it there."

"Trust Grandma Sharpless's eyes not to miss anything that comes within their range," said Dr. Strong.

"Well, I missed the sense of that advertisement till just now," retorted the old lady. "I've just remembered about this Graham Gray."

"What about him?" asked the Health Master with eagerness, for Mrs. Sharpless's memory was as reliable for retaining salient facts as her vision was for discerning them. "Do you know him?"

"Only by his works. Last year a traveling doctor of that name stopped over at Greenvale, twenty miles down the river, and gave some of his lectures to Suffering Womanhood, or some such folderol. He got hold of Sally Griffin, niece of our farmer here, while she was visiting there. Sally's as sound as a pippin, except for an occasional spell of fool-in-the-head, and I guess no school of doctoring ever helps that common ailment much. Well, this Gray got her scared out of her wits with symptoms, and sold her twenty-five dollars' worth of medicine to cure her of something or other she didn't have. Cured!" sniffed the lively narrator. "If I hadn't taken the stuff away from her and locked it up, I expect she'd be in the churchyard by now."

"The whole philosophy of quackery explicated and punctured, by one who knows," chuckled Dr. Strong.

"None of your palaver with me, young man!" returned the brisk old lady, who was devoted to the Health Master, and showed it by a policy of determined opposition of the letter and whole-hearted support of the spirit and deed, in all things. "Probably he knows as much as most of your regular doctors, at that."

"At least he seems to know human nature. That's the strong point of the charlatan. But have you got any of his medicine left?"

"Yes; I think I can lay my hands on what's left of it I remember that Sally boohooed like a baby, grown woman that she is, when I took it away from her." Dr. Strong's eyebrows went up sharply. "As soon as we get to the house I'll look it up."

ON THEIR arrival at the roomy old farmstead which Mr. Clyde had remodeled and modernized for what he called "an occasional three days of grace" from his business in the big city of Worthington, Grandma Sharpless set about the search, and presently came to the living-room bearing in one hand a large bottle and in the other a newspaper.

"Since you're interested in Professor Gray," she said, "here's what he says about himself in yesterday's *Bairdstown Bugle*. I do think," she added, "that the Honorable Silas Harris might be in better business with his paper than publishing such truck as this. Listen to it.

GOSPEL HERBS WILL CURE YOUR ILLS

Women of Bairdstown; Read your Bible! Revelation 22nd chapter, 2nd verse. God promises that "the Herbs of the field shall heal the nations." In a vision from above, the holy secret has been revealed to me. Alone of all men, I can brew this miracle-working elixir.

"The blasphemous old slinkum!" Grandma Sharpless interrupted herself to say angrily. "He doesn't even quote the Scriptures right!"

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"Oh, blasphemy is a small matter for a rascal of his kind," said the Health Master lightly. "Go on."

She read on:

"Come to me, ye women who suffer, and I will give you relief. All those wasting and wearing ailments from which the tender sex suffers, vanish like mist before the healing, revivifying influence of Gospel Herbs. Supposed incurable diseases: Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes and all kidney ills. Stomach Trouble, Scrofula, Blood Poison, even the dreaded scourge, Consumption, yield at once to this remedy.

Though my special message is to women, I will not withhold this boon from any suffering human. Come one and all, rich and poor, young and old, of either sex. Your money refunded if I do not cure you. Public meeting Monday and Tuesday evenings, at eight o'clock sharp in the Scatcherd Opera House; admission free to all. Private consultation at the Mallory Hotel, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Remember, I cure where the doctors fail; or no pay.

PROF. GRAHAM GRAY,
The Great Gray Benefactor.

Mrs. Sharpless held out for the general view the advertisement, which occupied, in huge type, two-thirds of a page of the *Bugle*. The remainder of the page was taken up with testimonials to the marvelous effects of the Gospel Herbs. Most of the letters were from far-away towns, but there were a few from the general vicinity of Bairdsville.

The Hymn of Healing

Meantime Dr. Strong had been delicately tasting and smelling the contents of the bottle, which were thick and reddish.

"What do you make out is in it?" asked Clyde.

"Death—and a few worse things. Grandma Sharpless, you say that the girl cried for this after you took it from her?"

"Not only that; she wrote to the Professor for more. And when it came I smashed the bottle."

"You ought to have the honorary degree of M.D. Well, it's pretty plain, but to make sure I'll send this to Worthington for an analysis."

"So our friend, the gray wolf, is going to prowl in Bairdstown for the next three days!" Thomas Clyde began to rub his chin softly; then not so softly; and presently quite hard. His wife watched him with troubled eyes. When his hand came down to rest upon his knee, it was doubled into a very competent-looking fist. His face set in the expression which the newspapers of his own city had dubbed, after the tenement campaign of the year before, "Clyde's fighting smile."

"Oh, Tom!" broke out his wife, "what kind of trouble are you going to get into now?"

"Trouble?" repeated the head of the family, in well-simulated surprise. "Why, dear, I wasn't even thinking of trouble—for myself. But I believe it is time for a little action. Let's call this a household meeting" (this was one of the established methods of the Clyde clan) "and find out. As it isn't a family affair, we won't call in the children this time. Strong, what, if anything, are we going to do about this stranger in our midst? Are we going to let him take us in?"

"The question is," said Dr. Strong quickly, "whether the Clyde family is willing to loan its subsidized physician temporarily to the city of Bairdstown."

"On the Chinese plan," supplemented Clyde.

"Certainly. On the Chinese plan of trying to save the community from a visitation instead of waiting to cure them of the incurable results of it."

"By visitation I suppose you mean Professor Gray?" said Mrs. Sharpless.

"Exactly. I should rank him rather higher than an epidemic of scarlet fever, as an ally of damage and death."

"I'll vote 'Yes,' " said Mrs. Clyde rather plaintively. "Only, I wish you two men didn't have so much Irish in your temperament."

"I scorn your insinuation," replied her husband. "I'm the original dove of peace, but this Gray person ruffles my plumage. What do you say, Grandma?"

"Bairdstown is my own place, partly. I know the people and they know me and I won't sit quiet and see 'em put upon. I vote 'Yes.' "

"Make it unanimous!" said Clyde. "What's the first move of the army of relief? I'm in on this somewhere, Strong."

"Contribute your car for a couple of days then, and we'll go out on a still-hunt for the elusive clue and the shy and retiring evidence. In other words, we'll scour the county, and look up some of these local testimonials which the Great Gray gathered in last year, and now prints in the *Bugle*."

"And I'll stop in town and see Mr. Huddleston tomorrow," said Mrs. Sharpless.

"You won't get any results," prophesied the Health Master. "But, anyway, get him to come to the Gray lecture on Tuesday evening. We'll need him."

During the ensuing two-and-a-half days and two nights Mrs. Clyde had speech of her husband but once; and that was at 2 A.M. when he woke her up to tell her that he was having the time of his life, and she replied by asking him whether he had let the cat in, and returned to her dreams.

BAIRDSTOWN'S Suffering Womanhood—as per advertisement—turned out extensively and self-commiseratingly to the free lecture of Tuesday evening, bringing with them a considerable admixture of the male populace, curious, cynical or expectant. On the platform sat a number of "special guests," including the Rev. Mr. Huddleston, mild of face and white of hair, and the Honorable Silas Harris, owner of the *Bugle*. "Cured" patients, to the number of half a dozen, fidgeted in the seats of honor with expressions of conscious and pleasurable importance.

"They appear to be enjoying poor health quite literally," whispered Clyde to Dr. Strong, as the two, begrimed with the dust of a long day's travel just finished, slipped quietly into side seats.

At once the entertainment began. A lank, harsh-faced, muscular man whom Professor Gray introduced as his assistant, seated himself at the piano, and struck a chord, whereupon the Professor, in a powerful voice, sang what he termed the "Hymn of Healing," inviting the audience to "assist" in the chorus, which gem of poesy ran as follows:

Ye shall be healed! Ye shall be healed!
Trust in the gospel advice.
Cured by the herbs of the wood and the field;
Healed without money or price.

"Some poetic license in that last line," murmured Clyde to his companion.

"The next portion of our program," announced the Great Gray Benefactor, "will be corroborative readings from the Good Book." And he proceeded to deliver in oratorical style sundry Bible quotations so patched together and garbled as to ascribe, inferentially, miraculous powers to the Gospel Herbs. Then came the lecture proper, which was merely an amplification of the *Bugle* advertisement, interspersed with almanac funny stories and old jokes.

"And now, before our demonstration," concluded Professor Graham Gray, "if there is any here seeking enlightenment or help, let him rise. This is your meeting, dear friends, as much as mine; free to your voices and your needs, as well as to your welcome presence here. I court inquiry and fair investigation. Any questions? If not, we——"

"One moment!" The whole assemblage turned, as on a single pivot, to the side aisle where Dr. Strong had risen and now stood, tall, straight and composed, waiting for silence.

"Our friend on the right has the floor," said the Professor suavely.

"You state that this God-given secret remedy was imparted to you for the relief of human misery?" asked Dr. Strong.

"Thousands of grateful patients attest it, my friend."

"Then, with human beings suffering and dying all about you, why do you continue to profit by keeping it secret?"

Down sat the questioner. A murmur rose and ran, as the logic of the question struck home. But the quack had his answer pat:

"Does not the Good Book say that the laborer is worthy of his hire? Do your regular physicians, of whom, I understand, you are one, treat cases for nothing? Ah," he went on, outstretching his hands to the audience with a gesture of appeal, "the injustice which I have suffered from the jealousy and envy of the medical profession! Never do I enter a town without curing many unfortunates that the regular doctors have given up as hopeless. Hence the violence of their attacks upon me. But I forgive them their prejudice, as I pity their ignorance."

Some applause followed the enunciation of this noble sentiment.

"We have with us to-night," pursued the speaker, quick to catch the veering sentiment, "a number of these marvelous cures. You shall hear from the very mouths of the saved ones testimony beyond cavil. I will call first on Mrs. Amanda Gryce, wife of Mr. Stanley Gryce, the well and favorably known laundryman. Speak up clearly, Mrs. Gryce, and tell your story."

He had treated them with his new Gospel Elixir

"It's two years now that I been doctorin'," said the lady thus adjured, in a fluttering voice. "I doctored with a allopathic physician here, an' with a homypath over to Roxton, an' with a ostypath down to Worthington, an' with Peruny in betwixt, an' they didn't any of 'em do me no good till I tried Professor Gray. He seen how I felt without askin' me a question. He just pulled down my eyelid an' looked at it. 'You're all run down; gone!' says he. An' thet's jest what I was. So he treated me with his herb medicine an' I feel like a new woman. An' I give Professor Graham Gray the credit an' the thanks of a saved woman."

"Not to mention seven dollars an' a half," supplemented a mournful drawl from the audience.

"You hush, Stan Gryce!" cried the healed one, shrill above the laughter of the ribald. "Would you begrutch a few mizzable dollars for your poor, sufferin' wife's health?"

An alarmed child of ten was next led forward and recited in sing-song measure:

"I - had - the - fits - for - most - three - years - and - I - was - cured - by - Gospel - Herbs - and - I - have - come - here - to - say - God - bless - my - dear - benefactor - Professor-Graham-Gray,"—and sat down hard at the last word, whereupon a tenor squeak, in the far gallery took up the refrain:

You'd scarcex peckwon ofmy yage
To speakin public onthe stage.

Again there was a surge of mirth, and the lecturer frowned with concern. But he quickly covered whatever misgivings he might have had by bringing forward other "testimonies:" old Miss Smithson whose nervousness had been quite dispelled by two doses of the herbs; Auntie Thomas (colored) whose "[illegible]" before the wonder-working treatm[illegible] Carlin, whose boy had been "spittin[illegible] was churchyard doomed," but hadn't [illegible] ing spell since taking the panacea. A[illegible]ime Dr. Strong sat quiet in his seat, with a fa[illegible]ening sternness.

"You have heard your fellow citizens," the lecturer took up his theme again, "testify to the efficacy of my methods. And you see on this rostrum with me that grand and good old man, the worthy pastor of so many of you, my dear and honored friend—I feel that I may call him friend, since I have his approval of my humble labors—the Rev. Dr. Huddleston. You see also here, lending the support of his valued presence, the Hon. Silas Harris, whom you have twice honored by sending him to the state legislature. Their presence is the proudest testimonial to my professional character. In Mr. Harris's fearless and independent journal you have read the sworn evidence of those who have been cured by my God-given remedies; evidence which is beyond challenge——"

"I challenge it."

Dr. Strong, who had been hopefully awaiting some such opening, was on his feet again.

"You have had your say!" cried Professor Gray, menacing him with a shaking hand. "These people don't want to hear you. They understand your motives. You can't run this meeting."

The gesture was a signal. The raw-boned accompanist, whose secondary function was that of bouncer, made a quick advance from the rear, reached for the unsuspicious Health Master—and recoiled from the impact of Mr. Thomas Clyde's solid shoulder so sharply that only the side wall checked his subsidence.

"Better stay out of harm's way, my friend," suggested Clyde amiably.

IMMEDIATELY the hall was in an uproar. The more timid of the women were making for the exits, when a high, shrill voice, calling for order strenuously, quelled the racket, and a very fat man waddled down the middle aisle, to be greeted by cries of "Here's the Mayor." Several excited volunteers explained the situation to him from as many different points of view, while Professor Graham Gray bellowed his appeal from the platform.

"All I want is fair play. They're trying to break up my meeting."

"Not at all," returned Dr. Strong's calm voice. "I'm more than anxious to have it continue."

With a happy inspiration, Mr. Clyde jumped up on his bench.

"I move Mayor Allen take the chair!" he shouted. "Professor Gray says that he courts fair investigation. Let's give it to him, in order."

A shout of acclaim greeted this suggestion. Bairdstown's Suffering Womanhood and Bored Manhood was getting more out of a free admission than it had ever had in its life before. Ponderously the obese Mayor hoisted his weight up the steps and shook hands with the reluctant lecturer. He then invited Dr. Strong to come to the platform.

"This is my meeting!" protested the Great Gray Benefactor. "I hired this hall and paid good money for it."

"You said it was our meeting as much as yours!" roared an insurgent from the crowd, and a chorus of substantiation followed.

"Ten minutes will be all that I want," anounced Dr. Strong as he took a chair next the Mayor.

"That's fair!" shrilled the Chairman. "On the Professor's own invitation." In a tone lowered to the alarmed quack's ear, he added: "Of course, you can back out if you want to. But I'd advise you do to it quick if you're going to do it at all. This is a queer-tempered town."

So significant was his tone, that the other judged advance to be safer than retreat. Therefore, summoning all his assurance, he sought, in an impassioned speech, to win back his hearers. He was a natural orator, and, when he reached his peroration, he had a large part of his audience with him again. In the flush of renewed confidence he made a grave tactical error, just when he should have closed.

"Let this hireling of the Doctors' Trust, the trust that would strangle all honest competition, answer these if he can!" he shouted, shaking the page of testimonials before his adversary's face. "Let him confute the evidence of these good and honorable women who have appeared here to-night; women who have no selfish aims to subserve. Let him impugn the motives of the reverend clergyman and of the honored statesman who sit here with me. Let him do this, or let him shrink from this hall in the shame and dishonor which he seeks to heap upon one whose sole ambition it is to relieve suffering and banish pain and death."

There was hearty applause as the speaker sat down and Dr. Strong arose to face a gathering now turned for the most part hostile. He wasted no time in introduction or argument. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "Professor Gray rests his case on his testimonials. With Mr. Clyde I have investigated a number of them, and will give you my results. Here are half a dozen testimonials to the value of one of his nostrums, the Benefaction Pills, from women who have been cured, so they state, of diseases ranging from eczema through indigestion to consumption. All, please note, by the same wonderful medicine. And here," he drew a small box from his pocket,

[Continued on page 220]

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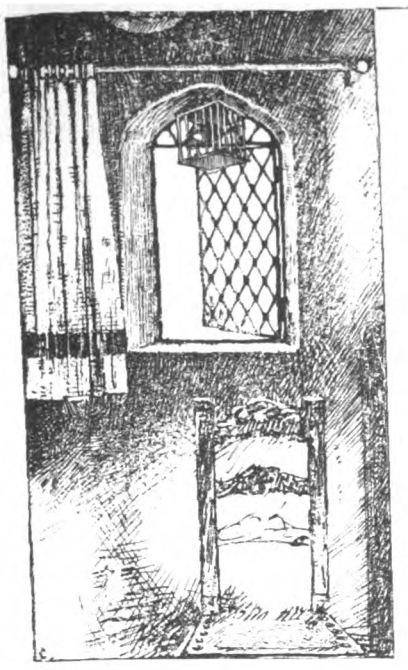
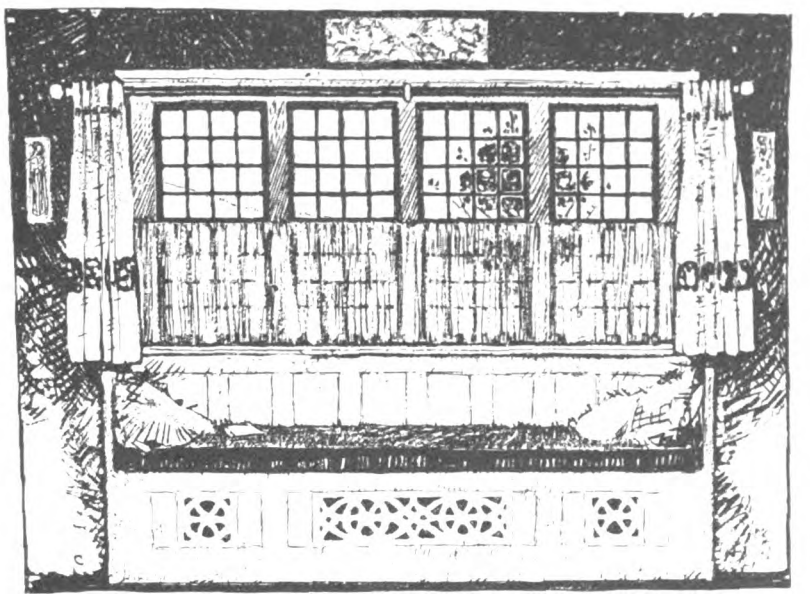
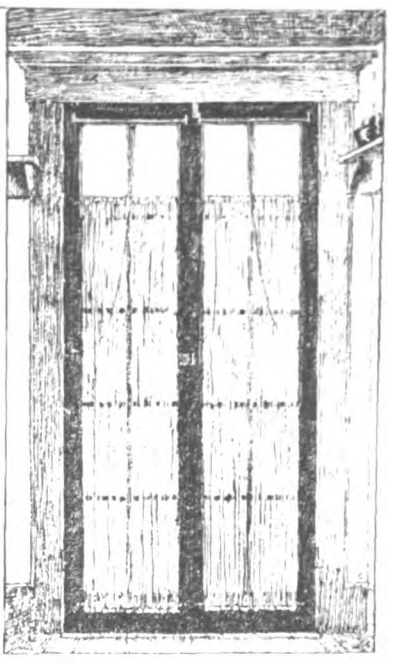
VI. *Is Your House Honest?*



You get the whole sweep of air through a casement window



A group of windows always invites a broad window-seat



French windows often lead to an outdoor dining-room or a little conservatory

THE PRIVILEGE OF WINDOWS

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

ONE of the New York papers recently contained a scathing editorial on the city women who make cave-dwellers of their families by having curtains, and then more curtains, and more curtains, so that whatever light and air may be outside, very little ever gets into the rooms of the city house.

The editorial was well deserved, for the present mode of curtaining New York windows seems to be to hang an expensive lace curtain flat against the glass, the full length of the window; inside that, there is usually a holland shade (as if the many curtains were not enough!); then another pair of lace curtains, looped back to give just a little triangular view of the glass curtain; then a pair of very heavy velvet or brocade curtains, lined and interlined, hanging straight or looped slightly and finished with a deep fitted top, similar to the hideous lambrequins of the Victorian era of decoration.

By the time all these draperies have been adjusted there is very little chance for light or air. The editor in question remarked that while the people of the tenements are forced by law to have a certain amount of light and air, the cave-dwellers of the brownstone houses have no one to say them nay, and so bring up their pallid families in air-tight houses.

The city woman is not peculiar in her dread of light and air. Every little town has a goodly number of houses with windows always tightly shuttered. I have seen tidy cottages in New England with windows that have not been opened in years. There was a time when people had to pay taxes for the privilege of windows, so much for each window. One can imagine that those early windows were really appreciated, that they were allowed to give their full measure of light and air.

Perhaps some day, when health is just as much a matter of law as honesty, it will be a misdemeanor to be ill or cross, and a tax will be imposed on *closed* windows!

Judging Folks by Their Windows

YOU can walk along the street and "size people up" by the way they treat their windows. When you see huge vases of artificial flowers between the lace curtains and glass, for outsiders to enjoy, you may be sure the people within are "showing off." Closely drawn curtains and shades pulled down just-so suggest a too-neat housekeeper with a dread of light and air, or a room too fine to use. Rooms shouldn't be too fine to use. Here is a house with lace curtains at the parlor windows, ragged net ones at others, and shabby dotted swiss ones at servants' rooms and basement—you know very well what to expect of the people behind the windows. Then you come to a plain little shoe-box of a house, such a humble little house no one would think of looking to it for a lesson in decoration, and you find real windows, shining and clean, with fresh white curtains hanging straight and full, and green-painted window-boxes full of growing things fastened to the ledges outside. You know the dwellers in the little house are nice people, and that they appreciate the privilege of windows.

Windows are intended primarily as dispensers of light and air, but like all architectural details that are of practical value, they are also of the greatest decorative importance. Too many windows are as bad as too few. It isn't that we need so many more windows, but that we need a better grouping of those we have. That is one thing the modern architect does supremely well: he makes the most of windows inside the house and out. Instead of spotting the exterior of a house with many windows, badly proportioned and badly balanced, he groups the windows so that they decorate the exterior and make the interior a place of sweetness and light.

The single windows in Colonial houses are placed with geometrical precision, and are dignified in effect, but in so many nondescript houses the windows are spotted singly over the surface with no apparent rhyme or reason, and are very ugly. Often these scattered single windows may be pulled into a group. For instance, if a room has one side wall broken by two windows, about four feet apart, the space between may be filled with a new window. The room will be much pleasanter, and the exterior will have a new interest, for the three windows will form a logical break in the wall. People are always "improving" their houses by adding bay windows, which usually look like expensive excrescences, when by expending about the same money and a little more thought they could make the whole house more interesting by pulling the scattered windows into well-balanced groups.

A group of windows always invites a broad window-seat. The window-seat may be constructed to cover a long, low radiator, with a lattice for the heat to filter through. Such a seat should have a long fitted pad, mattress fashion, of some fabric that will be in keeping with the other fabrics and colors of the room, and that will fade to an agreeable tone, for fade it will, you may be sure of that. However, grays and browns and tans fade to even pleasanter tones than they had when they came from the dye-pots.

In a small dining-room a group of windows will invite a square or an oblong dining-table, placed at right angles to the window-sill. I have often watched women scramble for the tables nearest the windows in tea-rooms and restaurants, and yet their own dining-tables are always placed spang in the middle of the room, no matter how small or how gloomy it may be. It is not always practicable to place your dining-table under the windows, but when it is—do it! You can make the room even more delightful by building a long shelf under the three windows, and having a row of plants on the shelves. You will always have fresh green things, and you'll always feel that meal-time is a gala occasion. Windows without window-sills are like couches without cushions—you haven't made the best of them!

Making the Best of a Bay Window

IF YOU have a bay window in your house, use it! Take down the heavy curtains and draperies, and remove the marble-topped table with its fine vase that has been viewed by passers-by for these many years, and make the little recess a useful place. A big armchair and a sewing-table, or a broad window-seat with narrow shelves for books at the ends, or a low table with a big chair on each side of it—any of these combinations will make the recess most inviting. Don't permit curtains that will interfere with the pleasure of living. The best curtains in the world are made of sheer white swiss muslin. You can be *sure* they're always clean. You aren't worried about people looking in, and if you want to look out you can pull them aside.

The most beautiful windows are treated architecturally, and require only a heavy side curtain that may be drawn at night. Made up of well-balanced sashes subdivided into rectangular or diamond panes by leads or small moldings, such a window is a joy in itself. It doesn't need curtains. If you can afford the glass that is uneven in quality (amber is the nicest color of all) your window will be a jewel, as full of changing color as an opal. I love those stately old houses on Beacon Hill in Boston, with their panes of violet and lavender glass. If one of these precious panes is broken the Bostonian's heart is broken also, and he seeks until he finds another piece of misty gray or lavender glass that will fit into his window.

Casement windows have many claims to our attention: they are the most picturesque of all windows, and they admit the greatest amount of air. The double-hung window is always just *half* open, one-half of it is always filled with glass, whereas when the casement is opened you get the full sweep of air through the whole window-space. Casements must necessarily be smaller than double-hung windows, because they are supported by their hinges. It will take a group of casements to admit the same light as two or three ordinary windows, but the ordinary windows give too much light usually—else why do people curtain them so resolutely?

The wire screen has become as much a part of our window-furnishing as the holland-shade, and the screen makes it rather difficult to get the best results from casement windows. If you have the screen placed outside the window, you can have a built-on window-box outside, but the casement will have to swing in. If you have the casements swing outward, the screen will have to be removed every time you wish to open or close the window.

The Kinds of Curtains You Want

CASEMENT windows are best curtained with thin white net or muslin, shirred at the top and bottom on small brass rods so that the window may be opened without the vexation of a flapping curtain. Casements made of leaded panes or colored glass do not require thin curtains. A heavy curtain that may be drawn across the window at night is all that is necessary.

A heavy curtain may be such a beautiful thing. When you choose the fabric, select some stuff that is nice in design and texture, especially at night, for while almost any heavy curtain is nice enough when pulled to one side in heavy folds by day, when it is drawn at night it should be more than just nice—it should be decorative. I like a curtain that shimmers at night, a soft fabric with silk threads, or one of those lovely Japanese cottons that are printed in metals and dull colors—bronze and silver, orange and brown, on a tan ground. Such fabrics cost no more than ordinary reps and velveteen.

Double-hung windows may have half or full length glass curtains, of thin white material, hanging straight and full from the top of the window to the sill. Ruffled curtains, crossed and looped back, often appeal to us just because of their cleanly, fresh appearance, but plain ones are nicer. Ruffles belong on wearing apparel, not on house-furnishings.

When side curtains of chintz or such a fabric are used at the double-hung windows there may be a fitted valance, or a plaited ruffle at the top of the window. This valance should have its own rod, so that the chintz curtains beneath it may be drawn together at night. Many people string the valance and side curtains on the same pole, and while this isn't exactly as it should be, the framing of the gay chintz is very nice to look upon.

When glass doors lead to an outdoor dining-room, or a little conservatory, or an enclosed piazza, the effect is very pleasant indeed, because you can enjoy the sunshine and flowers and the *feeling* of outdoors while you toast your feet by a real fire within. Usually these glass doors are made French fashion, of two long narrow sashes, each two panes wide, and many panes deep. The best method of curtaining the sash is to shir a soft white or cream stuff—muslin or net—on small brass rods, the top rod being placed at the second bar from the top, and the lower rod being placed at the very bottom of the glass panes. This leaves an open square of four panes at the top of the sash.

Plan your windows for sunshine and air, and then refuse to have a wall-paper or a rug that will not stand the test of the sunshine. This is a pretty good rule for the furnishings of your house.

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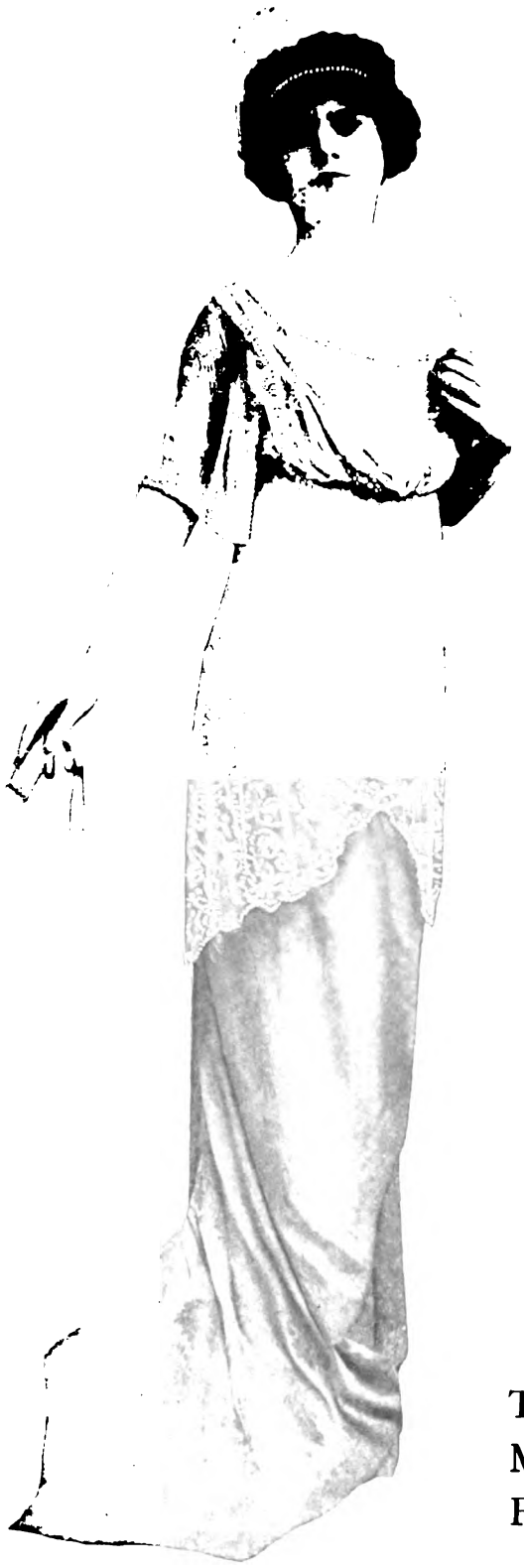
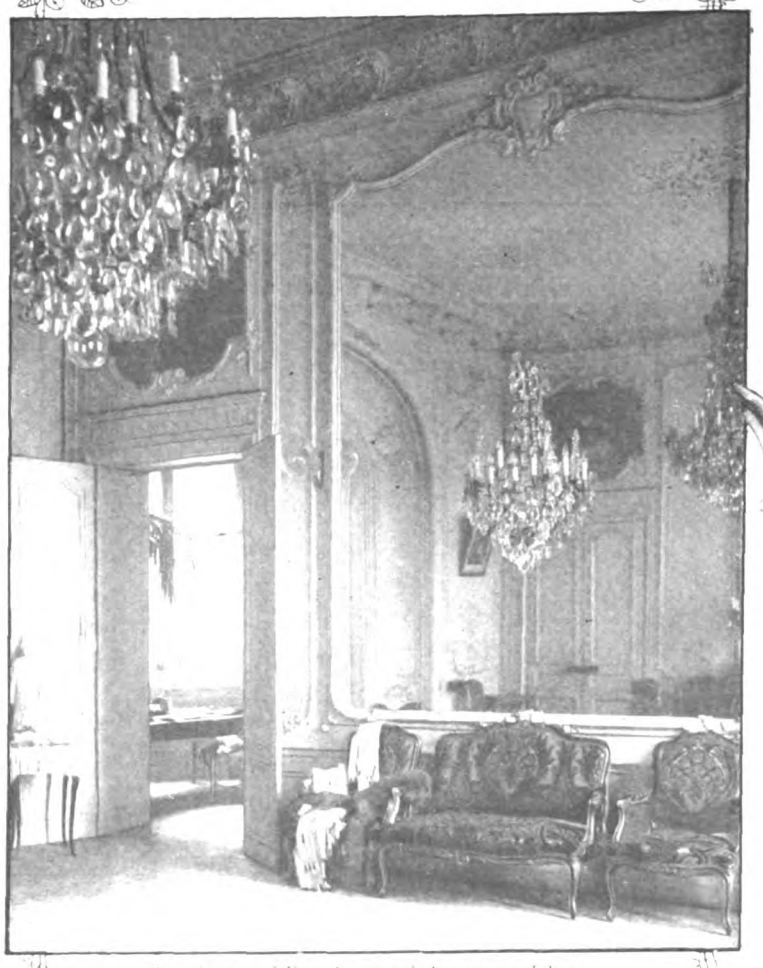


Our specialty really is evening gowns



The house of Beer is one of the most celebrated dressmaking establishments in Paris. M. Beer creates models for women of the world who insist on styles that are beautiful as well as novel

Of peacock-blue faille and dull-colored ancienne brocade

BEER

THE NOTED PARIS DRESSMAKER DEFINES THE FASHIONS FOR THE COMING SPRING

Photographs by l'Atelier Taponier

FRENCHWOMEN never order a gown before luncheon. Some people will tell you that is because they do not get up until noon, but that will not be true. You will find any number of them at their tailors' and dressmakers' quite early in the day, but they are having fittings, not choosing new dresses. The real reason is that luncheon at the Ritz has a very subtle effect on the feminine mind. No matter how faultless your dress, how perfect your jewels, you can't sit in the long hall of the Ritz where slow eyes follow every woman as she leaves the dining-room and takes her place outside at a little table for her coffee and cordial, without coming away feeling vaguely dissatisfied. If you are wearing serge, you wish it had been satin. Blue—is not brown newer? You liked your broad-brimmed picture-hat with its swirl of ostrich-feathers before you left your *appartement*, but at the table next you a girl with a little vivid, gamin face is wearing a monkey bonnet. It is absurd, ridiculous, with its skinny, derisive cattail feather. You know it isn't pretty, and yet your own seems suddenly clumsy, provincial.

Or perhaps your dress and hat are new and satisfying. You eat your lunch and drink your coffee in absolute contentment. You rise to leave, but you have to pass the long windows that open out on the high-walled garden. In the brilliant sunshine a splash of color against a girl's white dress catches your eye. Her face is hidden as she bends a little over her table and you only catch a glimpse of the pearls at her throat, the flash of diamonds on her white, restless hands, the thread of color in her sash, and then the whole picture is blotted out by the gay red-and-white stripes of the parasol over the next tea-table.

It's only the color of a ribbon, but it has laid its spell on you, and instead of taking your motor and going on to Bagatelle or the *Independents* or the Spring salon you turn to the right, and a minute later are drifting up our great white staircase where the festoons of evergreen frame your slender, shadowy figure against the gray stone wall as you pass on into our showrooms and salons.

Our establishment is housed in one of the lovely old mansions of the Place Vendôme deserted by the *émigrés* at the time of the French Revolution. Until we took it over it had been used as the *siège* of the military government of Paris, and its rooms are not only very beautiful but very spacious as well.

We have not begun to show our new models to the public, but the work is so far advanced that we can speak definitely of the styles for the Spring. Almost everything that we are making is draped, not only skirts, but waists, sleeves and coats as well. In most of our dresses the drapery is very irregular and the overskirt is caught up in such a way that it faintly suggests the pannier.

THE question of the width of skirts has turned into a sort of season's greeting with which we are saluted regularly after every opening. This year the usual answer of "no increase" doesn't quite settle the matter. Skirts *are* wider, but not at the bottom. At the foot they are as narrow as ever, perhaps a little narrower, for the slit at the base has become so common that it indicates that skirts in general are not as wide at the bottom as they were last year. But they are certainly wider at the top. The waist measure is larger than ever, and most dressmakers are making their skirt belts so loose that it is possible to put the hand between the belt and the body.

Most of my day dresses are made with long sleeves and drooping shoulders. I make a few very elegant afternoon gowns with the sleeve coming below the elbow, but even for formal wear the long sleeve is preferred just now. We use the natural armhole in our suits and the kimono sleeve for evening, but in other dresses and blouses we give the preference to the drop shoulder.

All our day dresses are made with collarless or open-neck waists, and when women insist on high collars we build up the opening with a very fine net guimpe. We do not advise the high neck, however, and only make it under protest for the women who persist in wearing it.

Perhaps I should have spoken of tailored suits earlier in my letter, for I know that is a subject that interests American women at this time of the year. Of course for certain purposes nothing can take the place of the hacking suit. We will make our Spring suits either with slightly fitted cutaway jackets, Russian blouse coats, or with shaped peplums flowing away from the figure at the bottom. The skirts are either draped or else plaited at the front or back. When we use draperies we slit the skirt at the bottom or put a plait underneath the drapery so that while the silhouette is very narrow, the skirt is perfectly comfortable for walking.

We are using the new shades of seal and *tête de nègre* brown in wool reps and light-weight broadcloth, navy-blue serge and plaids for our new suits for walking and morning use.

For afternoon gowns we use charmeuse, satin, moiré, crêpe meteor and the corded silks. Instead of the three-piece suit we are advising one-piece dresses and very elegant half-length wraps of silk or satin for afternoon wear. The suit has been worn so long that in Paris we are a little tired of it, and the dress and wrap are considered much smarter. The coat need not necessarily match the gown either in material or color. A black wrap, for instance, can be used with any dress, just as the moleskin coats were worn this Winter. On that account the wrap is rather more practical than a suit, for of course the usefulness of a suit coat is limited strictly to its own skirt and bodice.

WE ARE making a great many afternoon dresses and draped coats, but our speciality really is evening gowns, and for them we are combining very supple brocades and satins with transparent chiffon, lace and diamond-embroidered tulle. In the evening dress in the photograph the underdress is of lavender, blue and silver brocade draped with silver lace and pink chiffon edged with diamonds. The dress in the other photograph is of peacock-blue faille and a dull-colored *ancienne* brocade. You'll notice the large waist, long sleeves and draped skirt that are characteristic of most of our dresses of this type.

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SKIRTS *ARE* WIDER, BUT NOT AT THE BOTTOM

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FOR USING CONTRASTING MATERIALS

A DRAPED OVERBLOUSE, SHOWING SLEEVES AND TUCKER OF ANOTHER COLOR OR OF A THINNER FABRIC IS OFTEN EMPLOYED

THE French dressmakers call them cross-over waists, and say that Madame could not invent a line more graceful and more becoming to her figure. They refer to the far crossing surplice line which they use on a great many of their blouses, and which with the soft folds of the drapery makes design 6032 so graceful and chic. Here there is an overblouse crossing to the right and ending there with a buckle and sash end or with just a buckle, rosette or some other ornament. Underneath is a blouse with full-length or shorter one-seam dart-fitted sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes, over a French lining, in high or French neck. The design is most effective when the overblouse contrasts with the under, when for instance it is of chiffon over lace or net, of silk or satin over lace or marquisette or of plain charmeuse or taffeta combined with a broché. Trimming pieces over the shoulders may be used or not. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-half of material forty inches wide, with one yard forty-five inches wide for the draped overblouse and one-half yard of net forty inches wide for the straight collar and yoke-facings, will be required for the waist shown in small front view.

Design 6032 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6025 makes a very smart broadcloth dress as it is illustrated on the opposite page, and will be good-looking in sponge cloth or serge. For soft silks its plaits are not so good as drapery, but it may be used for a tailored walking-dress of satin or taffeta. Its style is also excellent for a Summer dress of cotton ratine, linen, gingham or poplin. The waist is made with a French lining which may be in high or French neck, and has one-seam sleeves which may be in full length dart-fitted below the elbow or shorter, sewed into slightly deep armholes. It may be bloused or drawn down. Attached at a slightly raised waistline is a five-piece skirt with a plaited section inserted at the front and two plaits at each side of a back panel. When the plaits are drawn out, the lower edge measures about two yards and three-eighths around in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, with five-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar in Robespierre style and cuffs, will be required for the dress with shorter sleeves.

Design 6025 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

Waist 6032

WAIST 5975 is pictured as part of a dress of broché crêpe de Chine, but it will also be effective in plain charmeuse and figured taffeta, and is entirely suitable for wool ratine, broadcloth, cotton ratine and linen. The design may also be used for a separate waist as well as for part of a dress. It may be bloused slightly in the new French way or drawn down, and may have either of two styles of full-length sleeves dart-fitted below the elbow or shorter sleeves. They have one seam and are sewed into slightly deep armholes. A French lining may be cut high neck with a collar having a straight or curved lower edge or French neck. The shape of the opening which shows a facing on the lining in vest effect is one used a great deal in new models. Most of these also are eased over the belt so that they blouse slightly with a soft fulness which is very pretty on slender figures. Stiff and hard effects are carefully avoided in the present styles. For the scallop shown in one view, a Butterick transfer may be used.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5975 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

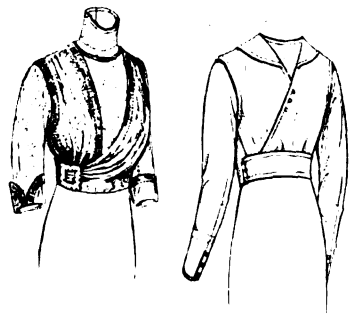
THE simple unbroken lines of design 5976 are especially good for materials with a pattern, for the brocaded crêpe de Chines and satins that are now fashionable, for moiré and figured taffeta, and for printed crêpes and voiles. But the skirt will also be smart in plain charmeuse, corded silk or crêpe meteor, and since the drapery at the back is very slight, in fine serge, wool rep or peau de souris. Many of the new suit skirts in rather heavy woolens are being draped, and when the drapery is simple look very well indeed. Here it is arranged in three folds at each side of a back panel, with plaits at the lower part, which, when they are drawn out give a width of about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge. The skirt is cut in three pieces and in clearing length, may be dart-fitted or slightly gathered at a slightly raised or gathered at a regulation waistline, and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist as a one-piece dress. Its front closing line joins it harmoniously with the waist illustrated with it or with any front closing design.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and seven-eighths of material without nap thirty-six inches wide or three yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

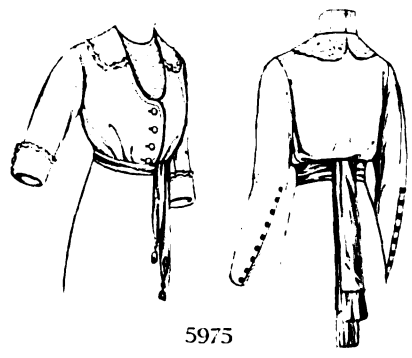
Design 5976 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

When the waist 6032 is combined with an accordion-plaited skirt and made up as in the figure illustration, four yards and five-eighths of charmeuse forty-four inches wide, one yard and one-eighth of lace net forty inches wide for the tucker and sleeves, and one-quarter yard of chiffon forty-five inches wide for the trimming pieces and frills will be required for the dress in medium size.

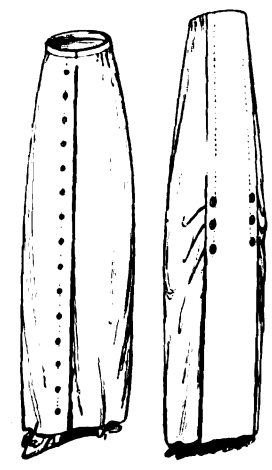
6025



6032



5975



5976

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AN IDEAL WRAP FOR AFTERNOON WEAR

IT IS SUPPLANTING THE DRESSY SUIT IN PARIS
THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF ONE-PIECE DRESSES

A FRENCH dressmaker in a loquacious mood revealed one day the origin of the short wrap. "Every woman now has a long wrap," he said. "We make short ones the fashion and she can not feel well dressed without a new one." Women who are not customers of the great French dressmakers and who are not unhappy if they lack the newest, smartest thing can still feel perfectly comfortable in a longer wrap, but they will just as surely make a more striking impression of up-to-dateness in a short one. The wrap shown in design 6019 is the latest thing of the kind for Spring and Summer wear. It may be worn as an entirely separate wrap or as part of a three-piece costume and may be made of satin, broché, matelassé, broadcloth, taffeta or chiffon. Its drapery, which draws it in at the lower part, gives it its distinction, but if any one wants a plain loose short coat she can omit the drapery and use this design for that. The collar and cuffs may be used or not. As the body and sleeves are in one, a wrap which is simpler to make could hardly be conceived.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and one yard and one-quarter twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required.

Design 6019 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

ONE of the Russian dresses which have become characteristic of this season and are likely to be the favorite type of early Spring street frock is shown in design 6026. The blouse has a side closing which is continued in the peplum and the skirt, but is cut separately from the peplum so that that may be adjusted more smoothly at the top. The peplum is in three pieces with just a few gathers at the back and may be in either of two lengths. The skirt is in three pieces, in clearing length, and has a width of about two yards at the lower edge in medium size. High or open neck and full or shorter length for the sleeves, which are dart-fitted below the elbow and attached to the body below the shoulder, are possibilities of the blouse. It may also be bloused or drawn down at the regulation waistline. A body lining may be used as a guimpe.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide, one yard of lace eighteen inches wide and one-half yard of net forty-inches wide will be required for the dress as shown in the small front view.

Design 6026 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

Coat 6019 Waist 5986; skirt 5976

[*Skirt 5976 described on page 178*]

Two yards and seven-eighths of chiffon forty-five inches wide and one yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar will be required for the coat in medium size.

Four yards of wool rep fifty inches wide, one-half yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide, and one-half yard of shadow lace eighteen inches wide, will be required for the medium size.

DESIGN 6013 is one that ought to please the woman who makes her own clothes highly. Its lines are splendid: they are what a simple dress must have if it is to be smart and successful, and in its sleeves, drapery and collar it is absolutely up to date and correct. Yet it can be easily made. The drapery as it is arranged here in the two-piece skirt need not cause the least-experienced dressmaker to hesitate about the design. The long, wrinkled, one-seam flaring sleeves dart-fitted below the elbow are much used, but may be made plain or shorter if desired. They are sewed into regulation armholes. High and open neck are possibilities of the French lining over which the waist may be eased or drawn down. The attached skirt is in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline and measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge.

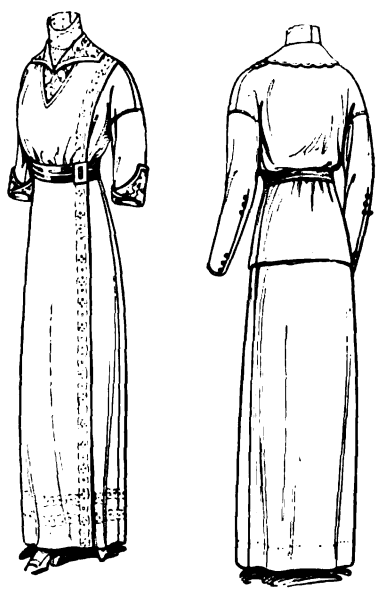
For a woman of medium size, three yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 6013 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

IN DESIGN 6018 the vest which fills the opening in the surplice waist and is itself fastened with a slanting line, and the angle taken by the closing line in the skirt, are individual and engaging features. But quite as important in the general smart effect are some less striking points in the construction of the dress—for instance, the cut of the waist with its body in one with the upper part of the sleeves, and the straight lines of the skirt, which has slight fulness at the top of the back, but measures only about two yards at the lower edge in medium size. The latter is in three or four pieces, in clearing length, and has a slightly raised waistline. The waist has the possibilities of high or open neck, full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves dart-fitted below the elbow and a sailor or round collar. There is a body lining which may be omitted. Sponge cloth, broadcloth, serge, Bedford cord, wool rep, satin, corded silks, cotton ratine, cotton corduroy, linen and gingham are some of the materials in which the design will be successful. For the vest and collar bengaline, moiré or brocheé will be effective on a cloth dress, and all-over lace on a silk one.

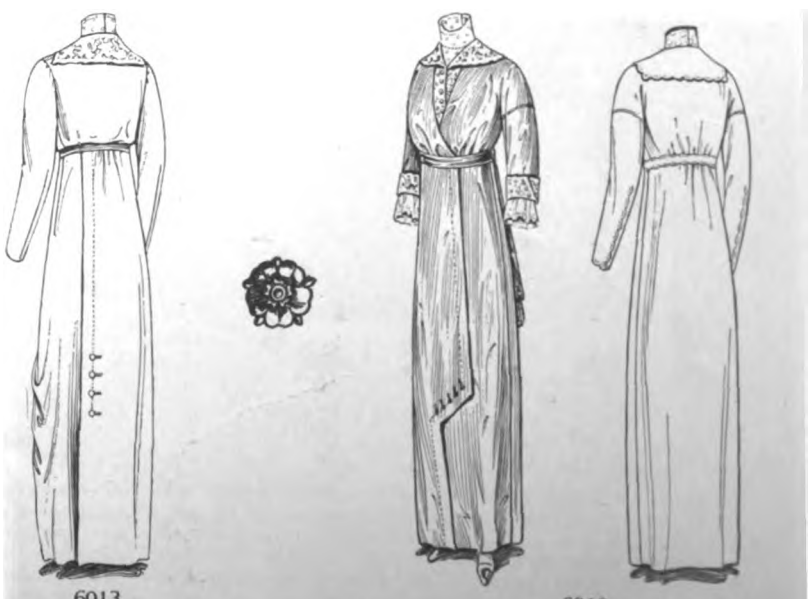
For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-half of material without nap forty-four inches wide, with one yard and one-eighth of lace eighteen inches wide for the vest, sailor collar and cuffs, and one-half yard of net forty inches wide, will be required for the dress with the three-piece skirt.

Design 6018 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6026

6013 6019



6013 6018

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Waist 6005; skirt 6006

When these designs are combined as illustrated, three yards and one-quarter of satin forty-four inches wide, one yard and one-half of figured silk thirty-six inches wide for the blouse and sleeves, and one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the straight collar and yoke-facing, will be required for the dress in medium size. The blouse and sleeves may also be of chiffon.

Dress 6031

[*These designs are described on page* 182]

Three yards and five-eighths of wool rep forty-four inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of figured silk twenty-seven inches wide for the center fronts and large collar, and one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the straight collar and yoke-facing, will be required for the dress in medium size trimmed as above. Serge, cotton ratine and linen are other suitable materials.

Waist 5986; skirt 5987

Three yards and three-eighths of peau de souris fifty-four inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of silk thirty-six inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required for the dress made from these designs in medium size. To reproduce the braiding design which is shown above carried out in soutache, a Butterick transfer may be used.

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Wrap 6019

Two yards and seven-eighths of satin forty-four inches wide and eight yards of velvet ribbon three and three-eighth inches wide for the plaited ruche will be required for the wrap in medium size trimmed as it is above. Broché also makes it effective.

Dress 6026

Four yards and three-eighths of wool rep forty-four inches wide and one-quarter yard of batiste thirty-six inches wide for the collar will be required for the dress in medium size. To reproduce the embroidery shown on the collar, a Butterick transfer may be used.

Dress 6013

Three yards and five-eighths of foulard forty-four inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of satin eighteen or more inches wide for the collar, and one yard and three-eighths of edging six and one-half inches wide for frills, will be required for the medium size.

Dress 6018

Three yards and one-eighth of broadcloth fifty-four inches wide and three-quarters of a yard of silk bengaline twenty inches wide for the vest and sailor collar will be required for the dress in medium size. Sponge cloth, serge, cotton ratine and linen are equally suitable.

[These designs are described on page 183]

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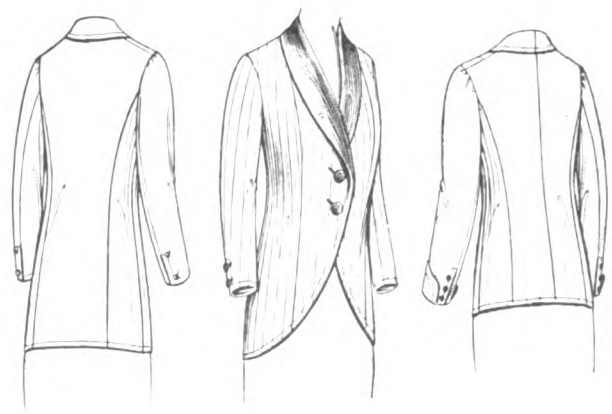
TAILORED SUITS MAY HAVE

THOUGH SIMPLE DRAPED EFFECTS THE NEW AFTERNOON DRESSES, THE STILL SHOWN BY GOOD HOUSES

NO MATTER what vogue there is for coats of a fancy or period type, the plain, mannish, tailored coat is always in style. If a woman can have two suits she uses this coat for hacking wear, but she can feel perfectly well dressed in it on almost any occasion. This season's mannish model is three-eighths fitting and from twenty-seven to thirty-two inches long at the back. It is shown in design 6033 with its edges just slightly cutaway and with a notched collar, but in longer length it may be rounded off more sharply, and it may have a shawl collar if preferred. The back may be in either of two styles and the sleeves may be slightly gathered at the top or have the fulness shrunken out.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in twenty-seven-inch length.

Design 6033 may be obtained in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6033

IN THE waist 5995, the vest is a smart feature, and the sleeves have excellent style. They are cut with their upper part in one with the body of the blouse and with a lower one-seam part dart-fitted below the elbow in full or shorter length. The full-length sleeves should be long enough to wrinkle slightly along the arm to have the best effect. A French lining may be in high or French round neck. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and made separately or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-half of material forty-four inches wide, with five-eighths of a yard of material forty-five inches wide for the vest, and three-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for trimming pieces, will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5995 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5996 is the popular two or three piece skirt with a plaited section inserted at each side seam. These give a width of two yards and one-half at the lower edge when they are drawn out, but they do not widen the silhouette at all. At the top of the skirt, at the slightly raised waistline, there is a little fulness at the back which relieves the plainness. The belt sections may be used or not. The design may be made with a bias edge meeting a straight edge at the side seams for plain materials or with two bias edges meeting for stripes and plaids and as a separate skirt or attached to a waist. It is in clearing length.

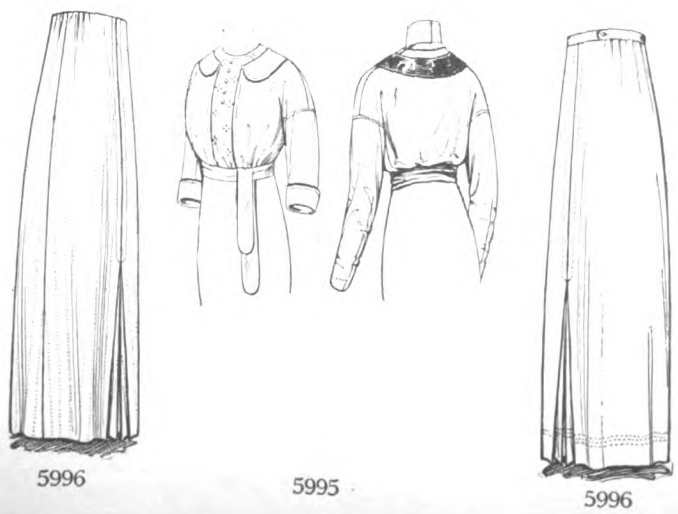
For a woman of medium size, three yards and three-eighths of plain material without nap forty-four inches wide will be required for the two-piece skirt.

Design 5996 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

Coat 6033; skirt 6016

[*Skirt 6016 described on page 188*]

When these designs are combined and developed as in the illustration above, four yards and five-eighths of serge fifty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required for the suit in medium size. While serge will probably continue to be very popular this Spring, there is a new material, wool rep, which is being used in place of it by some. It has a fine crosswise cord and a slight gloss and is a little more dressy than a rough serge.



5996 5995 5996

Waist 5995; skirt 5996

When these designs are made up as above, four yards of moiré forty-four inches wide, three-quarters of a yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the trimming pieces and vest and one-half yard of chiffon forty-five inches wide will be required for the medium size. An adaptation of a Butterick transfer may be used for the embroidered trimming.

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DRAPED OR PLAITED SKIRTS

ARE NOTICED ON VERY MANY OF FROCK WITH STRAIGHT LINES IS AND WORN BY VERY SMART WOMEN

Dress 6002

Three yards and one-half of printed silk forty-four inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of chiffon forty-five inches wide for the collar will be required for the medium size. The design will be charming also in striped silks and cotton voiles, in plain and figured cotton crêpe, and in charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and silk mull.

IN LOOKING over the models offered by the best Paris dressmakers one finds almost always in among their marvelously draped creations some straight, very simple frocks which, they assure Madame flatteringly, are as fashionable as ever and extremely becoming to her youthful figure. Design 6002 shows one which has been often copied. The surplice waist of this has its body in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter sleeves, high or open neck and may be with or without a body lining or the large collar. It may be bloused or drawn down. The two or three piece skirt is attached at Empire height and measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-eighth of plain material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress with the three-piece skirt.

Design 6002 may be obtained in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two inches bust, price fifteen cents.

6002

DESIGN 6028 is one of the smart new blouses which are seen in silks and satins matching a cloth suit and in cotton crêpe and voile. It is a blouse-waist which may be with or without a body lining and tucked or plaited front and back. A yoke may be used or not. Two styles of full-length sleeves and shorter sleeves are included in the design, and the neck may be high or slightly open. Two styles of closing are provided for those who want a fancy or a plainer blouse. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, two yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required with full-length sleeves.

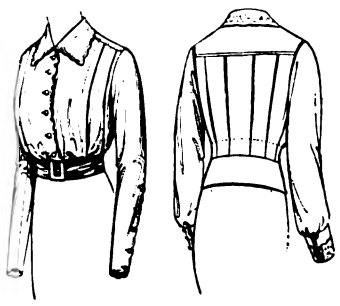
Design 6028 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

THE skirt shown in design 6029 is as suitable for part of a tailored suit as for a soft silk gown. It is in fact the very latest thing to have drapery and a few soft gathers in the skirt of a cloth tailor-made. The new tapering silhouette is also shown here. But though the skirt measures only about one yard and one-quarter at the lower edge its drapery makes it easier to walk in than a much wider straight skirt. The seam is, besides, left open at the lower part and caught with French tacks to give more leeway. Clearing length and a slightly raised waistline are found in the one or two piece draped skirt. A short three-piece foundation skirt with regulation waistline may be used or not.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six or more inches wide will be required for the draped skirt cut lengthwise.

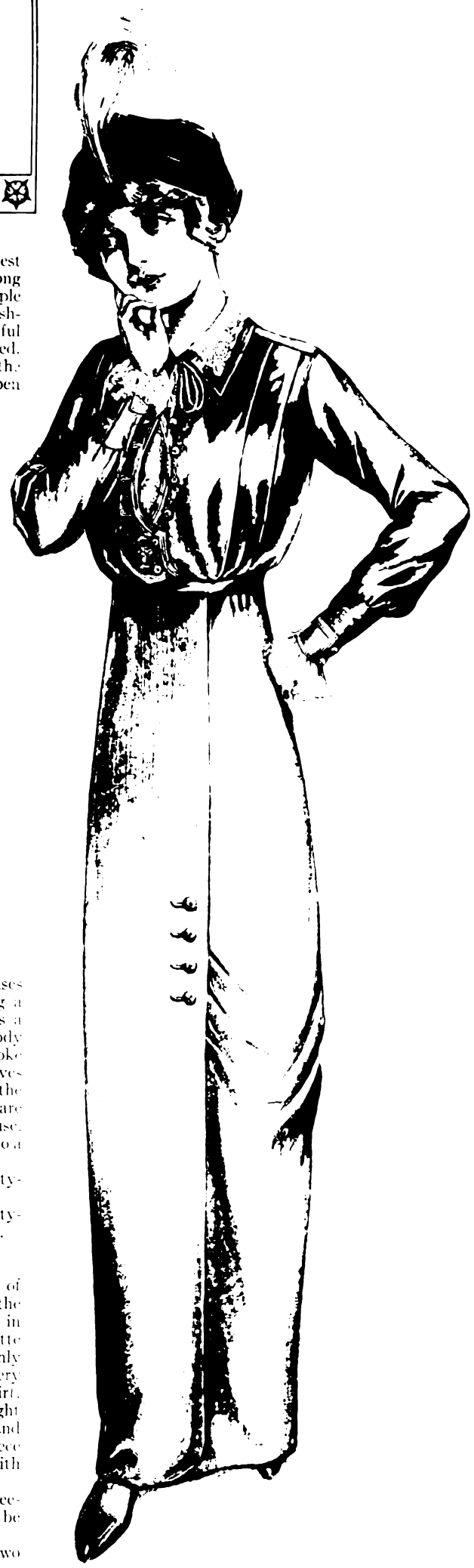
Design 6029 may be obtained in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

6029



6028

6029



Waist 6028; skirt 6029

One yard and three-quarters of charmeuse forty-four inches wide and one-half yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar and vest section, seven-eighths of a yard of edging and one yard of braid, will be required for the waist in medium size, trimmed as in the illustration above. One yard and three-quarters of broadcloth fifty-four inches wide cut crosswise and two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide for a foundation skirt will be required for the skirt. Yokes and tucked or plaited fulness are features of many of the new blouses.

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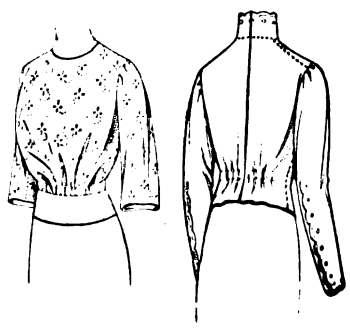
TUCKS ARE IN AGAIN FOR THIN MATERIALS

AND ARE USED IN SOFT SILK BLOUSES, TOO. THEY TRIM A SKIRT NICELY WITHOUT EXPENSE

FINE lingerie blouses can be more prettily trimmed with hand-embroidery or with a combination of tucks and insertion if they are closed at the back. A plain unbroken surface at the front such as is found in design 5971 allows one to use an effective embroidery design, fancy tucking or to arrange one's trimming as one will. The design gives a plain well-cut blouse-waist with high, French round or square neck, either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves sewed into regulation armholes and a skirt extension or peplum. A body lining which may be omitted is included. Both the darted and the bishop sleeves are good.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material twenty-seven inches wide or one yard and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5971 may be obtained in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

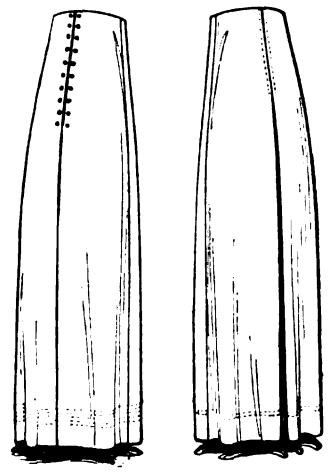


5971

DESIGN 5972 is for a three-piece skirt with an inverted plait or a plain seam in habit style at the back. It is in clearing length and has a slightly raised waistline. The width at the lower edge is about two yards with the habit back. It may be made with a bias edge meeting a straight edge at the side seams for plain materials or with two bias edges meeting for stripes, and as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and seven-eighths of plain material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required for the skirt with the inverted plait.

Design 5972 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



5972

THE popular style of lingerie blouse-waist at present has tucks in front and a yoke-facing across the back which extends over the shoulders. It has almost always an open neck and usually long sleeves. In design 6015 the yoke-facing is optional, the sleeves, which are sewed into slightly deep armholes, may be in either of two styles in full or shorter length and the neck may be high or slightly open. The graduated frill is a pretty trimming, but may be omitted. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress.

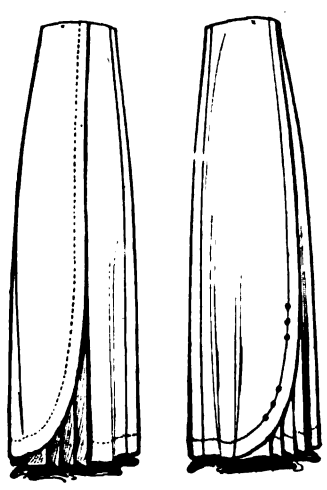
For a woman of medium size, two yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6015 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

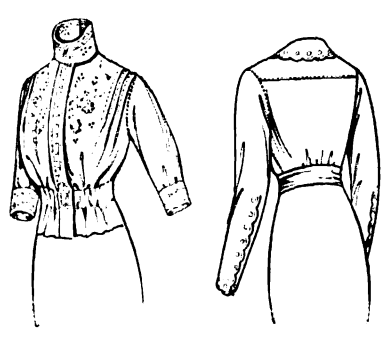
WHILE the skirt in design 6016 has beautifully straight and slender lines and seems as narrow at the foot as the ultra-fashionable could demand, its plaits allow perfect freedom of motion. They are inserted in sections at the lower part of the front and back and form a modish trimming as well as a practical advantage. When they are drawn out the skirt measures about two yards and five-eighths around. It is cut in four pieces, in clearing length, and with a slightly raised waistline, and may be closed at the front or back and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the inserted sections, will be required.

Design 6016 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



6016

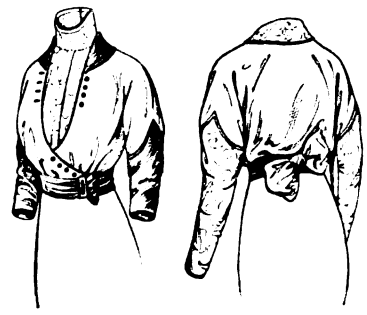


6015

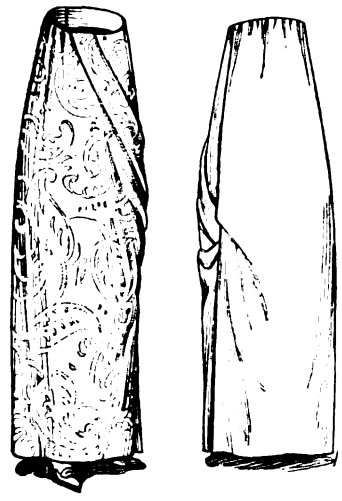
THE surplice waist in design 5991 was part of a French model in black satin. The satin was wide enough so that a seam at the back was not necessary, but one may be required by narrower material. The vest sections are optional. The upper part of the sleeves is cut in one with the body and the lower one-seam part is fitted closely at the wrist and wrinkled along the arm. They are joined in a new and effective fashion. Shorter sleeves are a possibility, and high and French necks are possibilities of the French lining which may be used as a guimpe. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and made separately or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-quarter of material forty-four inches wide, with five-eighths yard of contrasting material forty-four inches wide for the round collar and sleeves, will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 5991 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two inches bust measure to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



5991



5992

AN ARTIST in line arranged the drapery in design 5992. Of that a glance convinces one. A practical dressmaker then simplified the model so that it might be copied by inexperienced seamstresses, which fact is not so apparent, but will be proved by a trial. The skirt is cut in three pieces, a wide draped front gore, a back panel also slightly draped, lapping over the front, and a plain section at the left side of the front. It is in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline, and measures about one yard and one-half at the lower edge. Underneath is a three-piece foundation skirt with a raised waistline. The design may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-half of material without nap thirty-six inches wide for the outside skirt, and two yards and five-eighths twenty-seven inches wide for the foundation skirt, will be required.

Design 5992 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

FRENCH chic and daintiness are combined delightfully in the blouse-waist 5980. The body in one with the upper part of the sleeves and the yoke running down onto the shoulder are new and modish, while the tucks are fine and decorative and the yoke line a pretty trimming. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and may have high or French round or square neck and either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves. A body lining may be used as a guimpe. The design is suitable for a separate blouse and for part of a dress in any of the fine lingerie materials, cotton voile, batiste, lawn, or cotton crêpe.

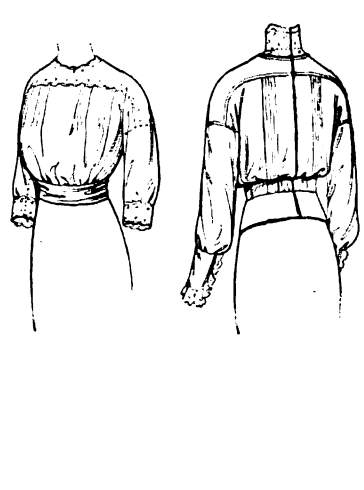
For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide will be required for the waist with shorter sleeves.

Design 5980 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

WHEN you don't want the expense of buying lace for the skirt of a lingerie dress, you can trim it very nicely with wide encircling tucks. In design 5981 they are effective alone although you may insert banding in between if you wish. This is a five-gored skirt in clearing length, which may be tucked or gathered at a slightly raised or regulation waistline and made separately or attached to a waist. In medium size, it measures about two yards around at the lower edge.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 5981 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



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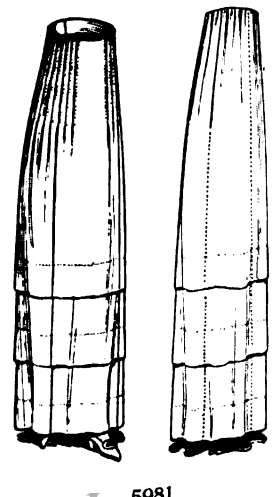

5981

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Waist 5971; skirt 5972

Three yards and one-eighth of fancy tucking eighteen inches wide will be required for the waist and two yards and three-eighths of striped ratine forty-four inches wide for the skirt with the habit back in medium size.

Waist 6015; skirt 6016

Two yards and five-eighths of cotton crêpe thirty-two inches wide will be required for the waist in medium size as it is shown above, and three yards of serge forty-four inches wide will be required for the skirt.

Waist 5991; skirt 5992

Four yards and one-quarter of charmeuse forty-four inches wide, one-quarter yard of white satin twenty or more inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide, will be required for the medium size.

Waist 5980; skirt 5981

Six yards of cotton crêpe thirty-two inches wide, one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide, and three yards and three-quarters of banding three and one-half inches wide, will be required for the medium size.

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MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN HAVE

YOUTHFUL MODELS ARE MADE WITH SIMPLE UNGIRLISH. THE FULNESS USED IN SKIRTS

Dress 6017; hat 6021
[Hat 6021 described on page 196]

GIRLS who wish to make themselves a pretty frock for the street will like design 6017 in sponge cloth, serge or Bedford cord, or if they wish to make a Summer dress now in cotton ratine or cotton corduroy. They may make it with or without the peplum, with slightly open neck and a Robespierre collar standing or rolled down, or with high neck, and with full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves. The sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes and in full length are dart-fitted below the elbow. The blouse-waist, which may be with or without a body lining, is attached at a slightly raised waistline to a four-piece skirt with a deep plait at the left side of the back, which measures with the plait drawn out about two yards and three-eighths at the lower edge.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-half of material fifty inches wide, three-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs, five-eighths of a yard thirty-six inches wide for jabot and frills and two yards and three-quarters of edging will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6017 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

Coat 5993; skirt 6011 · Dress 6008 · Dress 5997; hat 5970
[Hat 5970 described on page 196]

RUSSIAN blouses in dress and coats have a distinctly youthful look and are extremely becoming to girlish or angular figures. A Russian blouse coat for misses and small women is shown in design 5993 which has all the newest details, the full peplum in either of two outlines and two possible lengths, the slightly long shoulders and slightly high waistline, and an individual collar which can be closed to the throat or worn open. The sleeves which are sewed into slightly deep armholes may be in either of two styles. The blouse at the belt may be drawn down if preferred. As there is a good deal of fulness around the waist, the coat will be most successful in a soft material—in soft serge, sponge cloth or chiffon broadcloth, or in cotton ratine, fine linen, charmeuse and other soft silks.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and one-quarter of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in longer length.

Design 5993 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5997 for misses and small women has an attractive arrangement of vest and collar and a pretty front closing line. The sleeves which may be in full or shorter length, dart-fitted below the elbow, are cut with the upper part in one with the body of the waist to give the fashionable dropped shoulder. The waist may be eased or drawn down. It is attached at a regulation waistline to a three or four piece skirt in either of two outlines at the front.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5997 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6017

5993

THE touch of drapery in design 6008 is what every miss and small woman wants now for her new silk frock. The full-length and shorter sleeves are sewed in at the fashionable dropped shoulder line and may be in either of two styles. The neck with its pretty collar and chic little vest may be high or slightly open. The waist may be bloused or drawn down. The skirt is in three pieces and measures about one yard and three-quarters at the bottom.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6008 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6008 5997

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NOW A WIDE CHOICE OF STYLES

DRAPERY WHICH DOES NOT SEEM AT ALL AND BLOUSES SUITS THEM EXCELLENTLY

Dress 6020 Dress 5974 Waist 6010; skirt 6011

THE blouse of the sailor dress 5974, for misses and small women, is in regulation naval style with a removable shield and is slipped on over the head. It may be with or without the yoke-facing having no shoulder seam or standing collar, and may have full-length sleeves in either of two styles or shorter sleeves. The skirt is cut in three pieces with two plaits at each side of the center back, and measures with plaits drawn out about two yards and one-eighth at the lower edge in medium size. The anchor is in a Butterick transfer design.

For a miss of sixteen years, four yards of material fifty inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting fifty will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5974 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

ONE of the new Russian blouse dresses for misses and small women is shown in design 6020. Its blouse over the belt and long peplum are very smart, but the waist may be drawn down and the peplum made shorter or omitted if preferred. The sleeves, which have their upper part in one with the body, may be in either of two styles, in full or shorter length, and the neck may be high or open. The three or four piece skirt measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6020 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

Waist 6010; skirt 6011

skirt as a one piece dress of charmeuse, messaline, crêpe de Chine, cotton crêpe or cotton voile.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the waist with full length sleeves.

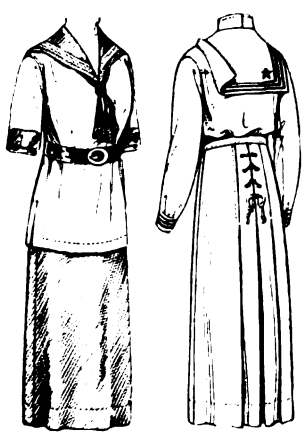
Design 6010 may be obtained in six sizes from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

ONE of the prettiest draped skirts that I have seen for misses is illustrated in design 6011, which may also be used by small women. It has just a touch of drapery low down on the right side, but this is arranged in a novel manner and is extremely pretty and chic. One beauty of drapery like this is that it is so easy to handle; it is simply cut into a two-piece skirt and caught up in soft folds at one seam. The seam below the drapery has a rather wide lap and is left open and caught with long tacks, a device invented by French dressmakers to secure freedom of movement with a narrow silhouette. The closed skirt actually measures only about one yard and one-half at the lower edge. It may be made with either a slightly raised or regulation waistline and as a separate skirt or attached to a waist of charmeuse, satin, silk poplin, voile, moiré, broché, fine serge, broadcloth, wool rep or cotton ratine. Drapery and gathers are no longer considered incongruous for the soft woolen materials.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and three-eighths of material without nap forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 6011 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6020



5974

A CHARMING silk blouse for a suit can be made from design 6010 for misses and small women. It is taken from a French blouse made by one of the great tailors and for all its simplicity is decidedly chic. In silk and made with a body lining, it is prettiest with the fulness laid in plaits back and front and with the irregular outline at the front which shows a bit of lace or chiffon; but in the washable materials, for which it is also suitable, it is best tucked and with a straight closing. The yoke may be used or not and the sleeves may be in either of two styles in full or shorter length. Although almost all waists are made now with slightly open necks and rolling collars like the main view of this, the possibility of a high neck and neckband has been included. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a

6011

6010 6011

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

By Eleanor Chalmers

THE DRAPED SKIRT FOR THE TAILORED OR SEMI-TAILORED SUIT

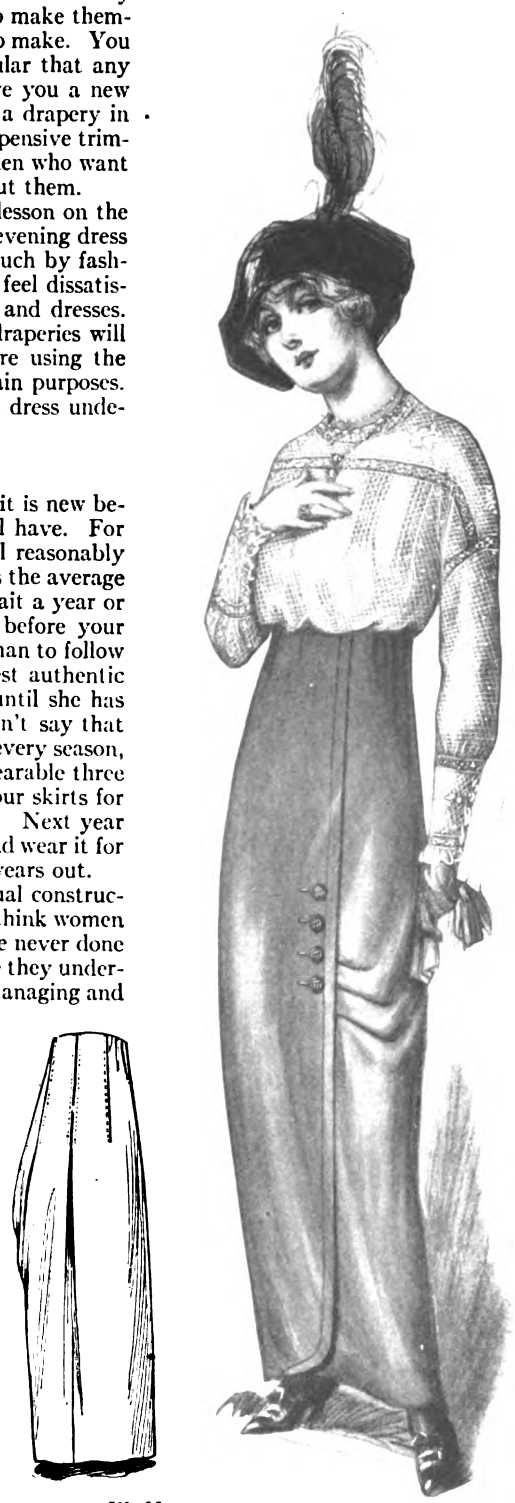
Mrs. Chalmers will be very glad to answer any question on dressmaking or tailoring or to advise you in regard to the new styles, materials, colors or trimmings. Explain your difficulty as fully as you can, and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer

IF ANY Paris dressmaker were asked for the key-note of the Spring fashions I am sure he would answer without a moment's hesitation—draperies. Whether their immediate popularity is due to the fact that the draped styles were introduced at the psychological moment when women were eager for a change, or whether it is because the draperies are so beautiful and so graceful that no woman of discriminating taste can resist them, I am not sure, but certainly they have been amazingly successful. Of course the fact that they are extremely becoming to almost all women has helped them, but there are two other very strong arguments in their favor that are beginning to make themselves felt. They are surprisingly, delightfully easy to make. You can't spoil them, for the drapery is always so irregular that any slight miscalculation on your part would simply give you a new variation of the original idea. In the second place, a drapery in itself trims a dress and does away with the need of expensive trimmings—a point that will appeal very strongly to women who want smart clothes but can't afford to be extravagant about them.

I have been particularly anxious to give a second lesson on the draped skirt—you remember we took up the draped evening dress in October—because they are going to be worn so much by fashionable women this Spring that I am afraid you will feel dissatisfied if you haven't at least one or two draped suits and dresses. I don't want to give you the idea that nothing but draperies will be used, for all the best houses here and abroad are using the straight skirt and the partially plaited skirt for certain purposes. But the draped skirt is new, different, and stamps a dress undeniably as belonging to the present season.

I ALWAYS advise women to take up a style when it is new because the earlier it is adopted the longer life it will have. For instance, if you make a draped dress now you can feel reasonably sure that it will look smart for three years, for that is the average duration of a good style. But if you hang back and wait a year or two years before adopting it, the style may change before your dress is worn out. The safest rule for a practical woman to follow in choosing her clothes is to always select the latest authentic fashion. Then her clothes will not go out of style until she has got the use she needs out of them. Mind you, I don't say that styles won't change in three years. They will change every season, but the new style of to-day will be good style and wearable three years from to-day. I don't advise you to have all your skirts for the next three years made like the one in this lesson. Next year there will be something newer, and you'll make that and wear it for two or three years just as you'll use this one until it wears out.

The draped skirt is so simple that so far as its actual construction is concerned you don't need a lesson on it. But I think women are always a little afraid of a new thing that they have never done before, and they want to be shown that it's easy before they undertake it. Furthermore, there are certain points about managing and controlling the draperies that are not difficult, but that are new and unfamiliar to you. I think you will agree with me, as you work on the new draped skirts, coats and dresses, that they are easier to handle than plainer, more regular lines that reveal any little carelessness or lack of professional skill. If you meet with any difficulties at all, either with this skirt or anything else that is draped, I wish you'd write to me at once and let me help you. Tell me exactly what has gone wrong and I think I can straighten you out at once.



Ill. No. 1. One of the new draped skirts that can be used as part of a dress or suit

THE skirt I've picked out for this lesson is one of the very latest models. The drapery is very simple—just three plaits in the front and four in the back, and you can make it with a foundation skirt so that you won't have to wear a petticoat under it, or without the foundation skirt, just as you like. I advise the foundation skirt because it is short and doesn't get in your way when you walk as a slip or petticoat is apt to do under these narrow skirts. This skirt *is* narrow at the bottom—it only measures one and a quarter yards. When you walk it drapes in soft, graceful folds about the feet. Curiously enough it is more comfortable to walk in than a straight skirt of the same width, for the drapery slides up a little, while an equally narrow straight skirt does not give at all, but binds the legs uncomfortably. In addition to the play of the drapery you have a very wide lap in front that draws out like a plait in walking. The cut is especially comfortable as well as smart.

ANOTHER point that I am particularly anxious to make clear to you in this lesson is that the use of draperies is not nearly as limited as many women suppose. It is a common error to associate them entirely with very elegant afternoon and evening gowns made in soft silks, brocades and satins. This is a great mistake, for while draperies are very lovely for those purposes and in those materials, certain versions of them are quite appropriate for simple morning suits in wool or cotton suit materials. Of course, for the severe tailor-made I would advise a straight or partially plaited skirt, but for an all-round suit or for a semi-tailored afternoon suit I give the draped skirt an unqualified recommendation. The skirt in this lesson can be used for part of a dress or suit and can be made in rep, wool poplin, wool faille or any of the finely corded woolen materials, light-weight wool sponge cloth or ratine, covert cloth, soft serge or chiffon broadcloth. These materials are suitable for the all-round Spring tailor-made. For the same purpose you can use the soft, heavy cotton materials for Summer—cotton sponge cloth, ratine or agaric. I would not advise it for a tub suit, but these heavy cotton materials can be worn a season without cleaning. For a semi-tailored suit for the Spring and Summer you can use silk ratine, sponge cloth, agaric or matelassé, satin, moiré, armure, Ottoman, faille, broché taffeta and taffeta.

For the foundation skirt under a silk or woolen material you can use soft satin, silk or a good quality lining material. Under the cotton ratines, agaric, etc., you can use long-cloth for the foundation skirt. It can be made separately and worn as a petticoat, so that it can be laundered when necessary.

THE PATTERN.—Don't trust to your memory or to the unchangeableness of your figure, but have your hip measure taken seven inches below the normal waistline. Buy this pattern by your hip measure even if your waist is large in proportion to your hips—you can tell by consulting the measurements given on the pattern. If you are large in the waist, buy the pattern by the hip measure, for it is easier to let this particular skirt out at the waist in fitting than to make the alteration at the hip. And just one word about the waist measure. This skirt has the slightly raised waistline and women sometimes make this mistake in regard to it. They buy a skirt in the twenty-four-inch waist measure size and expect it to measure twenty-four inches at the top of the raised waistline. As a matter of fact it measures twenty-four inches at the lower edge of the finished inside belt which comes at the normal waistline. It measures more than twenty-four inches at the top of the belt, for the figure widens above the normal waistline. It will also measure more than twenty-four inches at the small double perforations that mark the natural waistline in the pattern, for these skirts are not fitted in close to the figure.

The pattern will give you all the information you will need in regard to the amount of material for the skirt, but before cutting it out you must be sure that the pattern is the right length for you.

MEASURE your own figure from your normal waistline at the center of the front to within an inch and a half or two inches from the floor. This skirt should be at least that long, for the drapery slips up a little when you walk and shortens it a trifle. Measure the right half of the skirt (piece 3) at the center of the front which is marked by large double perforations, from the small double perforations that mark the normal waistline to within three-eighths of an inch of the lower edge. If the pattern is too long or too short for you, alter it a little below the hip and at the bottom, making half the alteration at each place so that you will not change the position of the drapery. If you want to lengthen the pattern, slash it below the hips and separate the pieces and add to the lower edge in cutting. To shorten it, lay a plait across the pattern below the hips and turn up the lower edge. Make the same alterations in the pattern of the foundation skirt.

The skirt pattern, as you see, is in two pieces, so that you can cut it of narrow material if you like. If you have material fifty-four inches wide, or wider, you can cut the skirt in one piece. (Ill. No. 2.) In that case you would lap the edges of the right and left portions of the pattern (pieces 3 and 4) marked with small triple perforations, matching these perforations. (Ill. No. 2.) Then handle the pattern as one piece and cut it with the large double perforations crosswise of the material. (Ill. No. 2.) In narrower materials use pieces 3 and 4 as separate gores and lay all the pieces on the material with the large double perforations lengthwise. (Ill. No. 3.) Illustration No. 4 shows the foundation skirt laid on material thirty-six inches wide.

In laying the pattern of the skirt on the material be sure that you put it on the right side and place it exactly as it is placed in Illustrations Nos. 2, 3 and 4. If you make a mistake and reverse the pattern you'll have the drapery on the right side of the figure instead of on the left.

The lower edge of the foundation skirt can be finished with a three-inch hem or facing. If you want to hem it you must allow extra material in cutting, for no hem is allowed in the pattern. The lower edge of the outside skirt is so curved that it *can not be hemmed;* it must be faced.

Cut your skirt out carefully with sharp shears, clip the notches and mark the working perforations with tailor's tacks. Mark the different sizes and clusters of perforations with different-colored cottons or you will confuse them when you come to make up the skirt.

The rest of the lesson is given on pages 193 and 194.

Some of the dressmaking articles that have appeared recently in THE DELINEATOR are:

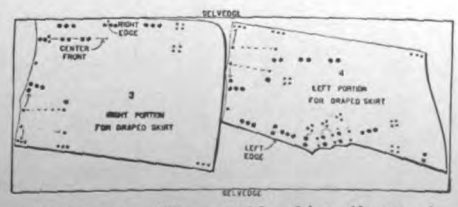
The Russian Blouse-Waist, with deep armholes, June, 1912.

A Modern Maternity Outfit (including suits, dresses, coats and lingerie), August, 1912.

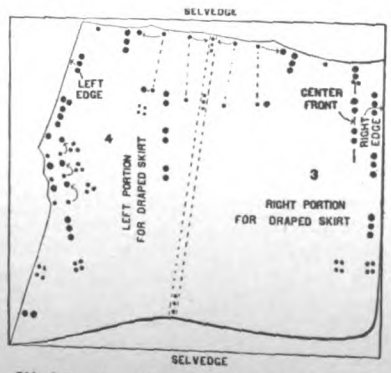
The New Straight Plaited Skirt, September, 1912.

The New Draped Evening Gown, October, 1912.

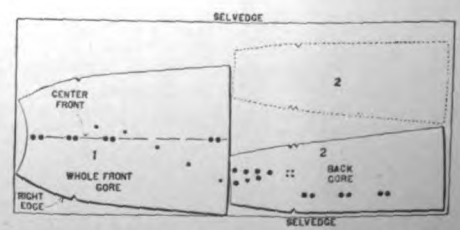
The Latest Lingerie, February, 1913.



Ill. No. 3. The outside skirt, if cut of narrow material, must have a seam at the center back



Ill. No. 2. The outside skirt on the right side of material fifty-four inches wide



Ill. No. 4. The foundation skirt on satin thirty-six inches wide

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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

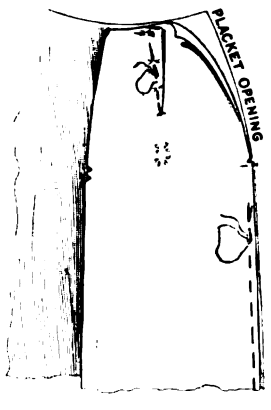
YOU AND YOUR SEWING

THE FOUNDATION SKIRT

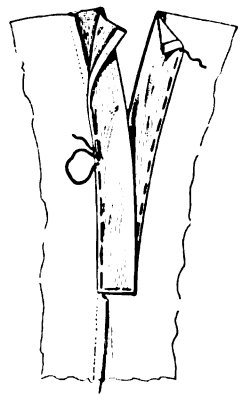
CUT your inside belt (Ill. No. 7) from silk or cotton belting—silk is the best, but it is a little more expensive than the cotton. This belting can be bought at any notion counter and costs about twelve cents a yard for the cotton and thirty-five for the silk. A woman came to me the other day and said she always had had bad luck with raised waistline skirts. I investigated and found that she invariably used unbleached muslin for her inside belts. Naturally it wouldn't hold up her skirt and the upper edge simply rolled down as far as it could go. She had never heard of the belting, though she lives right here in New York, and I thought there might be others like her, so I've put in the belting information again, though you regular readers knew of it long ago.

The strap (the unnumbered piece of the pattern) is used to control the drapery in the front and should be cut from ordinary cotton tape three-quarters of an inch wide.

THE DARTS—The foundation skirt is in three pieces—a very wide front gore and two back gores. Take up a dart in each back gore bringing the V-shaped lines of dart perforations together. Begin to baste at the bottom of the dart, taking up as little of the material as possible, so that the dart won't "pout" at the bottom. Baste through the perforations on a slight outward curve to fit the fulness of the figure at the back.



Ill. No. 5. Basting the darts and seams

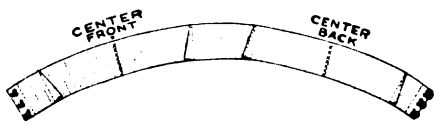


Ill. No. 6. The placket underlap and facing

THE SEAMS—Close the seams with the notches matching, basting three-eighths of an inch from the edge and leaving a placket opening at the left side seam above the single notch. (Ill. No. 5.)

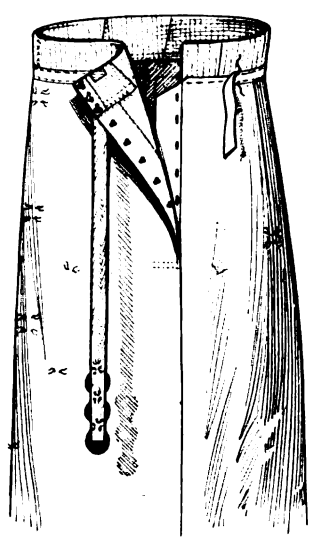
THE INSIDE BELT—Take up four darts in the inside belt, bringing the V-shaped lines of perforations together and basting through them. (Ill. No. 7.) Stitch the darts, fastening the stitching securely so that it can't pull out. Lay the darts flat against the belt and stitch them to it. (Ill. No. 7.) Turn under the ends of the belt an inch for the hem (Ill. No. 7) and try it on, to be sure that it is the right size before stitching it. In my new skirts that I had made abroad a few weeks ago the inside belt was left very loose—I could put my hand under it easily. If you are corseted correctly with the new small hip corsets you'll find you need a very loose belt or you won't be comfortable. If the belt is the right size, stitch the folds, turn under the raw edges three-eighths of an inch and stitch them to the belt.

Sew hooks to the right end of the belt and eyes to the left end, placing the hooks a quarter of an inch in from the edge and letting the eyes extend far enough beyond the edge to fasten easily. (Ill. No. 7.) Mark the center front and center back of the belt with catch stitching. (Ill. No. 7.) That will help you in working on the skirt now and putting it on straight when it is finished. The center front and back are marked on the pattern so that you can find them easily. The center front is marked by large double perforations and the center back by small triple perforations.



Ill. No. 7. The inside belt

Ill. No. 8. The weighted strap



Ill. No. 9. The foundation skirt on the belt

Join the foundation skirt to the lower edge of the belt with the upper edge of the foundation lapping three-eighths of an inch above the lower edge of the belt (Ill. No. 9) and with the ends of the belt three-eighths of an inch from the edges of the placket opening.

Try on the foundation skirt. If you bought the pattern by your hip measure and your waist is large in proportion to your hips, you will find that the foundation skirt is small in the waist for you. You can fit it by letting out the darts a trifle. If it is too large in the waist take in the seams and darts. Baste in the alteration, try the skirt on again to be sure that it fits perfectly. It should not be too snug in the waist and should fit smoothly but not snugly over the hips. Stitch the seams and darts and press them open, slitting the darts so that you can open them. Bind the edges of the darts and seams with ribbon seam binding.

THE PLACKET—Cut an underlap for the left edge of the placket opening using the material of the foundation. The underlap should be as long as the opening and three and three-quarter inches wide. Lay one long edge of the underlap even with the left edge of the placket with the right sides of the underlap and foundation skirt together. (Ill. No. 6.) Sew them in a three-eighths of an inch seam (Ill. No. 6). Turn in the lower edge and the other long edge three-eighths of an inch and baste the fold of the long edge over the stitching of the placket edge and underlap (Ill. No. 6). This folds the underlap exactly in half. The two halves should be basted together at the bottom. The underlap can either be machine-stitched or hemmed by hand where it was basted.

The right edge of the placket hole should be faced with a facing two and a quarter inches wide. Join one long edge of the placket just as you did with the underlap. (Ill. No. 6.) Then bring the facing over to the wrong side of the foundation, turn in its raw edge three-eighths of an inch and first baste it, then hem or machine-stitch it to the foundation skirt.

Sew hooks to the right edge of the placket opening, placing them about two inches apart and setting them in a quarter of an inch from the edge. (Ill. No. 9.) Sew them securely through the rings and under the bill.

Work buttonhole loops opposite the hooks on the left edge of the placket. (Ill. No. 9.) I'm not going to take your time to show you how to make these loops for I think most of you know. You all ought to keep *The Dressmaker* or any other good sewing book where you can refer to it constantly for the different kinds of stitches, like the tailors' tacks, French tacks, buttonhole loops, and so forth. You'll find it a great help to you in your work.

Cover the raw edge of the foundation skirt with ribbon seam binding (Ill. No. 9), stitching it neatly at both edges.

THE HEM—If you allowed for a hem in cutting, turn it up at the bottom of the skirt. Or you can face the bottom if you prefer.

If you are using a three-inch hem, turn up the lower edge of the foundation three and three-eighths inches, turn in the upper edge of the hem three-eighths of an inch and then baste it. It can be hemmed or machine-stitched.

THE STRAP—This strap (the unnumbered piece in the pattern) is used to control drapery. This strap is weighted so that it will be sufficiently firm and stable. If you just used a plain piece of tape the drapery would drag the tape around—the tape would have no effect on the drapery. Please do not think that these weights are used to weight the drapery. They are simply used to weight the tape, make it firm and stable and keep it in its proper position. This leaded strap can be used in any draped skirt where the material is at all wiry and shows need of control.

Three weights are used. They should be three-quarters of an inch in diameter and should be neatly covered with the material of the foundation skirt. (Ill. No. 8.) One weight should be attached to the bottom of the strap and the others should be sewed between the groups of triple perforations, as shown in Illustration Number 8.

Tack the top of the strap to the belt at the large single perforation. (Ill. No. 9.)

This Fresh, Unwrinkled White Skirt is Made—Not of Linen as You Would Guess—But of Indian Head.

"Indian Head" is a cotton fabric which is very much like linen in appearance, body and serviceability and which is actually preferable to linen for some purposes, for it washes and irons beautifully, and does not wrinkle like linen. It is far less expensive.

"Indian Head"

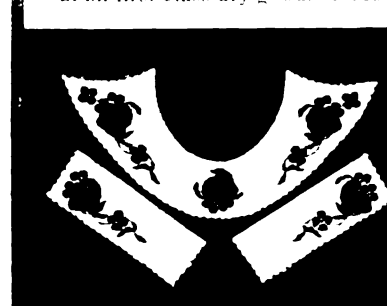
is made in widths of 27, 36, 45 and 45 inches, in soft finish and also in stiffened, shrunk finish.

By the way, you have often admired the freshness of nurses' uniforms. "Indian Head" is used very generally by nurses, as many hospitals insist upon it.

Its strength and durability adapt it admirably for children's dresses.

Indian Head is also much used for drawn work and for table and bureau covers.

It is important to get the genuine Indian Head and for your protection we are now printing the trade mark "Indian Head" on every yard of selvage. Sold at all first class dry goods stores.



If you want us to examine the actual material and to this end we shall be pleased to send you the pattern and sufficient cloth for this attractive collar and cuff set on receipt of twelve cents. Or a 20 inch centerpiece if you prefer.

Amory, Browne & Co.
42 Franklin Street
Boston, Mass.

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Bontex Imported Novelty Weave, a white ratiné ground with a macrame border, hand-colored.

The new soft Bontex Crêpe which comes in exquisite embroidered designs.

Fabrics which in themselves make a dress charming

BONTEX Wash Fabrics make up so effectively that they make the wearers very attractive. Fresh and dainty, in delicate colorings, they are just the kind of costume every woman enthuses over.

In addition to lovely checks and stripes, they include gay plaids, sheer, quaint, flower-sprigged designs, effective bordered patterns, enchanting solid shades with particularly rich, silky finishes.

Women who have their individual ideas which they want carried out, women who love artistic dressing, can find a wealth of material to select from among Bontex Wash Fabrics.

All good dealers carry Bontex Wash Fabrics, and have carried them for years, but only this season have they been marked Bontex on the selvage. **Look for this name "Bontex" on whatever colored summer fabric you need.**

BONTEX
Trade Mark The H. B. Glaflin Co.
Wash Fabrics

Ask to see the Bontex Novelty Weaves. They are 36 new fabrics designed and woven abroad. Bontex Wash Fabrics also include new colorings and exclusive designs in Galatea, Poplins, Zephyrs, fancy Batistes, Pongee, striped, embroidered and plain Voiles, Madras, Piqué, Crêpes, Silk Mull, Ratiné, Tissues, Ottomans, etc.

FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

YOU AND YOUR SEWING

THE DRAPED OUTSIDE SKIRT

IF YOU have cut the outside skirt in one piece (Ill. No. 2) you are all ready to lay the plaits that give the drapery. But if you used narrow material and cut the skirt in two pieces (Ill. No. 3) you must close the seam at the center back. Bring the small triple perforations together and baste three-eighths of an inch from the edge. Stitch the seam just outside the basting, press it open and bind the edges with ribbon seam binding.

THE BACK PLAITS—There are four plaits at the back of the skirt—one backward and one forward turning plait on each side of the center back. For the backward-turning plaits crease through the small single perforations nearest the center back and bring the creases to the small triple perforations. (Ill. No. 10.) Pin the creases in place as far as the lowest perforation (Ill. No. 10) and then baste them.

For the forward-turning plaits crease through the other small single perforations and bring the creases to the large single perforations. (Ill. No. 10.)

THE FRONT PLAITS—In the left edge of the skirt make three upward-turning plaits by creasing on the small single perforations and bringing the creases up to the large single perforations. (Ill. No. 10.) Pin and then baste the plaits in place.

Sew the plaits securely by hand between the plait perforations. Beyond these perforations the plaits are left free and fall in soft, graceful folds. (Ill. No. 11.) Sew them with invisible stitches. Gather the top of the skirt at each side between the large triple and small single perforations.

THE SKIRT AND FOUNDATION SKIRT—Put the outside skirt on the foundation skirt with the large double perforations in the outside skirt at the center front of the belt and the small triple perforations at the center back. (Ill. No. 11.) Turn under the upper edge of the skirt three-eighths of an inch and baste the fold edge just above the top of the belt. (Ill. No. 11.)

Tack the underfolds of the front plaits to the leaded strap at the small triple perforations. (Ill. No. 12.) This strap, as I have already explained, holds the drapery in a graceful position.

Baste the left edge of the skirt between the large double perforations to the foundation skirt along the line of small single perforations in the foundation skirt. (Ill. No. 11.) Above the large double perforations the edge of the outside skirt is left free for the placket opening. The foundation skirt stops below the large double perforations (Ill. No. 11) and the rest of the outside skirt is left free.

Lap the right edge of the skirt over the left edge with the large triple perforations matching. Illustration number 11 shows clearly which these perforations are. Pin and baste the overlapping edge in place between these perforations. Above the large double perforations the edge is left free for the placket, and below the large triple perforations it is tacked later to the left side of the skirt. Try the skirt on. If you bought your skirt by your hip measure and it is a little small for you in the waist, let out the fulness a trifle.

If it does not hang evenly, turn up the lower edge in the usual way, getting some one to measure up from the floor with a piece of cardboard nicked at one inch and a half or two inches from the lower edge. Mark the correct line with pins. If you have no one to help you, stand in front of a mirror and turn the skirt up yourself. Baste in the alterations if there were any, and try it on again to be sure that it fits and hangs nicely; then stitch the back plaits along the creases. Stitch the upper edge of the skirt to the belt. Bind the left edge of the outside skirt with ribbon seam binding, and sew it firmly to the foundation skirt where you basted it. (Ill. No. 11.)

THE FACINGS—The right side and the bottom of the skirt must be faced neatly with the skirt material. (Ill. No. 13.) Face the right edge of the skirt with a facing one inch and a half wide. (Ill. No. 13.) Lay the facing on the right side of the skirt with their edges even and stitch them in a three-eighths-of-an-inch seam. Turn the facing to the inside of the skirt, bringing the seam just inside the edge, and baste it. Stitch or sew a piece of ribbon seam binding to the raw edge of the facing and hem the second edge of the binding to the skirt with invisible stitches. (Ill. No. 13.)

The facing for the bottom of the outside skirt should be cut bias or shaped, and should be three inches wide. Its right end should be curved to fit the right edge of the skirt (Ill. No. 13) and its left end should be cut on a sharp angle to fit the left edge of the skirt. (Ill. No. 12.) Put this facing on just as you did the first, lapping the edges at the curve at the end so that your skirt will have a clean, even line. (Ill. No. 13.) Cover the upper edge of the facing with the seam binding. (Ill. No. 13.)

Stitch the entire right edge, letting the stitching slope out to the bottom of the skirt just beyond the curve.

When you have finished stitching the skirt, lap the right side again over the left with the large triple perforations matching and pin it as you did before. Now, however, you must sew this overlapping edge to the left side between these perforations, leaving a placket opening above the large double perforations. Sew it about an inch from the right edge.

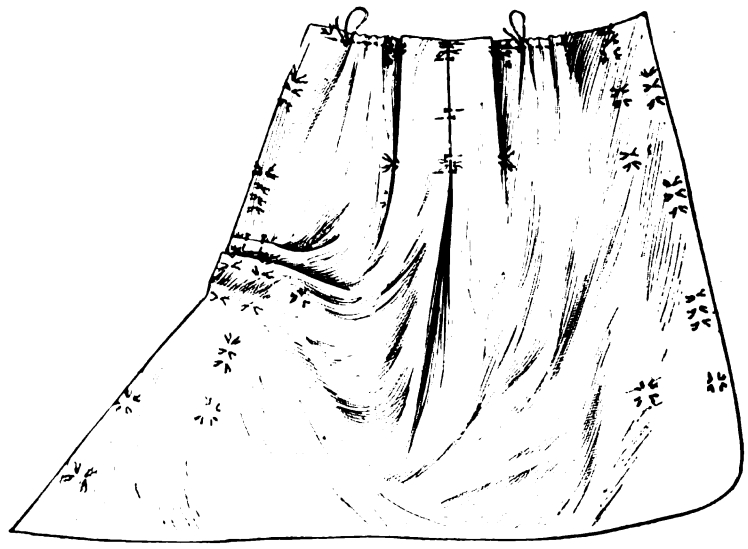
Below the large triple perforations the right front must be tacked to the left with French tacks an inch long at the clusters of four small perforations. (Ill. No. 11.)

Tack the back of the skirt to the back gore of the foundation with the clusters of four small perforations matching, using invisible stitches.

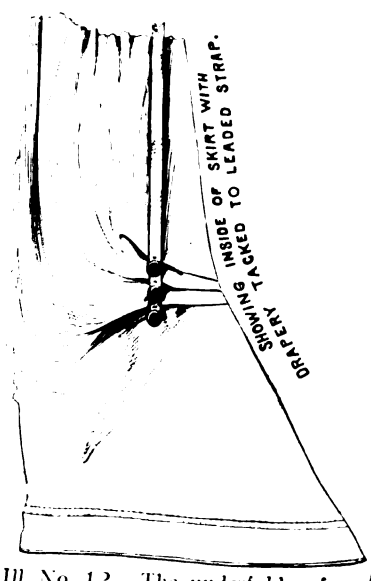
THE PLACKET—The facing on the right edge of the outside skirt forms the facing for the placket opening. The two sides lap far enough so that no additional underlap is needed. The raw edge of the left side of the skirt should be bound with ribbon seam binding the length of the placket opening. Turn under the upper corner of the lap (Ill. No. 9) and catch it to the skirt with invisible stitches so that it won't get in the way when the skirt is fastened.

The placket should be closed with patent fasteners sewed about an inch in from the right edge of the opening and in a corresponding position on the left edge, and an inch apart.

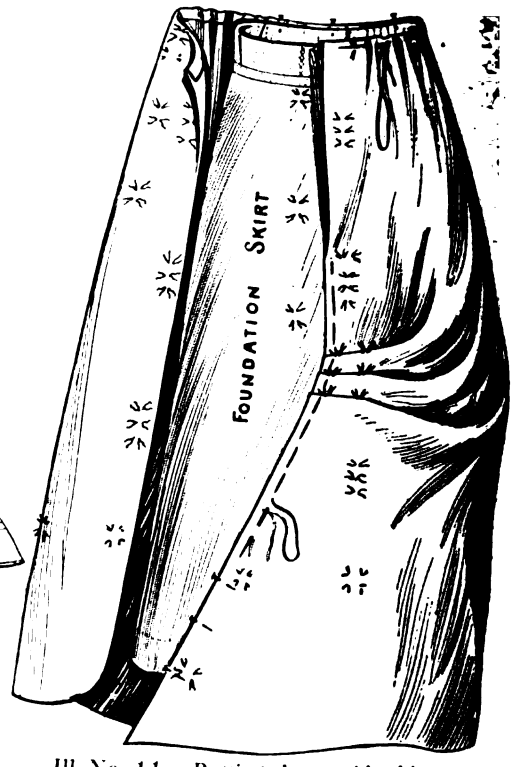
The upper edge of the left side of the skirt laps about two and a half inches beyond the opening of the inside belt. This loose edge must be fastened to the belt with three patent fasteners sewed to the top of the skirt and in a corresponding position on the top of the belt.



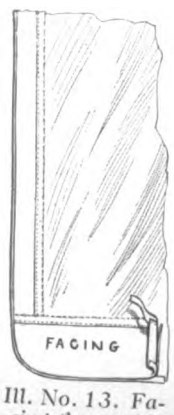
Ill. No. 10. Laying the four plaits in the back and the three in the front that give the drapery



Ill. No. 12. The underfolds of the front plaits are tacked to the strap at the groups of triple perforations



Ill. No. 11. Putting the outside skirt on the inside belt and foundation skirt



Ill. No. 13. Facing the outside skirt

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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

Negligee 5989

Dressing-sack 5978

Negligee 5998

DESIGN 5989 is a negligee or wrapper which is really very simple in construction, but which in pretty materials will make a charming, even dressy, tea-gown. It has an Empire back and may be drawn in with beading at the Empire line in front unless one prefers to let the fronts fall free. To make an attractive tea-gown one should use the large collar and shorter sleeves, but for a plainer wrapper one may omit the collar and make full-length sleeves. A chemisette may be worn or not. The gown may be in medium sweep or round length.

For a woman of medium size, seven yards and five-eighths of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required.

Design 5989 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

THE dainty sack shown in the figure illustration above and the common-sense one shown below can both be made from design 5978. For the more attractive version, the neck is made open, the sleeves in shorter length, and a graceful large collar is added as a trimming. For the other the neck is made high and finished with a small rolling collar and the sleeves are made full length. The sleeves are sewed into regulation armholes. The back is slightly fitted. A scallop design for the edges may be obtained in a Butterick transfer.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the sack with the rolling collar.

Design 5978 may be obtained in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

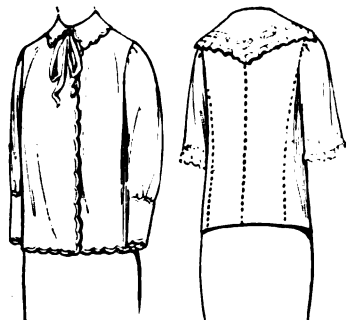
MANY of the new negligees and tea-gowns are made now with a touch of drapery. Modish and graceful as this is in dresses, its effect is particularly happy in a negligee where it relieves the straightness of the lines and gives a charming softness. In design 5998 it is simply arranged at the low, left-sided closing and makes the design not a whit less easy to copy. A long collar completes the charm of it. The design has long shoulders, is in short sweep or round length, and may be with or without the back belt, drapery or cuffs.

For a woman of medium size, five yards and three-quarters of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 5998 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

5989

When design 5978 is developed as in the figure illustration, two yards and five-eighths of figured lawn twenty-seven inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of plain lawn twenty-seven inches or more wide, and three yards and five-eighths of edging, will be required for it in medium size.



5978

5998

Diamond Dye Saved Her Su

Light brown suit dyed black

"I know you will be interested in my experience with Diamond D

"Last fall I was in a serious dilemma. I bought a light brown s which soiled so easily I determined to dye darker color. I purcha a package of —— d

"The druggist had me this would dye kind of material, but had never dyed anyt before I thought it wo be well to test it on small piece of the cl This little precau saved my suit. The s ple came out of the d 'streaky' that I k something must be wr

"Fortunately just th friend called to tell that she had changed color of her 'sa suit'—a white swe and a white serge s She dyed the sweater and the skirt black. W I told her how unsuc ful I had been she she knew what the culty was and told

ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool. I went once to another drug store and this time I package of Black Diamond Dyes for Wool.

"To be absolutely sure though I again tri small sample first. The results reassured and I found that the suit could be dyed perf with the proper dyes. My suit looks as and fresh now as when I bought it, and color is far more becoming."

CORA BURNS, OMAHA, NEBRA

You, too, can solve dress problems Diamond Dyes. You need not try them sample first nor practise before dyeing your most costly garments.

There is no knack or secret about u Diamond Dyes. Don't say, "Oh! I am clever enough to work such wonders." T sands of twelve year old girls use Diamond D

Buy a package of Diamond Dyes today will cost but 10c at any drug store. Tel druggist what kind of goods you wish to Read the simple directions on the envel Follow them and you need not fear to re your most expensive fabrics.

Diamond Dye

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

White sweater dyed black, white serge skirt dyed

Here's the Truth About Dyes For Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that ***no one dye*** *will* ***successfully*** *color every fabric.*

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics:**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture ***one class*** *of Diamond D coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods,* ***and another*** *c Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, to that you may ob* ***very best*** *results on EVERY fabric.*

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in co Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond manufactured especially for Cotton, Line Mixed Goods.**

AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** re coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes man tured especially for Wool or Silk.**

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per pa

Just Out—Sent Free—New Edi 1913 Diamond Dye Annual

This Book is Full of Dress Secrets, How to do Almost Things About the Home, etc., etc.

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whet not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send yo famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VER

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Corset Fashion For Spring

Will be set on February 24th. On and after that date merchants everywhere will show authoritative Spring styles of

Warner's
Rust-Proof
Corsets

Close Study of Advance Dress

In the fashion centres of the world gave us the knowledge necessary to produce these corset styles adapted to the vogue that will prevail for Spring and Summer.

Straight Lines are Demanded

But not as extreme as in the past. Medium and higher busts will be strongly in evidence, and the long, snug-fitting skirts will continue.

Elastic lacings at the front of the longer Warner models make the skirts lie smooth, but allow the play necessary for free movement.

Warner's Corsets are Fashionable

And they fit you comfortably. Our designers know how to adapt Parisian ideas to every type of American woman. Each model is tested on living figures. Select the proper model and your Warner Corset will be a continual joy.

Warner Quality Is Famous

We back every corset with our unconditional guarantee—

Not to Rust, Break or Tear

Wherever you buy—
$1.00 to $8.00 Per Pair.
Warner's Brassieres, combined with Warner's Corsets, make the ideal figure support for women requiring a brassiere. They are not only extremely practical, but a very dainty bit of lingerie.

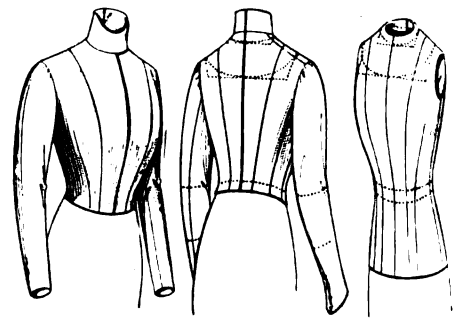
THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY
New York Chicago San Francisco

FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

TWO OF THE NEW HATS FOR YOU TO MAKE

YOU MUST HAVE A SMALL ONE IF YOU WISH TO BE CORRECT WITH RESPECT TO YOUR SPRING HEADGEAR

6027



5973

ONE of the most attractive costumes worn at fancy-dress balls, school and church costume entertainments and other masked fêtes is the Pierrette dress and hat shown in design 6027. This may be made with or without sleeves and with high or open neck, of paper muslin, cheese-cloth, lawn, sateen, silkoline or silesia. It comes in ladies', misses' and girls' sizes. Hearts cut out of muslin in another color make a coquettish trimming.

For a woman of medium size, six yards and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress with sleeves.

Design 6027 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-six to thirty-eight inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

A WELL-FITTING lining is the foundation of every well-fitting gown, and the seams in design 5973 are arranged to make a perfect fit an easy matter. This is a French lining with one dart which may be closed in front with curved or straight edges or at the back, may have high or any open neck, and be with or without sleeves in full or shorter length. It may be made of muslin, lawn, silk-finished lining materials, China silk or taffeta.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required with shorter body and longer sleeves, or two yards and three-quarters twenty inches wide with longer body without sleeves.

Design 5973 may be obtained in ten sizes, from thirty-two to fifty inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6021

FASHION has decreed that the small hat shall rule, but she has softened her decision by giving us a small hat which a woman or girl can make for herself without much expense. The hat shown in design 6021 is a Paris model of particularly engaging shape, which can be copied in various materials and worn by girls, misses or ladies. It has a rolled brim, stiffened with canvas or cape net, and a soft plaited or gathered crown, and may be made of moiré or broché silk, satin or taffeta or of cotton corduroy, cotton ratine or all-over embroidery.

In ladies' size, seven-eighths of a yard of one material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 6021 may be obtained in three sizes, for girls, misses and ladies, price fifteen cents.

IN DESIGN 5994 there are given ladies' closed drawers, smoothly fitted with darts about the hips. In back they may be in habit style or have some fulness disposed of in an inverted plait or on a drawstring. They may be in twenty-five inch or shorter length and have plain or curved lower edges with straight or circular ruffles. The width at the bottom of each leg is twenty-eight inches in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide and two yards and one-eighth of edging five and one-half inches wide will be required for the drawers with the straight ruffles.

Design 5994 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price ten cents.

5970

A JAUNTY hat for informal wear by ladies, misses, girls or children may be made from design 5970. In tweed, homespun, piqué, terry cloth or linen it will be smart and becoming as an outing hat, while in a cloth like one's suit or in satin or corded silk it will be good for a school, shopping or traveling hat. It may be made with a circular or bias brim and with a plaited or gathered crown.

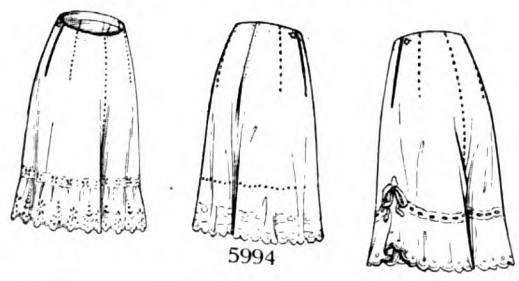
In misses' size, one yard of material twenty-seven or more inches wide will be required for the hat with the bias brim.

Design 5970 may be obtained in four sizes, for children, girls, misses and ladies, price fifteen cents.

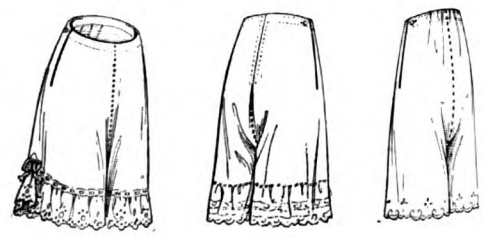
DESIGN 5984 gives closed drawers for misses and small women, fastening at the sides. They may be made with an inverted plait or with gathers at the back and with curved or plain lower edges. The width at the bottom of each leg is twenty-four and one-half inches in medium size. Nainsook or batiste should be used for fine lingerie, long-cloth or cambric for more serviceable wear.

For a miss of sixteen years, one yard and three-eighths of material forty-five inches wide, will be required.

Design 5984 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years of age, price ten cents.



5994



5984

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AT THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE

EASTER EMBROIDERIES

By Ethel M. Harris

Miss Harris will be glad to answer any question pertaining to this department if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

EASTER has approached on wings, and with it come the usual offerings. Easter giving is quite an established thing, just like Christmas giving. It is an excellent idea during Lent to form a sewing club, and give only hand-made gifts. To our dearest friends a piece of hand-made lingerie can be given. These intimate garments are considered quite permissible.

Fashion calls for a minimum of material in lingerie, with exquisite touches of hand sewing and embroidery.

We are issuing this month five different designs in eyelet banding for running lingerie ribbon. The finest is one-half inch wide and is suitable for baby ribbon. The second size is three-quarters of an inch wide and is intended for half-inch ribbon. The third size is made for ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide. It is not so plain as the narrower widths. This size and the two larger sizes have a little embroidery design between every two eyelets. These five designs come under the number 10452.

One of the newest ways to finish off the neck of gowns, corset covers, princess slips or other pieces which require a neck finish, is to turn back the upper edge, then stamp the eyelets a half-inch below the folded edge. No lace is then needed to edge it. This idea may prove acceptable at this season of the year.

Towels are another appropriate gift for Easter, and transfer No. 10455 contains three designs for them. Two of them are suitable for darning and the third is for Roman cut-work.

The first towel is a poppy design, and may be worked in rose, Delft blue, yellow or mauve. Care should be taken to stamp the darning on the side of the huck which is easy for working. One side of the huck is very hard to darn, while the other is quickly picked up. The stems and leaves are in green. Use a tightly twisted cotton. The whole figure is then outlined with white. The turnovers are padded and worked in satin-stitch in white. The buttonholing is done in marking cotton No. 20 and can be slightly padded.

The second design is for nasturtiums, and is worked exactly the same way as the poppy one.

The third towel, which is shown on the following page of this article, is for Roman cut-work and is suitable for damask. Along the stamped line run a thread; over this thread work buttonhole-stitches. Work around the flower motifs, allowing the purl of the buttonholing to face outward. The outline around the scroll work should be worked so that the buttonholed edge faces the purl edge of the flower motif. When the work is completed the material between the buttonholing is cut away.

In this season of white there is nothing daintier than a tea-cloth in eyelet-work. Transfer No. 10456 is a design for squares nine inches large. Six are given in the pattern. These squares are joined together with lace insertion and the entire four squares edged with lace. A handsome bedspread can be made of these squares. One of the squares may also be used in the corner of a curtain. A unique lunch set can be made, using each one of these squares for a doily. Of course, more than one pattern will be necessary. Marking cotton No. 20 should be used for the embroidery.

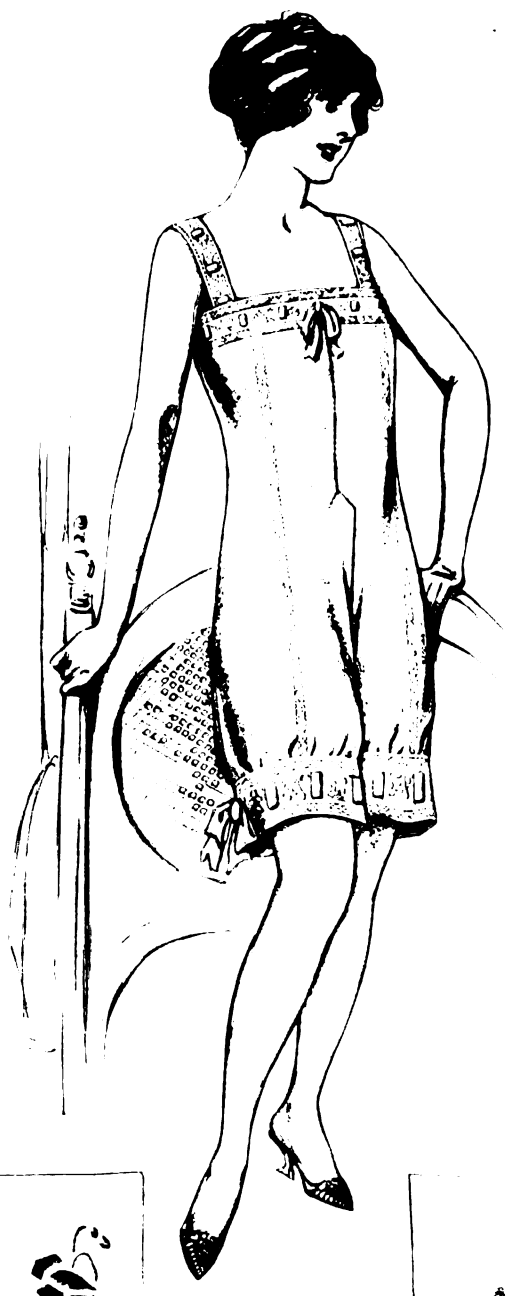
In spite of all the hue and cry about center-front-closing waists, there are some girls who will embroider only shirt-waists. The clover leaves of No. 10451 are to be worked in punch work. A pretty way to use the leaves is to cut them apart from the rest of the transfer and stamp them around the yoke of a child's dress.

If punch work has become irksome to you, a pretty substitute is tiny French knots or seeding. A more elaborate idea is to do drawn-work in the centers. Fine cotton crêpe or voile makes the most attractive background for this work. The little flowers in the waist may be done in split satin-stitch. It is better to have the stems worked in French stemming in preference to outlining. The latter gives a very unfinished appearance to fine work. The dots may be in eyelet.

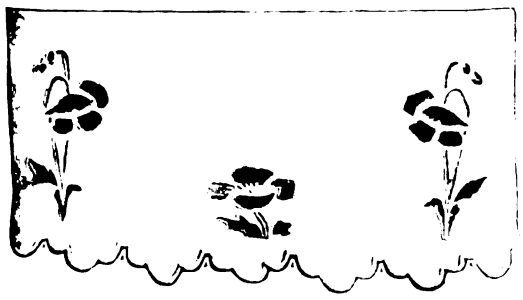
The good old habit of keeping children in bibs and pinafores until they are six or seven is being enforced. To make these garments attractive so the children will be fond of wearing them, it is a good plan to embroider them. Transfer No. 10453 has twenty-eight different designs—surely enough to make a dozen or so bibs or aprons or other nursery articles.

Use rather strong cotton for this work. Delft blue is attractive on the windmill scene. It is nice to teach the kiddies to work these figures themselves. The bears suggest fairy tales.

[*Continued on page* 210]

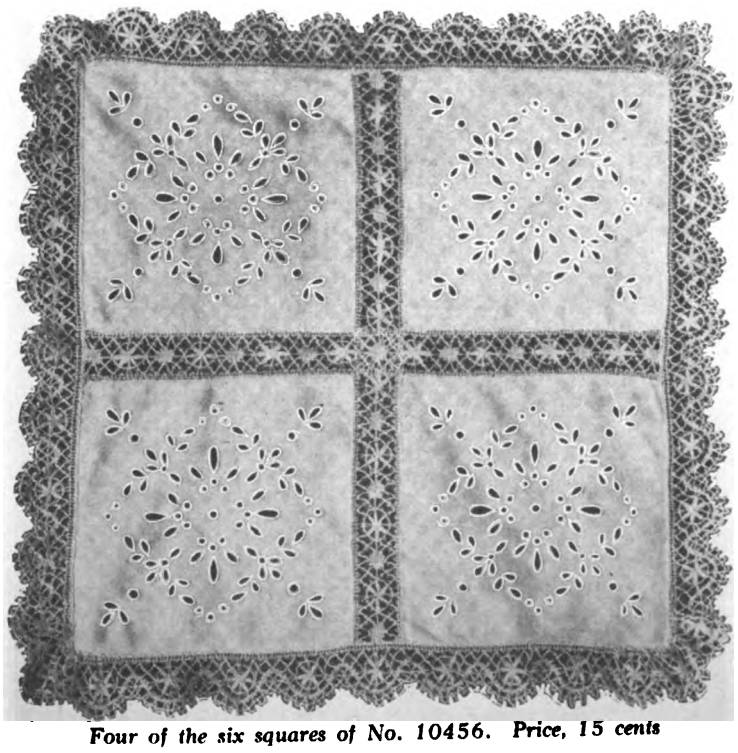


Two-eyelet banding of transfer No. 10452 used on a ladies' combination. Price, 15 cents



The poppy of No. 10455, one of the three towel designs. Price, 15 cents

The nasturtium design of No. 10455



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"The National Dish"

We use for this dish the finest beans that grow.

We use a sauce which costs five times what common sauce is sold for.

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PANTRY SECRETS OF A GREAT HOT

THE FINE ART OF SERVING HOT THINGS HOT AND COLD THINGS COLD AND HOW TO DO IT

By L. Lamprey

HOME cooking is likely to suit the individual palate so much better than the fare of the average hotel or restaurant that the phrase in the ears of the homeless man means positive luxury. Yet there are points in first-class hotel service which are worth knowing and keeping in reserve for those occasions on which the housewife wavers between thought of the expense of a caterer and fear of not achieving perfect service.

A few minutes spent in the serving department of a really first-class hotel is instructive. In a business in which minutes, even seconds, count and there is no time for "fussing," system becomes an art, and executive ability is worth much fine silver.

The difference between having these qualities and not having them spells success or failure in the hotel business. They are peculiar possessions of the hotel man which, as a rule, the boarding mistress can not boast, and yet there is not a device used in the hotel "pantry" that can not be duplicated in the home or the boarding-house.

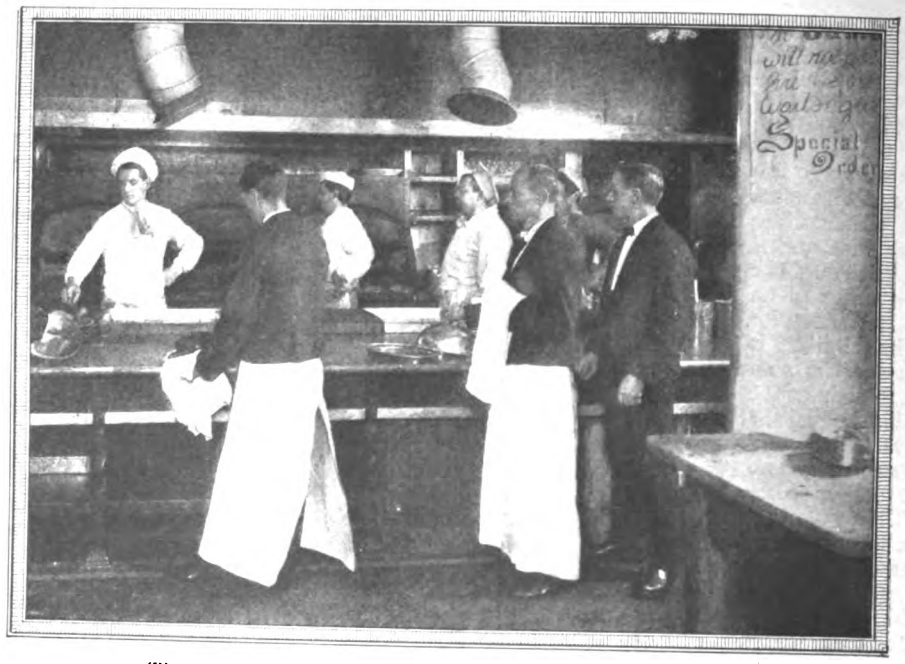
The "pantry" is the technical name for the room in which the serving is done and the dishes washed and dried and put away. The first thing encountered in this room is the huge plate-warmer heated by steam or gas, in which every dish and plate and platter needed for hot food is kept at a temperature just short of being too hot to handle.

This is the first and most important difference between home service and good hotel service—hot dishes. It is easy to keep the platter, bowl and plate hot, either in a pan of hot water, a plate-warmer or a tin oven, and care in this respect makes the difference between the well-served meal and the one that comes on haphazard. Things that are hot should be piping-hot; cold things should be ice-cold. This is the first law of gastronomy and is the rule in good hotel service.

To Keep the Roast Just Right

THE roasts in the hotel are kept hot in a specially constructed serving-table built like a huge oblong tub, with the trays containing the meats on top, set into water kept hot by steam-coils or some other appliance. The fact that a roasting-pan set into simmering water will keep the roast, closely covered, in far better condition than a hot oven, is one of those truths which hotels have grasped and boarding-houses have not. The same rule applies to vegetables which have to be kept hot for several hours. These are kept covered when the serving is not actually going on, so that the flavor may be retained.

Many of the large hotels now cook by gas or electricity, and the huge gas-ranges made for their use, instead of having a certain number of burners, have the whole top gridironed so that pots can be moved about and crowded more closely than would otherwise be possible. This extra cooking room can be obtained on a home gas-range by the use of one of the sheet-iron tops sold for the purpose.

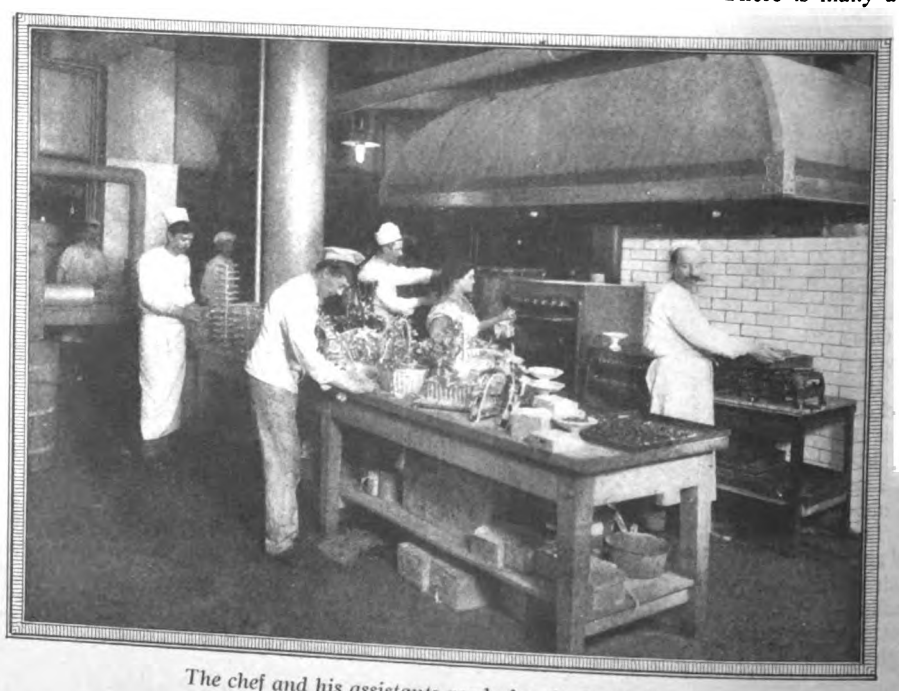


The serving-table fitted with steam-coils for keeping food hot

There's Never a Motion Wasted

THE hotel waiter, passing from one table to another, receives his portions and vanishes behind the swinging doors into the dining-room. The secret of his art is to have everything within reach without wasting a motion. It should be said for the much-abused fraternity that, in nine cases out of ten, slow service in a hotel is the fault, not of the waiter, but of the kitchen furnishings.

In some hotels which pass as the best there is not enough silver of any kind, and an order has to wait until a tray comes out of the dining-room with silver on it which can be washed hurriedly for use again. These conditions, however, do not apply in the really first-class hotel. It is not often, nowadays, that the waiter has to give half of his tips to the cook to secure precedence. Hotel men have learned by losses that time



The chef and his assistants ready for the lunch hour

The way in which a hotel cook makes an omelet is an object-lesson in dexterity. There is at least one man on duty at breakfast-time who does nothing but cook eggs. He has a small griddle just the right size for an omelet. Flip! the eggs drop into a bowl! Swish! they are beaten into a froth! Sizz! they drop on the hot griddle! One turn of the wrist and the eggs are folded once, then —flop! the omelet is finished and slides off on to the hot platter.

Even a Perfect Omelet!

A LESSON taught by the hotel is that to make a successful omelet it must be cooked quickly on a hot iron griddle and served on a hot platter with a cover over it. Metal covers last forever and cost less than fine china, yet they are seldom found in the housekeeper's kitchen.

Home and boarding-house service is particularly prone to failure in cases where food must be kept warm, or cooked at an undefined hour. The average woman will delay clearing her table or washing her dishes for an hour or two rather than make fresh coffee or serve a separate meal. She will set a plate of food in the oven where it dries to a crisp, when it could as easily be kept hot or much more satisfactorily reheated in hot water.

The hotel-keeper can not depend on regular attendance at meal-times. The better his hotel, the more likely are guests to drop in at unheard-of hours. He is accustomed to provide for such contingencies, and he does.

There is many a woman eking out a difficult life keeping boarders who might make a comfortable living with a well-kept lunch-room or restaurant if she would take the trouble to master the few points in which good hotel service excels—hot food, hot dishes, clean linen (easily achieved in these days of washing-machines and mangles) and flavoring.

The hotel chef understands that there are other seasonings besides salt and pepper. He flavors with parsley, chives, tarragon and a half dozen other things perfectly easy of access to anybody who can grow a kitchen window-boxful of green herbs, the use of which gives variety and delicacy of flavor.

The sprig of parsley or watercress around the chops, the leaf of lettuce under the vegetable salad—these are the things which we pay for at the rate of a dollar or two a night, when they would cost us in our own homes a fraction of that sum if we chose to study the art of serving.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

IF YOU LIKE ONIONS

HERE ARE SOME WAYS, GOOD AS WELL AS NEW, OF PREPARING AND SERVING THEM

By Emma Paddock Telford

The Wholesome Raw Onion

ALTHOUGH the onion is not on the vegetable free list, it is inexpensive and so valuable medicinally that its free use should be made almost obligatory.

While nearly every one has a natural craving for raw onions in the early Spring, many forbear on account of the odor, while others object to eating them because they taste them for a long time afterward. If those who think they can not eat onions raw will try this method of treatment they will find their objections melting away. Select Spanish, Bermuda or young home-grown onions. Peel, slice, cover with boiling water, and let them stand covered half an hour. Then turn off the water, pour on the same amount of cold water and leave another half hour to crisp. Drain, dress with salt and vinegar or a French dressing with oil, and serve.

It must be borne in mind that there is a great difference in onions. Old ones are naturally much stronger than new, and red ones are stronger than white. Both the Spanish and Bermudas are more delicate and less odoriferous than our home-grown ones, therefore preferable for eating raw. To relieve the breath from suspicion, a little sugar eaten after the onions, will banish the odor, as will also coffee or parsley moistened with vinegar. A prominent physician, who has them often upon his own table, has parsley served in tiny dishes after the onions, no matter how they are cooked.

Onions in Salad

FEW indeed are the Spring salads that are not improved by the addition of onion. Whether this shall be much or little depends upon the salad and the maker. In some the onion plays the leading rôle. In others Sidney Smith's advice is followed:

> Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
> And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.

An excellent salad is made by cutting onions, cucumbers and lettuce together, then dressing with a French dressing. Onions and tender radishes sliced and dressed with oil and vinegar are appetizing, while the initiated revel in the combination of young onions and ripe black olives.

Creamed Onions

COOK in boiling, slightly salted water until tender, drain and put in a white sauce made from two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, a quarter teaspoonful of pepper and a pint of warm milk. Put the butter in a granite saucepan and stir until it melts and bubbles, being careful that it does not brown. Add the dry flour and stir quickly until well mixed. Pour in the warm milk little by little, stirring vigorously until perfectly smooth and creamy. Add the seasoning and pour over the onions.

To Cook Young Onions

PEEL, drop in cold water and let them soak fifteen minutes. Cook tender in boiling salted water and serve on slices of buttered toast like asparagus. Season with salt, pepper and a little butter.

Baked Onions for an Invalid

PREPARED in this way, onions are served frequently in sanitariums, when onions cooked in other ways are taboo. Use the large white or yellow onions. Do not peel, but arrange in a baking-dish, still in their jackets and add enough water to prevent burning. Bake until they are thoroughly tender, the center being steamed in its own juices. When ready to serve, remove the outer jacket of skin, season with salt, pepper and butter and serve very hot.

Onion Soup

THIS is wholesome and "tasty." Slice two or three large onions and fry yellow in butter or clarified drippings. When soft add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until cooked and frothy. Now add slowly a pint of boiling water, stirring until smooth and slightly thickened. Have ready three potatoes boiled and mashed and add to them a quart of milk that has been brought just to the scalding-point. Put the potato and onion mixture together, season with salt and pepper, let it get very hot, then press through a strainer into a hot tureen. Sprinkle over the top a little parsley minced fine and a handful of crisp croutons.

Kenilworth Ranch Fried Onions

CUT in slices and soak in milk ten minutes. Then dip in flour and immerse in boiling fat hot enough to brown instantly. You can not keep the slices whole after they have fried six or seven minutes. Take out with a skimmer, lay on brown paper a few moments to absorb all fat and serve with steak or veal cutlets. They will be firm and delicious

Glazed Onions

CHOOSE mild onions for this way of cooking. Melt half a cupful of butter in a saucepan, then put in as many peeled onions as will fit in without crowding. Move about until all are well coated with butter, sprinkle with a tablespoonful of sugar, then pour over them a well-flavored soup stock. If you have no stock on hand, dissolve a little beef extract in hot water and salt well. Simmer until the onions are tender, take off the lid of the saucepan and let the stock simmer down to about half a cupful. Serve in a heated covered dish as an accompaniment to a roast of pork or mutton.

Essence of Onions for Broiled Pork à la Francatelli

CUT one or two onions in slices and fry in a small stew-pan with a little butter, salt and pepper. When just beginning to color, moisten with a half-pint of veal stock. Boil until reduced to half the original quantity, then strain, reheat and serve. If a dozen sage-leaves are chopped separately and added to the onion when it begins to fry, it makes a delightful dressing to serve with geese or ducks.

Pickled Onions

USE the smallest onions you can find, pour hot water on them, and let them stand until their skins can easily be removed. Make enough brine to cover the onions; let them remain in it from one morning until the next; replace the old brine with new, allowing it also to remain on the onions twenty-four hours, and change the brine again on the third morning. On the fourth morning put the onions in fresh water and heat them to the scalding point, stirring frequently. A pint of milk added to the water will help whiten the onions during this boiling. Drain well, and place the onions in a jar, pouring scalding hot vinegar over them.

If spiced pickles are desired, place one-half pound of "prepared" spices, such as may be procured at the grocer's, in thin bags, and steep them in the vinegar fifteen minutes. But if the whiteness that is so appetizing in pickled onions is to be retained, the spices must be omitted. As the onions are placed in the jar, distribute sliced red peppers through them. These pickles present a very attractive appearance when put up in glass jars and sealed the same as canned fruit. They are particularly nice served with cold meats or fish of any kind.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?

HAS THIS BEEN ONE OF *YOUR* VEXING QUESTIONS? IF SO, READ THE ANSWER

By Emma Paddock Telford

OF ALL the meals to be provided in an average household, breakfast seems to be the biggest bugbear to the inexperienced housewife. Yet no meal is easier to get.

Breakfat sounds the key-note for the day. A cheerless meal, of weak, wishy-washy coffee, tough steak, tasteless potatoes, overdone eggs and the same old cereal, day in and day out, carelessly served in a chilly dining-room, is quite enough to send a man out with murder in his heart.

A cozy breakfast-table, on the other hand, neatly laid, the dishes hot and clean, the coffee clear and aromatic, the menu varied with wholesome foods appropriate to the season, sends a man to business and the children to school feeling fit for the day's struggle.

While the simple Continental breakfast is often adopted with advantage by those who do not have to leave the house during the morning, or whose duties are light, it does not answer for those who have any active work to perform or who can not have a hearty luncheon at noon.

First the Fruit

WHILE most families prefer fresh and seasonable fruits to start the breakfast card, others by the doctor's orders or individual preference like their fruit cooked. For these, baked apples, hot or cold apple sauce, stewed evaporated apricots, prunes, cherries, and berries or marmalades of various sorts fill the bill.

A fruit compote composed of prunes, raisins and apricots, the prunes and apricots soaked overnight, then added to the seeded raisins and all cooked very slowly until tender, and sweetened to taste, is much appreciated in one family where there are sluggish livers to be taken into account.

In the Matter of Cereals

IT IS an absurdity, when the markets are full of all sorts and kinds of cereals, to go on using the same thing day after day, until the family push their dishes of porridge away scarcely tasted.

Try a new plan. Instead of getting a big supply of one kind, invest in a half dozen smaller packages of various kinds, and use them alternately. To-day, wheat in some form, to-morrow, corn-meal or oats; the next day, rice; the following, farina, hominy, and so on.

Unless one prefers the prepared cereals, long cooking is an essential. If there is not time in the morning to do this, cook in the double boiler while getting dinner or supper at night, so that all that is required in the morning is to steam it up, adding a little more freshly boiled water. Many people like their cereals molded. In this case, cook the day before and pour into individual cups or molds to stiffen. Then, in the morning, turn out into the oatmeal bowls.

As a rule the special individual oatmeal bowls are to be preferred. Children, especially, get attached to their own bowls, and think things taste better in them. It is easier, too, for the one who serves the cereal to remember to put in much or little according to the taste of the owner. Pretty little Chinese or Japanese bowls can often be purchased for ten cents each. Besides using different varieties of cereals, the same ones may be prepared in different ways, as witness:

Oatmeal Cooked with Milk

PUT three and a half cupfuls of milk in the double boiler, and when it is hot stir in one cupful of oatmeal or oat flakes. Cook an hour, salting to taste when nearly done. This is an extremely popular dish at Torquay, invalids considering it one of the most nourishing foods they can take. Half milk and half water may be used instead of all milk. Do not stir after the meal commences to soften, for stirring breaks the grains and tends to make it pasty.

Oatmeal and Apples

WASH, halve and core four large, tender apples. Make a sirup of one cupful of granulated sugar and a cupful and a half of water. When the sirup begins to thicken, drop in the apples and cook until tender. Take up carefully, roll in sugar, put one in each bowl and cover with a thin oatmeal porridge made by cooking a cupful of prepared oats in two cupfuls of boiling water, well salted, for twenty minutes. Serve with cream. Chopped dates are nice added to the porridge ten minutes before serving.

Baked Oatmeal

THIS is an old style of cooking oatmeal that can not be improved upon. Put a half dozen cupfuls of water in a saucepan over the fire. When it boils add a teaspoonful of salt and sift in a cupful of coarse oatmeal. Cook five or ten minutes, stirring frequently with a fork to prevent the meal settling and sticking to the bottom. Then pour the liquid mush into a deep pudding-dish, cover with an earthen lid, set in a large basin of water and bake two or three hours in a moderate oven. This can be done in the afternoon. Set away in a cool place and half an hour before breakfast put the covered dish in a pan of hot water in the oven to reheat.

While steam-cooked cereals lessen the time necessary to cook them, they are more expensive than the uncooked kernels and lack their sweetness when fresh from the ripe grain-fields.

Fish for Breakfast

FISH is generally very acceptable for breakfast, affording a welcome change from the stereotyped chops, steak or eggs. Fresh fish is sometimes difficult to obtain, especially in the country, but there is now a wide range of salt and smoked ones to choose from.

Smoked Sturgeon

TAKE a slice of sturgeon, for instance. Bake it until the skin crackles, serve with a maître d'hôtel sauce and garnish with minced parsley and lemon. Accompany with smoking-hot mealy baked potatoes.

To make the sauce, rub a piece of butter the size of an egg to a cream, add a tablespoonful of minced parsley, salt and pepper to season, and stir in a tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Spread this over the fish just before serving.

Broiled Salt Mackerel

SOAK in cold water overnight to freshen. In the morning wipe dry, brush over with olive-oil, and broil over a clear fire. Put on to a hot platter, and cover with a dressing of melted butter, minced parsley and lemon. Serve with grilled sweet potatoes.

Kedgeree of Smoked Haddock

BOIL an ounce and a half of rice in lightly salted water, remembering that the haddock itself is salt. Scald the fish, remove skin and bone and flake up the flesh. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the rice, fish, the chopped white of a hard-boiled egg, a little minced parsley and just a dash of Cayenne or paprika. When smoking-hot arrange on a hot dish, decorate with a little parsley and the yolk of the hard-boiled egg rubbed through a sieve. Sprinkle the egg over the fish or arrange it in little mounds, and you have a dish at once appetizing and good to look at. Any other cold fish, fresh or cured, may be utllized in the same way.

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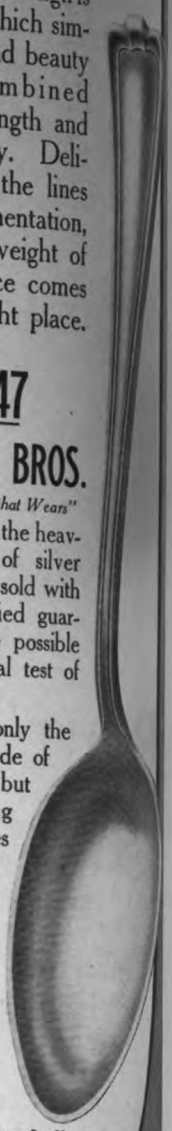

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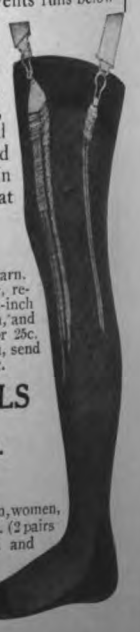

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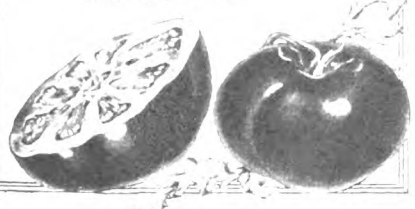

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By M. T. Blair

Cream of Sorrel ONE quart of sorrel; three tablespoonfuls of butter; two tablespoonfuls of flour; one teaspoonful and one-half of salt; one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper; one teaspoonful of sugar; one-half onion; one-half cupful of water; one pint of milk; one pint of cream. Wash the sorrel, put in the cold water and stew ten minutes. Drain and chop very fine. Cut the onion into very small pieces and fry in the butter, slowly, five minutes; add the flour and stir till frothy and smooth. Now add the sorrel, sugar, salt and pepper, stir for three minutes and then gradually pour in the cold milk. Simmer five minutes, meanwhile heating the cream boiling-hot. Strain the soup, pour in the cream, and serve at once.

Fish Soup TAKE the bones, skin, head, and any remains of cold fish: put on to boil in *cold water*, adding one turnip, one carrot, a small piece of celery and a small blade of mace. Boil one and one-half hours, then strain. Add one-half pint of milk, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Thicken with a large tablespoonful of flour. Bring to the boil and serve hot. Just before dishing put in a little finely chopped parsley.

White Lentil Soup THIS is most delicious, and most economical, being made without meat. One-half pound of split lentils, two stalks of celery, two sprigs of parsley, one onion, one ounce and one-half of butter, one and one-half ounces of flour, one-half pint of milk, one-fourth pint of cream (if liked), three pints of cold water, one small blade of mace, eight white peppercorns, salt and pepper. Wash the lentils in cold water. Skim well.

When boiling add the celery, mace, parsley, onion and peppercorns. Boil rather quickly for one hour and a half. Pass the soup through a hair sieve. Put the butter and flour into a small saucepan, rub them together over the fire with a wooden spoon, add the milk a little at a time, and stir *one way* till it boils and thickens. Put thickening and the rest of the soup (smoothly mixed) into a clean saucepan. Allow the soup to heat through. Just before serving add the cream, pepper and salt to taste. Serve with sippets of fried bread.

Economical Soup THIS is a brown soup and very tasty. Take two good-sized onions, peel them and cut them into small pieces, put two ounces of good dripping into a stew-pan; when melted put in the onions, cover the pan and let them cook for an hour. The steam will prevent them from frying. Then pour in slowly the liquor in which a cauliflower has been boiled. Put in any stale pieces of bread you may have, using crusts as well. Add some bacon rinds and a little pepper, but no salt. Simmer for at least one hour and a half, then put through a hair sieve, squeezing the bread and onion with a wooden spoon. If it appears too thin boil longer to reduce it. Then pour into the tureen and add a very little milk. Serve very hot.

Cream of Carrot Soup TAKE four good-sized carrots, two potatoes, two onions and two sticks of celery. Cut up and fry brown in vegetable oil or butter. Put into a saucepan with one quart of hot water and cook until the vegetables are quite soft. Press through a sieve, and return to the fire, adding a tablespoonful of butter, two cloves, two tablespoonfuls of finely minced parsley, a teaspoonful of sugar, and salt and pepper to season. Have ready a pint of hot milk, thickened with a teaspoonful of corn-starch or a tablespoonful of flour. Add to the soup, bring to a boil and serve with croutons.

Cream of Tomato Soup ONE quart of tomatoes; one-half cupful of rice; one quart of water; one pint of milk; one saltspoonful of pepper; two teaspoonfuls of salt; one tablespoonful of butter; two tablespoonfuls of flour; one saltspoonful of soda. Place the rice, tomato, water, salt and pepper together in a granite pan, and cook until the rice is tender but not broken. Rub the butter and flour together and stir into the above mixture. When it thickens and has cooked for three or four minutes, add the soda dissolved in a little cold water, then the milk, which has been heated to the boiling-point in a separate saucepan. Serve at once without more heating, as, if boiled with the tomato, there is always danger of the milk curdling.

Onion and Potato Soup SLICE two or three large onions. Fry them in a tablespoonful of butter or drippings until they are soft. Then add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until it is absorbed in the onions. To this add slowly a pint of boiling water, stirring all the time so it will be smooth. Boil and mash three good-sized potatoes. Add to them slowly a quart of scalded milk, stirring well. Add the potato mixture to the onion mixture. Season with salt and pepper. Let it get very hot and strain into a hot tureen. Sprinkle parsley over the top and serve with croutons.

Cream of Celery Soup ONE quart of crisp celery cut in inch lengths; one pint and one-half of cold water; one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour; one tablespoonful of butter; one-half teaspoonful of chopped onion; one bay-leaf. Salt to season. Add the cold water, the onion and the bay-leaf to the celery, cover closely and stew in a gentle heat for three hours, when there should be one pint of liquid; add a little water when cooking if the liquid reduces too much. Strain through a sieve or cheese-cloth, crushing the celery, but not pressing it through. This part of the work may be done at any time, the celery stock being set away until needed. When ready to serve, rub the butter and the flour together until very smooth; warm the milk, add one spoonful to the mixture, stirring carefully; when smooth add more milk to further thin the flour mixture; then stir it all into the milk and add the milk to the celery stock. Cook for ten minutes in a double boiler. This formula will suffice for making a cream soup with corn, turnips, beans, peas or squash.

Cream of Pea Soup ONE pint of shelled green peas; three cupfuls of milk; one tablespoonful of butter; three tablespoonfuls of flour; one cupful of cream; salt and pepper to taste. Cover the peas with cold water, and cook until tender. Then take out half of them, and pass the remainder through a sieve with the water in which they were cooked. Scald the milk, rub the butter and flour together, and add the paste to the milk with the peas that have been passed through the sieve. Stir until the soup thickens and, just before taking it from the fire, add the rest of the peas and the cupful of cream. Season with salt and pepper.

Cream of Spinach Soup BLEND one tablespoonful of butter with one of flour and add slowly two cupfuls of cold milk. Stir until all is smooth and creamy. Add two cupfuls of spinach pulp. Serve with whipped cream in each plate.

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GENERAL FEDERATION NOTES

HERE'S WORK WORTH WHILE

SOME RECENT ACHIEVEMENTS OF CLUB WOMEN OF TEXAS, MINNESOTA AND NEW JERSEY

By Helen M. Winslow

Publisher of the Official Register of Women's Clubs

WITH the opening of the Spring will come the appointment of committees to prepare the outlines for next year's work, or "Program Committees." Last year at this time we made an offer to furnish outlines for study on any subject to clubs asking for them. This offer was accepted by hundreds of women all over the country. The only condition was that the club seeking help should send us its last year-books in order that we might have them to adapt for the use of others.

This plan worked so admirably that we are again making the offer. We shall be glad to assist program committees everywhere in making out their next season's outlines for work.

Of course you have kept the DELINEATORS on file, because we have printed some excellent courses specially adapted for the kind of work done in women's clubs; and these we shall continue to furnish at the end of every article; but in case none of these touches your needs, all you have to do is to write this department, stating what subject you are to study and enclosing stamp for reply, with your last year's program.

If you desire a "miscellaneous" program, please say what particular topics you would like covered; that is, if you have a choice. Personally, I have found that some of the best programs come under the head of "Miscellaneous," thus giving an opportunity to look into many of the leading issues of the day. Under these come civics, philanthropy, education, laws relating to women, child-labor, industrial conditions, good government and many other vital subjects.

In the Mississippi State Federation year-book I find the following suggestions, which are so good that I pass them along for the use of individual clubs:

1. "Arrange to give one club meeting to an educational program, or, if you can not spare a whole afternoon, combine it with Civics.

2. "Devote a meeting to Health and Sanitation. Stress the need of Social Hygiene. Have your local physicians give plain, practical talks to your boys and girls once a month. Are we not as mothers responsible for ignorance?

3. "Have you a Parent-Teachers' Association in your town? If not, will you help organize one? (The mothers and teachers of this State must get close together if we hope to do the best for our children.)

4. "Teach patriotism. The girls and women of this State who are the mothers and teachers, must have a thorough education in principles of civil duty and methods of civil government if the boys are to be trained in 'those principles of honesty and honor and truth and uprightness and justice on which alone a good government can rest.'

5. "Observe Arbor Day; interest yourselves in your local schools; study their needs and try to meet them. Place drinking fountains on the grounds; start a school library or help to build it up, if it is already started; beautify the school grounds, and above all, visit the schools often enough to make the teachers and pupils realize that you are deeply interested in their welfare. The schoolhouse is the logical social center; equipped with library and gymnasium, surrounded by garden and playgrounds, it will be an unfailing stimulus to social activity in any community.

"Continue to use your influence with the legislators of your county for the Juvenile Reform School, the appropriation for the Normal College, and the amendment of the Constitution, recommended by Supt. Powers, authorizing the election of women to the offices of school trustees and county superintendents of education. Each one of these things touch the lives of our children and through them the happiness of our homes."

To this I would add: Devote one club day at least to intelligent discussion of the laws of your State regarding women. Through Mr. Hard's department you may learn where to get definite information and suggestions for important work.

IN ORDER to make this department of still more practical value to the club women of America and to furnish a help that is asked for fully as often as any, we shall give in this department every month a list of the new books that are most important to the work of women's clubs: books which give real information, actual suggestions for work, or important facts bearing directly on the many phases of life for the modern woman. Following are some of the best recent volumes which club women should read:

ART: *Mornings with the Masters of Art, by H. H. Powers. (Macmillan Co., publishers. Price $2.) How to Study Pictures, by Charles H. Caffin. (The Century Co., publishers, N. Y. $2.)*

WOMAN: *Why Women are So. (Henry Holt & Co., publishers. Price $1.25.) Woman in Modern Society, by Earl Barnes. (B. W. Huebsch, publisher, N. Y. Price $1.25.) Woman in the Making of America, by H. Addington Bruce. (Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston. Price $1.50.) The Business of Being a Woman, by Ida Tarbell. (Macmillan Co., publishers. Price $1.25.) The Suffragette, by E. Sylvia Pankhurst. (Sturgis & Walton, publishers, N. Y. Price $1.50.)*

ESSAYS: *Time and Change, by John Burroughs. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., publishers, Boston. Price $1.10.) The Provincial American, by Meredith Nicholson. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., publishers, Boston. Price $1.25.)*

HOME ECONOMICS: *Making Home Profitable, by Kate V. Saint Maur. (Sturgis & Walton, publishers, N. Y. Price $1.00.) Increasing Home Efficiency, by Martha Bensley and Robert W. Bruere. (Macmillan Co., publishers, N. Y. Price $1.50.) Story-Telling for School and Home, by Emelyn Newcomb Partridge. (Sturgis & Walton Co., publishers, N. Y. Price $1.25.) Laws Concerning Women, by Charles A. Denslow. (Published by I. N. Davidson, Seattle, Washington. Price $1.00.)*

A Unique Rôle for Club Women

IT TAKES the club women of Texas to find new and unique ways of making themselves of civic use. In a recent number we told of the Texas women's work along the ways of fire prevention, a work which is now being taken up in other States. Another plan they have in hand was started by Miss Elsie Griffing of the Dallas Social Service Committee, and has spread all over the State.

Knowing the wretched condition of the wives and daughters of cotton-growing farmers of Texas, she set about to find some way to help them, and discovered that the Texas Cotton-Growers' Association have organized to compel a better price on their product.

The farmers have for years been at the mercy of unscrupulous buyers who have kept the prices down so low that the farmer did not get even a living price; consequently the wives and daughters not only had to go to the fields as pickers, but got nothing for it—scarcely a hand-to-hand existence.

Miss Griffings, therefore, undertook a campaign through the club women of the State, urging every woman to see the farmers and their wives in her neighborhood and get them to join the Association so as to reap the benefits of organized forces.

The Texas Federation cooperated with the Cotton-Growers Association at their State Fair and were rewarded by seeing thousands join the greater organizations and put themselves in a position where they are getting a price for cotton, which is lifting them out of debt and bringing them the first signs of prosperity in many years.

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Place the kettle empty over a low flame. In the heated kettle sear the roast on all sides. Then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. When half done turn the meat over.

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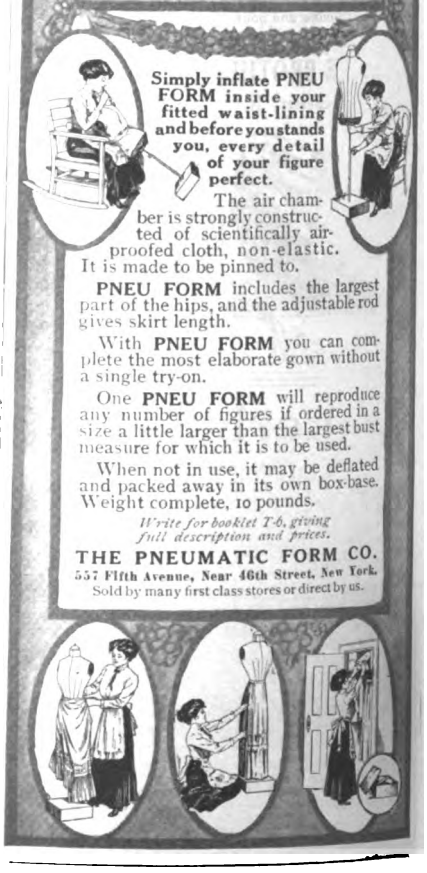

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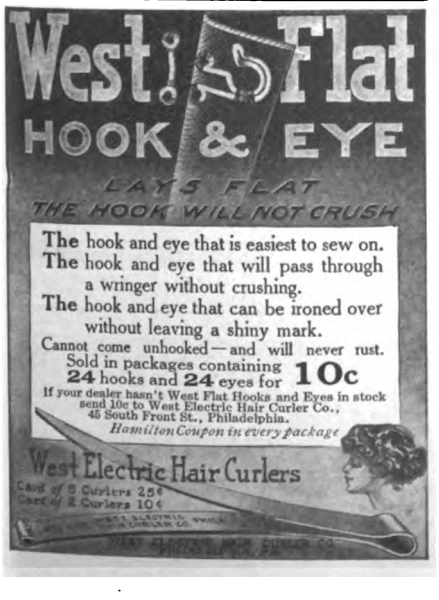

GENERAL FEDERATION NOTES

HERE'S WORK WORTH WHILE

[*Continued from page 202*]

We gave some account last month of certain work that is being done by the Minnesota clubs for the good of the State. In Minnesota for several years the Federation has had much to do with the success of the State Fair, and last Fall they cooperated in a new way. Minnesota was first to call attention to and try to improve the standard of weights and measures among the different States.

Last November there was a "Conservation Congress" held for the purpose of settling on some plan for getting uniform laws relating to weights and measures (among other things), and in consequence of that meeting, a systematic attempt is being made for the adoption of uniform laws by all the legislatures. This congress was held in connection with a Northwestern Exposition of Farm Products, and delegates were in attendance from all the Western States.

The Minnesota Committee of Household Economics, Mrs. C. C. Neale, chairman, are actively engaged now in furthering this work, and have asked the president of the G. F. W. C. to urge the State presidents everywhere to use their influence in the same direction, and get their governors to further such work, which it is expected will do much to reduce the high cost of living.

One of the measures adopted by the Minnesota women was the giving out at the State Fair of much helpful literature, which furnished actual requirements of the present standards of weight, and showed how purchasers are being imposed upon by dishonest dealers.

New Jersey has one of the best medical laws in the country, but up to now there has been no way provided by which the average citizen may learn of its actual working out. The Educational Department of the State Federation has issued some worth-while suggestions, asking every club in New Jersey to cooperate in making the study of this law a success.

They are provided with a set of questions which it is expected all school superintendents and principals will be glad to answer, and which will show whether or not the authorities throughout the State are using all means at their disposal for treating schoolchildren, such as hospitals, dispensaries, or visiting nurses. Needy and defective children are to be carefully reported and looked after.

The set of questions sent out calls for full information as to the number of pupils enrolled, number examined for physical defects, and number actually given treatment for physical defects and for contagious diseases. The number of visits made by nurses and physicians, how often examinations are given, whether teachers are kept posted as to results and conditions, and whether the teachers see that suggested remedies are used and that children with defective vision or hearing are properly treated and carefully followed up.

The list also calls for careful descriptions of methods and facilities for treatment in hospitals, clinics or dispensaries, for mothers' meetings and "follow-up" work, and for definite knowledge as to written reports by physicians, nurses and principals, and how published. The duties of all these as to medical inspection are carefully investigated, and the "questionnaire," which is sent to every club in the State is a fine model for other State Federations to follow.

In Hoboken, New Jersey, a very interesting work is going on, which shows what one woman can do if she is sufficiently alert and interested in municipal research. Two years ago Mrs. Robert L. Stevens established, as a memorial to her husband, a fund of four thousand dollars a year, to be administered by the Bureau of Municipal Research, in cooperation with the people. In the past two years this fund, provided by one woman, has—

Established a visiting nurse for sick babies;

Made a campaign for better Summer conditions for babies, which has resulted in the Board of Health's employing a milk inspector and two visiting nurses;

Held a dental hygiene exhibit, resulting in a dental clinic for schoolchildren;

Investigated and brought about legislation for State supervision of weights and measures;

Published the laws and ordinances relating to duties of city officials;

Cooperated with the Board of Trade in a "budget exhibit" attended by twenty thousand people;

Disclosed a deficit of three hundred thousand dollars in sinking-fund provisions, and made a plan for adequate treatment;

Saved thousands of dollars in bills for public printing and supplies;

Arranged a charter conference between Governor Wilson and officials of twenty leading cities;

Is helping prepare a better administrative code for municipal affairs;

Assisted in organizing a school extension committee;

Helped the State Federation outline the above-mentioned work among club women as to medical inspection, etc.

Assisted the Superintendent of Schools prepare an exhibit for the New Jersey Conference of Charities and Correction at Orange;

Is making a thorough study of medical inspection in schools, and what changes or supervision is needed;

Helped defeat the Hoboken salary-grab bill for all second-class cities, and gave valuable assistance to Governor Wilson in connection therewith;

Has made it easier for Board of Trade, taxpayers, woman's clubs and newspapers to cooperate with, study and influence the city government for good.

And so Mrs. Stevens, with her memorial fund and the cooperation of the Hoboken city government and club women, is "on the job" every day in the year, trying to interest everybody in Hoboken in what belongs to every one of them, viz.: a better city government.

Is your club cooperating with and studying local conditions all the time, "rain or shine, Summer and Winter"?

Is any good club woman doing for your town such work as shall raise the standard of the entire community?

An appropriate program, after all this, would seem to cover the general topic of civics:

Study Program on Civics

"Civics is the ounce of prevention which is worth more than the pound of cure of philanthropy. By civics, we mean all work that benefits the city as a whole and that helps every person in the city, high or low, rich or poor, fortunate or unfortunate."

The following program is being used by the Newport, N. H., Woman's Club this year.

I. Roll Call. Some facts relating to social work done by women.
Newport as a garden city.
What can we do to improve Newport?
Suggestions for town improvement.

II. Training in citizenship and social usefulness.
Our State Laws relating to women and children.
Current Events.

III. The Church and social welfare.
Our Public Institutions; how can we best serve them?
Club Tea, in honor of new members.
"Thimble Bee, for our Public Institutions."

IV. Jean Jacques Rousseau; his Influence on present-day conditions.
Current Events.

V. What Use Can Our Public Schools Make of the Penny Savings Bank?
The Girl Problem in Newport.
General Discussion of Subjects.

VI. A Day with Our Public Schools.
Current Events.

VII. Clean-Up Day; A Practical Way of Municipal Cleaning.
Our Housing Problem.
Our Public Health.
General Discussion.

VIII. How Can We Use Arbor Day to the Best Advantage?
A Program on Forestry. (Special Committee.)

IX. Debate on Equal Suffrage. Music.

X. Résumé of the Work of the Year. Election, Reports, etc.

Men of Tomor

Many a boy, start
with a sorry fund of h
has been built into a
tal and physical "husk
helpful environment
properly selected foo

No one can build a
dy, time-resisting wal
poor materials. N
can build a strong, r
boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really
important than the w

Ever think of that?

Yet you may be
particular when yo
spect the materials y
to put into your b
walls.

But how about th
is his building ma
being considered?

Mind and body mu
properly trained to
the Master Man.

A true Brain and
food is

Grape-Nu

It possesses those
elements require
Nature for buildin
strong young bodies
active brains.

"There's a Reaso

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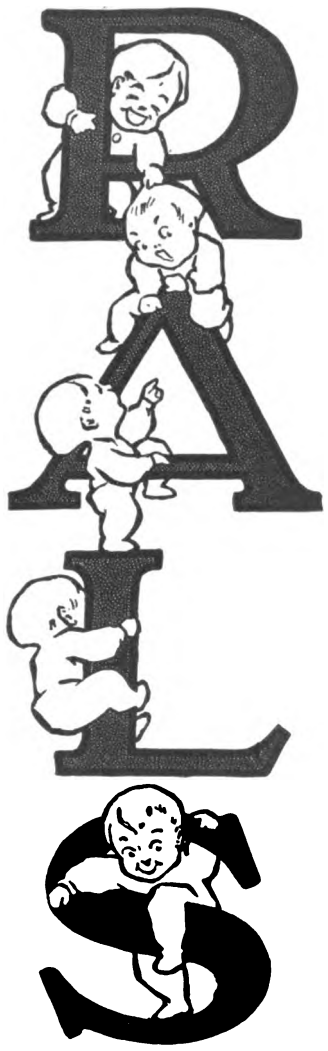


TALKS BY THE FIRESIDE

NEWSPAPERS—DO YOU READ 'EM?

YOUR CHILDREN DO—YOU'D BETTER LOOK TWICE AT THE ONE ON THE FAMILY TABLE

By D. Willard Lyon

WHAT are the influences exerted by the newspaper in the home? Are these influences good? May they be conserved and directed into helpful channels? What can be done about the detrimental influences? We must face the issue squarely, and deal with it sanely, for the newspaper has come to stay.

It Should Awaken Sympathy

THE daily newspaper is popular because it contains the news. It serves it hot from the wires. It is the one thing that is up-to-date. In the stress of modern social and political conditions Occidental man will never be satisfied with being behindhand. He must have the news, at no matter what sacrifice of time or intellect.

No less is the newspaper popular because it deals with the successes and the failures, the comedies and the tragedies of every-day life. Every individual has his struggles; and from the struggles of others he draws consolation and inspiration, incentive and warning, fear and hope.

While the newspaper does not exist primarily for the purpose of supplying man's bodily needs, still it is fair to say that it has not a little to do with setting the standards of physical culture. Not alone on its sporting pages, which are ice-cream and cake to the average boy, but in its editorials and stories, and even in the way it tells its news, it sets forth physical ideals which are to some extent shaping the lives of the young. If these ideals look in the direction of professionalism, pugilism, daredeviltry, indecency or selfishness, they are to that extent injurious. If they make for health and bravery, clean and manly sport, chivalry and patriotism, they are doing good.

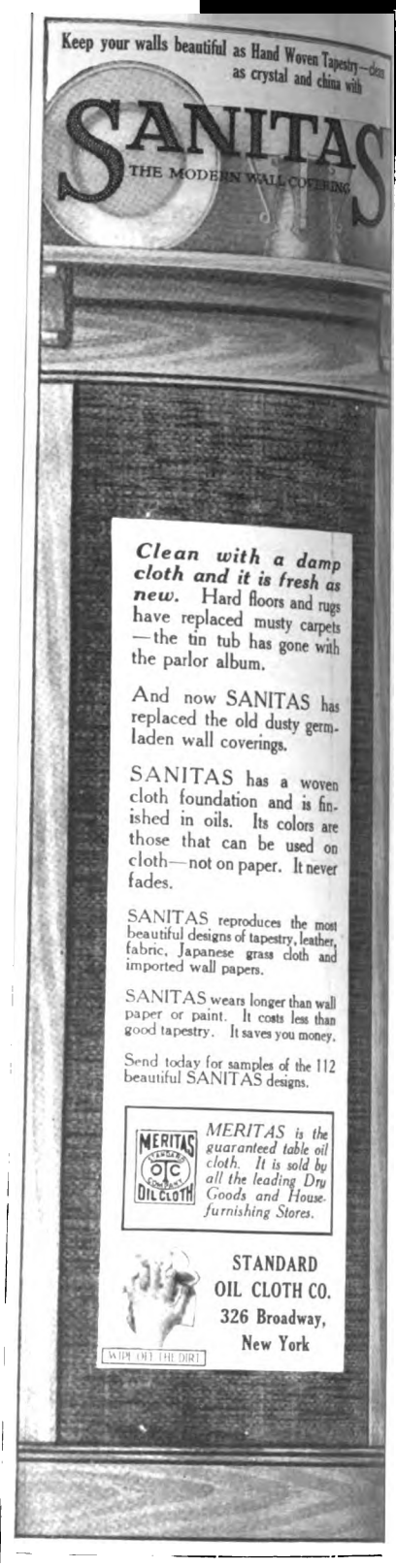
In the realm of the intellect every newspaper should tend to increase the and obligation of citizenship? Does it enlighten men in regard to the duties involved therein? Does it stimulate a sober exchange of ideas on the great problems which confront the nation? In short, does it develop intelligent patriotism? As surely as it descends to mud-slinging, or even to the advocacy of men and measures for purely partisan reasons, revealing no fair discrimination between principle and expediency, so surely is it a menace to the home as well as to the nation.

It Should Stimulate Thought

THIS leads us to a still broader aspect of the subject, namely, the cosmopolitan influence of the newspaper. And here, if we accept the justice of the criticism made by a British writer who has recently visited America, we shall be compelled to confess to a weakness which seems to be characteristically American.

He says: "There is one real criticism that I, personally, am quite convinced about, and that is the extraordinary provincialism of the average American student. There are a great many reasons for this extraordinary ignorance of foreign affairs which you American students possess, but there is no adequate reason.

"You have an expression about a man being 'up with the procession.' Well, when it comes to the discussion of foreign affairs, and of knowledge about foreign affairs, it seems to me that the average American student is not capable of even entering into the procession at all. He does not read any books about the world. His daily papers do not tell him anything about it, . . . and he is content in his absolute ignorance!" This is a serious charge, both against the youth of America, and against the average American newspaper. We can scarcely deny



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You can Weigh what you Should

I know it because I have **reduced the weight** of 30,000 women and have **built up** the weight of as **many more.**

My pupils are among the most refined, intelligent women of America.

You Can Be Well

so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality — feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health prescribed to suit your particular needs.

No Drugs— No Medicines

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense.*

By teaching **deep breathing** and **correct poise,** so that each vital organ is in its proper place, and by **strengthening the nerves and muscles** to these vital organs, I have built up the strength and vitality by Nature's own means.

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupils.

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I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in women. Call and see me when in Chicago. I am almost always at my desk and glad to see any woman interested in this great work.

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I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

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OUR BABY CLINIC

HIS MAJESTY, YOUR BABY

By Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton

NOTE:—*Dr. Hamilton is connected with several New York hospitals and is doing a fine work for children. He has no fads and comes to us as a practitioner of authority and common sense.* THE DELINEATOR *has its arms full of babies. Dr. Hamilton is going to be our consulting physician and will talk to us every month about all the matters that have to do with baby hygiene. We want you to write us about your baby and ask advice of our physician. Please feel that* THE DELINEATOR *is your baby clinic. Address your letters care of* THE DELINEATOR *and Doctor Hamilton will answer them.*

BATHING your baby is one of your greatest motherhood privileges. It is the most effective way for a mother and baby to really make each other's acquaintance, for the little one learns a deep and lasting love for the person who exercises such delicate, daily care for his well-being.

Bathing the baby, properly, is *his* privilege, though. It is a science and an art combined.

A baby's welfare requires a daily bath. The best time for the bath is one hour and a half after feeding, preferably, 9:30 or 10 o'clock in the morning, and in an evenly heated room of 72 degrees Fahrenheit. Avoid drafts. Do not roast the baby before an open fire. If the rest of the room is too cold wait until it is evenly heated.

As it is best to give the bath without interruption it is important to have the necessary articles right at hand. The mother, seated in a low, armless rocking-chair, should wear a rubber apron with a large piece of flannel over it. Placed on a low table should be a tray with the following articles:

Bath thermometer, pure soap, talcum-powder, absorbent cotton, a soft washcloth, scissors, vaseline, cold-cream, soft lint in small squares, a pincushion with safety-pins and threaded needles (the latter for sewing bands). A freshly prepared cup of warm boric acid solution for eyes and mouth. (One-half teaspoonful of powdered boric acid to a pint of previously boiled water.) On a clothes-rack within reach the baby's clothes should be warmed and hung in readiness.

An oblong rubber bath-tub or a tin bath-tub should be filled with water at a temperature of 95 degrees Fahrenheit. Use a bath thermometer. Do not guess the temperature with your hand or arm, as it is uncertain. Have sufficient water in the tub to keep warm until the bath is finished. Never place the tub on the floor, but always on a low stand or a table.

And Now to Undress Him

LAY him flat on his stomach while unfastening the garments at the back; then turn him over, roll the clothing up and remove *over* his head. This method of undressing is conceded best by expert baby-bathers, as it requires less handling of his little body.

Wrap the little person entirely in the flannel apron, except the head. Bathe the face with fresh warm water, then soap the cloth and carefully wash the head, ears and scalp. Dry the face and head thoroughly.

Wash out the eyes with a bit of absorbent cotton dipped in the boric acid solution. Now bathe the entire body with soap and warm water from the basin and then carefully lift into the bath-tub, care being used to support the back and head with the left hand, while the right hand grasps the ankles.

The body should be in a semi-reclining position in the bath and baby should be sponged for four or five minutes only. A dry, warmed towel is placed over the flannel apron and baby is lifted from the tub in the same careful manner as before. Wrap the towel about him and pat him dry.

Don't rub.

Use another dry, warm towel to dry all the little creases of flesh under the arm, at the neck, groin and about the genitals. Lift baby from the damp towel to a dry blanket, rub with alcohol, and dust with a little talcum-powder, paying particular attention to the folds of flesh on neck, arms, knees and groin. Dust away any excess of powder, especially in the groin, as it is likely to get wet, cake and cause irritation of the skin.

In dressing baby never put the clothes on over the head, but draw them over the feet, then pull them all the way up. The sleeves can then be drawn on with greater ease.

The mouth should now be cleansed with boric acid solution, using a swab of absorbent cotton twisted around a toothpick.

As the baby grows older the bath may be given at a lower temperature and continued longer. A child one year old, for example, may have a bath of 85 degrees Fahrenheit and may be allowed to remain in the bath as long as ten minutes.

In Summer-time two baths may be given, a short evening sponge or tub bath in addition to the morning bath. This evening bath should always be given before the evening feeding.

Morning bathing is preferable up to the fifth month, after which time there is no objection to giving the bath before the evening feeding. A short morning sponge bath is necessary when the evening bath is given.

Bathing Your Baby

MY SIX-MONTHS-OLD baby has redness and chafing all over his body. I use pure soap to wash him and am careful in drying him. Please advise me if I should bathe him every day and if I should use any salve. I have tried cold-cream and it does not seem to cure him. MRS. B. H., Penn.

Give your baby a daily oatmeal bath. Take one pound of oatmeal and sew it into a cheese-cloth bag. Place this in baby's bath-tub in a small amount of hot water for one-half hour before bathing time. When it is time to give the bath add sufficient hot water to give a temperature of 95 degrees Fahrenheit. Baby should be allowed to remain in this bath for five or ten minutes.

MY ONE-YEAR-OLD baby has severe prickly heat and it makes him so irritable and he shows a loss of weight when he has it. MRS. K. B. M., Wash.

Either soda or starch baths are curative, soothing and grateful to baby when he has a heat rash. The soda bath is prepared by adding a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda to the bath. The starch bath, which is also effective for hives and chafing, is made by simply adding one-half cupful of powdered laundry starch to the bath. These baths may be given daily.

Your Little Babi Are Born Rig

Their little chests full and rounded, th lungs are sound and m cles good.

It's because our devo mothers do not know things they should that many are left with em arms, or left to the sl bitterness of watching little one grow defecti

Of course, you do not your baby pickles or wa melon, as do fond and foo mothers of the slums. But do something almost as ba if you pile into that little st ach the heavy food that meant for a calf. Just beca cows' milk looks like moth milk, that makes it no sub tute. The only substitute mother's milk should be like it baby feels no differe

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WHAT ARE YOU READING?

By James Shelley Hamilton

The Wind Before the Dawn

A BIG story, of a woman who after a hard struggle made her position as a wife consistent with what fairness and enlightened common sense demand that a wife's position be. Behind the story is a wonderful harrowing picture of the part women had to bear in pioneer life—in Kansas in this instance. It is a straggling sort of book, written with more sincerity than literary skill, but it has a sure grasp of character and the forces that mold character, and a way of making that grasp apparent on the printed page. Because it is sane and true it is a book worth while.

The Wind Before the Dawn, by Dell H. Munger. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.35.

The Green Overcoat

A MAD tale of adventure that continually invades the borders of burlesque—a tale that, oddly enough, one must take somewhat seriously, because of the whimsical but pointed satire which pervades it. It is a philosopher's revel in nonsense and melodrama, and great fun for the readers. G. K. Chesterton in this book discloses himself as an illustrator, and Mr. Belloc's story must have been a delight for him to make pictures for.

The Green Overcoat, by Hilaire Belloc. (McBride, Nast & Co.) $1.20.

The Long Roll—Cease Firing

THESE books make a two-volume prose epic of our Civil War. War is the theme of them—blood and battle-smoke and the heroism of men fighting fill their pages. There is a story behind it all—a good story, as all of Miss Johnston's are—but the big thing about it is the panoramic picture it paints of one of the greatest struggles of modern times.

"The Long Roll," "Cease Firing," by Mary Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.40.

The Financier

A STORY of a man who became convinced when a small boy that only the strong are fit to survive, and that they prove their strength and fitness by devouring the weak. On this biological doctrine he pinned his faith, and built himself a career according to its principles. The kind of success he was after he got, until he ran into another man of his own kind who was even stronger than he. The story is very painstaking in its accumulation of detail, and very long. It is a splendid example of careful realism directed by a theory, which results in the semblance without any of the thrill of life. Mr. Dreiser's books have been received by many people, particularly in England, as some of the most important American fiction now being written. "The Financier" is his most ambitious novel so far.

The Financier, by Theodore Dreiser. (Harper & Brothers.) $1.40.

On the Art of the Theatre

MR. CRAIG is the son of Ellen Terry. He has lived all his life close to the atmosphere of the theater, and has been an actor himself, as well as a producer of plays. He has constructed plays of his own and designed playhouses. He is full of theories about the theater, many of them so radically different from those now in operation that they are simply branded "Nonsense!" and pooh-poohed out of serious consideration. But Mr. Craig's ideas are already gaining attention in Europe. Many of the effects that made Reinhardt's production of "Sumurûn" so sensationally successful here last Winter originated with him, and he has been engaged in arranging performances of Shakespeare in Russia that are very important in the development of the art of play producing. In this book he sets forth his theories. They are immensely interesting, and the personality of the writer appears so strongly in advocating them that it is impossible to neglect them. You must either accept or reject, for this high-handed young man allows no middle course.

On the Art of the Theatre, by Edward Gordon Craig. (Browne's Bookstore, Chicago.) $2.00.

William Henry Drummond

PERHAPS it is not a new thing to call Drummond the Longfellow of the French Canadians. Perhaps it is sheer laziness to call any writer the Somebody-else of Somewhere-else. But there is an appeal in what Longfellow wrote that makes him unique as a well-loved poet, and William Henry Drummond's verse has that same quality—a homely sentiment which "gets" people to whom mere literary excellence would be lost. This volume contains all the work that has until now been scattered through several volumes, and in it the "habitant," the "voyageur"—all the characters of the French Canadian country—find a voice.

The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond. (G. P. Putnam & Sons.) $2.50.

The Business of Being a Woman

MISS TARBELL is one of the best known women in the country. The things she has written in *McClure's* and the *American Magazine* have had a remarkable part in directing the changes that the last few years have made in the general way of looking at social questions. Many things that seemed right not so long ago are now known to be wrong, and such work as Miss Tarbell's has helped create this new social conscience. So her views on women and the work of women, whatever they are, are important as the views of a person who has the right to be considered an authority. She is not allied with the suffragists, and her point of view ought to be given a careful hearing by all feminists, as well as by all scoffers at feminism.

The Business of Being a Woman, by Ida M. Tarbell. (The Macmillan Co.) $1.25.

The Prospective Mother

NOT so very long ago such a book as this, not written for doctors, would have been thought shocking. Now people are coming to see that far from being shocking to know such things as this contains, it is criminal and silly not to know them. If bringing children into the world is one of the most important things in life, it is only the blindest prudery that can keep the facts of child-bearing wrapped in ignorance under the delusion that it is guarding a sacred mystery. If the good of the race demands anything at all, it demands that women should know sanely and sensibly what becoming a mother means. This book is written by a recognized medical authority, simply, clearly, and without any faddish notions or old wives' superstitions. It is an unusually valuable work.

The Prospective Mother, by J. Morris Slemons. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.

Helping School Children

MANY millionaires are continually giving a great deal of money to the advancement of higher education, but people do not think of the need that the common schools have for assistance of this kind, nor of the fact that the needs of the common schools have a wider importance than that of colleges and universities. This book represents a great deal of research into a field that deserves attention and will give valuable and unusual information to any one who is interested in the question of making American children into the best kind of American men and women.

Helping School Children, by Elsa Denison. (Harper & Brothers.) $1.40.

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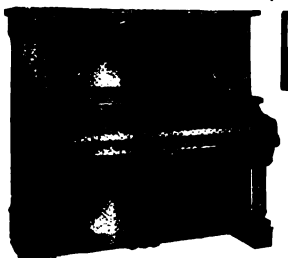

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THE HOME IN ITS MAKING

THE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN

MRS. GOODNOW ANSWERS SOME QUESTIONS AND DISCUSSES THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN HOUSEHOLD ARTS

THE many letters that come to this department are answered personally, but if in your letter to me or my letter to you there is an idea that will be of help to a number of women who are making their homes more efficient, more comfortable and more beautiful, we reserve the right to print that idea on this page. Comment and criticism, new ideas and old ones, will be welcomed. R. R. GOODNOW.

SEVERAL of you have asked me what I mean by the word "honest," arguing that ugliness may be just as "honest" as beauty. By the title "Is Your House Honest?" I mean: Does *your* house fill *your* needs? Have you made a home for your particular family, or have you furnished a house with no thought of the life to be lived within it? Do things in your house live up to the purpose for which they were made? Is your house equipment in scale with your income?

My object is to help you question yourselves—to have only the things in your house that mean *something* to you. If you buy a picture and really look at it and enjoy it, the picture fills your needs, and therefore belongs in your house, no matter how hideous it may seem to me. If you have a ponderous and shabby old chair that offers you real comfort, it has a perfect right in your home.

I am simply protesting against the pictures that mean nothing to their owners or any one else: the ugly grained woodwork that is taken for granted, like an epidemic of influenza; the expensive carpet that is bought not for use or beauty or comfort, but because some one else has a similar carpet; the ornate chairs that have no excuse for being.

By "honest" I mean that which is sensible, suitable and beautiful. You may leave out the beautiful and it will still be a very good word. It has a different significance for every woman who uses it.

New Schools of Industrial Art

FOR a long time we have taken ugly things for granted. We have selected the least objectionable wall-papers, or rugs, or lighting fixtures, and blamed the manufacturer for not offering us better things. We ourselves are to blame. If we demand that things shall be well made from good designs, we shall get the things we demand eventually. As a matter of fact, the manufacturer would prefer to make good things and beautiful things. It is the woman in the home who forces him to make tawdry things because she prefers many ill-made objects to a few good ones.

Another reason for the dreadful things that are perpetrated in the name of house-furnishings is that there are only a handful of trained designers in this country. There are too many lawyers and doctors and school-teachers, and not enough artisans and craftsmen. The manufacturer has to go abroad for his skilled employees, or accept the indifferent work of untrained hands and minds.

The new interest in the principles of the art of home-making, which for want of a better term we call "Interior Decoration," has resulted in several new schools, notably the Evening School of Industrial Art of New York. This is the first public school in America of its kind, but London has long maintained such a school. The new school offers courses to any one who wishes to enter the classes, but it invites primarily the young men and women who are employed by day in the various businesses that hinge on the applied arts.

Artisans, craftsmen, and designers who are interested in the making of textiles, wall-papers, hardware, stained glass, metal work, and so forth, are offered scientific training. The manufacturers are so much interested that they have offered the equipment necessary for such a school. It goes without saying that they will offer the more definite encouragement of employment later.

Another radical departure from the old university system is the "Course of House Design and Decoration" offered in the School of Practical Arts of Columbia University. Many women's colleges have offered incidental courses in the practical arts of late years, and all the technical colleges offer courses in architecture, but Columbia is the first of the great universities to offer a degree of Bachelor of Science to students of the practical arts. Both men and women will be admitted to the four years' course. Arthur Wesley Dow, Professor of Fine Arts, and La Mont A. Warner, Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, have charge of the new department.

Old Paint Can Be Removed

I HAVE had many letters asking me for the paint-remover mentioned in the November DELINEATOR. The best formula I know is a mixture of ordinary builder's lime and washing soda, about half and half. Slake the lime by dropping water slowly upon it. It will crumble gradually. Put the soda on the stove with a little water and let it melt down. Stir the lime and soda together, and if you need a little more water, add it. You should wear rubber gloves, for this mixture is very severe on the hands.

Apply the mixture to the painted surface with a brush, and if the paint does not come off easily, add more lime. Use an ordinary paint knife to peel off the paint and a handful of mineral wool to scrub out the grain of the wood.

When the paint has been removed wash the surface with vinegar to counteract the effect of the soda and lime on any new paint or stain that may be applied.

If the surface is not washed thoroughly, the new paint will take a long time to dry, and will soften easily.

I know this formula is about as definite as a black mammy's recipe for making waffles, but it is the best I can do. It is like mixing turpentine with thick paint—you never know how much you need until you begin work.

Use *vs.* Ornament

THE other day I was prowling around a New York shop looking at some reproductions of Dutch silver. Two women came up to the counter. One of them was buying a wedding-gift, and the other had come along to advise her. The timid lady who was to do the buying selected a pair of quaint old pepper-shakers. They were very nice and any girl would have adored them, but the advising friend was not satisfied with their appearance.

"They don't show enough for the money," she said.

She dashed away to another table where much silver-plated ware was piled, and found a huge, flaring tray with an openwork rim which she carried back triumphantly.

The tray was very thin, and would soon be banged and dented, but that made no difference to the emphatic lady.

"This will make a better *show*," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," said the little clerk. "It looks like more money."

"It would be handsome as an ornament," said the lady, "on one of those Dutch shelves, you know."

The timid lady demurred and offered feeble objections that she would like to give them something they could use and the pepper-shakers were solid silver, while the flamboyant tray was only plated, but finally *show* won. I felt sorry for the poor little bride!

SHERWIN-WILLIA

Flat-Ton

COVER THE EARTH

Put it on your wa

RIGHT on the p
ter where fo
generally put pap
It is beautiful. M
than this, it is sanit
and durable. Whe
gets soiled, wash
with soap and wat
no danger of harm
even the most de
cate tint.

Flat-tone is but
of the many Sherw
Williams Paints a
Varnishes, for ev
surface in the hom
walls, ceilings, wo
work, floors and f
niture. The wide ra
of finishes is sho
most attractively in

Our new Portfolio of Pl for Home Decoratio

(Sent free on request)

THIS portfolio is a practical, a
guide for the decoration of
home, both outside and in. It wil
you ideas and suggestions for any
ing work you may have to do, fro
painting of the house itself to the
ing of a chair or table. The book
tains a host of color schemes, sho
full color, each of which can be u
a working plan by either you yo
or your painter. We shall be g
send it to you entirely free of cha

SHERWI WILLIAM PAINTS & VARNISH

Visit Our Decorative Departments:
749 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.
116 West 32nd St., opp. Gimbels', New York
and 1101 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Address all inquiries to the

Sherwin-Williams Co., 749 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio

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The four special offers here shown are selected at random from our big money-saving catalog—typical Boston Store values.

Important!—We Prepay All Shipping Charges

As a special inducement to interest you in our line of Spring merchandise we offer this tastefully made hat at a price considerably less than the cost of the raw material. Every woman will readily recognize the great value of this becoming and practical hat. For $2.95 we will send you a hat that has distinctive style and splendid workmanship, and in which the quality has not been sacrificed in order to quote this very low price. Order by number—No. 1331.

Turbans Will Be Favored This Season

This is one of the late small turban effect hats with close rolling brim, made on a neat frame, with black and white soft silk-finished braid. Crown is draped in large folds and encircled with a wreath of tiny velvet flowers with green foliage. A large, graceful, wired bow of silk erect-pile velvet adorns the left side; finished with a handsome knot, while ends of the velvet are laid in folds and intermingled with soft folds of braid in the crown. The brim is faced with velvet and finished with a rope of braid to match the crown.

We urge you to avail yourself of this opportunity to purchase a splendid spring hat at a nominal price. We welcome most critical comparison with similar offers from other concerns. This hat comes in the following colors: Green and black, red and black, white and black, tan and red, navy and navy, and all black. Trimmed in any color of velvet. No. 1331. Price, **$2.95**

No. 1332—SILK SHIRT

To extensively advertise our mammoth department of ready-to-wear apparel, we offer this ladies' handsome silk shirt at this low price. $1.50 is exactly what it cost us for each and every one of the 500,000 shirts we have manufactured for this sale. You will be astonished at the wonderful value you receive. You will undoubtedly say: "How can

WHY AND WHEREFORE

THE SOCIAL END OF IT

A DEPARTMENT TO HELP OUR READERS IN SOLVING KNOTTY PROBLEMS

Conducted by Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Editor wants you to consult Mrs. Kimberley whenever occasion arises in your social life. There will be no charge, but if you wish a personal reply enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

I HAVE traveled a great deal, and have been in a number of hotels, but always with my father, who is a blunt, plain-spoken man. He takes the bill of fare, or menu card, and orders for the family everything from the first course to the dessert. I know he does not do it right. What is the correct way? Should you order your soup, and after the waiter has removed that, order the meat and vegetables, or should you do as dad does? He says as long as you have the money, and can pronounce the words, not to be afraid. What is right? M. K. H.

I must confess I like your father's way, and agree with him in thinking that the necessary things are to have the money, be able to pronounce the words, and be immune to fear. He does quite the correct thing. He may order more than is necessary, of course. That is a matter for each individual to decide. But the man, after being handed a pad or slip of paper and pencil by the waiter, usually orders the entire meal at once, except the dessert, which is occasionally decided upon later. The waiter, however, should serve everything properly in courses, and not bring the meat and vegetables before the soup has been removed. A competent waiter is supposed to know how to serve the dinner, but if he is too hurried and piles the dishes upon the table before you are ready, he should be reproved or reported.

I AM giving a dinner in honor of two house guests. Among those invited will be several gentlemen who, stop-

WOULD it be out of place for me to go to a reception given in honor of our new minister three months after my father's death? I am in doubt, because a reception to a minister seems more of a church affair than an ordinary afternoon tea. Also will you please tell me the length of time one should wear mourning for a parent? M. F.

We are not so strict about the length of time mourning should be worn now as we once were. Many people prefer not to wear black at all, because they find it very depressing for themselves and their friends. The conventional length of time that mourning is worn for a parent is two years. During the second year, however, black and white, lavender and gray are worn instead of deep black. But it all depends upon one's personal feelings. Public sentiment is very much against a young girl's wearing mourning for any great length of time.

I think that inclination should be your only guide as to the propriety of attending a reception to your minister three months after the death of your father. We are very much more sane in the matter of mourning than we were a generation ago, and while we feel our bereavements just as keenly, and our respect for the memory of our dead is fully as great as heretofore, we pay more regard to the effect of our self-enforced seclusion on our physical health, and the influence of our trappings of wo on the people we meet daily. I am sure it is wiser to seek mild pleasures and show a cheerful face to the world than to mope out a prescribed period of mourning

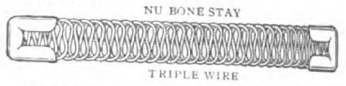
Let Our Local Corsetière Fit You With a

MADE-TO-MEASURE

Nu Bone Corset

With its *Graceful Lines, Up-to-Date Style* and *Made-to-Measure Comfort*

Not Sold in Stores but fitted in the seclusion of your home by a trained corsetière.



Interwoven and interlocked in such manner that astonishing results in the matter of support are obtained without the rigidity characteristic of solid steel stays or the flimsiness common to other wire bonings. Conforms to every movement of the body, is ventilative and hygienic. Will not take a permanent bend. Can be laundered.

Our Guaranty: "A new corset if a Nu Bone Stay rusts or breaks within one year."

New spring Fashion Book FREE on request.

Exclusive territory still open in some localities for ambitious corsetieres

THE NU BONE CORSET COMPANY, Corry, Pa.

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You Can See Why

Onyx Ware

Is "The World's Best Enamel Ware"

Photographic Illustration No. 1, appearing below, shows the surface of an unused Onyx Ware utensil magnified. See how smooth and perfect it is! No cracks, holes, pores or fish scales. The triple enamel coating is hard as onyx and impervious to water or atmosphere. Now compare this with illustration No. 2, the surface of an unused ordinary cheap bargain Enamel Ware, also magnified. Notice the difference—small holes or pores in enamel coating exposing the metal base which will quickly rust. See the white **fish scales** (crescent shape) all of which have chipped or are ready to chip off and ruin the ware.

Fish scaling is automatic and continuous. It is not due to rough usage.

Why this difference? It's all in the making and materials used. It costs more to make Onyx Ware. The holes are caused by a cheap enamel coating which does not properly adhere to steel base. The **Fish scales** are due to unequal contraction of the steel and enamel after firing. All cheap, bargain counter enamel wares will show these defects and imperfections if you examine them carefully.

As you can see—*All* enamel wares are not the same. Onyx Ware is the exception—it is made right. Every piece is perfect and with ordinary use will give years of satisfactory service without cracking, chipping, denting, corroding or rusting. *It excels all other enamel wares.*

Try Onyx at once. If your dealer cannot get it for you, Dealer write us. Don't be satisfied with anything else which in time generally proves the most expensive. Look for the Onyx trade mark on label.

FREE, Interesting Illustrated Booklet, "Kitchen Wisdom," mailed FREE on request. Write today.

Columbian Enameling & Stamping Co.
123 Beach Street TERRE HAUTE, IND.

1 2

Onyx Ware Other Wares

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Do you want to educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, dress better than you can now afford? Why not do as thousands of other women are doing—make a good income selling the world famous **Fibre-Silk** Hosiery and Underwear in your home town? No experience necessary—we show you how. **Fibre-Silk** goods cost less, wear better and last longer.

The World's Star Knitting Mills, established in 1895, are the largest in the world manufacturing and selling knit-goods direct to the consumer. Thousands of customers, all over the U. S., buying **Fibre-Silk** hosiery and underwear direct by mail or through our special agents, are getting far better value at a lower cost than can be secured in any other way.

Fibre Silk REGISTERED

50c per pair

Style No. 295

Extra light weight gauze, with high spliced heel and double sole and extra long pearl top. The ideal stocking for summer wear—adorns and beautifies any foot. Made in black, white, tan, slate, helio, royal blue, wine, pink and light blue—Sizes 8 to 10½. Sent postpaid.

Fibre-Silk stockings for Men, Women and Children have a soft, silky, beautiful lustre; feel delightfully comfortable and pleasing; **wear three times as long as ordinary silk**; fit snug on ankle and are absolutely free from seams and lumps of every sort. The famous **exclusive** PEARL TOP insures perfect fit and comfort to stout and slim alike.

FREE BOOKLET containing sample of raw material and showing all the latest creations in hosiery and underwear at money-saving prices sent upon request. If goods are not satisfactory, money refunded. Send 50 cents for style No. 295 described herewith. We fill orders direct where we have no representative. Where represented our agent will call on you.

AGENTS WANTED In every town in the United States to sell **Fibre-Silk** goods, a permanent, pleasant and profitable business. **Fibre-Silk** agent in Texas made $2,275 last fall. Our sales instructor tells you how. Get our free book. Write to-day. Address

WORLDS STAR KNITTING CO

DEPT. 21 BAY CITY, MICH.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WINTER WINDS

with their chilling, marring, roughening breath leave no trace on the fair face guarded by LABLACHE. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded. Invisible, adherent, delicately fragrant. Always a delight to women of refinement.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. H,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

OUR DEPARTMENT FOR MONEY-MAKERS

THE CLOVER CLUB

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT FOR EVERY GIRL FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY

ALL HAIL! Mrs. Samuel Owen of Florida is Queen of the Cloverites! A close-won victory it was. Only two days before the great Christmas contest ended, the two leaders were a tie, with number three but two points behind, and numbers four and five pressing so near that the arrival of every mail made us hold our breath in sheer excitement.

The final result, though, showed Mrs. Owen, who had been *ninth*, three points ahead, with Mrs. S. C. Porter of California, Mrs. L. H. Sullivan of Mississippi, Miss L. E. Smith of Iowa, and Mrs. E. L. Minerly of Panama as her four attendants.

Three cheers for each, three cheers for all! As I write, there has not yet been time to hear what gifts these fortunate five will select for themselves with their prize money—$50.00 for Her Majesty, our Queen, and corresponding amounts for the ladies of lesser degree.

Valiant work was also done by the rank and file of busy bees who stored away for themselves thousands of dollars' worth of "honey" in actual money and costly gifts.

The Honor Roll of one hundred leads off with Mrs. S. B. McLane, of Florida. The others are: Mrs. G. P. Hopkins, Wis.; Rose Fielding, Pa.; Miss W. S. Hemming, N. Y.; Ruby Bayless, Ariz.; Mrs. E. Couch, Colo.; Dora Weiner, Tenn.; Bertha Starrett, Ohio; Lucille Vilmar, N. Y.; Anna C. Carlson, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret A. Burgess, Cal.; Etta Buckley, Mass.; Mrs. J. D. Matlock, Ark.; Helen B. Collins, N. Y.; Miss Lizzie W. Johnston, N. Y.; Josephine Asher Vacher, Cal.; Elizabeth Kelly, Md.; Miss Helen Foster Goodman, Pa.; Evelyn E. Wentz, Pa.; Maud Miner, Ills.; Mrs. Condit M. Davison, N. J.; Mrs. B. N. Smith, Cal.; H. M. Keach, Wis.; Mrs. F. E. Carmer, Kansas; Mrs. Jos. W. Verbarg, Ind.; Mary E. MacKenzie, N. Y.; Mrs. Ray Moss, Utah; Mrs. M. J. Mitchell, Neb.; Lucy S. Bareille, Mass.; Mrs. Clara E. Mossgrove, Mass.; Mrs. Geo. G. Williams, Fla.; Clara Luther, N. Y.; Mrs. J. W. Clark, Ga.; Jane Culver, Colo.; Mrs. N. M. Youndt, Ills.; Mrs. David Craig, Mont.; Maude Danforth, Conn.; Mrs. S. A. Guntis, Texas; Sara Frances Smith, Ind.; Mrs. M. C. Drisler, N. Y.; Lauretta S. Slater, Conn.; Mrs. Harriet J. Barnes, Cal.; Mrs. G. Rapp, Ills.; Mabel Hoeye, Ia.; Lillian White, Ky.; Miss J. S. Lewis, Me.; Mrs. Wm. Hankey, Minn.; Mrs. S. E. Moon, N. J.; Mrs. Guy Vail, N. M.;

Elizabeth Simmons, Ohio; Mrs. J. S. Ashley, Tenn.; Mrs. Thos. W. Shumate, Va.; Mrs. C. H. Landstreet, Ala.; Lily Lindauer, Ill.; Cassilina M. Perry, Me.; Mrs. Jennie H. Rodkey, Pa.; Miss Josephine Landphere, Mich.; Mrs. D. T. Evans, N. Y.; Mrs. Curt Miller, Ore.; A. Ramona Tripp, N. J.; Miss Lucy B. Sargent, Ky.; Miss Belinda Hake, Ohio; Mamie A. Grove, Texas; Mrs. E. Rice, Wis.; Miss Ruth C. Andrews, Wis.; Mrs. Maud Graham, Kan.; Mrs. W. M. Lloyd, Ala.; Mrs. T. P. Beard, N. Y.; Ione E. Beardsley, N. D.; Vera Van Allen, Mich.; Harriet Gennis, N. Y.; Mrs. Martha D. Austin, Mass.; Mrs. A. H. Northrup, Ind.; Sara R. Stoutenburg, N. Y.; Dorothy D. Chase, Pa.; Grace Jones, Ohio; Miss Abbie L. Gale, N. H.; Mrs. A. Croon, Minn.; Mrs. W. H. McCleary, Idaho; Mrs. Lucile Mangold, Ill.; Mrs. C. H. Brothers, Ky.; Mrs. E. K. Slack, Md.; Stella Nash, Texas; Ellen K. Schaffer, Colo.; Edna M. Moore, N. J.; Mrs. G. L. Winship, Mass.; Mrs. W. A. Freeman, Cal.; Ellen K. Peters, Ga.; Annie L. Thornton, Ga.; Mrs. Ida B. Raymond, N. J.; Laura A. Barnes, Cal.; Gussie Stephan, Ohio; Lila J. Strange, Fla.; Mrs. Florence Noye Lamson, Me.; Mrs. Mamie Belle Cox, S. C.; Mrs. L. Weston, Pa.; Mrs. Grubb Rowe, N. Y.; Mina Siver, N. Y.; Miss A. L. Lerry, Calif.

GIFTS and honors and special prizes, all for fattening one's very own purse! That's exactly what these Cloverites have done, and it is what you yourself can do if you really want to.

"What girl hath done, girl can do." She can! The door of opportunity by no means closed with 1912. The door of opportunity now swings wider than ever and opens directly into our clover fields where every girl is welcomed.

As Browning in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" says, "The best is yet to be."

Say these words over and apply them to yourself, "*The best is yet to be—for me.*" Help them come true by letting the Clover Club show you how to turn your idle minutes into money, your lonesome ones into pleasant pastime.

Even the Cloverites, who are used to Clover activities, can not guess all the delightful new things 1913 is to bring. January started by being "Surprise Month" which was as much fun as a Christmas stocking.

At all times Clover Club work brings gratification, as girls literally by the thousand will tell you.

The stationery came and I am delighted with it. In fact, I feel so proud of all the things the Club has given me. I wear the brooch all the time and have given a tea just to use my dear little Clover spoons and the dainty cups and saucers I bought with Clover money. I also took a much needed three-day vacation at a famous hotel in C., with money earned through the club.

MRS. E. L. M.

P. S. Just as I had finished this I received the Clover-table linen. *Thanks!* Linen is my great hobby, and this is lovely.

How I wish you were here, dear Helen Hathaway, to hear with me this afternoon Parkina, our own prima donna. This pleasure has been made possible for me by my Clover work last month. And another good thing is happening. I am growing stronger all the time, and you can not imagine what it means to me after two years of suffering to realize that I am really getting well.

G. J., Kansas City

All six of those dear little sterling spoons arrived, and I was just tickled to death when the darling little diamond brooch came, too. I also received the motto and think it fine. Every girl should have it. I am going to work for the gold watch next. I haven't so very much time to work, but I don't know how I could give it up, now that I have started.

MRS. W. P. F., San Francisco

"I DON'T know how I could give it up, now that I have started." Doesn't that sound encouraging as well as temptingly pleasant?

Why not at least send for a copy of our little "Guide to Moneyville"? It's free, and looking it over may decide you to join the happy host of girls already "in clover."

I shall be glad to hear from *you*. It's not a bit too soon to begin earning money for a lovely new outfit this Spring.

Helen Hathaway

Secretary, The Clover Club
The Delineator, New York

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AT THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE

EASTER EMBROIDERIES

[Continued from page 197]

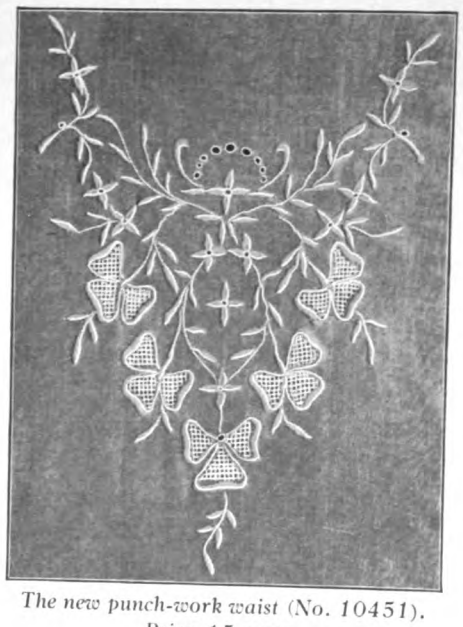
The bears can be worked in dark brown. The little Dutch girl watering flowers may be in lavenders, with the flowers in natural colors. Two children running from a third is sweet in pinks and blues. Robins, squirrels, rabbits, dogs, little men and many other little Dutch girls and boys are also given in this transfer.

Do you use service pads of asbestos on your table? If you don't, you should if you have proper respect for your polished table.

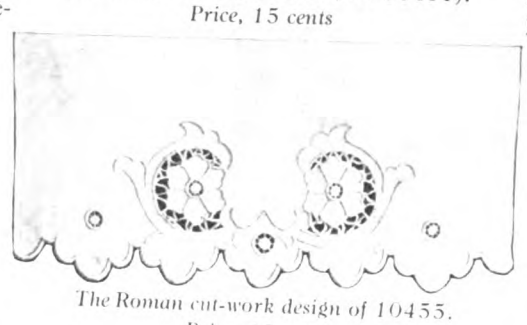
Transfer No. 10454 contains four different sizes; one of each of the three larger sizes is given, and two of the smaller.

Work two pieces of linen together with buttonholing. Leave one end open to slip the asbestos mat through.

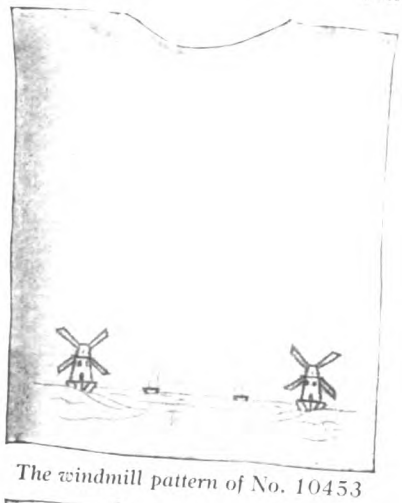
There is also another way of making these covers. The design is stamped on one piece of linen, and another, just a trifle larger, is cut in half. The two pieces are then hemmed along the cut edge and the hems are overlapped and pinned together. You now buttonhole through this and the stamped piece and cut away the edges. The mat is inserted through the opening at the center. Marking cotton No. 20 or 25 can be used. The edge should be run before buttonholing to prevent fraying.



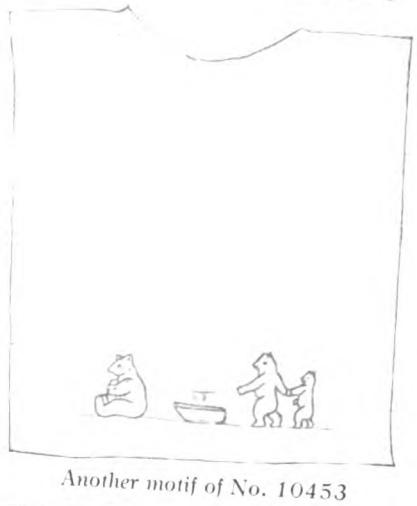
The new punch-work waist (No. 10451). Price, 15 cents



The Roman cut-work design of 10455. Price, 15 cents

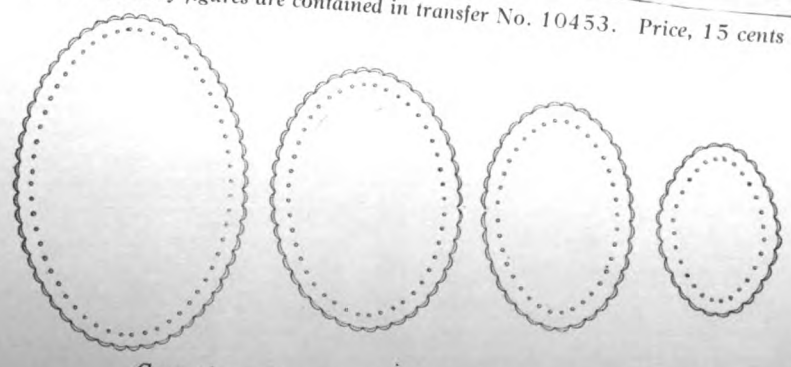


The windmill pattern of No. 10453



Another motif of No. 10453

Several nursery figures are contained in transfer No. 10453. Price, 15 cents



Covers for service pads (No. 10454). Price, 15 cents

Your Ideal Corset

You have long treasured in your mind a quiet vision of the ideal corset for you,—soft, comfortable, flexible, yet trim and carrying its exquisite figure lines to a nicety.

You have pictured this ideal corset as transforming those lines in your figure that you do not admire, and leaving in their place those long, sweeping lines that you have so much admired in other women.

Such a corset is your assurance that every gown would be a success,—that every dress, every suit, would fit better, look stylish longer, and be more pleasing to you.

J.C.C. Corsets
Produce Lines of Living Beauty

You will be specially interested in J. C. C. Corsets.

For they are designed over living models, and each style interprets the exquisite grace of a beautiful human figure.

J. C. C. Corsets are boned with a remarkable non-rustible boning which has the rare quality of *permanent flexibility*. That is the reason J. C. C. Corsets retain their shape and figure-improving qualities far longer than other corsets.

You will always find the latest style tendencies expressed in J. C. C. Corsets,—yet dangerous extremes incompatible with good dressing are carefully avoided.

J. C. C. Corsets are sold by good stores throughout the country from $1.00 to $6.00.—Sensible prices that secure for you the same quality and style excellence for which many women are now paying much higher prices.

Ask your dealer to show you the J. C. C. Corset for your figure. If he cannot supply you we will.

Jackson Corset Company
JACKSON, MICHIGAN
"Makers of Corsets for Women Who Care"

Suesine Silk 39¢

Two Silk Dresses for the price of one when you use Suesine Silk

Known for its Beauty, Service and Exquisite Elegance. Admired and Worn by Thousands of the Best Dressed Women in America—Think of this Charming and Delightful Silk, in Forty-two Becoming Shades, at Only 39 cents yard.

42 SUESINE SAMPLES FREE

Write today for the FREE samples—42 exquisite shades and colors of Suesine. Always when writing for the FREE samples, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine.

The delicate colorings and beautiful lustre of Suesine Silk lend a richness and individuality which will make your gowns at once the envy and admiration of all your friends.

There is no genuine Suesine Silk unless it bears the name

SUESINE SILK

on the edge of every yard

You know who is responsible for Suesine Silk. Why should YOU have faith in the imitation when the manufacturer is so ashamed of it that he is AFRAID to stamp a name on it!

No matter where you live, it is easy to get genuine Suesine Silk

If no dealer in your vicinity has Suesine Silk, we will see that your order is filled just as conveniently, by a reliable retail house, at 39c. yard.

Write AT ONCE for the 42 FREE samples.

Suesine Silk in CANADA is 50c. yard.

BEDFORD MILLS
Desk 4
8 to 14 West Third Street New York City

Design No. 8076. Size 17x22 inches. To be Embroidered in Shades of Russet Brown, Delft Blue and Yellow.

Tapestry Pillow Outfit

Given

We give you the handsome pillow top made of Pure Linen Russian Crash and teach you the new "tapestry" embroidery stitch **without charge** if you will send us 30c to cover the regular retail price of **6 skeins of Richardson's Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss** and postage on outfit. Outfit that we give you consists of

1 Pillow Top of Pure Linen Russian Crash.
1 Illustrated Easy Diagram Lesson showing you every stitch of the new Tapestry Design.
1 New Premium Art Book (500 Premium offers).

Richardson's
Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss

is a pure silk floss that is unexcelled for all sorts of embroidery work. We are making this remarkable offer in order to prove to you its overwhelming superiority and to show how beautifully you can do all sorts of Art Embroidery work with our assistance. Write for this outfit.

Our Guarantee
If you are not absolutely satisfied with the outfit we will refund every cent of your money.

Send Now Do not delay. This is the biggest offer we ever made. Be sure and write today enclosing 30c in stamps or silver. Give dealer's name.

Richardson Silk Company
Dept. 2023 305-9 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Shirr-Ruffle Bust Form

New Model
A Perfect Figure for $1.

If you are not satisfied with your figure; not fully developed as nature intended, wear the Shirr-Ruffle Bust Form.

Makes a Woman Charming and Attractive

Produces that perfect, natural form every woman covets. Fills hollows in front and under the arms. Gives full, shapely bust.

Light, sanitary, refined. Closes high in back, forming corset cover. Ruffles launder flat.

Thousands of delighted women praise it. Look for the label—refuse cheap imitations. At your dealers or prepaid for $1.00. When ordering, give bust measure.

SHIRR-RUFFLE CO.
213 E. Spring St., Lima, Ohio

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Model 301. The button oxford will be popular this season in all leathers. This glazed kid model with cloth top, has the newest full toe.

Just the style you want

—with comfort such as you have never known before

This ideal combination you will find in the Red Cross Shoe.

Go and see the trim, modish lines, the smart new features, the exquisite refinement of finish of the many new models now on display by the Red Cross dealer in your town.

Try them on. See how the sole bends with your foot. Tanned by a special process to retain all the *natural* flexibility of the leather, the snuggest-fitting Red Cross models are so wholly comfortable you may walk for hours and hardly know you have them on.

Your dealer has them in all the fashionable leathers and materials. Go now and see for yourself how this shoe excels in its wonderful combination of Style and Comfort. Oxfords $3.50 and $4. High Shoes $4, $4.50 and $5.

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This book tells what will be worn in shoes this season, and shows the correct models for every occasion and every purpose. Write for your copy today. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 503-530 Dandridge St., Cincinnati, O.

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"Bends with your foot"

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Mail Orders If there is no RED CROSS dealer in your town, write us and we will tell you how to order direct. We have fitted 50,000 women by mail and guarantee to fit your foot

We Proudly Call Our New Hair Styles "Spring Beauties"

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Transformations, Pompadours, Waves and Wigs, with or without side or center partings. All kinds of beautiful ventilated work, so natural in finish as to defy detection. Send for **Art Catalog.** Also **Kalos Booklet, "Beauty's Charm."**

Ladies visiting Chicago may have their own hair made **Naturally Curly** by the **Nestle Process.** We are the **Agents** for **America** and hold the **Nestle License** to do and also to teach this wonderful process. Write for information.

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(Straight Hair)		(Wavy Hair)	
1¼ oz. 18-in.	$1.00	1½ oz. 20-in.	$2.00
2 oz. 20-in.	1.35	1¾ oz. 22-in.	3.00
2 oz. 22-in.	1.75	2 oz. 24-in.	4.00
2½ oz. 24-in.	2.75	2 oz. 26-in.	5.95
3 oz. 24-in.	3.45	2½ oz. 28-in.	6.95
3 oz. 26-in.	4.95	Special 30-in. Wavy Switch, $8.00	
4 oz 30-in.	10.45		

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"BLUE VIOLETS" The New Perfume. Delicate, Elusive, Lasting. Send 25c for trial bottle.

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Special 1913 Price

Save ¼ to ⅓

My direct price saves ¼ to ⅓ other prices; also saves 75% of your fuel and half your work. I am making a special 1913 Factory price on 10,000

Rapid Fireless Cookers

3 roasting and baking compartments—all lined with pure aluminum, also covers pure aluminum lined. Can never rust or corrode. Roasts, bakes, boils, steams, fries and stews. Finest grade seamless aluminum cooking utensils—complete outfit FREE. **FREE RECIPE BOOK** tells how to cut down your meat and grocery bills.

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Get my special price at once.

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AIDS TO INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION

HOW TO STUDY AND ENJOY PICTURES

[Continued from page 168]

IF YOU are reasonable your attitude is: "I will hear what he has to say and how he says it; and try to get all the interest I can out of his sermon or speech."

Well, that is precisely the attitude in which we should approach a picture; we should try to see it and feel it from the artist's point of view.

While it is true that the point of view of each artist must be peculiar to himself, nevertheless there are certain broad distinctions in the way in which artists view the visible world that it is worth while to understand.

One great distinction in the point of view is that which exists between the *realistic* and the *ideal* motive. Some artists paint simply the visible appearance of the world; others use the materials of nature to express some idea that they have in their own minds.

One, for example, will paint a girl standing near a window, as much as possible like the real girl who serves him as a model; while another will feel that with a little alteration of features and figure and position he can make her more like the type of beauty that attracts him.

For example, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York is a small picture by a Dutch artist of the seventeenth century, Jan Vermeer.

Now this little picture is one of the gems of the Metropolitan collection. It is the work of a man who had no other motive than to represent the figure and its surroundings exactly as he saw them. But then he saw them with a marvelous delicacy of observation.

In the original the scene is pervaded with a soft, pure light that pours in through the window, rendering the woman's cap transparent, touching into all kinds of subtle beauty her dress and the various objects on the table, and even giving a certain mysterious charm to the bare wall.

Jan Vermeer, like the other Dutch artists of his time, was a very skilful painter, and his hand had the delicacy of skill that enabled him to render the beauty that he saw in this scene. He may have felt that it was all very characteristic of the girl herself; of the fresh, wholesome daintiness of her life. At any rate, the picture conveys to us that impression.

On the other hand, it is very likely that the artist had no such extra motive; he was simply absorbed in the beauty of the actual spectacle, and enjoyed it so fully and represented it so lovingly that he makes us share his delight.

Another painter might have attempted the same subject and contrived only to make us recognize how real the different objects in the room appear. Vermeer, however, makes us feel how beautiful they are; more beautiful, indeed, than we might have noticed them to be if we had seen the actual objects. For this is one of the things that we may expect to find in good realistic pictures: that they give us a "heightened sense" of the significance or beauty of the object represented. In fact, I believe that this is the true test of a realistic picture.

But now turn to the other picture, "The Storm," by a modern Frenchman. The boy and girl are drawn from nature; the plants, the path, and so on, look natural; but there has been no attempt to represent an incident realistically. The picture, on the contrary, is the product of the artist's fancy, of some idea; the subject is ideal and it is treated ideally.

He has pictured to himself the Golden Age of which poets sing; when humanity was supposed to live in happy, simple intimacy with nature; when all men were strong and handsome and all women beautiful. It is all a fable. Never, anywhere, at any time, did the Golden Age exist, and yet the belief in it is renewed in the first transport of happiness of all young lovers.

Here are two of them; not individuals to be thought of as having separate characters and responsibilities, but types of the union of young love. They have been roaming in the woods, "all the world forgetting," when a roll of thunder, following a flash of lightning, has disturbed their dream. The girl is a little alarmed, and the boy is hurrying her to shelter.

It is beside the point to notice that if the drapery can be suspended in the position in which it is represented, it must be that it is buoyed up by the wind coming from in front, in which case the rain will come from the same direction, and the drapery will therefore afford no protection. It is equally beside the point to wonder if a shepherd boy ever had such a graceful figure and beautiful face; or whether girls were ever accustomed to roam about the woods in such costumes as this.

The artist has not troubled himself with facts or probabilities; his subject is altogether fanciful, and he has represented it as his fancy suggested. If you like the picture, it will be because it has qualities which are the reverse of those that may have made you like the Vermeer.

Some people in their admiration of the latter may say that "The Storm" is unnatural and sentimental; others, enjoying these qualities, will object to the Vermeer as being homely and uninteresting. A wiser course, especially for those who are beginning the study of pictures, is to try to discover the merit in each; and to recognize that they represent two different kinds of beauty.

In the one case, he represents nature as he sees it and feels it; in the other he improves on nature. For example, the actual boy who was the model for this picture probably had not such perfect limbs, so the artist altered his drawing to make the figure, as far as possible, approach the perfection of a Greek statue.

So, also, if he felt the beauty of his picture would be increased by placing the drapery in certain folds, he would not hesitate to do so, since his feeling for beauty finds expression in beauty of form. That is to say, he wished first of all that the composition of the whole picture should present a beautiful pattern of line and form; that the direction of the limbs and bodies, and the contours, or outside lines, should help to make the pattern beautiful.

Secondly, having arranged these lines and forms so that they make a beautiful pattern against the background—a pattern which would be just as beautiful if, instead of using human figures, the artist had obtained a similar arrangement by using, for example, flowers—he proceeds to give as much beauty as he can to the figures, faces and drapery.

Vermeer, on the contrary, gave individual characterization, not only to the girl at the window, but to all the objects in the room; and sought for beauty of composition less through line and form than through the development of the whole scene in lighted atmosphere.

Some artists, then, go to nature for their subjects; others use nature to express some idea of their own. The former try to represent nature as they see it, and to discover beauty in its actual concrete appearance; the latter try to improve on nature, so as to make it conform to their abstract ideas of perfection, and in doing this they rely particularly on grace of line and form and beauty of face.

Their figures are perfected types of physical beauty, or, as they call them, ideal; while those of the realist represent individual persons with a distinct character. To bring the distinction down to as simple a statement as possible: it is one of ideal physical perfection *versus* expression of character.

In a word, the motives and the methods of these two artists are quite different; and to appreciate the work of either we must approach it from his own standpoint. There are other distinctions of point of view, but the one we have been considering is so important to a right understanding of pictures that I hope I may be excused for recapitulating it.

After She's

what happens to the aver... She begins to fade. Nature ... building and how be ... and does tear down ... unless you yourself build ...

Perhaps the most wide... method of building be... massage, and the one ... by most women. Pompeian ...

POMPEI... Massage Cre...

A face massage ... builds beauty by exercising ... and stops the ... face. This process ... Pompeian Massage Cream ... the old question, "How ... wash?" Before ... Pompeian Massage Cream ...

A Shopping Hint. ... of Pompeian ... you want ... ordered. Get ... Get Pompeian ... age Cream. ... imitation ... merit ... others. ...

G... Trial ...

Stamps accepted but coins pref...

The Pompeian Mfg. Company
99 Prospect St., Clevelar...

Gentlemen: Enclosed find ... stamps) for a trial jar of Pompeian M...

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Sta...

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125,000,000 Explosions Inside Every Grain

Each grain of wheat or rice contains at least 125,000,000 starch granules.

Each of those granules holds in its center a tiny bit of moisture.

Prof. Anderson's process does this:

It seals the grains up in steel guns.

It applies to the guns 550 degrees of heat.

It turns the moisture to steam, creating a pressure inside of each granule of 175 pounds to the inch.

Then the guns are suddenly unsealed. The steam in each granule explodes.

And those 125,000,000 explosions blast every starch granule to pieces.

Why It Is Done

Digestive juices can't well act on the solid granules.

They must be broken. That's why grain is cooked, baked or toasted before one tries to eat it.

But no mere cooking breaks up half the granules.

So Prof. Anderson invented this method. It breaks up all the granules.

The foods that result are the most digestible grain foods that science has ever produced.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Airy, Nut-Like Morsels

These exploded grains are by millions considered the acme of delicious food.

They are eight times normal size.

They are four times as porous as bread.

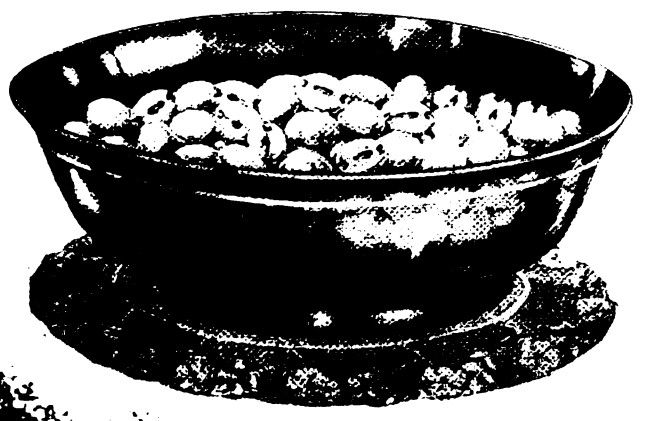
And the thin-walled grains, crisp and enticing, taste much like toasted nuts.

Serve with cream and sugar. Or mix with fruit. Or float like crackers in a bowl of milk.

There was never a cereal food quite so enchanting as either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Folks ate last year 250,000,000 dishes.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago



DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

THE WISDOM OF MANY

TRICKS THAT CLEVER HOUSEKEEPERS HAVE FOUND AND TRIED OUT. WHAT HAVE YOU DISCOVERED?

WE HAVE thought best to confine our Wisdom of Many *to helpful suggestions, such as short cuts in housekeeping methods and the easiest way of accomplishing the thousand and one things that make up the sum of the housewife's work outside of the actual preparation of meals. One dollar each will be paid for available items, but none will be acknowledged or returned.*

An Easy Way to Clean Kid Gloves

KID gloves may be successfully cleaned by the use of a little milk and white soap. Put the glove to be cleaned on the hand; moisten a soft flannel cloth in milk, rub on a little soap and go over the entire glove, renewing the milk and soap on the cloth when needed, and dry with another cloth. The glove is thus nicely cleaned, remains soft, and wears longer than if gasoline is used, and you are spared the trouble, odor and danger of the latter.

MRS. M. M. M., San Francisco, Cal.

Elastic Belts

A PIECE of black or white elastic one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide, measuring a little less than your waist measure, is excellent for holding down separate waists firmly, and, owing to its expansion, permits of unrestricted breathing without the binding or cutting sensation which follows the use of a cord or tape around the waist. Fasten it with a rather large-sized hook and eye sewed on the ends of it.

C. E. A., Penn Yan, N. Y.

For Your Dishes

WHEN dishes begin to get discolored or "yellow with age," they may be whitened by scouring with common baking-soda which will not scratch the most delicate china.

MRS. H. R. H., Meadowbrook, W. Va.

Stop Scratching

AN EXCELLENT way to keep ornaments from marking a highly polished surface is to paste soft blotting-paper on the bottoms of them. No matter how often they are moved about by careless maids, no marks or scratches will result.

E. H., Bethesda, Md.

A Novel Hanging Plant

SELECT a large carrot and scoop out the center, string a cord through the two sides of the top and tie to the curtain rod in the kitchen window. Put water every day in the scooped-out center, and soon pretty green shoots will be spreading around the carrot and making it invisible.

M. H. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Bit of Plant Lore

IF YOU have an ailing potted plant try the following remedy. Take half an Irish potato, scoop out some of the pulp and place the shell, hollowed side down, on the earth surrounding the plant. After a few days, during which time don't water the plant, examine the potato. If you find sticking to its inner surface a collection of small bugs you may feel certain that you have foiled the enemy that has been poisoning the soil and destroying the plant. The moisture of the potato serves as a magnet to the little insects.

MRS. J. J. O'C., Washington, D. C.

To Mend Overshoes

GET a roll of strong surgeon's plaster, and when an overshoe becomes torn or worn, cover the place with the plaster; go over it with black shoe-polish. The patch will not be noticeable and will outwear the overshoe. I also use a small piece of the plaster, with the child's name written with ink, to paste on the inside of the rubbers, so they will not get mixed up at school. The teachers think it an excellent plan.

E. S. M., Indiana.

To Clean the Kitchen Range

AN ORDINARY blackboard eraser is splendid to keep near the kitchen range. By using it to wipe off the top, the range is kept clean and does not need to be washed or polished more than once a week. The erasers can be purchased at a very small cost.

R. Q., Irving Pk., Chicago, Ill.

To Clean White Furs

TAKE five or six cupfuls of flour (according to size of fur) and heat in the oven. Spread the fur on the table, rubbing and working the hot flour into it with the hands. Lay away for an hour, then shake out the flour thoroughly, and the fur will look like new.

F. D., Alma, Okla.

A "French Fell" Wrinkle

PUT on the steel hemmer, place edges of seam in hemmer and proceed as you would in hemming a ruffle. The result is a French felled seam, especially nice for dainty materials, particularly babies' clothes.

MRS. C. S. J., Arlington, Texas.

Firm Buttonholes

WHEN making buttonholes in material that ravels, carefully cut the buttonhole the right size, then have hot wax ready, dip a hot knife into it, and run at once through the hole. Not one thread will ravel and the buttonholes will be nice and firm. Take your stitches after the wax is cold. Or, after you cut the buttonholes, sew around them near the edge with the sewing-machine. They will never come out.

L. C., Kansas.

A Hint for the Salt-Shaker

INSTEAD of corks that are always pushing up into the salt and pepper shakers, I paste a piece of passe-partout over the opening on the bottom. Ten cents' worth will last for a long time.

MRS. R. G. E., Sibley, Mo.

A Good Use for Worn-Out Hot-Water Bag

FILL with hot sand or salt when a hot bag is needed. These have often given great relief in sciatic rheumatism, and afford rest and comfort to a lame back.

G. K., Charleston, W. Va.

To Repair Wire Netting

PASTE black mosquito bar over the small breaks in wire netting; when dry, coat with paint, varnish or linseed-oil to match the rest of the screen. If carefully done, the patches are scarcely noticeable and will last two seasons or more.

MRS. W. K. L., Mason, Mich.

When Ice Is Not at Hand

ONE of the most useful hints for the sick-room is seldom known outside of a hospital ward and not even there in many cases. The hint is, how to obtain a cold cloth without the use of ice. Every one knows that in fevers or weakness a cold cloth on the forehead or base of brain is one of the most comforting things in the world. In the tropical hospitals, and where ice is scarce, all that is necessary is to wet a linen cloth, wave it to and fro in the air, fold it, and place it on the patient. Have another cloth ready and prepare it in the same manner. These cloths have a grateful and more pleasing coolness than those prepared by using ice.

MRS. J. J. O'C.

DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

BITS OF NEWS—IMPORTANT

TIPS THAT EVERY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER OUGHT TO BE POSTED ABOUT

WE WANT news of the latest things in domestic science, of the books that will help us most, of new methods and ideas in local housewives' clubs, news of the cooking and housework world in general, and we invite all our readers to contribute. There will be no recipes nor household hints printed in this department. One dollar each will be paid for available items, but none will be acknowledged or returned.

Home Economics for Farmers' Wives

THE Farmers' Wives' Reading Course, in connection with the Home Economics work at the New York State College of Agriculture of Cornell University, has a membership this year of about seventeen thousand.

The work is conducted through printed bulletins and correspondence, and is designed to help the women of rural communities in the study of farm home problems. The bulletins form a basis for the program of study. Reports are sent to the college of the work done and the clubs are visited by the teaching staff of the College of Agriculture at which time lectures and conferences are held.

There is also a three months' Winter course at Cornell which embraces lectures on nutrition, sanitation, household management and house planning and furnishing, together with laboratory work in cooking and sewing. There are no college entrance requirements for this course, neither is university credit given. It is in no sense a professional course, but it aims to prepare its students to become better housekeepers.

An Object Lesson in Housekeeping

IN ROCHESTER, New York, a Housekeeping Center has been opened to teach people in the crowded foreign districts how to keep house in accordance with American standards. Each room of the house furnishes an object lesson in simple sanitary furnishings.

Classes of children are drilled in the various departments of housekeeping—the boys being taught gardening and the use of tools in home carpentering.

An Educational Move in Kansas

THE State of Kansas employs a highly qualified physician and lecturer to tour the State with a carload of exhibits consisting of tubes of bacteria of all the prevalent diseases; miniature models of sleeping-tents, sleeping-windows and sleeping-porches, large pictures showing unsanitary districts and premises, and the same made sanitary by cleaning and disinfecting. The lecturer dwells principally upon the cause, prevention and cure of tuberculosis and typhoid fever. The fly is not forgotten by the lecturer, who has a moving-picture exhibit to explain his lectures. The public is becoming more and more educated upon questions of sanitation and hygiene, and the State is making every effort to stamp out the White Plague.

E. R. M., Muscotah, Kans.

Visiting Nurse Employed by Newspaper

AS A practical experiment in how to improve the condition of the poor, the leading newspaper of Racine, Wisconsin, has added to its staff a visiting nurse, whose services are free to the poor of the city. Cases of want or illness reported to the office are immediately investigated. Employment is found for men out of work, the services of a physician are procured when necessary, and practical demonstrations in economy and hygiene are given to the mothers. The chief aim, however, is to prevent the further spread of tuberculosis by teaching sanitation, not only in the homes where the disease exists, but also by lectures in the public schools to the teachers and the mothers of the district. M. C. D., Racine, Wis.

A Woman's Club Model Kitchen

THE twenty-thousand-dollar Woman's Club House of Phœnix, Arizona, is ready for occupancy, and the members of this banner club of the Southwest are rejoicing in the possession of one of the most beautiful and commodious structures of its kind in the country. Special attention has been given by the Household Economics Department of the club to the fitting-up of a model kitchen where meals may be prepared for any number of guests and also to a classroom where demonstration lectures and classes in cooking may be held. The two rooms are connected by a dumb-waiter and speaking-tube. In both rooms are zinc-topped table-cabinets and gas-plates, and many windows for ventilation and light.

Against the left wall of the kitchen are the sink and drain-boards, the latter having cupboards built below them. At the front of the kitchen is the gas-range and the pantry, both perfect in their fittings. In the middle of the room is a table-cabinet with zinc top, drawers below and open glass shelves across the center of the top. Leading from the rear of the kitchen are double-action doors into the auditorium; one for ingress, one for exit, and the entrance to the screened porch.

This porch is one of the most convenient parts of the house and was designed with a cement floor, especially for the purpose of standing ice-cream freezers and other articles that would soil and spoil a wooden floor.

A Word to the Wise

IN CLEVELAND the grocers have found a new way of adding to their profits. They prepare for the Saturday rush by tying up packages of staple groceries in advance, to facilitate the filling of orders on that busy day. In weighing up our Saturday delivery from one of the best stores, we found these discrepancies:

1 lb walnuts,	short 3 oz.
5 lbs. sugar,	" 5 oz.
1 lb. coffee,	" 1½ oz.
1 lb. butter,	" 1 oz.
1 peck potatoes,	" 1 lb.

Moral: Let your grocer know that you have a pair of scales in your kitchen and use them.

W. C. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

Woman's Hand in Most Everything

THE last census places women in all but nine of the three hundred and three occupations listed.

No women are mentioned as sailors, marines or soldiers. There are none recorded as members of a regular fire department force, and there are no street-car drivers, though there are two motor-women. None are listed as telephone or telegraph linemen, no apprentices and helpers to roofers and slaters, no helpers to steam-boiler makers or brass workers.

There are five hundred and eight machinists and one hundred and eighty-five blacksmiths. There are now one hundred and twenty-five occupations in each of which more than one thousand women are engaged and only sixty-three in which the number employed exceeds five thousand.

MRS. S. K. K., Denver, Colo.

We Want Recipes!

For *Armour's* Monthly Cook Book

Generous Cash Prizes
Cook Books and Bouillon Cubes FREE

WE want new recipes for the 70,000 women who read Armour's Monthly Cook Book every month—recipes that will help them set good and economical and wholesome tables, while making the best use of leading Armour products.

Send us a recipe that suggests some particularly appetizing manner in which to serve Armour's "Star" Ham; new and practical ways to make use of Armour's Extract of Beef; tell us your favorite method for serving any one of Armour's Veribest Specialties (Canned Meats, Soups, Pork and Beans, etc.), or give us one of the recipes in which you use Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard—

—And in return we will present you with generous samples of Armour's Bouillon Cubes, both beef and chicken, together with a free three months subscription to Armour's Monthly Cook Book.

For the 200 "Best Recipes" we will award $550 in prizes this month as follows:

$5 Prizes for Armour's "Star" Ham Recipes

$2 Prizes for Armour's "Veribest" Recipes

$3 Prizes for Armour's Extract of Beef Recipes

$1 Prizes for Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard Recipes

49 of Each—One of Each Denomination for Every State in the Union Including District of Columbia

FOR CANADIAN READERS—This month we offer four additional prizes—$5, $3, $2, $1—for recipes from the territory embracing the three Canadian provinces of Alberta, British Columbia and Saskatchewan. Amounts and conditions of award in this new territory will be the same as those which prevail in the separate states of the U. S.

Remember—The Bouillon Cube Samples and the three months subscription to Armour's Monthly Cook Book are sent free to every woman who sends us a recipe.

The recipes are then considered for prizes—winners receive the money in addition to the Bouillon Cubes and the Cook Book.

Every prize winning recipe is published in Armour's Monthly Cook Book, together with the name and address of the winner—an honor of which you may well be proud.

Fine cooking is the most important branch of domestic science and economy to which progressive women are paying so much attention.

Awards are made for economy, practicability and originality. The recipes received from each state are considered separately, greatly increasing your chance of winning.

Write on one side of the paper only, pin all pages securely together and put your name at the top of every page. Send to Mary Jane McClure, Department 267, Armour and Company, Chicago.

Armour Products that Help the Housewife

Springtime's Most Delicious Dish

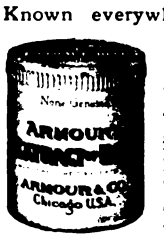
A generous slice of tender, mild, juicy, sweet "Star" Ham, delicately pink, bordered with snowy white, flavored with a drop of mustard for additional zest—or a smoking hot slice broiled or fried—with perhaps a couple of eggs cooked just the way you like them.

The best supper or lunch and the best breakfast—appetizing and inviting, the very dish you need to tempt a flagging springtime appetite.

The reason for this mild, sweet, juicy tenderness and delicious flavor is the superlative quality of every ham that bears the "Star" brand.

The choicest of thousands, cured and smoked in the good old-fashioned way that has never been improved upon—it is an epicurean dish however you serve it.

Known everywhere as the "Ham What Am"—and for sale at all the best markets.



Armour's Extract of Beef

is helping American housewives fight the "high cost of living" by enabling them to put porterhouse flavor in the cheaper cuts of meat and utilize leftovers deliciously, to make the rich gravy that every member of the family loves, besides taking the place of the soup kettle and saving work and worry.

Goes farthest because it is the richest, most concentrated beef extract made—purest beef flavor in small compass. Foreign cooks use beef extract constantly—the secret of their delicious and economical cooking.

Veribest-Meats and Loaf Dishes

provide you with the most appetizing suppers and luncheons, both home and company, either served plain or as the basis of some special fancy dish.

There are *Veribest* Meats—a long, tempting list—*Veribest* Pork and Beans, *Veribest* Loaf Mixtures and *Veribest* Mince Meat—don't forget old-fashioned mince pie.

Always ready, either when company drops in or when you want something easy.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

means light, tender, delicious breads and wonderful cake that stay moist and tender without drying up, pastry that flakes and melts in your mouth, and the chance to serve all manner of delicate dishes that must be fried in deep fat.

Made only from the finest leaf fat tried out in open kettles, it is the only shortening that good cooks will consider. Comes only in pails—government inspected and sealed. You are missing the best of good eating when you do without "Simon Pure."

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

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NEW YORK

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Better than ever. A fascinating STYLE BOOK crowded with beautiful fashion pictures and absorbingly interesting descriptions of the newest New York styles for **Women, Misses, Girls, Boys, Infants.**

Also offering splendid values in **Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Jewelry, Neckwear, Millinery, Gloves, Hosiery, Shoes, Etc.**

Ready For An Enormous Season Going to Break All Sales Records

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THE WAY OF AMBITION

[*Continued from page 167*]

to Gillier: "Why didn't you give it to Jacques? Oh, the pity of it!"

Claude and Charmian said scarcely anything as they drove to their hotel. Charmian lay back in the taxicab with shut eyes, her temples throbbing. But when they were in their sitting-room she came close to her husband and said:

"Claude, I want to ask you something."

"What is it?"

"Have you had a quarrel with Adelaide Shiffney?"

Claude hesitated.

"A quarrel?"

"Yes. Have you given her any reason—just lately—to dislike you personally, to hate you perhaps?"

"What should make you think so?"

"Please answer me!" her voice had grown sharp.

"Perhaps I have. But please don't ask me anything more, Charmian. If you do I can not answer you."

"Now I understand!" she exclaimed, almost passionately.

"What?"

"Why she turned down her thumb at the opera."

"But——"

"Claude, she did, she did! You know she did! There was not one real word for you from either her or Mr. Ramer, not one! We've had her verdict. But what is it worth? Nothing! Less than nothing! You've told me why. All her cleverness, all her discrimination has failed her, just because—oh, we women are contemptible sometimes! It's no use our pretending we aren't. Claude, I'm glad—I'm thankful you've made her hate you. And I know how!"

"Hush! Don't let us talk about it."

"Poor Adelaide! How mad she will be on the twenty-eighth when she hears how the public take it!"

Claude only said:

"If we are ready."

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

JACOB CRAYFORD was not the man to be beaten when he had set his heart on, put his hand to, any enterprise. On the day he had fixed upon for the production of Claude's opera the opera was ready to be produced. How it had all been accomplished in the short time Charmian did not understand. It seemed to her almost as if she had assisted at the accomplishment of the incredible, as if she had seen a miracle happen. She was obliged to believe in it after the final rehearsal which was, so Crayford, Mr. Mulworth, Meroni, and it was even rumored Jimber, declared, the most perfect rehearsal they had ever been present at.

"Exactly three hours and a half!" Crayford had remarked, when the curtain came down on the fourth act. "So we come ahead of the Metropolitan. I've just heard they've had a set-back with Sennier's opera; can't produce for nearly a week after the date they'd settled. We needn't have been in such a devil of a hurry after all. But we've got the laugh on them now. Sennier's first opera was a white man. No doubt about that. But the hoodoo seems out against this one. I tell you—" he had swung round to Claude, who had just come upon the stage—"I'd rather have this opera of yours than Sennier's, although he's known all over creation, and you're nothing but a boom-boy up to now. I used to believe in names, but upon my word, seems to me the public's changing. Give 'em the goods and they don't care where they come from."

His eyes twinkled as he added, clapping Claude on the shoulder,

"All very well for you now, my boy, but you'll wish it was the other way, p'raps, when you come round to the stage door with your next opera on offer!"

He was in grand spirits. He had "licked" the Metropolitan to a "frazzle" over the date of production, and he was going to "lick them to a frazzle" with the production. Every seat in the house was sold for Claude's first night. Crayford stepped on air.

In the afternoon of the day of production, when Charmian and Claude, shut up in their apartment at the St. Regis and denied to all visitors, were trying to rest and were pretending to be quite calm, a note was brought in from Mrs. Shiffney. It was addressed to Charmian, and contained a folded slip of green paper, which fell to the ground as she opened the note. Claude picked it up.

"What is it?" said Charmian.

"A box ticket for the Metropolitan. It must be for Sennier's first night, I suppose."

"It is!" said Charmian, who had looked at the note.

In a moment she gave it to Claude without comment.

"*Ritz-Carlton Hotel.*
March 2nd.

DEAR CHARMIAN: Only a word to wish you and your genius a gigantic success to-night. We've all been praying for it. Even Susan has condescended from the universal to the particular on this occasion, because she's so devoted to both of you. We are all coming, of course, Box Number Fifteen, and are going to wear our best Sunday tiaras in honor of the occasion. I hear you are to have a marvelous audience, all the millionaires, as well as your humble friends the Adelaides and the Susans and the Henriette Senniers. Mr. Crayford is a magnificent drum-beater, but after to-night your genius won't need him, I hope and believe. I enclose a box for Jacques Sennier's first night, which, as you'll see by the date, has had to be postponed for four days—something wrong with the scenery. No hitch in your case! I feel you are on the edge of a triumph.

Hopes and prayers for the genius—

Yours ever sincerely,

ADELAIDE SHIFFNEY.

Susan sends her love—not the universal brand.

Claude read the note, and kept it for a moment in his hand. He was looking at it, but he knew Charmian's eyes were on him, he knew she was silently asking him to tell her all that had happened between Mrs. Shiffney and him. And he realized that her curiosity was the offspring of a jealousy which she probably wished to conceal, but which she suffered under even on such a day of anxiety and anticipation as this.

"Very kind of her!" he said, at last, giving back the note with the box ticket carefully folded between the leaves. "Of course we will go to hear Sennier's opera. He is coming to ours."

"To yours!"

"Ours!" Claude repeated, with emphasis.

Charmian looked down. Then she went to the writing-table and put Mrs. Shiffney's note into one of its little drawers. She pushed the drawer softly. It clicked as it shut. She sighed. Something in the note they had just read made her feel apprehensive. It was almost as if it had given out a subtle exhalation which had affected her physically.

"Claudie!" she said, turning round, "I would give almost anything to be like Susan to-day."

"Would you? But why?"

"She would be able to take it all calmly. She would be able to say to herself—all this is passing, a moment in eternity. Whichever way things go my soul will remain unaffected—something like that. And it would really be so with Susan."

"She certainly carries with her a great calmness."

Charmian gazed at him.

"You are wonderful to-day, too."

Claude had kept up to this moment his dominating, almost bold air of a conqueror of circumstances, the armor which he had put on as a dress suitable to New York.

"But in quite a different way," she added. "Susan never defies."

Claude was startled by her sudden shrewdness, but avoided comment on it.

"Madre must be thinking of us to-day," he said.

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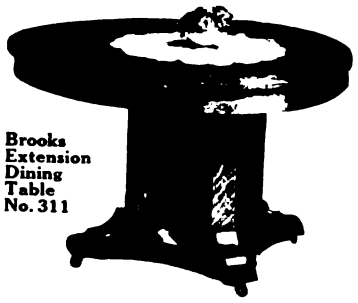

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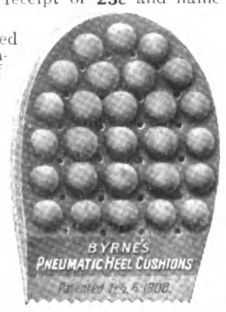

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"Yes. I thought—I almost expected she would send us a cablegram."

"It may come yet. There's plenty of time."

Charmian looked at the clock.

"Only four hours before the curtain goes up."

"Or we may find one for us at the theater."

"Somehow, I don't think Madre would send it there."

She went to sit down on the sofa, putting cushions behind her with nervous hands, leaned back, leaned forward, moved the cushions, again leaned back.

"I almost wish we'd asked Alston to come in to-day," she said.

"But he's resting."

"I know. But he would have come. He could have rested here with us."

"Better for him to keep his voice perfectly quiet. To-night is his début. He has got to pay back over three years to Crayford with his performance to-night. And we shall have him with us at supper."

Charmian moved again, pushed the cushions away from her.

"Yes, I've ordered it, a wonderful supper, all the things you and Alston like best."

"We'll enjoy it."

"Won't we? You sent Miss Mardon the flowers?"

"Yes."

The telephone sounded.

"It is Miss Mardon," Claude said, as he listened. "She's thanking me for the flowers."

"Give her my love and best wishes for to-night."

Claude obeyed, and added his own in a firm and cheerful voice.

"She's resting, of course," said Charmian.

"Yes."

"Every one resting. It seems almost ghastly."

"Why?" he said, laughing.

"Oh, I don't know—deathlike. I'm stupid to-day."

She longed to say "I am full of forebodings!" But she was held back by the thought, "Shall I fail in resolution at the last moment, show the white feather when he is so cool, so master of himself? I who have been such a courageous wife, who have urged him on, who have made this day possible!"

"It's only the physical reaction," she added hastily, "after all we've gone through."

"Oh, we mustn't give way to reaction yet. We've got the big thing in front of us. All the rest is nothing in comparison with to-night."

"I know! I hope Madre will cable. If she doesn't, it will seem like a bad omen. I shall feel as if she didn't care what happens."

He said nothing.

"Won't you?" she asked.

"I think she will cable. But even if she doesn't I know she always cares very much what happens to you and me. Nothing would ever make me doubt that."

"No, of course not. But I do want her to show it, to prove it to us to-day. It is such a day in our lives! Never, so long as we live, can we have such another day. It is the day I dreamed of, the day I foresaw, that night at Covent Garden."

She felt a longing, which she checked, to add, "It is the day I decreed when I looked at Henriette Sennier!" But though she checked the longing, its birth had brought to her hope. She, a girl, had decreed this day, and her decree had been obeyed. Her will had been exerted, and her will had triumphed. Nothing could break down that fact. Nothing could ever take from her the glory of that achievement. And it seemed to point to the ultimate glory for which she had been living so long, for which she had endured so patiently. Suddenly her restlessness increased, but it was no longer merely the restlessness of unquiet nerves. Anticipation whipped her to movement, and she sprang up abruptly from the sofa.

"Claudie, I can't stay in here! I can't rest. Don't ask me to. Anything else, but not that!"

She went to him, put her hands on his shoulders.

[*Continued on page* 223]

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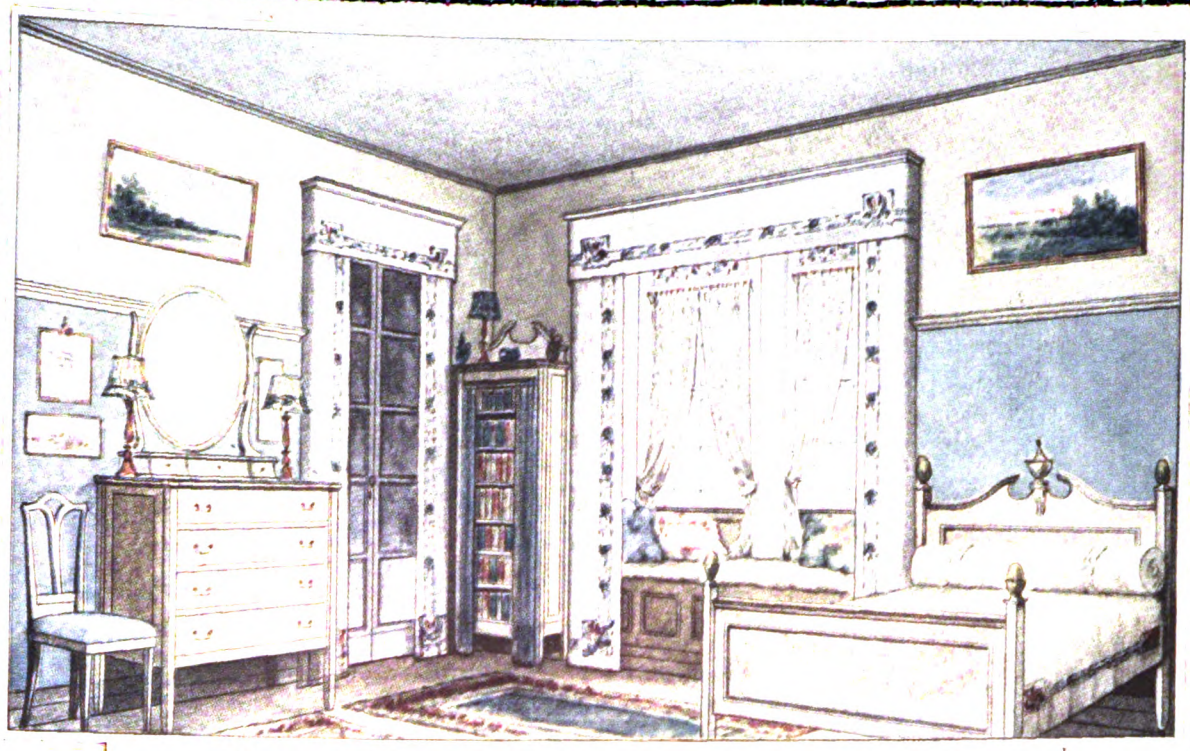

The cretonne furnishings add much to the cheeriness of this bedroom

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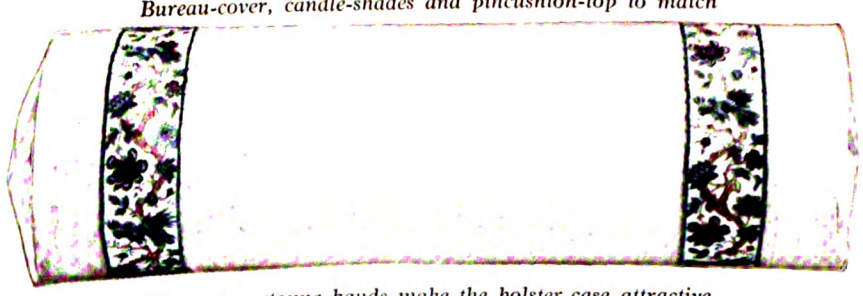

The two cretonne bands make the bolster-case attractive

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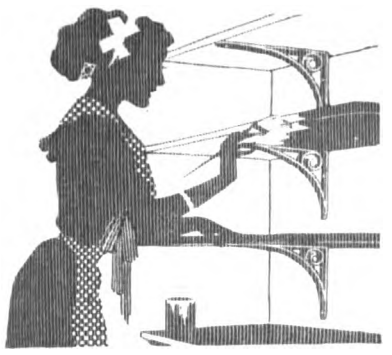

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Buy the 50c Half Pint Household Size 3-in-One Oil. You'll get just as much oil as if you bought 8 of the 10c size. Why not be economical? 3-in-One keeps indefinitely — never turns rancid. 1000 uses in every home or office.

3-in-One is the best lubricant for locks, clocks, sewing machines, talking machines, guns, reels, etc.

Best preparation for cleaning and polishing furniture. Prevents rust on metal surfaces, indoors and out. Library Slip with every bottle.

FREE Write for generous sample. Try 3-in-One at our expense.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
42CCG Broadway, New York

THE LIE THAT PRECEDES MARRIAGE

[*Continued from page 160*]

ducklings. These, however, won the exceptional husbands who marry the woman and not surface beauty.

But what of that type of man who is attracted to a girl because she appeals to his sense of beauty—who loves her and marries her with that thought dominant? How will he feel when he discovers that the beauty he married was only a masquerade?

Can you expect him to change his nature—submerge what is an instinct?

It is a woman's duty to make herself look as charming as possible; but like all things proper in moderation, it is an art that, once discovered by some women, is permitted to run wild.

The married life of another pair before me had endured two years. She was of the butterfly type—her pretty face and fluffed hair, her extreme clothes, the airiness of her manner, betrayed this unmistakably. He was quiet, studious of aspect, preoccupied; the trouble weighed upon him.

Dissension had arisen because the wife spent most of her time fluttering about in social pursuits, instead—as he put it—of remaining home some evenings and giving him some of her society.

"He expects me to sit about reading dull old books and forever discussing them," said the wife. "I can't stand it. I hate books. I always did!"

"You didn't say that before we were married," he rejoined. "You pretended you loved literature."

And there you have the secret.

He had loved good literature and she had made the mistake of pretending similar tastes. She wanted to make it pleasant for him. Instead of sweetmeats, he brought her books and she gushed with gratitude. She labored through the tomes only that she might discuss their points with him.

There was no doubt that she loved him—the sacrifices proved it. There was no doubt that he loved her—he offered to make sacrifices. Save for her deceit there need never have been a rift.

The intensely practical will argue that two such extremes were bound to be incompatible. That is a delusion.

In love the extremes are compatible—indeed are often attracted to each other.

Have not many of the greatest authors and students and musicians sought out shallow, flighty mates and been supremely happy? Perhaps they sought such mates deliberately, as a relief from the tedium of their serious work; or perhaps they would have preferred mates more congenial mentally, but set this aside in the face of love. The point is they were happy because they knew just what they were marrying.

You may condone the masquerade—give examples to show that it does not always result in disaster—may argue that where its motive is innocent it invites no danger. The danger lies in the fact that, regardless of motive, the result is always uncertain. And this is because the *intent* of the poser has little or no influence upon the result. The sole deciding factor, I have observed, is the mental attitude of the ones imposed upon, and the interpretation *they* place upon the masquerade.

We do not see many couples who marry maturely entering the divorce courts. Experience has shown them the dangers of pretension. Instead of ardent romance they bring tolerance. Neither expects too much of the other, and so neither is forced to promise too much to the other.

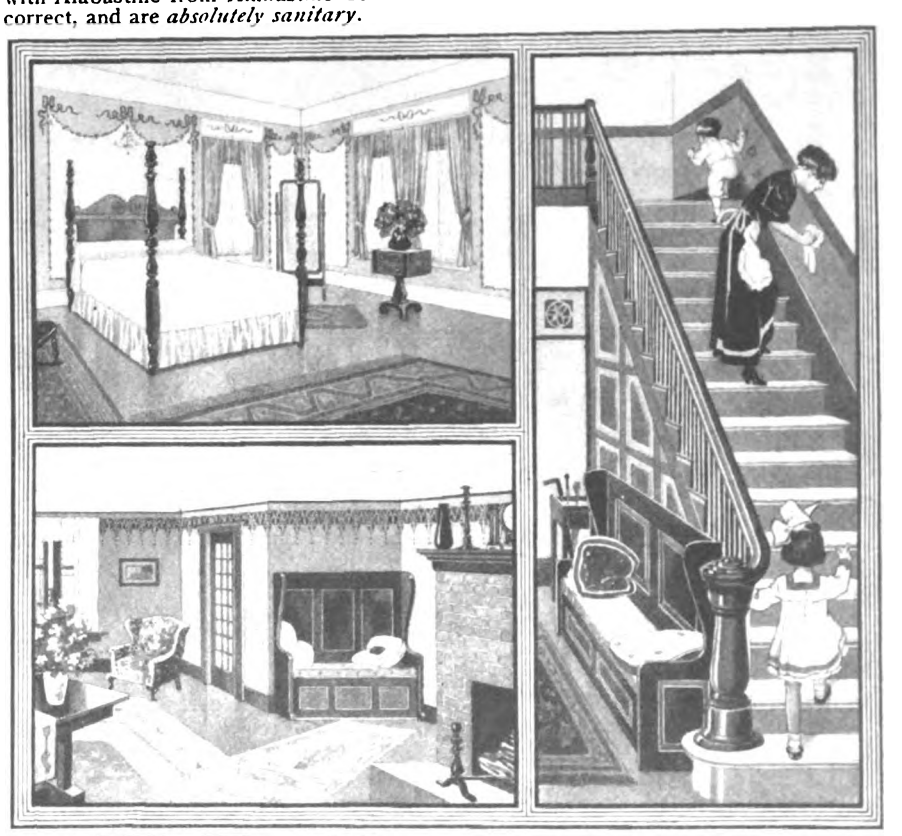
Nor is there any divorce to speak of among the very humble working class.

They marry among themselves generally, and, knowing exactly what they have to expect, enter wedlock with prepared minds.

It is the great middle class, the typically American class, that piles up our staggering divorce statistics. We lead all other civilized nations in divorce saving Japan. Easy laws do not explain it. People do not seek divorce, if they are contented.

40 Plans in Colors Free To Help You and Your Decorator get a Beautiful Job at a Good Saving in Cost

Last season we personally helped 22,000 people to beautify their homes. We furnished, without charge, 22,000 working plans in colors for ceilings, frieze, side walls and stencils. These plans were executed by designers capable of producing the very best work in interior decorating. We work hand in hand with the decorator and the home owner to secure the most satisfactory work possible to produce. Walls decorated with Alabastine from Alabastine Color Plans and Stencils are soft-toned, exclusive and correct, and are *absolutely sanitary*.



Alabastine
The Beautiful Wall Tint

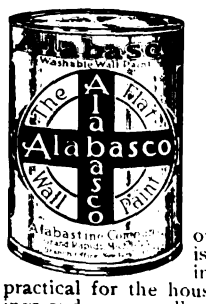
Alabastine is famous for its soft, velvet appearance on the walls and its exclusive tints. Exquisite pastel shades and rich, deep hues—a wonderful variety. Alabastine is so far superior to any kind of kalsomine you cannot compare the two.

Alabastine is the correct and most successful material to use on the walls. Decorators never have trouble with Alabastine and—*one pound covers more wall space than one pound of any other decorating material, making it the most economical to use.* Alabastine is far less expensive than wall paper and absolutely sanitary. Wall paper collects and breeds germs and carries contagion. It is barred from schools, hospitals, public buildings, and should be barred from homes and apartments for health's sake.

This package is your *protection* against ordinary decorating. When you want Alabastine don't, (in the name of goodness — wall goodness) don't ask for kalsomine—Alabastine isn't kalsomine; It's vastly different.

Alabastine comes in full 5-lb. packages in dry powder form ready to mix with cold water. No hot water muss or expensive oil. Use a regular 7 or 8 inch wall brush.

Full 5 Pounds



Alabasco
The Flat Wall Paint

To paint your walls all over with washable paint is an unnecessary expense in the home. It is not practical for the housewife to wash her ceilings and upper walls. But it *is* practical and inexpensive to use Alabasco, our washable flat wall paint, in places exposed to finger marks, below the chair rail in dining room and hall, along the stairway, in the bathroom, nursery and for kitchens and cupboards.

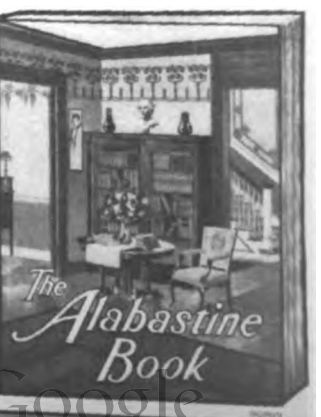
Neither Alabastine nor Alabasco chip, peel or rub off when properly applied.

Alabasco as well as Alabastine is made in a wide variety of soft tones. With this *ideal* combination you can keep every room fresh and free from dirty spots and finger marks by simply sponging the Alabasco walls.

Alabasco comes in liquid form, all ready for use.

New 1913 Book 40 Plans in Colors of Modern Rooms

Send for this beautiful new 1913 book at once. Shows 40 color plans for different rooms. Tells about our Free Stencils and how our artists will send you exclusive plans for any room you wish to decorate, *without charge*. Write at once.



ALABASTINE COMPANY
825 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Desk 25, 105 Water Street, New York City

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Some Children Somewhere

Every Moment Breakfast on Quaker Oats

Every hour of our night the sun rises somewhere on this delicious meal.

And it's summer now in countless sections where Quaker Oats are served.

For this is the world's favorite cereal.

The youth of all nations, mornings and evenings, eat a billion dishes yearly.

Because oats form the utmost in vim-producing food.

Because oats feed body, brain and nerves better than anything else that grows.

And because Quaker Oats, in the judgment of millions, is the finest oat food in existence.

Quaker Oats

Just the Cream of the Oats
The Quintessence of Flavor

Quaker Oats has won, despite all the rivalry, the leading place of the world among oat foods.

Even in the British Isles, the home of Scotch oats, it outsells every other brand.

And this is the reason:

For 25 years Quaker Oats has been made from just the choicest grains.

The best oats that grow are sifted 62 times to pick out the grains for Quaker.

We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel—just the richest, plumpest grains.

Those grains have the greatest food value. They have the finest flavor.

Folks who eat them can't go back to lesser grades of oatmeal.

Our process of preparation keeps all this rich flavor intact.

Yet Quaker Oats—this cream of the oats—cost but one-half cent per dish.

Serve More Oatmeal

Serve it twice a day. It fosters brain development. It holds a wealth of energy.

Serve the most delicious grade, so children grow to love it.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Except in far West and South.

Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

GRANDMA SHARPLESS DRIVES A Q OUT OF TOWN

[*Continued from page 174*]

"is a sample of the medicine. I have just had it analyzed. What do you suppose they are? Sugar! Just plain sugar and nothing else."

Professor Gray leaped to his feet. "You don't deny the cures!" he thundered.

"I don't deny that these people are well to-day. And I don't deny that the testimonials from them are genuine, as documents. But your sugar pills had no more to do with the cure than so much moonshine. Listen, you people! Here is the core and secret of quackery: All diseases tend to cure themselves, through the natural resistance of the body.

"But for that we should all be dead. This man, or some other of his kind, comes along with his promises and pills, and when the patient recovers from the disease in the natural course of events, he claims the credit. Meantime, he is selling sugar at about one hundred dollars per pound."

"Sugar," said the quack, quick-wittedly. "But what kind of sugar? This sugar, as he calls it, is crystal precipitated from the extract of these healing herbs. No chemist can determine its properties by any analysis."

"Very well turned," said Dr. Strong, with a smile. "I can't immediately disprove that, though I could with time. But, whatever the case with his sugar, any chemist can analyze this." He held up a small bottle, half filled with a red-brown liquid. "This is the Extract of Gospel Herbs. Now let us see what this does."

He referred to his copy of the *Bugle*, containing the testimonials. "Here is Mrs. Sarah Jenkins of the neighboring town of Maresco, where Professor Gray lectured a year ago, cured of Bright's disease and dropsy; Miss Allie Wheat of Weedsport, cured of cancer of the stomach; and Mrs. Howard Cleary of Roxton, wholly relieved of nervous breakdown and insomnia. All genuine testimonials; Mr. Clyde and I have traced them."

Professor Gray raised his head with a flash of triumph. "You see!" he cried. "He has to admit the genuineness of my testimonials!"

"Of your testimonials: yes. But what about your cures? Mrs. Jenkins has, as she said, ceased to suffer from her ills. She died of Bright's disease and dropsy three months after Professor Gray cured her of them. Miss Wheat, whose cancer was purely imaginary, is now a hopeless wreck, in a sanitarium whither the Gospel Herbs drove her. Mrs. Cleary—but let me read what she testified to. Here it is in the paper with a picture of the Cleary home.

DEAR PROF. GRAY: You have indeed been a benefactor to me. Before our baby was born my husband and I were the happiest of couples. Then I became a nervous wreck. I couldn't sleep. I was cross and irritable. My nerves seemed all on fire. Your first treatment worked wonders. I slept like a log. Since then I have not been without Gospel Herbs in the house, and I am a well woman.
(Signed) MRS. HOWARD CLEARY.

"That was a year ago," continued Dr. Strong. "Yesterday we visited the Cleary home. We found a broken husband and a deserted baby. The young wife we traced to Worthington, where we discovered her—well, I won't name to this audience the sort of place we found her in.

"But so far as there can be a hell on this earth, she had descended into it, and this," he held the vial high to view, "*this* sent her there." His fingers opened; there was a crisp little crash of glass, and the red-brown liquid crept and spread along the floor, like blood.

"Morphine," said Dr. Strong. "Morphine, which enslaves the body and destroys the soul. There are your Gospel Herbs!"

A murmur rose, and deepened into a growl. The Great Gray Benefactor, his face livid, sprang forward.

"Lies!" he shouted. "All lies! [illegible] his proof? What's he got to [illegible] Nothing but his own say-so. If [illegible] a law in the land, I'll make him [illegible] for this. Mr. Huddleston, I appe[illegible] to you for justice."

"We shall be glad to hear from the Rev. Mr. Huddleston," mildly suggested the Chairman, who was evincing an enjoyment of the proceedings quite puzzling to Dr. Strong.

The old clergyman got slowly to his feet. His mild, weak face was troubled. "Let us bear and forbear," he pleaded in a tremulous voice. "I can not believe these charges against our good friend, Professor Gray. I am sure that he is a good and worthy man. He has given most liberally to the church. I am informed that he is a member of his home church in good and regular standing, and I find in the editorial columns of the *Church Pillar* a warm encomium upon his beneficent work, advising all to try his remedies. Surely our friend, Dr. Strong, has been led astray by mistaken zeal.

"Only yesterday two members of my congregation, most estimable ladies, called to see me and told me how they had benefited by a visit just made to Professor Gray. He had treated them with his new Gospel Elixir, of which he has spoken to me. There was evidence of its efficacy in their very bearing and demeanor——"

"I should say there was! *And* in their breath. Did you smell it?"

The interruption came in a very clear, positive and distinct contralto.

"Great Grimes's grass-green ghost!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas Clyde, quite audibly amidst the startled hush. "Grandma Sharpless is among those present!"

"I—I—I—I do not think," began the clergyman, aghast, "that the matter occurred to me."

"Because, if *you* didn't, *I* did," continued the voice composedly. "They reeked of liquor."

The tension to which the gathering had been strung abruptly loosened in mirth.

"Mrs. Sharpless will please take the platform," invited the Mayor-Chairman.

"No. I'll do my talking from here." The old lady stood up, a straight, solid, uncompromising figure, in the center of the floor. "I met those two ladies in the parsonage hall," she explained. "They were coming out as I was going in. They stopped to talk to me. They both talked at once. I would'nt want to say that they were—well—exactly——"

"Spifflicated," suggested a helpful voice from the far rear.

"Spifflicated—thank you," accepted the speaker. "But they certainly were——"

"Lit up," volunteered another first-aid to the hesitant.

"Yes, lit up. One of them loaned me her bottle. If I'm any judge of bad whisky, that was it."

An appreciative roar from the house testified to the fact that Mrs. Sharpless had her audience in hand.

"As for you women on the stage," she pursued, rising to her topic, "I know what's wrong with you. 'Mandy Gryce, if you'd 'tend more to your house and less to your symptoms, you wouldn't be flitting from allopathic bud to homeopathic flower like a bumblebee with the stomach-ache." ("Hear, hear!" from Mr. Gryce.) "Lizzie Tompy, your fits are nine-tenths temper. I'd cure you of 'em without morphine. Miss Smithson, if you'd quit strong green tea, three times a day, those nerves of yours would give you a fairer chance—and your neighbors, too." (Tearful sniffs from Miss Smithson.)

"Auntie Thomas, you wait and see what your rheumatism says to you tomorrow, when the dope has died out of your system. Susan Carlin, you ought to be home this minute, looking after your sick boy, instead of on a stage, in your best [illegible] and tucker, giving

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CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

at South Pasadena, California

Where the finest ostrich feathers in the world are produced.

Cawston feathers have won 7 international gold medals—their superior quality is known and acknowledged from Atlantic to Pacific.

The New Cawston "Superba" Plume

now offered for the first time—is the highest attainment ever reached in ostrich feather production. It is the result of 26 years' experience in scientific production of ostrich feathers. The "Superba" has a luxuriance, a richness—an elegance that immediately distinguishes it from ordinary feathers.

Greatest Plume Value Ever Offered in America

Prices $3.50, $4.50, $6.00, $10.00, $12.50, $15.00 and up to $30.

Express Prepaid Anywhere

Send draft, post office or express money order.

A Written Guarantee

to replace any feather that develops fault in material or workmanship within one year from purchase—goes with every Cawston feather.

Send for "Superba" Folder

contains illustrations and full price list. Also tells about other Cawston feathers and how

We Make Old Feathers New

We now have stores in New York City and Chicago. To save delay, order from the address nearest you.

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Dept. 32, 108 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Dept. 32, 500 Fifth Ave., New York City

CRÊME DE MERIDOR
GREASELESS

SNOW WHITE and HONESTLY PURE

Guaranteed to improve the complexion.

Will not grow hair.

At all good stores. Two sizes, 25c and 50c.

Samples on request.

THE DeMERIDOR CO.
2 Johnes Street
NEWBURGH, N. Y.

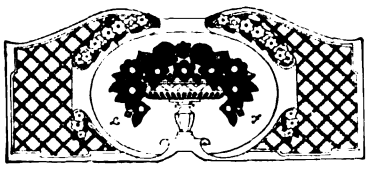
Maternity Dress

Made in one piece, self-adjusting. Expands through changing proportions and fits snugly after confinement.

Made in all styles and materials. **Dresses, suits, coats, skirts, waists and corsets**

Illustrated book of models "O" mailed free upon request

LANE BRYANT, 25 West 38th St., NEW YORK



GRANDMA SHARPLESS DRIVES A QUACK OUT OF TOWN

testimonials to you-don't-know-what-all poison.

"Bairdstown's Suffering Womanhood!" exclaimed the vigorous old lady, her color rising with her voice. "Go home! Go home, you poor, self-coddling fussybuddies, to your wash-boards and your sewing-machines and forget your imaginary symptoms.

"There!" she drew a long breath, looking about over the group of wilting testimonial-givers. "That's the first speech I have ever made, and I guess it'll be the last. But before I stop, I've got a word to say to you, Professor Graham Gray. Bless us! Where's the man gone?"

"Professor Gray," announced the Chairman with a twinkle in his voice, "has retired to obtain fresh evidence. At least, that is what he *said* he had gone for."

From the main floor came a hoarse suggestion which had the words "tar and feathers" in it. It was cut short by a metallic shriek from without, followed by a heavy rumbling.

"Something seems to tell me," said the fat Mayor solemnly, "that the 9:30 express, which just whistled for the crossing, is the heavier by about two hundred pounds of Great Gray Benefactor clinging to the rear platform, and happy to be there."

"And your money back if not benefited," piped a reedy voice from the front, whereupon there was another roar.

"The bright particular star of these proceedings having left, is there anything else to come before the meeting?" inquired the Chairman.

"I'd like to have one more word," said Dr. Strong. "Friends, as one quack is, all quacks are. They differ only in method and degree. Every one of them plays a game with stacked cards, in which you are his victims, and Death is his partner. And the puller-in for this game is the press.

"You have heard to-night how a good and well-meaning clergyman has been made stool-pigeon for this murderous charlatan, through the lying of a religious—God save the mark!—weekly. That publication is beyond our reach. But there is one here at home which did the quack's work for him, and took his money for doing it. I suggest that the Honorable Silas Harris explain!"

"I'm running my paper as a business proposition," growled the baited editor and owner of the *Bugle*, "and I'm running it to suit myself and this community."

"You're running it to suit the crooked and cruel advertisers who prey on this community," retorted the other. "And you've served them further in the legislature, where you voted to kill the patent-medicine bill, last session, in protection of your own profits. Good profits, too. One-third of all your advertising is medical quackery which takes good money out of this town by sheer swindling; money which ought to stay in town and be spent on the legitimate local products advertised in your paper. If I were a local advertiser, I'd want to know why."

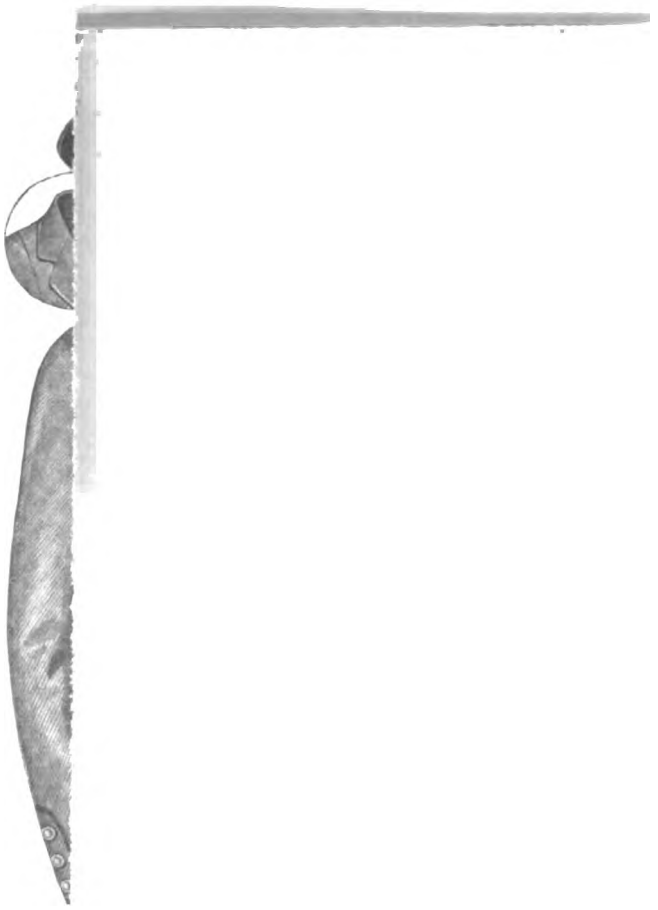
"If that's the case," remarked Mr. Stanley Gryce, quick to catch the point, "I guess you owe my family seven dollars an' a half, Silas, and till it's paid up you can just drop my laundry announcement out of your columns."

"I guess I'll stay out for a spell, too," supplemented Mr. Corson, the hay and feed man. "For a week, my ad's been swamped by Swamp Root so deep you can't see it."

"While you're about it," added a third, "leave me out. I'm kinder sick of appearin' between a poisonous headache powder and a consumption dope. Folks'll be accusin' me of seekin' trade untimely." This was greeted with a whoop, for the speaker was the local undertaker.

"We've got a League for Clean Advertising in Worthington," announced Mr. Clyde. "Why not organize something of the kind here?"

SM



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GRANDMA SHARPLESS DRIVES A QUACK OUT OF TOWN

"Help!" shouted the Honorable Silas, throwing up his hands. "Don't shoot! I holler 'Enough!' As soon as the contracts are out, I'll quit. There's no money in patent-medicine advertising any more for the small paper, anyway."

"Well, we've done our evening's chores, I reckon," remarked the Chairman. "A motion to adjourn will now be in order."

"Move we adjourn with the chorus of the 'Hymn of Healing,'" piped the wag with the reedy voice, and the audience filed out, uproariously and profanely singing:

Ye shall be healed! Ye shall be healed!
Trust in the gospel advice.
Cured by the herbs of the wood and the field;
Healed without money or price.

"Well, young man," said Grandma Sharpless, coming forward to join the Health Master, "you certainly carried out your program."

"I?" said Dr. Strong, affectionately tucking the old lady's arm under his. "To you the honors of war. I only squelched a quack. You taught Bairdstown's Self-Coddling Womanhood a lesson that will go down the generations."

"What I want to know," said the Mayor, advancing to shake hands with Mrs. Sharpless, "is this: what's a fussybuddy?"

"A fussybuddy," instructed Grandma Sharpless wisely, "is a woman who catches a stomach-ache from a patent-medicine almanac. What I want to know, Tom Allen, is what you had against the man. I seemed to get an inkling that you didn't exactly like him."

"He's forgotten me," said the Mayor, "but I haven't forgotten him. Fifteen years ago he came along here horse-doctoring and poisoned a perfectly good mare for me. He won't try to poison this town again in a hurry. You finished him, Mrs. Sharpless, you and Dr. Strong."

"What *I* want to know," said the Health Master, "is how poor old Mr. Huddleston feels about that contribution, now."

A month later he found out. Traveling by trolley one evening, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to face Professor Graham Gray.

"No hard feelings, I hope," said the quack with superb urbanity. "All in the way of business, I take it. I'd have done the same to you, if you'd come butting in on my trade. Say, but that old lady was a Tartar! She cooked my goose in Bairdstown. For all that, I got an unsolicited testimonial from there two weeks ago that's a wonder. Anonymous, too. Not a word of writing with it to tell who the grateful patient might be."

"What was it?" asked Dr. Strong with polite interest.

"A twenty-dollar bill. Now, *what* do you think of that?"

When Dr. Strong spoke again—and the Great Gray Benefactor has always regarded this as the most inconsequential reply he ever received to a plain question—it was after a long and thoughtful pause.

"I think," said he with conviction, "that I'll go to church again, next Sunday."

CREATION

By Jessie E. Sampter

THE past is crying in my flesh,
The future in my brain;
They draw my spirit's tangled mesh
With the universal pain.

Why have men set creation's myth
A million years away?
The God that I must grapple with
Is making me to-day.

THERE'S NO LIE ON THE LABEL

THERE'S NO LYE IN THE CAN

Your Most Satisfying Breakfast

begins with fruit. *You* can have choice fruit from California every morning, rich in nature's flavors; sun ripened on the trees, as fresh and appetizing at *your* table as when picked in the orchards.

The Hunt Quality label on California fruit represents selected fruit, preserved with clean methods, in pure cane sugar; a quality so satisfactory that once tasted you will not be content with others.

It's the real California flavor. They are ready to serve. *Your grocer has them in the following varieties:*

Peaches	*Bartlett Pears*	*Cherries*
Plums	*Muscat Grapes*	*Raspberries*
Apricots	*Strawberries*	*Prunes*

Hawaiian Pineapple

HUNT'S SUPREME QUALITY 35c
HUNT'S STAPLE QUALITY 25c

A Fruit Dessert Book

giving some fine recipes for fruit desserts, salads, puddings, cakes—49 in all, are new, what every housewife wants. It's Free, a post card will bring it. Send for your copy today.

HUNT BROTHERS COMPANY
112 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

Write for Our New Hair Book FREE

Tells how every woman may enhance her own attractiveness without cost. Many photographs from life. Describes a hundred aids to beauty and also lists all the newest

PARIS FASHIONS IN HAIR DRESSINGS

at guaranteed lowest prices. Make your selection and let us send you the goods ON APPROVAL. Pay when satisfied—no money in advance. These goods are guaranteed quality, to match any ordinary shade.

STRAIGHT SWITCHES		WAVY SWITCHES	
1¾ oz. 18 in.	$0.85	20 in.	$1.65
2 oz. 20 in.	1.25	22 in.	2.90
2 oz. 22 in.	1.75	24 in.	3.85
2½ oz. 24 in.	2.75	26 in.	5.95
3 oz. 26 in.	4.45	30 in.	7.65

Featherweight Stemless Switch, 22 in., Natural Wavy $4.95
3 Stem (triple) 24 in. Wavy Switch, 2½ oz. 4.95
Coronet Braid, 3½ oz., Wavy . . 4.95
200 other sizes and grades of Switches . . . . . 50c to $50.00
Wigs, Ladies' and Men's $5 to $50.00

Send long sample of your hair and describe article you want. We will send prepaid ON APPROVAL. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the price. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive; ask for estimate. Write for our NEW HAIR BOOK TODAY.

PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 23, 209 State St., Chicago

The back of your gown becomes perfect fitting when fastened with

PEET'S PATENT Invisible Eyes and Spring Hooks

Genuine bears our trade mark, "It's in the triangle," and the name "Peet's" on every envelope. Never sold on cards.

Invisible Eyes 5c — *Hooks and Eyes* 10c — WON'T RUST

PEET BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A Necessity in Every Home

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THE WAY OF AMBITION

[Continued from page 215]

"Be a dear! Take me out!"

"Where to?"

"Anywhere! Fifth Avenue, Central Park! Let us walk! I know! Let us walk across the park and look at the theater, our theater. A walk will do me more good than you can dream of, genius though you are. And the time will pass quickly. I want it to fly. I want it to be night. I want to see the crowd. I want to hear it. How can we sit here in this hot, red room waiting? Take me out!"

Claude was glad to obey her. They wrapped themselves up, for it was a bitter day of March, and went down to the hall. As they passed the bureau the well-dressed, smooth-faced men behind the broad barrier looked at them with a certain interest and smiled. Charmian glanced round gaily and nodded to them.

"I am sure they are all wishing us well!" she said to Claude. "I quite love Americans."

"A taxi, sir?" asked a big man in uniform outside.

"No, thank you."

They went to the left and turned into Fifth Avenue.

How it roared that day! An endless river of motor-cars poured down it. Pedestrians thronged the pavements, hurrying by vivaciously, brimming with life, with vigor, with purpose. The nations, it seemed, were there. For the types were many and called up before the imagination a great vision of the world, not merely a conception of New York or of America. Charmian looked at the faces flitting past and thought:

"What a world it is to conquer!"

"Isn't it splendid out here?" she said. "What an almost maddening whirl of life! Faces, faces, faces, and brains, and souls behind them. I love to see all these faces to-day. I feel the brains and the souls are wanting something that you are going to give them."

"Let us hope one or two out of the multitude may be!"

"One or two! Claudie, you miserable niggard! You always think yourself unwanted. But you will see to-night. Every reserved seat and every box is taken, every single one! Think of that—and all because of what you have done. Are we going to Central Park?"

"Unless you wish to promenade up and down Fifth Avenue."

"No, I did say the park, and we will go there. But let us walk near the edge, not too far away from this marvelous city. Never was there a city like New York for life. I'm sure of that. It's as if every living creature had quicksilver in his veins—or her veins. For I never saw such vital women as one sees here anywhere else. Oh, Claude! When you conquer these wonderful women!"

Her vivacity and excitement were almost unnatural.

"New York intoxicates me to-day!" she exclaimed.

"How are you going to do without it?"

"When we go?"

"Yes, when we go home?"

"Home? But where is our home?"

"In Kensington Square, I suppose."

"I don't feel as if we should ever be able to settle down there again. That little house saw our little beginnings, when we didn't know what we really meant to do."

"Djenan-el-Maqui, then?"

"Ah!" she said, with a changed voice, "Djenan-el-Maqui! What I have felt there! More than I ever can tell you, Claudie."

She began to desire the comparative quiet of the park, and was glad that just then they passed the Plaza Hotel and went toward it.

"I wonder how Enid Mardon is feeling," she said, looking up at the ranges of windows. "Which is the tenth floor where she is?"

"Don't ask me to count to-day. I would rather play with the squirrels."

They were among the trees now and walked on briskly. Both of them needed movement and action, something to

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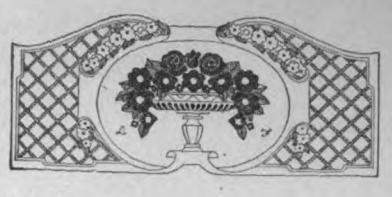

THE WAY OF AMBITION

"take them out of themselves." A gray squirrel ran down from its tree with a waving tail and crossed just in front of them slowly. Charmian followed it with her eyes. It had an air of cheerful detachment, of self-possession, almost of importance, as if it were fully conscious of its own value in the scheme of the universe whatever others might think.

"How contented that little beast looks?" said Claude.

"But it can never be really happy, as you and I could be, as we are going to be."

"No, perhaps not. But there's the other side."

He quoted Dante:

"'Quanto la cosa è più perfetta più senta il bene, e cosi la doglienza.'"

"I don't wish to prove that I'm high up in the scale by suffering," she said. "Do you?"

"Ought not the artist to be ready for every experience?" he answered.

And she thought she detected in his voice a creeping of irony.

"We are getting near to the theater," she said presently, when they had walked for a time in silence. "Let us keep in the park till we are close to it, and then just stand and look at it for a moment from the opposite side of the way."

"Yes," he said.

Evening was falling as they stood before the great building, the home of their fortune of the night. The broad roadway lay between them and it. Carriages rolled perpetually by, motor-cars glided out of the dimness of one distance into the dimness of the other. Across the flood of humanity they gazed at the great blind building which would soon be brilliantly lit up for them, because of what they had done. The carriages, the motor-cars fled by. A little later and they would stop in front of the monster, to give it the food it desired, to fill its capacious maw. And out of every carriage, out of every motor-car, would step a judge, or judges, prepared to join in the great decision by which was to be decided a fate. Both Claude and Charmian were thinking of this as they stood together, while the darkness gathered about them and the cold wind eddied by. And Charmian longed passionately to have the power to hypnotize all those brains into thinking Claude's work wonderful, all those hearts into loving it. For a moment the thought of the human being's independence almost appalled her.

"It looks cold and almost dead now," she murmured. "How different it will look in a few hours!"

"Yes."

They still stood there, almost like two children fascinated by the sight of the theater. Charmian was rapt. For a moment she forgot the passers-by, the gliding motor-cars, the noises of the city, even herself. She was giving herself imaginatively to fate, not as herself, but merely as a human life. She was feeling the profound mystery of human life held in the arms of destiny. An abrupt movement of Claude almost startled her.

"What is it?" she said.

She looked up at him quickly.

"What's the matter, Claude?"

"Nothing," he answered. "But it's time we went back to the hotel. Come along."

And without another glance at the theater he turned round and began to walk quickly.

He had seen on the other side of the way, going toward the theater, the colored woman in the huge pink hat of whom he had caught a glimpse on the night when Alston Lake had fetched him and Charmian to see the rehearsal of the "locust-effect." The woman turned her head, seemed to gaze at him across the road with her bulging eyes, stretched her thick lips in a smile. Then she took her place in a small cue which was beginning to lengthen outside one of the gallery doors of the theater.

[*To be concluded*]

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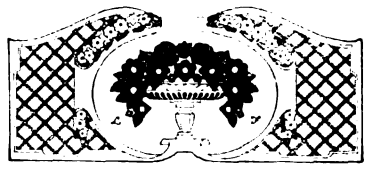

in the dressing-room. It's my best one." Only the waiter noticed her leave.

"Where's your wife?" repeated Henrietta.

Mr. Thrush looked at her.

"Here."

"Where?" said Henrietta, looking around bewildered, still struggling with the gulp.

"Why, *here*."

His eyes gazed into hers insistently. She began to blush, and she was flustered and hurt.

"You said it was your wedding-trip, Wilbur——"

"Well, so it is, if you'll marry me. Then it'll be my wedding-trip all right, won't it, Henrietta?"

"I TOLD you I had the creative instinct," said Lucy de Lacy as they demolished a salad in a triple delirium of joy. "I said my story would take. Why, it's the biggest success of my life!"

"And you wrote to him, Lucy? *You* wrote to *him!*" And Henrietta gasped.

"When I saw your drawings, Henrietta, I certainly did!"

"And she did right!" cried Mr. Thrush.

He got hold of Lucy's hand, and Lucy took Henrietta's. "This is one of those triangle cases, and thank the Lord for one woman that could save you from *art!*"

FIRE

[*Continued from page 161*]

and wood stoves, there are over fourteen thousand fires each year. Such stoves should always be set on bricks, with a zinc floor covering. Stovepipes should be set into a ventilated collar, not shoved into a chimney with a board boxing about the pipe.

Open wood and coal grate fires start almost three thousand fires a year by the popping of live coals upon the floor when the room is temporarily unoccupied, or at night when its occupants are asleep. Such fires should be screened. Because of the lack of such screens, sixty-five lives are lost each year.

Because of badly built and uncleaned flues, there are 70,715 fires each year—about one-third of all the dwelling-house fires in the United States. If a chimney is not cleaned once a year, the accumulation of soot is such that the soot finally catches fire and burns like a miniature volcano.

A defective flue is one with a crevice in its bricks or stones, through which a spark or flame may enter into the wood of the house. A competent contractor should be called in to repair such a chimney.

Fire from the Sky

LIGHTNING annually strikes and burns seven thousand buildings and countless haystacks. It kills five hundred persons and injures eight hundred more.

In the city lightning is not to be feared, since the metal in the tall buildings conducts it into the ground. But in the country its havoc is frightful.

It may be defined as a heated current seeking water. It will be attracted by and will follow hot-air currents, and therefore run down chimneys from which smoke is issuing.

It will strike the branches of a large tree, and if the tree is near a house, it may leap to the house. Hence a wire clothes-line should not be run from a tree to a house.

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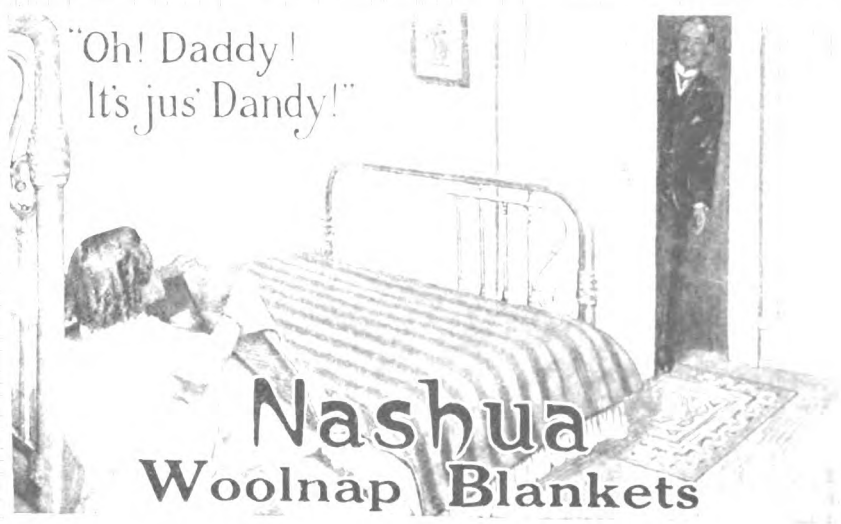

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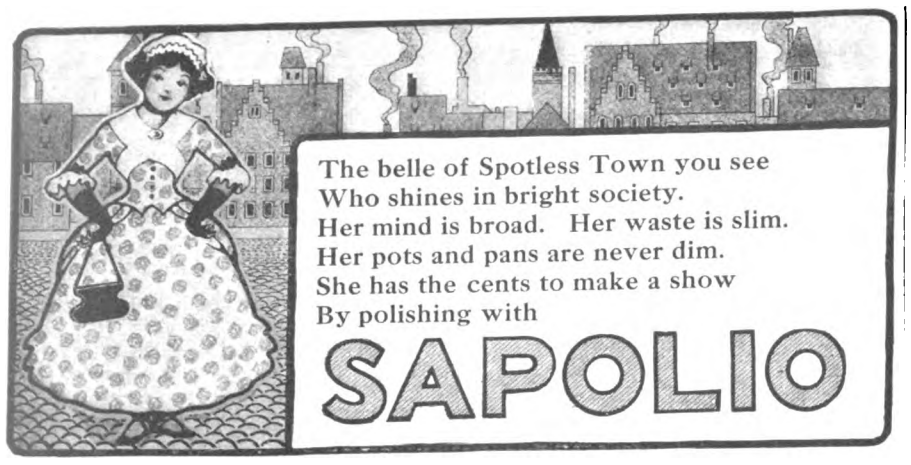

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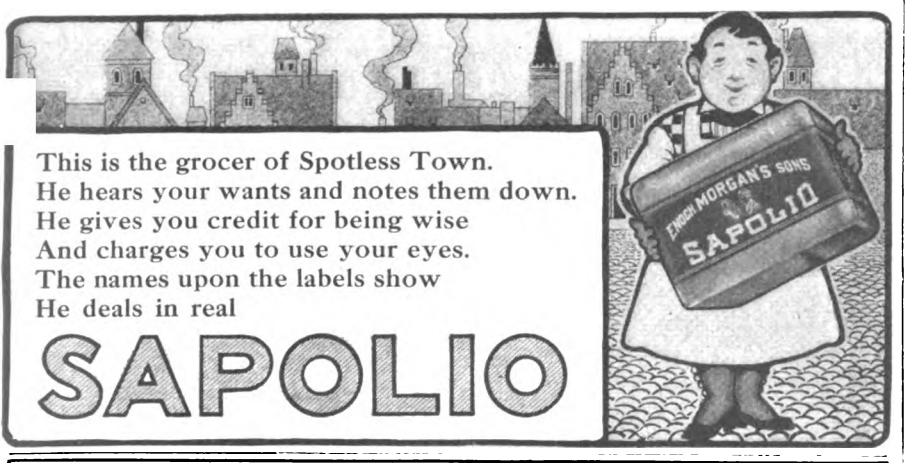

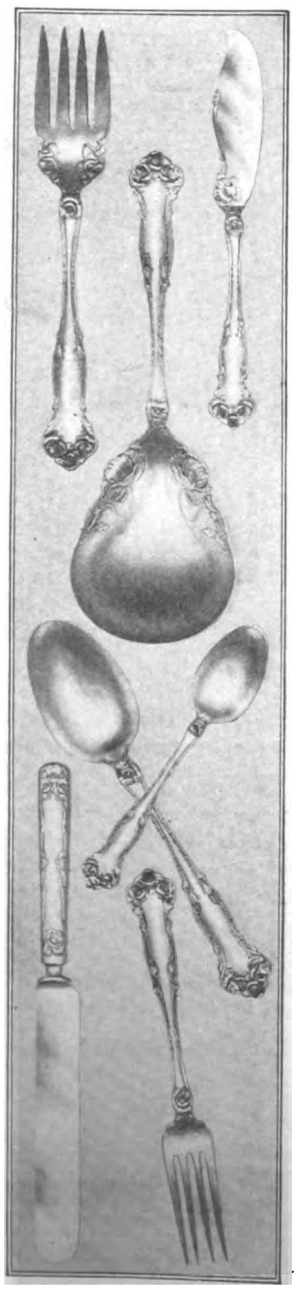

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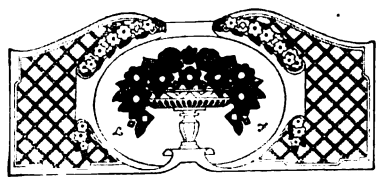


FIRE!

[*Continued from page 227*]

The electric current in the house for lighting, heating and cooking is to be watched because of the dangers arising through the use of poor materials or from the ignorance of workmen.

The Short Circuit

THE chief danger of fire from this cause is known as the short circuit. This condition may be caused by two bare wires coming together. Sparks result and set fire to any near-by woodwork.

When there is trouble on a wire, the fuse in the cut-out cabinet is blown and the lights go out. This fuse acts as a safety-valve. If a larger fuse is installed in the place of the blown one, the lights may burn again, but the house may also burn.

The housekeeper should not let the handy man or plumber touch electric work, but employ the best electrical contractor and have his work certified to by the town or city electrical inspector—and buy only standard materials.

Too Many Fires Are Traceable to Minor Causes

AMONG the minor causes which may be eliminated and fire prevented by the use of common sense, are hot ashes in wooden boxes; uncleaned grease-pots; candles used in closets and cellars that are full of dust and waste paper and loose rags and old bedding; cigars and cigarettes tossed away while lighted, and clothing placed near open fires to dry.

The history of the fire in the home shows beyond doubt that the majority of such fires are preventable, and that the home can be saved, even after the fire is started, if the house is equipped with chemical fire-extinguishers and a few sand and water pails.

City fire departments put out the majority of minor dwelling fires by the use of a chemical fire-extinguisher.

One of the most valuable discoveries for the prevention of big fires by putting out little ones is a liquid that can not harm the most delicatic fabric. Yet when discharged upon a fire, no matter how inflammable the fuel, this chemical forms a thick, heavier-than-air gas blanket, shutting out the air and stifling the blaze.

Fire-proof Clothes for Women

THE personal danger to women and children because of their inflammable clothing is becoming so great, with the rapid increase of fire causes in the United States, that fire-proof clothing for them seems inevitable.

Proofing may be done in the home by merely dipping cloth in ammonium sulphate and water, or better still, in ammonium sulphate, eight parts; ammonium carbonate, two and one-half parts; borax, two parts; boracic acid, three parts; starch, two parts; water, one hundred parts.

When women realize the necessity for such protection against the terrible ravages of fire, they will doubtless demand and secure the manufacture of fire-proof clothing.

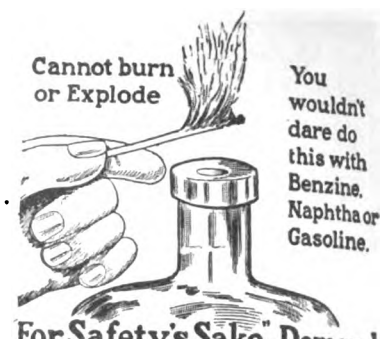
WORTH STRIVING FOR

A CERTAIN worthy Roman matron, living probably at the time of Cornelia and her jewels (about 130 B.C.), was given this epitaph on her tombstone: "Stranger, stop and read my brief message. This is the unlovely grave of a lovely woman. Her parents called her Claudia. She delighted the heart of her husband, and bore him two sons. Her speech was interesting but never tiresome. She watched over her household and spun the wool. I have finished. Now depart."

At first sight rather a limited sphere of activity, wasn't it? But the epitaph is one that present-day Claudias may well strive to deserve for themselves.

GUARANTEED Fire Prevention

We guarantee that Carbona Cleaning Fluid is absolutely unburnable, that fire cannot ignite it, and that it may be used anywhere, any time, by anybody with absolute safety.



For Safety's Sake-Demand
CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

Better than dangerous Benzine, Naphtha and Gasoline for cleaning all materials.

Cleans White Kid Gloves
Removes Grease Spots

Use It for Cleaning:

Silk, Satin, Lace, Wool, Cashmere, Cotton, Linen, Velour, Felt, Muslin, Velvet, Lawn, Damask, Cambric, Madras, Organdie, Net, Lisle, Suede, Flannel, Serge, Gauze, Chiffon, and other materials.

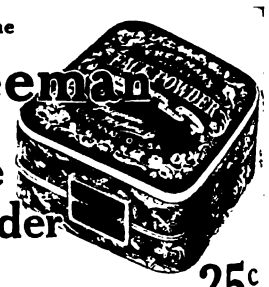
Carbona Cleaning Fluid is not a new idea—it has met every test of utility and safety for more than fifteen years and was invented to meet the need for an *effective* yet absolutely *safe* cleaning fluid. Carbona is the *best* cleaning fluid in the world and entirely free from the dangers that surround the use of inflammable fluids. It is a standard household necessity and recognized as such all over the world.

15c., 25c., 50c. & $1.00 Size Bottles
FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

If not obtainable, any size bottle sent direct on receipt of price.

Carbona Products Co.
302 West 26th Street New York City

The Name
Freeman
On
Face Powder
Means Highest Quality



25c

Our Guarantee

Prove it at our Cost. We assert that 25c is the top limit for real value in any Powder; if any one knows how to make it, *we do*.

Buy, for 25c, a box of Freeman's—use half, if it does not suit, or you don't think it the equal of any other Powder you ever used, return the balance to your dealer and get all your money back.

As a special inducement to *test it*, our purse puff with one week's supply of Powder, will be sent if you send us the gold seal inside the box and 10c for postage and packing. The puff alone is worth 25c. Samples sent.

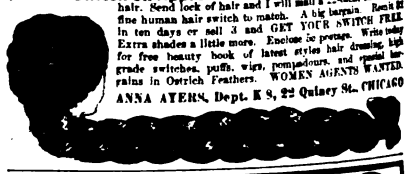
Freeman Perfume Co., Dept. 58, Cincinnati, O.

Ask your dealer for the
HEAR IT SNAP
Hear-It-Snap Ball and Socket Fastener

It stays fastened when snapped; gives the perfect fit to a garment that is so desirable; is universally used on dresses, waists, petticoats, lapels of coats, etc. Be sure to look for the trade mark. Two dozen for 25 cents. Send us the name of the dealer who does not carry it.

United States Fastener Co.
95 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
Represented at
Chicago, Ill., 237 So. Fifth Ave.
New York City, 740 Broadway.

I Trust You Ten Days. Send No Money
$2 Hair Switch on Approval. Choice natural wavy or straight hair. Send lock of hair and I will mail a 22-inch, short stem, fine human hair switch to match. A big bargain. Match it in ten days or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles hair dressing, high grade switches, puffs, wigs, pompadours, and special hargains in Ostrich Feathers. WOMEN AGENTS WANTED.



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Send for my 200-page book with Free Trial Lesson explaining methods for Home Treatment. Established 15 years. Reputation world-wide.

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But it is only *skin* deep. Which is simply another way of saying that the basis of beauty is a clear, healthful, beautiful complexion.

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Perfect Cold Cream

"The Kind That Keeps"

is a fixture on the dressing tables of discriminating women who realize the good health and pleasing impression of a natural, beautiful skin. The excellence of this perfect toilet cream is recognized not only by the élite of New York society, but also by fashionable women everywhere in the United States. Jars 35c, 50c, 85c, $1.50; tube 10c, 25c, 50c.

When you insist upon Daggett & Ramsdell's you are getting the best cold cream in the store

SAMPLE FREE

Also Booklet "An Art to Personal Beauty" containing many useful hints, with fine photograph, mailed FREE upon request. Address

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Imported embroidered Robes and Waists

FOR very little more than you pay for ready-made clothes, you can wear exquisite, imported, richly *embroidered* dresses, made in any style you prefer. These dress patterns are embroidered in our own workrooms in Switzerland, where labor is cheap, imported by us and sold direct to you, making them *within the reach of everyone.*

All are unmade—ample material to make up in any style.

Prices range from $5.95, $6.50, $7.50 up to $95.

Send for samples and catalog showing dozens of unusually effective, shown designs in all the newest colorings on the most fashionable materials (linen, batiste, marquisette, crêpe and the latest silks and nets). Also a large variety of beautiful embroidered waists, children and baby dresses.

Write for catalog today

SCHWEIZER & COMPANY

Dept B, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York

Elaborately embroidered linen robe. One of our very fine patterns.

$2 A MONTH PAYS FOR A Genuine Domestic Sewing Machine

SPECIAL OFFER!

WE WILL SHIP YOU A

DOMESTIC

Freight Prepaid Direct from Factory for 30 Days

FREE TRIAL in Your Own Home.

Try it the full period, test it in every conceivable way, and after deciding that it's just the machine that will do your work as you want it done, begin paying for it, $2 a month.

Open

Lock or Chain Stitch

The instantaneous adjustment for Lock or Chain Stitch is a Domestic feature that makes it invaluable. Also many other valuable improvements.

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Write Now for Catalogue

Select the style that suits you best; let us send the machine to you for 30 days' Trial and we'll guarantee you a saving of $15 to $35. *Write today. Right now.*

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.
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Pianos

AT WHOLESALE

One in each locality at wholesale price. ***Shipped without cost.*** 30 days' FREE trial. First buyer appointed agent. Easy monthly payments, no interest. Handsome catalog and wholesale price list Free. Be the First. Write at once.

F. O. EVANS PIANO CO.,
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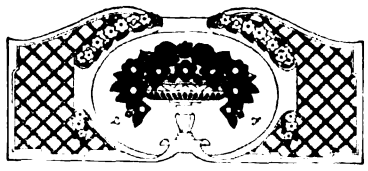

BUNNY'S BAG

[*Continued from page 163*]

remember what she missed. As for what he missed—why, he could be strong enough to stand it.

The car came to a stop, and he rose with a sigh.

"*Yes, but what'll my wife say when she sees me?*"

There was still the trolley-ride to Sue's apartment before this interminable intermezzo came to an end.

But after he had reached the top of the long steps that lead up from the tube he saw in astonishment a little figure in a blue suit and a blue velvet hat with rosebuds on it—just beyond the barrier of the ticket-takers—no other than Bunny herself!

He braced himself for the fearful moment when her gaze would take in the damning fact that the precious bag was not with him—yes, she saw! But with no change of expression unless it were to one of relief.

"Oh, I'm so, so glad you got my last telephone," she said excitedly, as she put out her hand to press his arm when it came near her, and with that slight alteration of color that always showed in her face when she met her husband suddenly.

"I was so afraid there might be some mistake! Nelly said she knew you must only have stepped out for a minute, for the bag was still by the hall door while she was talking.

"It was awfully sweet of you to come in this way. I wasn't sure you would care to. Nelly gave you the message correctly, I suppose.

"The baby had just broken out with the measles, and of course Sue and Joe couldn't go to the Pallisers'—that threw us out completely, and I was *so* disappointed, when I had been expecting such a good time!

"That was why I asked you to come in anyway and we'd have a little dinner together somewhere—they're so upset at Sue's, and we had only chops and string beans at home anyway! As I telephoned, if you hadn't got here by seven o'clock, I should have taken the next train home. But it was awfully nice of you to come!"

"I have only a dollar and fifty cents with me," said Ridgely warningly.

"Oh, I have a five-dollar bill. I wouldn't have suggested the dinner if I hadn't had the money. I know you too well for that! You never—" she stopped short with an odd effort, as if in some way recalling herself from a forbidden path. Her eyes searched his face.

"Do you know, you looked so strange, as you came toward me—I noticed it the first moment I caught sight of you—as if you had been *terribly* ill," her voice shook for an instant, "and gone to heaven!

"I know you work too hard! It gave me the most awful shock, until I saw that your necktie was crooked—oh, don't laugh at me!—and that your shoes needed a shine."

"You deserve to be laughed at," said Ridgely. "I never felt better in my life. I'm going to wear my necktie crooked after this, and go without shines entirely, if I fee' like it—you *hear?*"

His tone had a fascinating, careless, masculine peremptoriness as her eyes helplessly adored him, for the moment giving all, asking nothing; she had all the charm of the little Bunny he had married.

"Come on, Bun, don't let's stand here spooning; let's go and get something to eat."

As usual, when one had braced oneself for a mighty effort, the sands of occasion had shifted into a new shape that made the effort unnecessary. In the utterly unexpected bubbling joyousness of this reprieve, in which his spirits rose like a cork, Ridgely yet felt himself in danger of yielding to a grandly careless, overpowering impulse to confession that might spoil everything now.

If he could *only* keep from telling Bunny that he had forgotten that bag!

Manning-Bowman Means Best

The Name is the thing of Importance in Selecting a Coffee Percolator—

Coffee Pot Percolator No. 8293

EVERY woman is acquainted with the principle of making coffee in a percolator; but, as in everything else, quality must be considered in the purchase. The name, Manning-Bowman, is assurance of quality—in the percolator itself and likewise in the coffee it makes. It identifies the product of the manufacturer who developed the principle of percolation in coffee making. In all the various styles of pot and urn percolators of this famous make are to be found the most advanced ideas. Made in over 100 styles and sizes, Manning-Bowman percolators starting with cold water will make coffee of a much superior flavor as quickly as ordinary percolators that require hot water to start. Most economical because less ground coffee is required to produce a given number of cups than any other known way of making coffee.

Alcohol Gas Stove Chafing Dishes with "Alcolite" Burner

The Manning-Bowman line is the best and most complete line offered to meet your need and purse. We will send on request a book of chafing dish recipes.

All best dealers carry Manning-Bowman Ware. Write for illustrated catalogue No. C-2.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

MB Ware Includes

Pot and Urn Coffee Percolators
Chafing Dishes with "Ivory" Enameled Food Pans
Eclipse Bread Makers
Alcohol Gas Stoves
Chafing Dish Accessories, etc.

MB Electric Cooking Devices

Chafing Dishes
Coffee Percolators
Toasters
Water Heaters, etc.

Made in copper, nickel plate, silver plate, aluminum.

The Maker's Confidence Proves the Quality

The only man who knows how long a baby carriage will last is the maker. You cannot afford to buy a carriage the manufacturer won't guarantee.

Sidway Collapsible Baby Carriages are Guaranteed for Two Years

How many baby carriages do you want to buy? One Sidway is enough. *First:* We will replace free of charge or transportation expense any parts that wear out or break within two years. *Second:* The Sidway makes unnecessary different carriages for home and travel. The roomy interior, large cushion tires and adjustable spring provide comfort rivalled only by mother's arms. It folds into one-seventh the space of a stationary carriage to slip under seat of auto, buggy or train.

Sidway Exclusive Features

Genuine Fabrikoid Leather. A special grade made exclusively for us, and guaranteed against tearing, fading or peeling by us and by the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Co., sole makers of Fabrikoid.

Adjustable Cradle Spring
Sidway Real Rubber Tires

Write to-day for name of local dealer and *free booklet showing carriages in colors*, and containing many valuable hints for the young mother, weight chart, etc.

LOCAL DEALERS: Write for trade proposition on the first line of carriages that assures your profit by eliminating "come backs."

SIDWAY MERCANTILE CO.
1024 14th St. Elkhart, Ind.

A Sidway Guaranteed Carriage Folded

Cooks Better

Saves Fuel, Costs Less

Queen Range

Splendid Kalamazoo range—latest model—wonderful fuel-saver—at bottom prices. 360 days' trial—freight prepaid—cash or credit.

We ship the day your order comes.

Write For Prices

and illustrated book of 400 stoves—FREE. Ask for Catalog No. 115. We make furnaces and gas stoves too—ask for catalogs.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" And Gas Stoves Too

GRISWOLD Waffle Iron

Have your waffles *right*—crisp, fluffy, delicious. The Griswold Iron *makes* them so, every time. Here are some of its exclusive points:

Patent ball-socket joint permits turning of waffles without lifting the pan. Base or ring has an extended groove which prevents grease or batter from overflowing. The thick, heavy pans distribute heat evenly. Can't burn fingers, because it has wood handles set in air-cooled sockets. Made for coal or gas stove. Don't buy the kind that costs a little less. Get the Griswold that lasts for generations.

Sold in Your Town.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET

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The Post-Office Department now ships a large part of magazine mail by freight instead of by fast mail service, as in the past. If your magazine does not reach you on the day it should, the delay is probably caused by the new method of shipping. It would be well to wait a day or so before writing us, and when you do, write your Postmaster also, asking him to investigate the delay.

ROSES of NEW CASTLE

is the greatest book on the culture of roses and other plants ever published. 70 pages, exquisitely illustrated in natural colors. Describes wonderful Hoosier Roses, hardy plants, bulbs, seeds, etc., world's best for home planting—FREE. Write now. Roses of New Castle always grown on their own roots.

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Distinction in Dress

You can pick a Printzess out of a crowd

THAT stylish air, individuality, and tailored elegance that you recognize as Distinction in Dress, will enable you to do it.

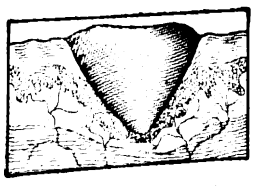
You'll turn to look again at a PRINTZESS coat or suit.

If this is the dress ideal you seek Wear a PRINTZESS and the admiration of your friends will be as pleasing a tribute to your good taste as the two seasons' guaranteed wear will be to your judgment of values. Sold in your city by the merchant who advertises PRINTZESS.

A booklet of "Style Secrets" will be sent on request

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.
1215 West 10th Street Cleveland, O.

Note This Corn
See What Must be Done—and How



If you pare it, that means to take off the top layer. The root is left to grow. If the blade slips, there may be infection.

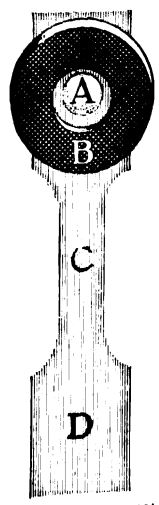
Any old-time treatment means just brief relief. Every few days you are compelled to repeat it.

The only cure is complete removal. And the B & B wax—a famous chemist's invention—does that without discomfort.

Apply the little Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly.

Then this wonderful wax begins to loosen the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, without any pain or soreness. *That's the end of that corn*

So many folks know this that a million corns monthly are removed in this simple way. For your own sake, try it now.



A In the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (238)

For Rough or
Chapped Skin

Always use HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM
Relieves at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it.—Is not greasy; cannot grow hair; absolutely harmless. At all dealers. In bottles 50c., Cold Cream 25c. **Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube.**
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THE THREE MOUSQUETAIRES

COATS, SLEEVES AND SKIRTS MUST DRAPE AND WRINKLE TO PLEASE PARIS

WITH a slight change of spelling Dumas' famous guardsmen again swagger through the streets of Paris in the new coats and dresses. A short time ago when I was in Paris I went to one of the rue de la Paix dressmakers to get a tailored suit. Of course, everything they showed me had draped skirts. Now I wanted something strictly utilitarian that I could wear in the morning if necessary as well as in the afternoon. A draped skirt seemed a little dressed up to me and I told them so. They didn't argue—they knew it wasn't necessary. They just showed me plain skirts. After I had seen about thirty and found that none of them pleased me I began to realize why. Except for simple morning suits and dresses there is only one skirt at present. There are a thousand variations of it, of course, but drapery in one form or another is absolutely the only thing that will satisfy the Parisienne for her more elegant costume, and New York I think will not be far behind her.

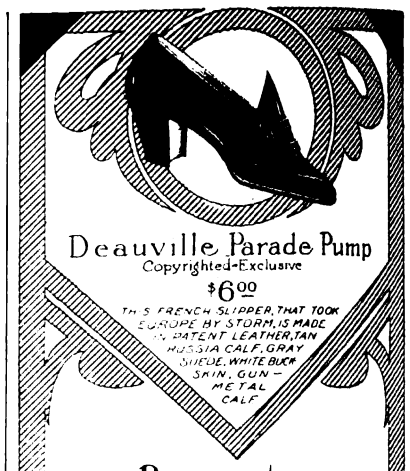
SLEEVES come in for their share of drapery, and the long, close-fitting sleeve will have to look to its laurels if it hopes to retain first place in the affection of a fickle public. The sleeve that wrinkles on the forearm is very popular indeed, especially when it is cut in one with the waist or is sewed into the blouse at the drop shoulder-line. The French dressmakers have a very sensible explanation to offer for the increased vogue of this new sleeve. The plain sleeve, they say, is very good style and perfectly comfortable with a small or deep armhole. But in the kimono or drop-shoulder sleeve the extra length in the forearm makes it easier to raise the arm above the head. The Paris houses are also using the wrinkle lower sleeve with a draped upper part stitched into the waist at the drop shoulder. There is quite a little fulness at the top, which is laid in plaits and falls in a very graceful drapery at the top.

THE best colors for the Spring are the very dark browns, known in Paris as *tête de nègre* or nigger's head, seal and walnut; prunelle which is a light shade of plum; dark blue, and black and white. Brown will be used for hats as well as for suits and dresses, and is combined with warm shades of tan, suède and biscuit. Prunelle is used a great deal with a very vivid red, while blue and black go with almost any other color. For coat linings French tailors are using a great deal of blue—either a very soft Nattier blue or a more brilliant sapphire or cobalt.

WITH the narrow skirts lingerie has become a fine art. Not only what the French woman wears but what she doesn't wear is a subject that American women should study closely. Most of the new underwear stops at the knees, as I found when I was ordering some new lingerie at a well-known house in Paris.

"But don't *any* of the women who come to you wear petticoats?" I asked my saleswoman.

"A few do when they first come to us," she answered, "but they never do when they leave. Petticoats are too uncomfortable under narrow dresses. The most sensible lingerie that a woman can wear at present is a combination brassière and drawers, or else a brassière under a slightly fitted chemise and drawers combination. If she is afraid of taking cold she can wear silk knickerbockers over her drawers. One of my very best customers, however, is a Russian princess who wears nothing over her corsets but the chemise combination in the sheerest of lingerie materials. The narrow skirt itself is really all the protection one needs, for it is much warmer than a wide skirt which admits quantities of cold air."



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$6.00
THIS FRENCH SLIPPER, THAT TOOK EUROPE BY STORM, IS MADE IN PATENT LEATHER, TAN RUSSIA CALF, GRAY SUEDE, WHITE BUCK SKIN, GUN-METAL CALF

Beauty Style and Fit
in all
Cammeyer Shoes
The Deauville Parade Pump is one of the 700 styles ranging in price from $3. to $8. shown in the 80 page Spring Style Book. Included is a children's shoe section, with prices proportionately lower
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CAMMEYER
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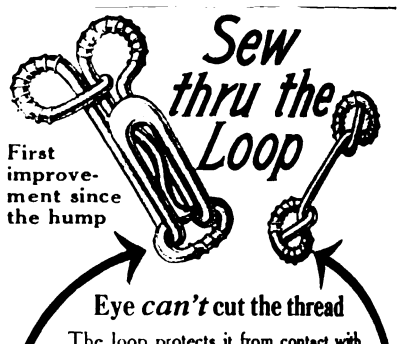

If you are planning to build or remodel, you need our 100-Page Book,
Modern Bathrooms
which we will be glad to send free for 6 cents postage. It illustrates many complete bathroom interiors ranging in prices from $78 to $600; gives detailed costs and floor plans; shows equipment for the modern kitchen and laundry; suggests decorations, etc.—and in fact is a complete and authoritative guide to the requirements of a sanitary and beautiful home. Write for it today.
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. J, Pittsburgh, Pa.

15 Days' FREE Use

Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest — Factory Prices Freight Prepaid
makes ideal birthday or wedding gift.
Protects furs and woolens from moths, mice, dust and damp. Write for illustrated 56-page catalog showing all beautiful designs in Piedmont Chests and amazing low prices. Also book "Story of Red Cedar." All postpaid, FREE to you. Write today.
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DEPARTMENT OF CHILD-TRAINING

OUR COUNCILING MOTHERS

WHAT THEY ARE TEACHING US ABOUT CHILD-TRAINING

We want you to help all the other DELINEATOR mothers by telling them what you have found out about child upbringing. Won't you join our Home Kindergarten Circle and write us some of these things? We want you to be enrolled as one of our Counciling Mothers. Send your letters, care of the Home Kindergarten Department, THE DELINEATOR.

A Glimpse into One of Our Home Kindergartens

I AM trying to develop my little girl's hands and eyes because I believe so thoroughly in sense-training. Besides handling and sorting spools of silk in the primary colors, red, blue and yellow, we play with coins, buttons and various small objects, to carry out special sense-training games. We group together different shades of the same color of cloth from my piece bag, collect different home objects of the same shape and size, and hunt for other things that are the same shape, size, or color. I lead her to try and distinguish by touch the size and comparative form of objects, distinguishing blindfold between different textures.

Most of all, my little girl enjoys the game in which she closes her eyes while I hide one or two of her playthings, and then she tries to tell me which are gone. Of course we always "take turns" in our games, and I try to show her the same consideration I would show to some one of my own years and expect the same of her. We always "play fair."

I have tried to be especially careful about this because I was her only playmate until she was three, last September, and so I have tried to be her play model.

I encourage her interest in nature by answering all her questions carefully and giving her more information on the subject as long as her interest lasts. She handles as many *real* nature things as possible and she has plenty of opportunity for object-lessons in our own yard. She has planted some seeds of her very own and we soaked a few in water, first, that we might see the baby plants inside. Ever since she was born I have sung nature songs to her.

Some weeks before her third birthday she became curious about letters. I allowed her to pick out a few, but I was so much more anxious to have her learn words first that I cut from cardboard the letters C and A and T, and, with no comment, gave them to her to play with. She amused herself fitting them together as she saw them in one of her picture-books. Then I gave her a picture of a cat to color, and afterward the same letters, but this time in script. She enjoyed this new play so much.

I saw that she wanted to learn to read and write, but I had so little time to help her. I tried word-picture cards, but the only ones I could find here were cards an inch square, too small for clumsy little fingers to handle. Then I tried to make some, but I hadn't enough of the right pictures, so I gave up and wrote to THE DELINEATOR for help—and ordered a primer. It is a splendid one, and Margaret is learning to read easily and satisfactorily.

She is learning to count, unconsciously, as I suppose all children do, and I contrive a very little number-teaching incidentally. For instance, in helping me to set the table she will tell me how many forks to use, how many pieces of silver there are at each place, how many are missing, etc.

I don't give her half the time I want to, for we are a very busy household; but I tell stories while I am at work, and we often play or read while I am holding baby brother.

MRS. S., Texas.

Mrs. S. is a mother-genius. The kindergarten isn't a system of handicraft, it isn't a program of games and stories, it isn't a place. It is, instead, a spirit of child development through play, and Mrs. S. has proved to us that it is possible for an untrained mother with small kindergarten equipment and limited time to develop a child's mind through every-day play in most wonderful fashion. Our dear little Margaret is learning to use her hands in skilful ways; she is learning to see the beauties of our world; she is learning to play fairly and honestly because mother always plays that way; she is being so splendidly prepared for school-work that when she has to leave her home kindergarten and begin formal lessons she is going to outstrip all her classmates.

Helping Children to Play Together

I WANT to have a kindergarten playroom in my home for the benefit of my little daughter five years old and a few other children of our neighborhood. Tell me just what I shall need to start with. MRS. G., Missouri.

Mrs. G. doesn't need very much help. She realizes that a big force in her child's life will be the ability to play happily and unselfishly with other children. For such a home playroom as Mrs. G. is going to open, we would suggest a tray of modeling-sand, kindergarten cutting-papers for making chains, colored wooden beads, a set of large blocks, and clay. The children will need a low play-table and low chairs. But most of all will these children need each other.

The all-alone child misses so much that the child in a group enjoys. Kindergarten stories, kindergarten blocks, kindergarten hand-work may be shared. The child who helps another child to construct, block upon block, a shaky house, is learning how to be a little citizen and live cooperatively with his fellows. The child who gives half of his beautiful piece of colored paper to the child in the next chair who has torn *his* paper, is learning real unselfishness.

It is very doubtful if children should be asked to share their toys. A toy is a child's very precious possession, to be treasured, cared for, loved. We don't give away our children. Why ask your little girl to give away her doll?

But in a home-kindergarten room where everybody is working and playing together, and one's playthings are really meant to be shared, being unselfish is a joy and children grow into it with naturalness.

Helping a Child to Goodness

MY LITTLE daughter, not quite five years old, could not be persuaded for a long time to drink as much milk as the doctor said she must. I bought a box of gilt kindergarten stars for ten cents and divided a large sheet of paper into three columns, making a sort of daily *effort* chart for her. At the top of one of the columns I wrote "Milk," at the top of the second "A Good Day" and in the third "Extras."

Every night she pasted a star in the milk column for every glass of milk which she had drunk. She put a star in the second column if she had been good all day, and one in the third column meant perfect conduct for the whole day, or the doing of some especially kind act.

Shortly after that she was ill and we added to the chart a "Medicine" column for stars to be pasted in when she took her medicine nicely the entire day. This column helped us through a most trying period.

I always emphasize the thought that the chart must be a truthful record, and the little girl scorned having a star in the "Goodness" column one night when father said to her that she had been "Almost good enough." She took pride in knowing that each star was really earned. MRS. A., Virginia.

Mrs. A.'s scheme is such a splendid one. It is almost too much to ask of a child of kindergarten age that she give implicit obedience without any reward. We of adult years find even a small reward a wonderful stimulus to added effort. We do not advise the use of continual rewards in child-training, but this effort chart of Mrs. A.'s may be copied by many of our mothers. We are so grateful to her for telling us about it.

The Latest Styles For Spring and Summer In This Book

Sent FREE by Return Mail

Every page of this beautiful 160-page Style Book is devoted to illustrating the very newest designs in apparel for Women, Misses and Children. All that you have to do to receive a copy is to write on a postal, "Send me your catalog," and by return mail it will be on the way to you. This book is designed for the woman who wants to spend *little* or *much*, for within our range of prices can be found articles to suit the needs and the pocketbook of everyone.

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In addition to furnishing the best merchandise at the lowest prices, we are now offering to prepay charges on all orders everywhere. So there is an extra inducement for you to get this book—do your purchasing from it—and save money.

No. 803—The dress illustrated will give you an idea of what can be done by a concern with the tremendous buying facilities that we have. It is of white pique, modeled on excellent lines. The waist is patterned in smart front effect, with natty lay-down collar and set-in sleeves, finished with turn-back cuffs; collar, cuffs and pipings are of either blue or lavender pique, which forms a pleasing contrast; plain-gored, well fitting skirt with slightly raised waistline; sizes 14, 16 and 18 years for misses and 34 to 44 bust measure for women. Postage prepaid, $1.85.

Write now and this handsome book of fashions will be sent promptly

Postage Prepaid $1.85

Mandel Brothers
Department L, CHICAGO

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You cannot ask too much of this laundress

You cannot have too big a wash, your clothes cannot be too badly soiled, the fabrics cannot be too delicate to entrust your washing to that modern laundress, **P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap.**

P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap does the work so thoroughly that you need do no hard, tiresome rubbing nor troublesome boiling to cleanse a single piece; so gently that not a garment shows a sign of wear from the washing.

So, Madam, if you are not using **P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap** do not dismiss the subject with the thought that this soap, like many others, washes merely the pieces which would require very little rubbing anyway. Do not think there is anything about your washing which would prevent this soap from doing it. Do not imagine there is anything about the soap which would make you hesitate to use it.

Remember, this is not ordinary "labor-saving" soap but **P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap,** made to do any washing anywhere without hard rubbing, without boiling, without risk, without danger, as satisfactorily as the best laundress in the land. Get a cake—5 cents—follow the directions inside the blue wrapper and see for yourself that you cannot ask too much of **P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap.**

The White Naphtha Soap in the Blue Wrapper

Bates Seersucker Gingham

for over 50 years

The STANDARD AMERICAN DRESS GINGHAM

Nurses' Stripes in Blue, Gray and Brown

The original "nurses stripe" was a Bates Seersucker Gingham—and in hospitals all over the country this fabric has always been the recognized standard material for nurses' uniforms.

Can you suggest a severer test for durability and color than the daily wear and constant washing a fabric undergoes in hospital work? You can depend upon every piece of Bates Seersucker Gingham to give you the same generous service—whether made in rich plaid effects, neat stylish checks, solid colors or dainty stripes.

Protect yourself against substitutes by making sure you are getting Bates Seersucker Gingham.

Bates Crown Bed Spreads are made in a great variety of styles and patterns. Whatever kind you choose, you get good value. For years they've been recognized by the trade as a standard line.

They come in sizes to fit all beds, in white crochet and in white and colored satin effects, with plain hemmed, fringed, and scalloped edges; also with corners cut. We also make white satin effects with floral designs in natural colors.

Ask for Bates Crown Crochet Spreads.
Bates Crown Satin Spreads.
Bates Crown Colored Satin Spreads.
Bates Crown Floral Satin Spreads.

Bates Colored Table Damask. Constantly improving dyeing methods and careful attention to all details enable Bates Damask to maintain its lead over other colored damasks: Ask for *Bates* Damask.

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BEGIN USE BATES SEERSUCKER

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

BOY KNIGHTS' PAGE

OUR BOYS GIVE US A NEWS PAGE

NOTE:—Do you know about the Boy Knights of the Round Table? It is a great big club for boys, organized and conducted by THE DELINEATOR to give boys good times and teach them manliness. We want YOU to belong to it. Write to Sir Launcelot, care of THE DELINEATOR, for particulars.

Round Table Busy-ness

OUR club has had a very successful year, and we find that we have money enough for a two weeks' camping trip.

We have decided that instead of changing officers so many times we are going to let our treasurer and secretary hold their offices for six months at a time. Don't you think that this is a good plan? We are now holding meetings every two weeks, and we find that we are able to make our meetings more interesting. We have been having the debates on current events and find that these debates help to interest neighborhood boys in our club. We are getting ready now for our annual reception. You know we have a reception for our parents every year. We have ten members in our club, and find that this is a good working number. HIXSON H., Ohio.

How splendid to give the fathers and mothers a share in Round Table fun! Our Ohio knights have given us a suggestion which thousands of other Knights may follow. Let's have a fathers' and mothers' day, boys! Decorate your club-rooms for them, give them a chance to play games with you, plan your most spirited debate for this Parents' Day, and see what a good time you will all have.

Another Successful Club

THE club has had a most successful year, and the prospects for 1913 are very bright. The boys have attended the meetings very regularly, most of the meetings having a full attendance. Since I last wrote to you, our membership has increased to twenty-nine, and we now hold our meetings at the Sunday-School. Debating has proved to be more than a success. We are now preparing for a big debate on "Resolved that a Lie is Never Justifiable." The Sunday-School has been invited, and our pastor is to be the judge of the debate. Afterward, refreshments will be served by our girls' auxiliary. This meeting is expected to greatly increase our membership list.

Every Saturday morning about ten of us take a cross-country hike of about ten or fifteen miles. This Summer we are going to have a camp at Colonial Beach, and we are going to buy a canoe for it. For buying this canoe, ten dollars has been given us by a friend, and the rest of the money we expect to save.

Our Camera Club which was started just after my last letter has been enlarged to a Nature Study Club.

Each member of the club has donated several books and we have started a library. The boys have made a library table for the club-house, on which there is always to be found a copy of THE DELINEATOR. HARRY V., Florida.

Are you doing as much in your club as these boys are doing in theirs? The secret of their success lies in the fact that they are trying to interest a great many other people in their special Round Table branch. If your club plans a fine debate, why not make it a public debate and invite *your* Sunday-school mates. Why not have a girls' auxiliary to your chapter? Why not begin to-day planning your next Summer's camp? Why not begin to-day, also, deciding how you are going to raise money for the baseball outfit, the boat, the tent, the blankets you want for that camp? We all want to thank Harry for the help he has given us.

Starting a New Club

THE boys are taking a great interest in the club and are very anxious to get started. I have arranged for a club-room, and one of the other boys and I are going to wire the house so we may have electric lights. I want several new rule books, and other material to show different boys. I would like to have a batch of badges, too, several of each kind. The boys seem to want things to start right now, and that is the spirit that will make the club a fine one.

WALLACE C., New Mexico.

Wallace has all his materials. We are just as anxious to have a new club start right as the boys are themselves. We are giving you Wallace's letter to assure you that *your* new club will have its rule books, its badges and its club charter just as soon as the boys want them. Send us the names of *your* new boys right away.

Playing Club Games

OUR chapter is doing nicely. We are going to have our pictures taken. I wish you would write and tell me how to play the game of "Go-Bang." Our club likes to play games.

ROBERT T., Idaho.

Have you a large piece of bristol-board or clean cardboard? If you have, cut it eighteen inches square. Now divide this into small squares that measure three-quarters of an inch on each side. It is best to draw these lines with ink, so that there will be no danger of their rubbing off. Get the smallest-sized button-molds you can find. You will need twelve for each player and I think all your boys can play at once, although as few as four may have a game. Now paint each set of molds a different color, and you are ready to begin the game.

The game is to see who can get a certain number of counters in a straight row, either horizontally, vertically or obliquely. First agree upon the number necessary to win the game, and then when you see a boy is getting near the required number block his progress by one of your own men, while your neighbor quickly closes the other end of the line. Do not warn a boy of a move his opponent has made, but let each boy use his own eyes.

We are always so glad to tell boys how to make and play games. Does your club want a new game for its next meeting? If you do, write to us to-morrow, and your game will be sent to you at once.

A BOYS' CLUB CONSTITUTION

Boy Knights of the Round Table No. 1294

ARTICLE I

This club shall be known as The Boy Knights of the Round Table.

ARTICLE II

The object of this club shall be to promote a feeling of brotherhood among its members; to teach them the principles of loyalty, truth, kindness and chivalry, and to have a good time.

ARTICLE III

Meetings shall be held once a week, except when a two-thirds vote to the contrary is given.

ARTICLE IV

SECTION 1. Membership is open to boys of good character.

SECTION 2. Candidates' names shall be proposed at any meeting in the month, and if there are no objections they may come to the club as visitors until the first meeting in the month, when they shall be voted upon by the Knights. They shall then be initiated.

ARTICLE V

SECTION 1. The officers of this club shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and a Treasurer.

SECTION 2. The President presides at all business meetings. He appoints all committees unless a two-thirds vote to the contrary is given.

SECTION 3. The Vice-President presides during the absence of the President. He takes the place of that officer if he resigns.

SECTION 4. All officers hold office for four months. At the last meeting of the fourth month new officers shall be elected.

SECTION 5. The Secretary has charge of all the correspondence and reports of the club, and calls the roll.

SECTION 6. The Treasurer collects the dues and takes charge of same.

SECTION 7. The place of any officer who resigns is filled at once; but the term of the newly elected officer ends when that of his predecessor should have ended.

LAWRENCE C., Minnesota.

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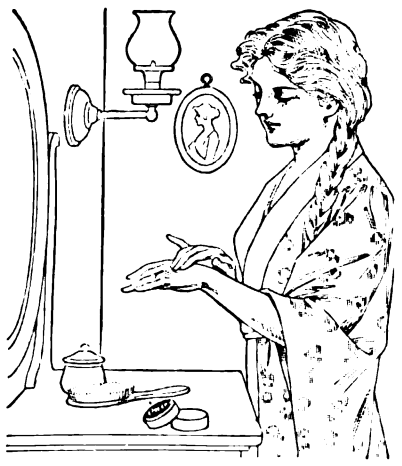
Red Rough Hands Made Soft and White



By Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Treatment: On retiring, soak the hands in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston. Tender-faced men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Liberal sample free.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing Trained This Nurse at Home

"My association with The Chautauqua School of Nursing has been the pleasantest year of my life. In the year since my study I have had 18 cases and earned $640."
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Write for "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book, explaining our correspondence and home practice method; 370 pages with the experiences of our graduates. 48 specimen lesson pages sent free.

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THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
309 Main Street, Jamestown, N.Y.
12th Year

Chic Voile Waist $1.00 Post Paid

WE want to introduce to you our Spring Selections of Women's Wearing Apparel, of which this handsome Voile Waist is a good example; beautifully made, front bands embroidered in fine Japanese floss in a handsome floral design, set between rows of Cluny pattern lace, tucks on either side, long straight lines, collar of beautiful Cluny lace edged with neat lawn band, with Black Velvet Directoire Bow held in place by straps of Cluny lace. Full-length sleeves, Directoire fashion, carefully shaped, trimmed with groups of pin tucks, French frill lace insertion. Back of Waist has straight line effect with groups of pin tucks, fastened with fine Pearl buttons. Comes only in White Voile with Black Velvet Bow. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust measure. **No. 5056. Postpaid, $1.00.** Your money refunded if not satisfactory. Send to-day for your copy of our new Spring Catalog. SENT FREE.

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Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes* and *Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 yrs.*

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. **A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.**

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U. S., *without a cent in advance.* **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *a marvelous new offer.* A postal brings everything. *Write it now.*

TIRES **Coaster Brake Rear Wheels,** lamps, parts, and sundries *half usual prices.* **Rider Agents** everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G-21, CHICAGO

"HOW TO TRIM A HAT AT HOME" Here's an interesting little booklet, that will help you save money. You will be surprised how cheaply and easily you can duplicate hats which you have admired and have never been able to buy—hats that sell for $30 and $40. It is simpler than you ever imagined.

FREE!

Write us for this little booklet, which is sent you *absolutely free.* Just drop us a postal, saying "Please send me your *free* booklet, *'How to Trim a Hat at Home.'*"

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

IT IS TO LAUGH!

SOME OF THE FUNNY THINGS OUR BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE SAID

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD was being taught his catechism. His mother was emphasizing the fact that God knew all things and could do all things. After thinking seriously a few minutes, he said: "Mama, I bet I know sumpin He can't do—I bet He can't make Hisself into a spoon and then eat out of it."

LITTLE Carrie had never before seen a porous plaster. "What are the holes for?" she asked.

Tommy, who is a year older than Carrie, replied: "It's funny you don't know that, Carrie; they're to let the pain out."

"ROBERT," said his Sunday-school teacher, "give the definition of a lie."

"A lie," responded the little boy deliberately, "is—is an abomination to the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble."

KATHERINE had an encounter with the Plymouth Rock rooster, and ran crying to her mother, who, drying the baby's tears, asked, "Was it the ugly red rooster?"

"No," sobbed Katherine, "it was the gingham one."

ON CHRISTMAS DAY several friends called to wish Charles the compliments of the season and each handed him a present, saying, "Santa left this at our house for you."

At the close of the day while he and his father were arranging his gifts around the tree, he stopped suddenly and looking up at his father with a don't-you-tell expression on his little face, whispered, "Father, Santa's an awful bum delivery man, isn't he?"

"Why, what makes you think that?"

"Well, he just spilled my presents all over the street."

THE white pony owned by the next-door children was much admired by our little girl, who recently enjoyed her first ride on his back.

"Weren't you afraid?" we asked upon her return.

"Oh, no," she said. "I couldn't reach his pants, so I hung on to his feathers."

HE HAD been given the book "Little Boy Blue," and was very much impressed with it. A few nights following he was sent to bed as usual. His mother later was very much surprised and worried to find him missing from his bed. A general search was made of the house and he was finally located under the hat-rack. On being awakened he said: "I's under the haystack fast as'eep."

MOTHER had given Tom two pieces of cake, one for himself and one for little brother Gordon. As he toddled off she asked if he could tell the pieces apart. "Oh, yes," he assured her, "I took a bite out of Gordon's so I'd know it!"

A LITTLE girl who was learning to spell simple words of one syllable astonished her teacher one day by spelling "U-p, up—p-u, down."

JIMMY COE returned from his first Sunday-school breathless with excitement.

"Why, Jimmy," asked his puzzled mother, "where did you get two pennies?"

"Oh," replied Jimmy pridefully, "they passed around a whole basket of pennies and I took one."

WE WERE bemoaning Uncle Jim's deafness, when little Alice, aged five, exclaimed: "Why, any one could say something behind his back right before his face."

Anyone can make Home Portraits

From a Kodak Negative (Reduced)

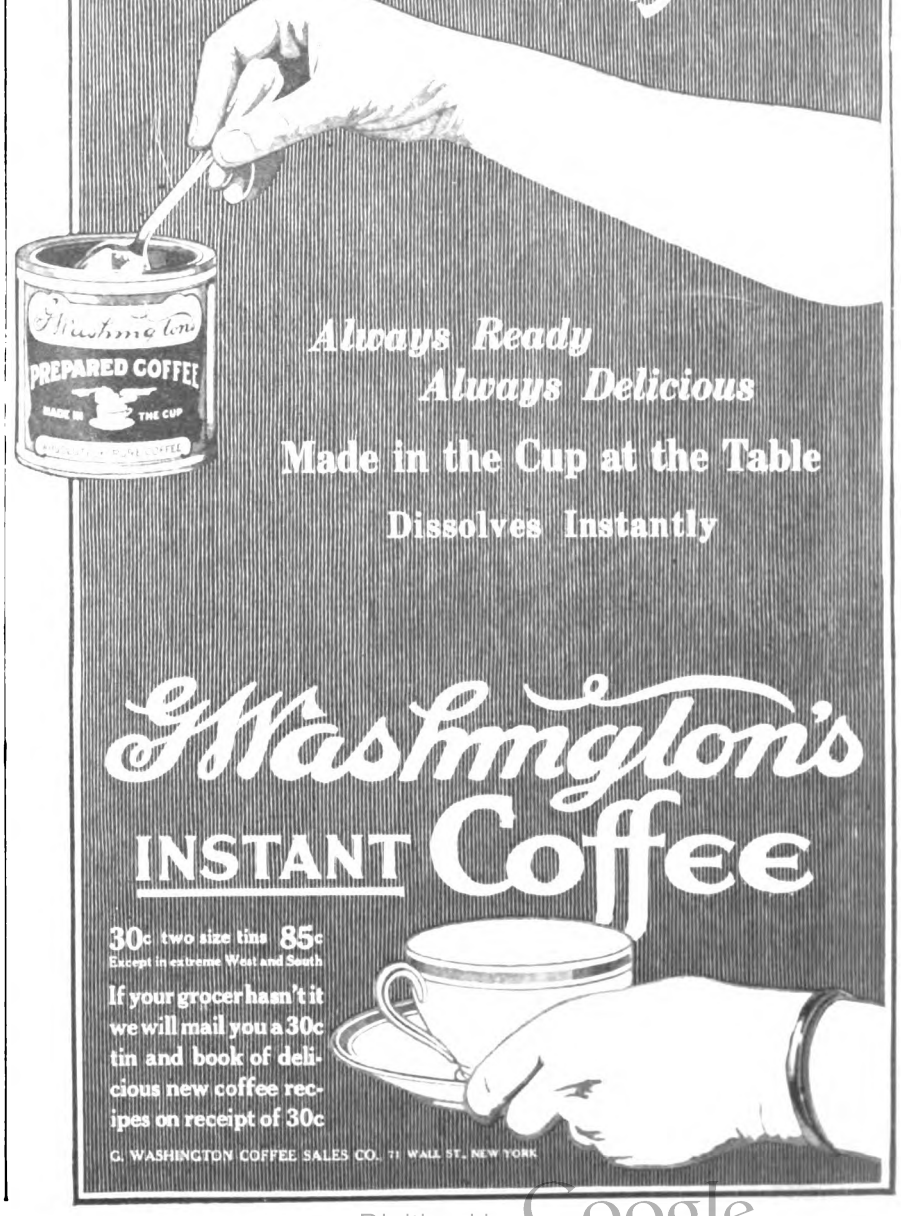
The Kodak Way

The deep satisfaction and pleasure of intimate home portraits of family and friends—taken in the every-day home surroundings and atmosphere, are possible to every Kodak owner.

Ordinary window lighting—no dark room required for any of the work—not even for developing and printing.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Instant Coffee



Always Ready
Always Delicious

Made in the Cup at the Table

Dissolves Instantly

Washington's INSTANT Coffee

30c two size tins 85c
Except in extreme West and South

If your grocer hasn't it we will mail you a 30c tin and book of delicious new coffee recipes on receipt of 30c

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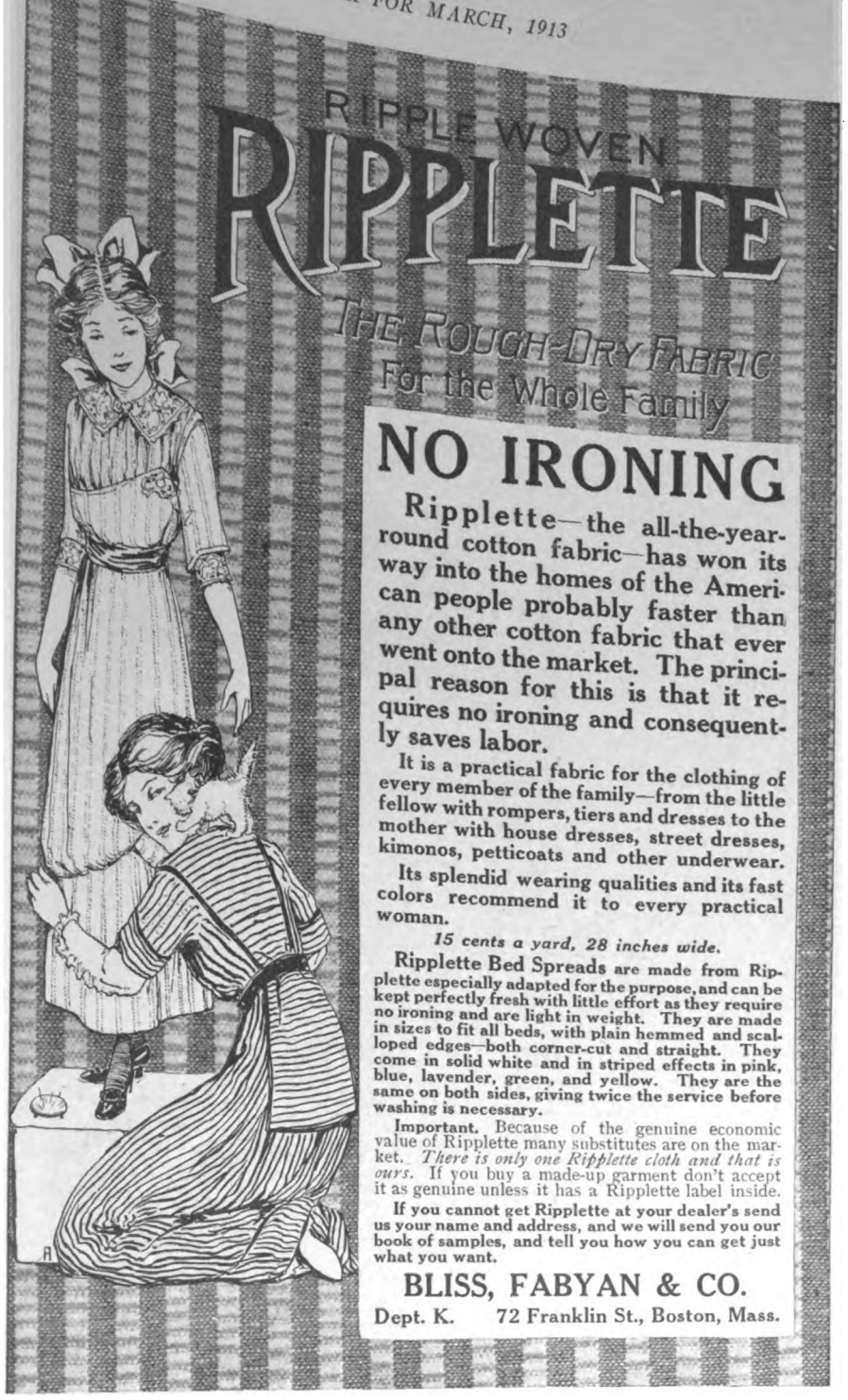

RIPPLE WOVEN

RIPPLETTE

THE ROUGH-DRY FABRIC
For the Whole Family

NO IRONING

Ripplette—the all-the-year-round cotton fabric—has won its way into the homes of the American people probably faster than any other cotton fabric that ever went onto the market. The principal reason for this is that it requires no ironing and consequently saves labor.

It is a practical fabric for the clothing of every member of the family—from the little fellow with rompers, tiers and dresses to the mother with house dresses, street dresses, kimonos, petticoats and other underwear.

Its splendid wearing qualities and its fast colors recommend it to every practical woman.

15 cents a yard, 28 inches wide.

Ripplette Bed Spreads are made from Ripplette especially adapted for the purpose, and can be kept perfectly fresh with little effort as they require no ironing and are light in weight. They are made in sizes to fit all beds, with plain hemmed and scalloped edges—both corner-cut and straight. They come in solid white and in striped effects in pink, blue, lavender, green, and yellow. They are the same on both sides, giving twice the service before washing is necessary.

Important. Because of the genuine economic value of Ripplette many substitutes are on the market. *There is only one Ripplette cloth and that is ours.* If you buy a made-up garment don't accept it as genuine unless it has a Ripplette label inside.

If you cannot get Ripplette at your dealer's send us your name and address, and we will send you our book of samples, and tell you how you can get just what you want.

BLISS, FABYAN & CO.
Dept. K. 72 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

To THE DELINEATOR Readers

If you know any trustworthy man or woman, young or old, who wants a chance to get ahead, you can do them a big favor by showing them this advertisement. It presents a real opportunity for exceptionally well-paid spare-time or permanent employment.

Extra Money for THE DELINEATOR Representatives

Will YOU Be Our Representative In Your Town?

We have representatives now in over 10,000 towns and cities—boys and girls 15 years old to men and women 80 years young. In some cities we want *more* representatives to take care of our rapidly growing subscription list. In thousands of towns where we are not now represented, we want some one to collect the renewal orders of our present subscribers and forward new subscriptions. The pay is exceptional. Many of our representatives

Earn $1.00 an Hour In Spare Time

This is possible only under the plan by which our representatives are rewarded—the fairest and most liberal that could be devised. Liberal commissions are paid on every order and *extra prize money* at the end of each month to *every representative who sends us five or more subscriptions.*

Prizes every month for every representative who sends five or more subscriptions—all in addition to the liberal commission paid on each order—make our field staff the largest and best-paid force of subscription-getters in the world. Our offer to representatives is the most liberal ever made by any magazine. To get full particulars,

Fill out this coupon to-day

M D

December Prizes Won Easily

Miss Mary E. Kyle, in a city of 79,000, sent 29 subscriptions and won $25.00.

Leslie Curtis, in a town of 24,000 population, sent 11 subscriptions and won $5.00.

W. J. Graham, in a town of 9,500 population, sent 15 subscriptions and won $10.00.

J. H. Brignall, Mrs. H. C. Minor, Mrs. M. J. Wiley, all in towns of less than 7,500 population, each sent 20 subscriptions and each won $20.00.

W. W. Williams, in a town of less than 1,000 population, sent 22 subscriptions and won $15.00.

Ada Carr, in a town of 750 population, sent 7 subscriptions and won $4.00.

These prizes, remember, were all in addition to the commissions we paid on each order.

Do these rewards seem exceptional? There were hundreds of other representatives who were equally well paid.

More Prizes Next Month and Easier Than Ever to Win

Experience is not essential. We train you in the work. Each month there are "beginners" among the biggest workers. We do not want "canvassers"—but who are known and respected

Why Be "Hard Up" When Money is So Easily Earned?

It should not be hard for YOU to earn $1.00 for every hour you devote to our interests.

THE DELINEATOR
Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York.

Send me full particulars regarding commissions and prizes offered representatives. I would like to represent you in (name of town) .....

I can devote ..... hours a week to your interests.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

JENNY WREN CORNER

THERE'S REAL WORK GOING ON IN THE DOLLS' DRESSMAKING SHOP

NOTE—Do you know about the Jenny Wren Club of THE DELINEATOR? *It aims, first of all, to teach its members how to sew; but it helps to give them such good times, too. The Club has thousands of members now, and it wants* YOU *to join. Write to Catherine Heath, care of* THE DELINEATOR, *for particulars.*

MY DEAR GIRLS—You do enjoy being real doll dressmakers, do you not? It is just the happiest way to spend your Club afternoon, is it not, dressing a doll for some other little girl who is not so fortunate as you are in being able to sew? You have fitted up your Club-rooms as make-believe dressmaking shops and have made sample books of dolls' styles as I told you how last month.

You have a supply of dolls' patterns and a big roll of beautiful pieces; sheer white cotton and lawn and lace ends for dolly's underclothes, pretty flowered dimity and colored linens and gay ginghams for dresses—warmer days are coming, you know—and soft flannel for coats and kimonos. You have some pink and blue baby ribbon, too, for flower-like bows and rosettes. *And* you have learned just how to use a dolly's pattern.

First, you carefully measure a doll customer who comes to your doll dressmaking shop, to be quite sure that you have a pattern that will fit her. Then you should never forget to read the directions for cutting that are printed on the envelope pattern, and if there are any long words such as "perforations" or "lengthwise fold" which puzzle you, you must ask your Club Director or a big sister to explain them, because it is only by following these directions that the finished garment will have the right lines.

Why, here comes a wee dolly customer—a baby doll with short curling ringlets of yellow hair all over her sweet round head, just two pearly teeth and *no* clothes, poor baby. You see she was a birthday gift to the little-girl-who-can't-sew and she has brought her to you for her christening wardrobe.

This Must Be a Well-Dressed Baby

FIRST of all find a piece of white flannel and make a flannel skirt for dolly. This can be cut kimono style, which will give you only two seams to sew. These should be made entirely by hand, closely seamed and felled and hemmed. Then tiny buttons and buttonholes follow.

The flannel petticoat must have the seam open and cat-stitched. The hem must also be cat-stitched in from the right side with embroidery silk. The placket is hemmed by hand, narrow side down and wide side up, and it is gathered and sewed to a straight band, long enough to go round dolly and lap well. This is pinned with small safety-pins.

The white skirt will need only one seam—in the back—which will also make the placket. It would be exceedingly pretty to roll and whip some lace on a ruffle, and then roll and gather the ruffle to the lower edge of the skirt. This skirt may have a baby waist without sleeves. Edge the armholes and neck with very narrow lace.

The dress may have a feather-stitched hem. Also feather-stitch the tiny hemmed neck and sleeve edges and where the skirt and waist are joined. The dress will need no trimming save a few tucks in the waist, and a tiny lace edge for the sleeves and neck. Wee buttons and buttonholes must fasten it.

The baby cap should have three tiny tucks in the head-piece, and it is edged with the same narrow lace. Also lace-edged strings.

If any of the Jenny Wrens can crochet a sack and booties made of white saxony and edged with pink or blue silk, they would add a fine baby-like finishing touch to this outfit, or these can be made from white flannel and edged with narrow ribbon. Your patterns will give you explicit directions for making a flannel sack.

Now Comes the Bride

WHEN the baby doll is dressed in her sweet layette that you have made with your very own fingers, you are almost sorry to give her up, but *how* her little girl mother's eyes shine as she carries her baby home, and here is another doll customer who crosses the threshold of your dolls' dressmaking shop.

She is a very important customer, girls. Who *do* you suppose she is? Why, a dear little doll bride who wants you to make her trousseau!

Oh, if she were only able to talk, what stories she would tell you of the wonderful things that are going to happen to her! She plans to move into a perfectly new little house on the Main street of Toy Village—a house that has *four* rooms.

One room is the cozy dolls' kitchen. It has a real little iron cook-stove, with a wee tin teakettle and a little blue enamel frying-pan and more blue enamel pots and kettles, and a tiny, shining dish-pan hung in a row on the wall. There is a little wooden kitchen-table and on it there are toy vegetables and cakes and loaves of bread.

One room is the dining-room with an oak dining-table and four chairs and a set of dishes that has *every* dish from a teapot to a soup tureen.

One room is a bedroom with a little white bed and a little dresser and chintz curtains at the windows. One room is the parlor where the furniture is upholstered in rose-pink damask and there is a long gilt mirror.

Of Course She Shall Have a Trousseau!

FIRST you find your lady dolls' underwear patterns and make her a nightgown, a petticoat, and a combination suit. You use very fine white muslin for this dolly bride's underwear and trim it with narrow lace. Just above the lace you sew a narrow beading and in this beading run lengths of ribbon.

Her beautiful wedding-dress comes next. I *hope* that you have a scrap of white satin or white brocaded satin to use for the dress and some white lace for the veil, but she will be a happy bride doll in a white lawn or swiss wedding-dress if silk or satin are not available.

Now, using a pattern for a lady dolls' dress with a train, cut and make the little wedding-dress with its draped skirt and long train, its little short sleeves and the fichu that folds over the dolly bride's shoulders. A bunch of little silk roses made from shirred ribbon covers the fastening of the fichu to the waist and a wreath of the same roses holds the lace veil in place on dolly's head.

The bride doll will need a kimono. White China silk will be so pretty to use for this and the edges may have folds of pink or blue satin ribbon. A white linen kimono will be pretty too, with bands of contrasting linen for trimming. And the most-comfortable-of-all kimono, even for a doll, is made of pink or blue flannel or flannelet.

She will need an automobile coat, too, an automobile bonnet to tie close down under her chin and keep her hair in place. Every doll in Toy Village has an automobile and your bride doll tells you that she plans to take a honeymoon touring trip.

How my Jenny Wren girls' fingers and needles fly as they sit around their sewing-tables in their dolls' dressmaking rooms in almost every city in our United States, and up in Canada and down in Cuba and across the ocean dressing a bride doll and a baby doll. You see, everywhere there are bride dolls and baby dolls waiting to be dressed.

I wish that I might look in on you as you work and help you. Come to me, though, dear Wrens, as often through your letters this month as you did last month. I have another suggestion to make. I wanted to tell you how to make a little trunk to hold dolls' clothes and I haven't room for another word. I will tuck it in my answers to your letters.

Affectionately,
CATHERINE HEATH.

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The Pillow That Set The Whole Nation Thinking

There was a time when any pillow was considered "good enough"—no matter how old, lumpy, "*Lifeless*" or dust laden. But physicians took up the issue and pointed out this danger to health—particularly to growing children. So there came a reaction—a plea for hygienic pillows.

Trade Mark

Mother Goose Pillows

fulfil this plea. They are filled with choicest feathers—cleaned and sterilized by our exclusive, patented process—eliminating all dust, odor or impurities. Discard your old, worn-out pillows and enjoy a real night's rest. We've made good pillows for 54 years. But here is crystallized our 54 success. Light, luxurious, restful, hygienic pillows. Emphatically guaranteed to be clean. Sold to you in sealed, sanitary paper bags. Yet all this extra hygienic luxury and protection costs you no more than the ordinary kind.

These pillows tempt healthful sleep—that restful sleep that puts you right. Get your pillow sleep—it is a luxury and costs no more. Ask your dealer or them direct for [illegible]

FREE TO WOMEN—"Our Magic" Booklet of Quick Book sent free to any woman who will send us your name today.

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Fashioning the Feet of the Future

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Aids the shapely and healthy development of children's feet; encourages correct walking and a graceful carriage; helps weak ankles, supports arch and prevents "flat foot."

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 50 years.

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Baby's Safety Sleeping Belt

Mothers may rest at night

Knowing **baby cannot get uncovered**—**get up or down,** or **out of bed**—may **roll from side to side** without bumping against the sides of the bed—**kick his legs, wave his arms**—and **breathe freely** when he wears **Baby's Safety Sleeping Belt.** Sent to any address for $1.00, and name of your dealer. Sizes 1, 2 and 3.

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Totally different and far superior to any other rugs woven from old carpets. You choose the color and size of your new rug. Plain, fancy or oriental patterns. **Reversible,** seamless, soft, bright and durable—guaranteed to wear 10 years. **Money back if not satisfied.** Every order completed within three days. Your old carpets are worth money; you can save half the cost of new rugs.

FREE Write for book of designs in colors, our liberal freight payment offer and full information.

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Send 4c for 5 Samples of Ayer Toilet Necessities

and see for yourself why three generations of refined women have recognized HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S preparations as pure, effective and delightful dressing-table friends. 4c in stamps brings you trial pkges. of Ayer's Face Powder, Face Cream, Luxuria (the premier cleansing cream), Nail Bleach and Cuticle Softener. Send today.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 326 E. 34th St., New York

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

AUNT BETTY'S LETTER

A PRIZE CONTEST, TOO!

DEAREST BOYS AND GIRLS: Just now as I begin my letter to you, dears, a soft little wind blows in my door and rustles around among all the precious letters you wrote me that lie on my desk. So I stop writing and listen to the whispering voice of that little, wandering March wind. I really *have* to listen to it, for it puffs and tugs and pulls and *makes* me.

Why, the March wind is talking to me!

"I started from Jack's house this morning," my little March breeze whispers, "and I saw Jack out helping his father spade the garden. Jack said to tell you that he's *planting* early so as to *pick* early!"

And the March breeze goes on telling me stories.

"I stopped at Helen's house," it says, "and Helen is writing you a letter, *all full of kisses.* I just passed Benny on the way to school and he said to tell you that he is at the head of his class, now. Dorothy says to tell you that she *loved* the last long letter you wrote her——"

The March breeze begins to puff away toward the window, but I call to it to stop:

"Wait, little tramp breeze! Before you go, *please* take a message to my *thousands* of boys and girls. Tell them that Aunt Betty loves every single one of her nieces and nephews and wants to have a letter from each one this month."

SO WHEN you hear the March wind blowing in *your* chimneys and rattling at your windows and shrilling in your keyholes, listen hard, dears, to what it says. It has come all the way from the giant Butterick Building to sing to you about Aunt Betty's love and tell you *how* happy your letters make her.

It's going to be one of your busiest months, isn't it, children? You will want to rake and fork and spade and get the ground all ready for the first vegetable planting. You will want to rake away carefully the leaves that were a bedquilt for your bulbs all Winter and see if the dainty white snowdrops and purple crocuses are pushing through the ground. My down-South girlies will be picking big bunches of violets to wear on their pretty, white dresses, and my up-North boys will still have to ride their ponies through the snow to post their DELINEATOR letters.

Such a big, busy, happy family as we are, and *how* I wish that I had you right here in the Butterick Building where I could *talk* to you instead of just writing. When you write to me, this month, tell me all about what you are playing outdoors. I have hidden some March play friends for you. Can you find them?

Your loving.
AUNT BETTY

Find Your March Play Friends

T—K—I—E.
L—B—A—L.
S—M—R—A—E—L—B.
I—N—P—E—W—H—L—E.
O—P—H—O.

For the ten best solutions of this puzzle, ten prizes of one dollar each will be given. Send your answers to Aunt Betty, care of THE DELINEATOR, before March fifteenth.

Our Lucky December Boys and Girls

Laura Trevenen, Iowa
Ruth Garver, Kansas
Dorothy Watson, Kentucky
Lawrence Smart, Louisiana
Rosa Nell Zavina, Indiana.
Gladys G. Smith, Maine
Kathryn Staub Payne, Maryland.
Marie Sewell, Canada
Lois G. Hilton, South Dakota
Vernice Giolette, Canal Zone

MAKE DRESS FITTING BOTH A PLEASURE AND A SATISFACTION

by using an ADJUSTABLE **Acme Form!** AUTOMATIC

Trying to fit a dress without a dress form is tiresome and disappointing.

To get perfect results you must have a dress form. You can't get along without one; *it is just as necessary as a sewing machine.*

THE ACME FORM is one of the latest, most improved dress making necessities. It will reproduce every line and curve of your figure.

ONCE IT IS ADJUSTED IT BECOMES YOU

THE ACME FORM is AUTOMATICALLY and INDEPENDENTLY adjustable at neck, bust, waist, hips and skirt, by simply turning the little wheels at the top.

Your money gladly refunded if it doesn't exactly reproduce your figure.

DONT MAKE ANOTHER DRESS WITHOUT A DRESS FORM

WRITE TODAY for illustrated book of styles and prices

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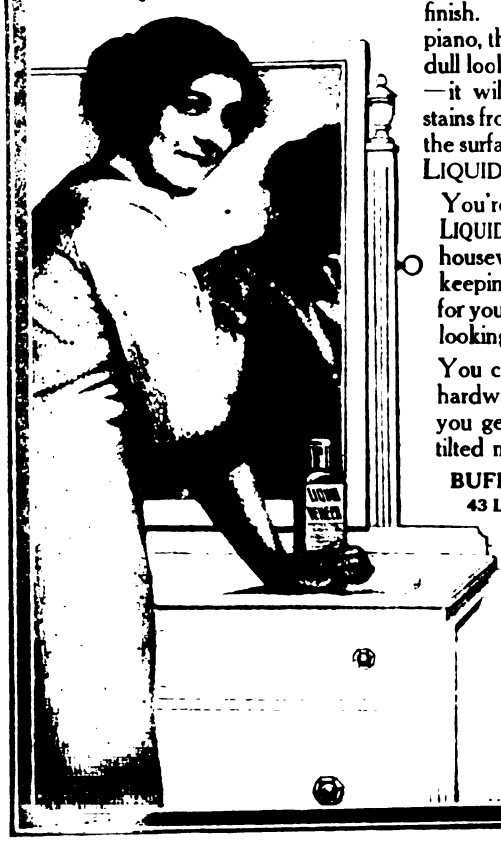
Keep Your Home Beautiful And Attractive Throughout

You like to see your furniture looking new and your home bright and at its best throughout all the time. You will be surprised and pleased to see how easily you can accomplish this, if you dust

With

LIQUID VENEER

No matter how dull your furniture and woodwork have become, simply dusting with LIQUID VENEER on a cheese cloth will revive the original beauty of its finish. It will take that smoky look off your piano, those white spots off the table top, that dull look from your white enameled furniture—it will remove all dust, dirt, grime and stains from everything instantly, and will leave the surface as bright and clean as when new. LIQUID VENEER is also a germ destroyer.



You're not experimenting when you use LIQUID VENEER. It is used by thousands of housewives and known as a good housekeeping necessity. Get a bottle and see for yourself how easy it is to keep everything looking like new with LIQUID VENEER.

You can get it at any good grocery, drug, hardware or department store. Be sure you get the yellow carton with the black tilted name, LIQUID VENEER.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
43 Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N.Y.

You can get a **Free Trial Bottle** by filling in and mailing the attached coupon.

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43 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.
Please send me, free, a trial bottle of LIQUID VENEER.
Name .....
St. & No. .....
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Slip-on Raincoats

For that comfortable satisfactory feeling of complete protection on a stormy day wear a Kenreign Slip-on.

Consideration for your health; care for your clothing; personal comfort and correct appearance; all demand a garment of absolute reliability.

Slip-ons are made of rubberized cloth. The permanent wearing quality of this material depends entirely on the grade of rubber used and the process of vulcanizing. No other cloth is so susceptible to unskilled or deceptive manufacture.

You should look for

The Kenreign Label

Every yard of cloth used in Kenreign Coats is carefully treated. Pure Para Rubber is milled, properly compounded, and applied to the cloth. It is then correctly vulcanized and subjected to severe tests for permanent waterproof qualities.

A Kenreign Weatherproof will not fall apart; the rubber will not soften nor will it grow hard and stiff, making the garment useless. You are protected from these defects by the Kenreign label.

Kenreign Slip-on Coats are made in all suitable shades and styles for men and women. Prices range from $5.00 to $45.00.

Sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

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Have Your Boys and Girls Wear

Velvet Grip

RUBBER BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER

It holds the stocking firmly and neatly—will not let go until released—is easily managed by small fingers. Wears longest because of its superior quality.

For Lively Little People

For Sale in Stores Everywhere.

Children's sample pair, 16c. postpaid (GIVE AGE)

GEORGE FROST CO. Makers, Boston

DINGEE Roses

Sturdy as Oaks. *Founded 1850*

Dingee roses are always grown on their own roots—and are absolutely *the best* for the amateur planter. Write for our New Guide to Rose Culture, for 1913—it's free. It isn't a catalog—it's an educational work on rose growing. Profusely illustrated—the cover pictures the new Charles Dingee—best, handiest free-blooming rose in many years—the rest are all extremes. We have plan to prepay all express and guarantee safe delivery. Established 1850.

The Conard Co., Box 329, West Grove, Pa.

PRAY'S

PRETTY [illegible]

FLOUN[illegible]
WORKE[illegible]

THE little girl's dress [illegible] good lines and prop[illegible] air of style in the most [illegible] has a pretty and becoming [illegible] lines and either of two styles [illegible] sleeves sewed into slightly d[illegible] be high or French and the s[illegible] or gathered. To reproduce the [illegible] a Butterick transfer may be [illegible] the collar is another good idea.

For a little girl of four years, th[illegible] of material twenty-seven inches w[illegible] the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5999 may be obtained in [illegible] to eight years, price fifteen cents.

Dress 6004

Dress 5990

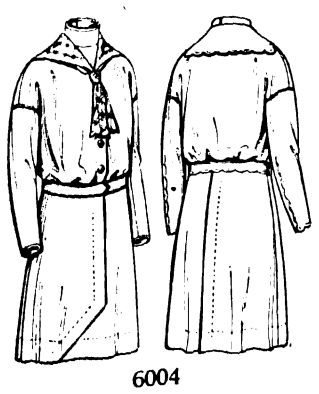
Dress 5999

Dress 5988

IT IS probably the front closing line which first attracts one to design 6004. One finds it decorative and stylish and at the same time a most practical idea. A second glance discovers the very fashionable dropped shoulder, and then one is pleased that the collar is so becoming and that the design can be easily copied. The blouse is cut in one with the upper part of the sleeves which may be full length, dart-fitted below the elbow, or shorter, and the attached skirt is in four pieces. A removable shield is provided. For materials, cotton ratine, linen, piqué, galatea, serge, Bedford cord and stripes are suggested.

For a girl of ten years, one yard and seven-eighths of material fifty inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6004 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



6004

5990

SERGE trimmed with braid, white piqué with a dotted collar, a colored linen scalloped with white, or repp, chambray or gingham trimmed with bias bands will make an extremely good-looking little dress from design 5988. This is a straight, box-plaited dress with a collar in sailor or rounding outline and full-length sleeves in either of two styles or shorter sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes. There is a removable shield for those who do not want the open neck. A Butterick transfer may be obtained for the scallop shown in the small view.

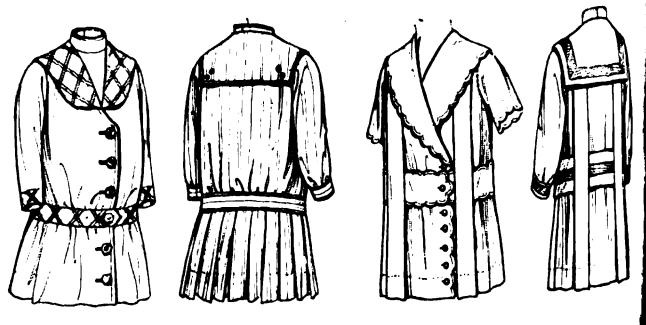
For a little girl of seven years, three yards of material forty-four inches wide and two yards and one-eighth of braid will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5988 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5990 will make a very smart linen or piqué dress with its bretelles and peplum of contrasting material or a pretty chambray frock with these edged with Hamburg insertion. It may also be made of poplin or galatea without the bretelles and front and back peplums and may be trimmed with contrasting collar, cuffs and belt. The neck may be high, French round or square and the sleeves, which are sewed into slightly deep armholes, in full length or in either of two styles or shorter. Plaits at the side of the attached two-piece skirt give it good lines.

For a girl of nine years, one yard of plain material twenty-seven inches wide, with two yards of dotted forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5990 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



5999

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

FROCKS FOR GIRLS

BEST DRESSES AND A HAND-LINEN ONE VERY SMARTLY

WITH its long waist and jaunty flaring skirt, panel front and shoulder tucks, design 6009 has exceptionally attractive lines. They make it as smart in galatea or chambray as in linen or French gingham. With the straight skirt gathered instead of plaited, the design is also suitable for lawn or batiste. The neck may be high, French round or square and the one-seam sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes in full or shorter length. Buttons and buttonholes in a fly close the dress the entire length of the back. To reproduce the embroidery, Butterick transfers may be used.

For a little girl of five years, two yards and one-quarter thirty-six inches wide will be required.

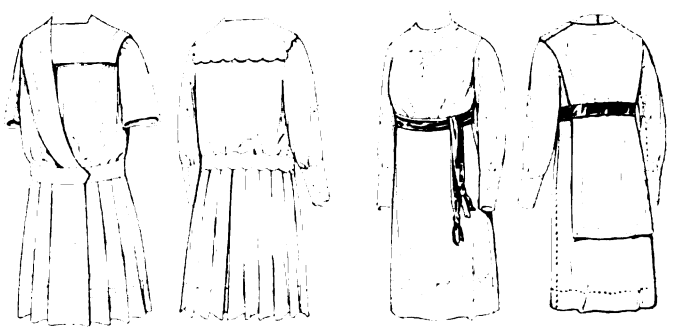
Design 6009 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.

Dress 6009 Dress 5979

EFFECTIVE lingerie dresses can be made for girls by using flouncing for the skirt and a plain swiss or batiste for the waist. If the waist can be trimmed with a matching edging the effect is really very nice. In design 5977, the pliated or gathered skirt is straight and the pretty one-sided collar has a straight outer edge. It is therefore an exceptionally desirable design for flouncing and bordered goods. It may have full length or shorter one-seam sleeves.

For a girl of eleven years, two yards and five-eighths of flouncing eighteen and one-half inches wide, seven-eighths of a yard twelve and three-quarter inches wide, one yard and one-half five and one-half inches wide, one-half yard of narrower edging to trim the skirt, and one yard and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5977 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

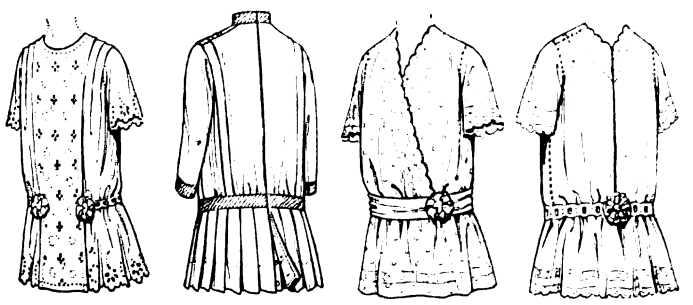


5977 6024

FRENCH dresses are a favorite style for little lingerie frocks. Like design 5979 they have frequently little straight gathered skirts which may be made of flouncing, but one has usually to buy a matching swiss or batiste for the waist. The waist of design 5979 may, however, also be made of flouncing, as its surplice fronts and short sleeves have straight edges. The sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes. Bordered lawns and cotton crêpes will also be pretty in this design.

For a little girl of six years, four yards and seven-eighths of flouncing sixteen inches wide and seven-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for folds to trim will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 5979 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.



6009 5979

DESIGN 6024 has the Empire lines that are being used a great deal now for girls' pretty dress-up frocks. The high waistline and the narrow two or three-piece skirt are delightful on girlish figures and wonderfully smart too. They give style to the design even when the jumper, which trims it in the figure illustration, is omitted. High, French round and square necks and full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves are possibilities of the design. The sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes.

For a girl of nine years, one yard and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, two yards of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide, and six yards and one-half of insertion, will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6024 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

The Party Beverage

Welch's is a treat that is *good* for children. It contributes to happiness and health. They may not consider quality as you do, but the quality is what gives Welch's the delicious taste over which they smack their little lips.

Welch's
"The National Drink"

For the children's party make this simple punch. They will enjoy it, and you know how much children like to have the same things "grown-ups" enjoy.

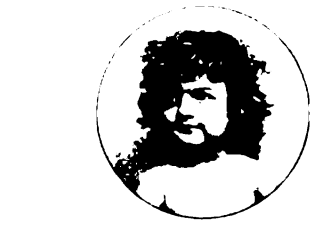
WELCH PUNCH: Take the juice of three lemons and one orange; one pint of Welch's, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Mix, garnish with sliced fruits, and serve very cold.

Order a case of Welch's of your dealer and have a supply in the home. If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3.

Sample 4-ounce bottle, by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.

Welch's, the National Drink, is recommended in the Hygienic Manual Book of Pure Foods.



"I wear Kleinerts"

Waterproof Baby Pants

So I'm a comfort to my mother and her friends."

Single Texture, 25c. Double Texture, 50c.

AMAMI SHAMPOO
OF EGYPTIAN HENNA

A delightful shampoo which, while it does not change the color of any shade of hair, imparts a beautiful lustre. Stimulates healthy growth. A dainty Prichard & Constance product for fastidious women. 60c. a box at first class Toilet Counters. A sample for 10c.

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Sole Agents for North America 49-51 West 22nd St., New York

FAY "Ideal" STOCKINGS

We will guarantee to keep your child in Fay Ideal Stockings for less money, less bother, less darning, look better, feel better and be better summer and winter than you can with any other stocking made. Try them now. Satisfaction or money back. Button at waist, no supporters to buy. Where no dealer mailed postpaid. Write for folder.

THE FAY STOCKING CO., BOX 108, ELYRIA, O.

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Good-bye Old Hook and Eye

TO-DAY'S fashions demand the Koh-i-noor Dress Fastener—you must have it or be out of style. Koh-i-noor adds to the fit and appearance of waists, dresses, skirts, collars, sleeves, etc. It can't come unfastened, always lies flat and smooth, never gaps or bulges, has no points to catch on lace or hair. It saves time, temper and eye-strain; can't rust or pull off in the wringer. *You can sew it on any way you like—no special directions necessary.*

Koh-i-noor PAT WALDESPRING DRESS FASTENER

KOH-I-NOOR is the imported Dress Fastener that all Europe uses. Fashion masters such as Paquin, Redfern, Worth, etc., adopted it on sight. Modistes, tailors and ready-to-wear manufacturers of this country are all saying "Good-bye, old hook and eye." Get Koh-i-noor in your new garments—it means better looks, wear and satisfaction. Look for the letters K. I. N.—none other contains the Waldespring, the patented part necessary for security.

Write us name of your dealer and we'll send you our Premium Book, showing gifts redeemable for the coupons on each card.

Waldes & Co., Makers, 134 Fifth Av., N. Y.

Prague Dresden Paris Warsaw London

RENFREW DEVONSHIRE CLOTH

32 INCH

The Cloth for Spring Wash Dresses

Will outwear Galatea.
Heavier than Gingham.
A finish like Linen.
Yarn-dyed, not printed.
Stripes, Checks and Plain Shades.
Sun Proof and Tub Proof.
Full 32 inches wide.

Buy this cloth for ladies', misses' and children's wash dresses, skirts, waists, kimonos, children's play clothes and rompers, and men's pajamas and negligee shirts.

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BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying on method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms"

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime. *Write for Illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.*

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co.
20 W. 22d St., NEW YORK
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TORONTO, CAN.

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

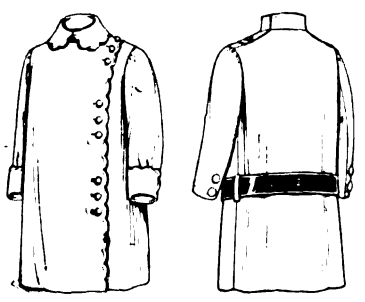
Dress 5985; hat 5970 — Coat 6030; hat 5970 — Coat 6007 — Coat 6014

[*Hat 5970 described on page 196*]

FOR immediate wear, the dress shown in design 5985 will be useful and good-looking in serge or Bedford cord or in a light-weight striped cheviot, but for the warm days of the Spring term one will want it made of piqué, galatea, linen, gingham or cotton ratine. It may even be preferred in the heavy cottons for all the year round wear where houses and schoolrooms are well and sometimes over heated. Its plain straight lines are well-suited to a firm material and its simplicity is in the very best taste. Trimming pieces of a contrasting material relieve it nicely, but are not necessary. Hand-embroidery, for instance, may be used instead, that shown here being an adaptation of Butterick transfers. The dress is cut in one piece with round or square neck and is slipped on over the head.

For a girl of eleven years, four yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide with five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 5985 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



6030

WITH the vogue of Russian coats and blouses for older girls and women, the popularity of Russian coats for younger children has greatly increased. The best varieties of these are combined in design 6030, which contains a standing and rolling collar, sleeves in plain coat and bishop styles and one of the new wide belts as well as the regulation belt. The coat may also be worn without a belt and with or without cuffs. The fulness at the top of the sleeves may be slightly gathered or shrunken out. It may be made of serge, cheviot, satin, or piqué.

For a little girl of six years, one yard and one-half of material fifty inches wide with five-eighths of a yard of contrasting twenty-seven will be required for the coat as on the figure.

Design 6030 may be obtained in fourteen sizes, from one to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

A VERY smart coat for girls may be made from design 6007 of serge, ratine or checks trimmed with satin. And a most attractive one for Summer may be made from the design of linen, poplin or piqué embroidered by hand. A design for the scallop and dot shown here may be obtained in one Butterick transfer and for the motifs in an adaptation of another. The coat may be made in full or seven-eighths length, with the collar and cuff in either of two outlines and with the fulness at the top of the two-seam sleeves slightly gathered or shrunken out. It has an inverted plait at the back and a removable shield.

For a girl of nine years, two yards of material forty-four inches wide, one-half yard twenty-seven inches wide for the large collar and cuffs, and five-eighths of a yard of striped material twenty inches wide, will be required for the coat as on the figure.

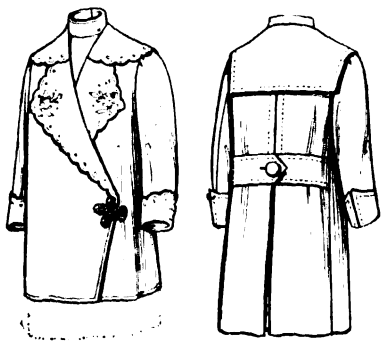
Design 6007 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

A COAT which is being sold a great deal in the best shops for little girls from two up to fourteen is ir the popular Russian style with a full but straight blouse and an attached short plain skirt. The various forms of it which are seen are combined in design 6014, a coat with these lines and with two possible styles of collar, sleeves and belt. Both the straight standing and the turndown collars are used, and the plain coat and bishop sleeves seem equally good. The latter are perhaps better for the youngest children. Rather wide belts are the newest. The fulness at the top of the sleeves may be slightly gathered or shrunken out. To reproduce the embroidered scallop a Butterick transfer may be used.

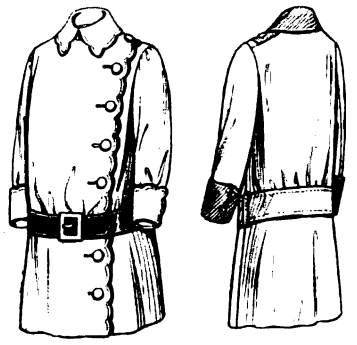
For a girl of eight years, two yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide and one yard and three-eighths of braid will be required for the coat as it is shown on the figure.

Design 6014 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

5985



6007



6014

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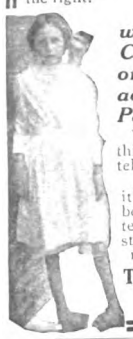
The L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium

THIS thoroughly equipped private sanitarium is devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and deformed conditions, such as Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Wry Neck, Bow Legs and Knock Knees.

Let us advise you regarding any crippled, paralyzed or deformed child or person in whom you may be interested. It will cost you nothing, and in view of over 30 years' experience in this work, our advice should be valuable.

This Girl Was Born With Club Feet

Gertrude Snyder, thirteen years old, daughter of Robert Snyder of Natrona, Pa., was born with Club Feet and was brought to this Sanitarium in May, 1911. The position of her feet at that time is shown in the left picture, while the position and condition of her feet at the present time, after treatment at this Sanitarium, is shown in the picture on the right.



The correction was made without Chloroform, Ether or any General Anaesthetic. Plaster Paris was not used.

Write Mr. Snyder about this for he will be glad to tell you of his experience.

A book entitled Deformities and Paralysis, also a book of references, with testimonials from practically every state in the Union, will be sent, upon request, free of charge.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
932 Aubert Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

$1.50 Charges Paid = Direct From Maker

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No. 1000 Royal Wreath is 12 French lawn roses, 15 dainty imported rose-buds, and 15 imported leaf sprays, all branched together with silk chenille and stems in the latest Parisian style. Pink, Tea, Jack, White, Old Rose, Light Blue, Purple, or Coral. **Sent prepaid on receipt of $1.50.** Shipments made promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today. Write for illustrated Spring catalogue No. 22 of other rare creations in flowers and feathers.

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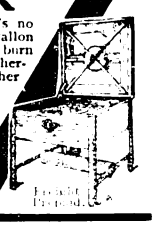

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X-RAY INCUBATOR CO.
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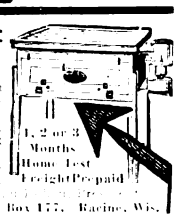
On 6-Time World's Champion
BELLE CITY



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Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. It's FREE, send for it.

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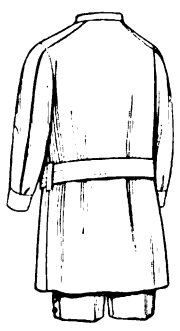
YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

Suit 5982 Suit 5982 Dress 5985

LITTLE boys, too, must have their Russian suits if they wish to keep abreast of the styles, and the mother who enjoys dressing her young son very smartly will welcome the particular Russian suit shown in design 5982, I am sure. It has the straight lines, side closing and standing collar of the regulation style, with the distinction of an unusual outline for the closing. The cuffs, which may be added on the straight trousers, are also a new detail, and the box-plaited sleeves are another "something different." Included in the design are knickerbockers, sleeves plain at the top, and a turndown collar with which a tie may be worn for those who may prefer them.

For a little boy of five years, two yards of material fifty inches wide will be required.

Design 5982 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.



5982

THE union suit for men and boys shown in design 6012 is the preferred style for Summer wear. In cut and fit it is absolutely comfortable, and in construction it is very simple. It may be made with or without short sleeves. Excellent materials for this suit are cross-bar, madras, nainsook and muslin.

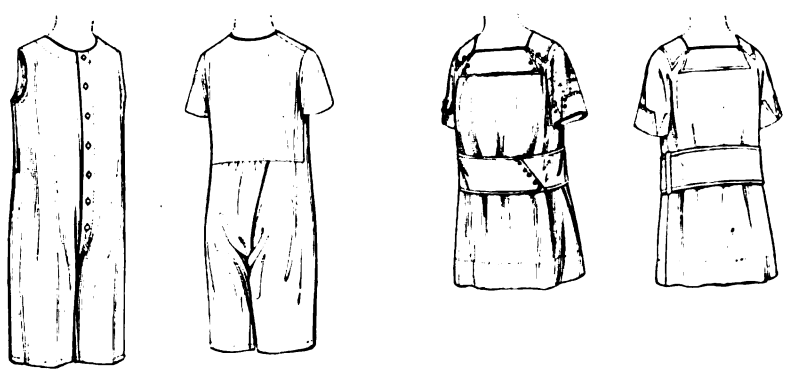
For a man of thirty-six inches breast measure, two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide or two yards and one-quarter forty-four inches wide will be required for the suit without the sleeves. For a boy of eight or nine years, two yards of material thirty-two inches wide or one yard and five-eighths forty-four inches wide will be required for the suit without sleeves. With sleeves, two yards and one-quarter thirty-two inches wide will be required for the boy.

Design 6012 may be obtained in fifteen sizes, for men and boys, from twenty-four to fifty-two inches breast measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 5985 is a one-piece dress for girls and little girls, with round or square neck, to be slipped on over the head. The hand-embroidery shown, which is effective when the trimming-pieces are not used, is an adaptation of Butterick transfers. Cotton poplin, galatea, piqué and linen are suggested materials. This type of plain straight dress is worn by children whose mothers could afford to dress them much more elaborately if they chose. Women of refinement and taste, however, know that the simple frock is the most appropriate for school and play. When its lines are good it is smart, and when it is trimmed with hand-work it has fineness and distinction.

For a little girl of five years, one yard and five-eighths of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure. One-half yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide will be required for a belt and trimming-pieces. Two yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide will make the dress with the belt and trimming-pieces.

Design 5985 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



6012 5985

This ¼-Pound Box Free

That you may taste these unusual dollar-a-pound chocolates, we want to send you free this delightful "Satisfaction Box." When you try them you will say they are superior in quality and flavor to any chocolates you ever tasted.

Nobility Chocolates

Send us your name and address and the name of your dealer with 10 cents (to pay postage and packing) and you will receive the "Satisfaction Box" shown here—a quarter pound of Nobility Chocolates—by return mail.

Nobility Chocolates $1 a Pound

Write for your "Satisfaction Box" today.

LOOSE-WILES COMPANY
224 Washington Street, North, Boston, Mass.

Your Baby

Should be Kept Warm with Soft "Non-Nettle" WHITE FLANNELS

Teaseled Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the ruinous teaseling process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. (25c to $1.00 a yard.) We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. **We only sell direct.**

Send for Free Sample Case

and receive samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, Etc. Also illustrated catalogue showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels. Infants' Outfits ($5.00 up). Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinettes and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. **No advertising on wrapper.**

FOR 25 CENTS we will include a complete set of Modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost $1.50 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

The Lamson Bros. Co. 340 Summit St., Toledo, O.

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Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

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GERHARD MENNEN CO.
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Colgate's is different—

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but also—because of its beneficial amount of boric acid (that mild and soothing antiseptic) and its other sanative ingredients, Colgate's Talc is

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Your dealer has it—or we will send you a dainty trial box if you mention this magazine and enclose 4c in stamps. State the perfume desired.

COLGATE & CO., 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

A NEEDLE, A THREAD AND A LITTLE GIRL

A SEWING-SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN

By Marjorie May

If you want any help with your sewing, or advice on the layetie for your latest doll, write to Marjorie May and she will write back again to you. But be sure to send her your name and address on a stamped envelope so that she will know where to send the letter.

THIS month we are going to learn to make buttonholes, and I'm sure you would all like to put some on your flannel-petticoat band, wouldn't you?

Now, the buttonhole is not at all hard to work, but it requires practise, so we will make it first on a sampler. Cut a piece of muslin twelve inches long and six inches wide, and fold it through the center lengthwise. Turn in the raw edges three-eighths of an inch, and baste them together.

The folded edge must also be basted to prevent the two thicknesses of material from slipping when we cut the buttonholes. Fold your sampler in half crosswise, and put a pin in crosswise at the center. Measure two and one-half inches away from each side of the center, and put another pin in crosswise. Then measure three-eighths of an inch in from each end of the sampler and put two more pins.

Now you have the positions for your buttonholes marked. The two which come at the ends of the sampler are to be cut and worked lengthwise, and the other three are to be cut crosswise.

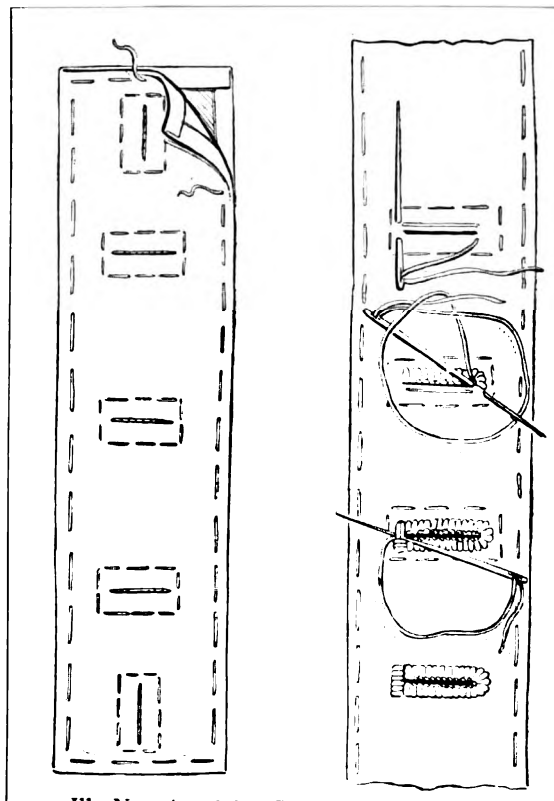
The buttonhole should be cut a trifle larger than the buttons on your underwaist, because working it makes it a little smaller, and by the time it is finished it will be just the right size to slip over the button easily and stay there. The ends of the crosswise buttonholes should be the same distance from the upper and lower edges of the sampler, and in a perfectly straight line with the crosswise threads.

Mark the size and place for the buttonholes with a little colored thread, and then baste around each one so that the material can not slip when you start cutting them. Your sampler should now look like Illustration 1. Push a pin through one end of the colored thread marking a buttonhole, fold the length of the thread over in half and bring the pin through at the other end, and cut a little slash in the center of the colored-thread line large enough for the points of the scissors to go through. Take the pin out, open the band to its full width again, and cut your buttonhole entirely.

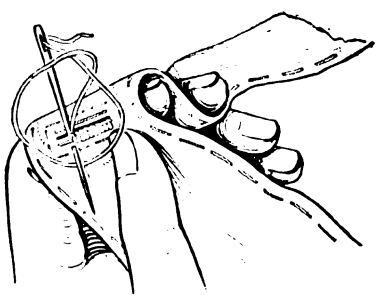
To work the buttonhole we use a special kind of stitch called "buttonhole stitch," and it's pretty and easy to make. Thread your needle with a piece of No. 40 sewing-thread, long enough so that you won't have to rethread it before finishing the buttonhole. Bring the needle through from the wrong to the right side at one side of the slash, a little less than one-eighth of an inch away from and below the cut edge. Let the thread lie easily along the cut edge, and stick the needle through from right to wrong side, and through to the right side again at the other end, making one little stitch as in the top buttonhole in Illustration 2. When you bring the needle out, let the thread lie along the other cut edge, and push it under and through at the first edge again. The first buttonhole in Illustration 2 shows you just how.

Now for the stitches. Hold the buttonhole over the first finger of your left hand and between the thumb and other fingers as shown in Illustration 3. Then start on the left edge at the end nearest you and put your needle under this edge of the buttonhole. Bring the point through on the right side a little less than one-eighth of an inch above the raw edge. Before you pull the whole needle through, bring the double thread as it hangs from the eye of the needle around to the left and under the needle. Draw the needle through the little loop you have just made and you will see that you have made a stitch with a little edge.

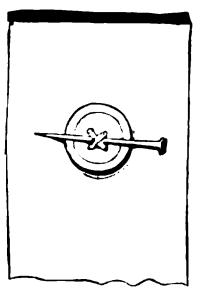
This edge is called a purl, and the purl should come directly at the raw edge of the buttonhole to prevent it from fraying. Make another stitch just like this one, the same depth and as close to this one as possible, and go right on making these stitches until one whole edge is buttonhole-stitched and you get to the end. You continue buttonhole-stitching the end, taking little slanting stitches as shown in the second buttonhole in Illustration 2. The top of each of these slanting stitches is spread a little, and the bottoms of the stitches come as closely together as possible at the end of the slash. Do you see that this makes the stitches at the round end look something like an open fan? When the end is finished, you go on to the long edge, buttonholing that until you reach the other end. At this end take three little crosswise stitches, one right over the other, and across these work several short stitches as closely together as possible, working them through the material. The third buttonhole in Illustration 2 shows you just how.



Ills. Nos. 1 and 2. Cutting and working the buttonholes



Ill. No. 3. Hold the buttonhole over the first finger of the left hand



Ill. No. 4. Slip a pin under the stitch on the face of the button

When your buttonhole is finished push the needle through to the wrong side, and fasten the thread with two or three little back-stitches, one right over the other.

We have four more to make, just as we did the first. Oh, no! Five buttonholes are not too many to practise on. The fourth buttonhole in Illustration 2 shows how yours should look when it is finished. And now get out those wonderful petticoats, and mark the places for the buttonholes on the waistbands. There are to be five buttonholes, one running lengthwise at each end of the band, one crosswise or "standing up" at the center front of the band, and another standing up at each side just about in a line with the front of your arm when it is in a straight line close to your side.

Have the rounded edge of your buttonhole come at the upper edge of the waistband, because the rounded edge is stronger and better able to bear the weight of the petticoat.

Get your underwaist out, and button the petticoat on to the back button. Pin the center fronts of the waist and petticoat-band together, and pin them again at the underarm.

Push a pin through the buttonholes about one-eighth of an inch below their upper edges and into the underwaist, and you have marked the place for the buttons, so that they will all be sewn on exactly in the places that the buttonholes come. Thread your needle with No. 40 sewing-thread and make a knot in the thread. Take one of the pins out, and stick the needle from the right side in the hole which the pin made. Bring the needle through to the right side again, close to the knot, and through a hole in your button. Push your needle through the second hole to the wrong side, slip a pin under the stitch, and keep it there, making all the stitches over it (Ill. 4) to prevent the stitches from getting so tight that the buttonhole can't slip over the button easily. Put about four stitches through each. Take several little bars, one over the other.

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QUAKER LACES

This year it's lace for style—
and for style of lace it's Quaker

TODAY if you should visit the fashionable modistes along Fifth Avenue, New York, you would see how emphatically the 1913 styles call for lace.

You would see smart skirts having three flounces of light, straight-edge lace, one over the other, and these covered by a pannier of all-over lace.

You would see charming bodices having a foundation of light lace over which transparent chiffon is draped, and trimmed with heavier laces.

You would see graceful lace sleeves with an elbow over-sleeve of chiffon.

In answering Fashion's call for lace—lace—lace—you have at your command the wonderfully wide range of designs in Quaker Laces, which you can see in almost any good shop where laces are sold.

The Quaker Lace patterns shown on this page (about one-sixth actual size) are only a few of the many. They are made in the fashionable widths of insertions, edges, flounces, bands, or all-overs.

From filmy Shadows to heavy Macrames, Quaker Laces are designed in exact accord with style. They have a charm comparable with rare old laces.

Quaker Laces are not sold by mail. We cannot send samples, but we will gladly send you "The Quaker Lace Book," free on request. To see the great variety of fashionable Quaker designs, go to the best department stores, dry-goods stores and lace specialty shops. **Look for the Quaker head on the lace card.**

Send for "The Quaker Lace Book." It contains nearly a hundred illustrated suggestions for gowns, waists, lingerie and other articles of woman's apparel in which lace plays an important part. It also tells you how to care for lace. Free on request.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY

MAKERS OF QUAKER LACES, QUAKER CURTAINS AND QUAKER CRAFT-LACE

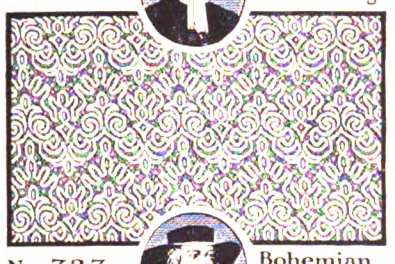
PHILADELPHIA

QUAKER LACES

No. 3858 Fancy Shadow Flounce

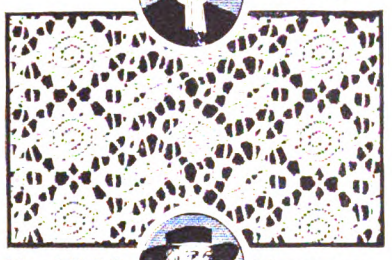
No. 3841 Fancy Shadow Insertion

No. 3835 Bohemian Shadow Edge



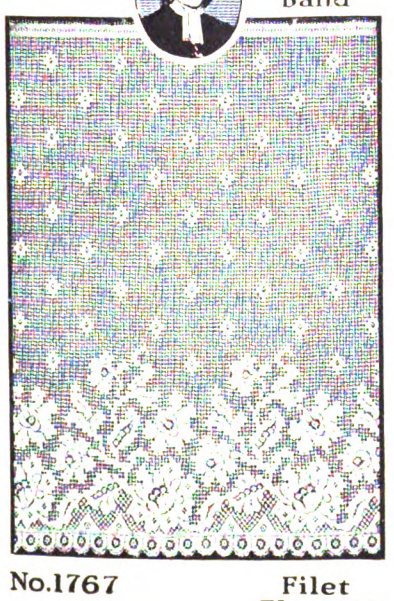
No. 737 Bohemian Shadow All-over

No. 51 Duchess Band



No. 9262 Macrame All-over

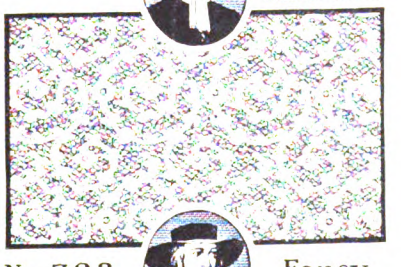
No. 10093A Cluny Torchon Band



No. 1767 Filet Flounce

No. 3661 Fine Shadow Band

No. 3851 Fancy Shadow Insertion

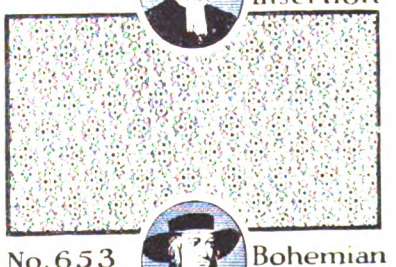


No. 723 Fancy All-over

No. 9157 Macrame Band

No. 738 Craquele All-over

No. 3701 Shadow Insertion



No. 653 Bohemian All-over

No. 9172 Macrame Band

QUAKER LACES

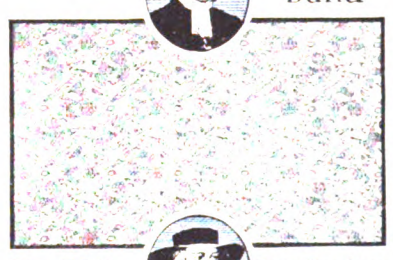
No. 3848 Duchess Shadow Flounce

No. 1933 Normandy Band

No. 10098A Cluny Torchon Edge

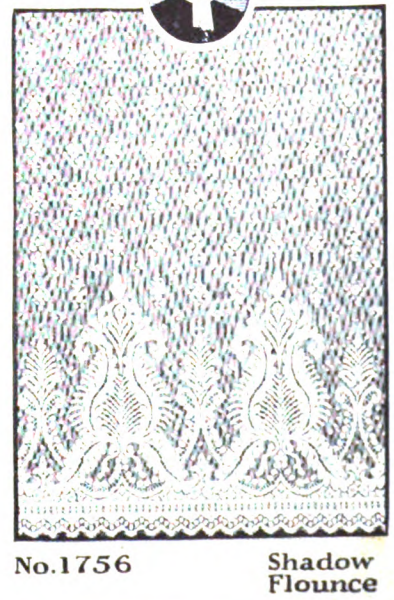
No. 717 Fine Shadow All-over

No. 1753 Shadow Band



No. 715 Fine Shadow All-over

No. 9167 Macrame Band



No. 1756 Shadow Flounce

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"The Head of the Works"

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THE DELINEATOR

APRIL 1913

WE SELL AND RECOMMEND
Linweave
FOR GUARANTEED WHITE GOODS
ALL OF LINEN'S CHARM
AT THE PRICE LINEN'S CUSTOM
TAYLOR BROS.
MANCHESTER, ILL.

PUBLISHING COMPANY NEW YORK $1.50 A YEAR

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Clean Your Windows With

Bon Ami

It's so easy! *Just* apply a thin lather of Bon Ami all over the glass with a wet cloth.

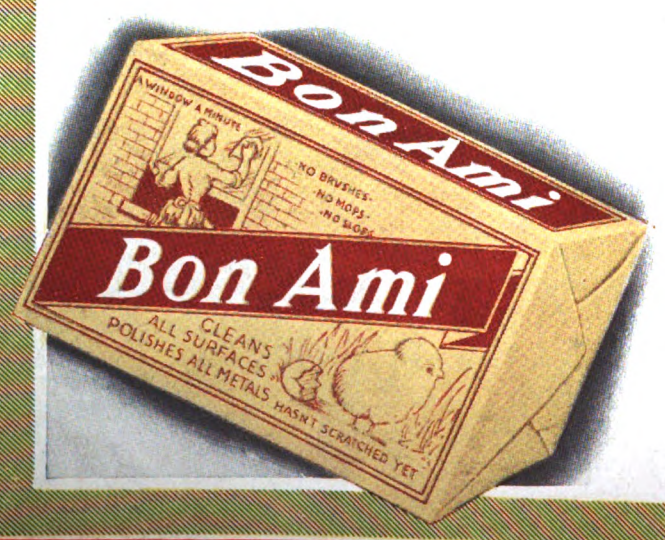
Let it dry and then wipe it off with dry cheese-cloth.

A thin lather—so thin you can hardly see it—is just as good as a thick one. It goes on wet, loosening and dissolving the dirt; it comes off dry, leaving no smears.

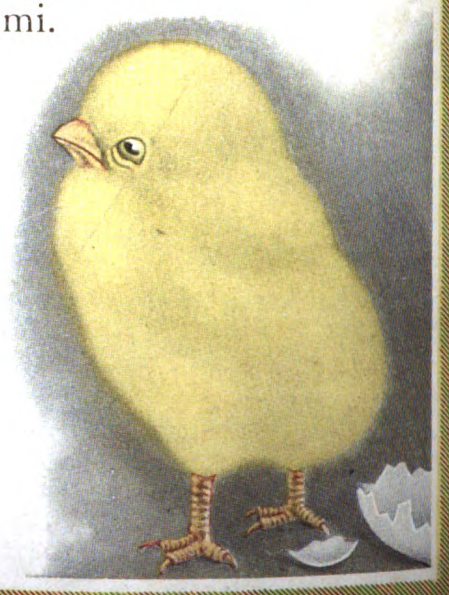
Bon Ami is the only cleaner that comes off dry. Any soap that has to be washed off will cause obstinate smears, and smears require a lot of hard, slow polishing to remove them.

For heavy, hard cleaning where scratching doesn't matter, use coarse scouring bricks or gritty powders—the coarser and grittier the better.

But when you want to make things shine, things like windows and mirrors, nickel and brass, porcelain and white enamel—use Bon Ami.



Like the new-hatched chick, it "hasn't scratched yet!"



THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

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Vol. LXXXII

No. 4

THE DELINEATOR

GEORGE BARR BAKER, *Managing Editor*

An enchanting new serial by William J. Locke, Author of "The Beloved Vagabond" and "The Glory of Clementina," begins next month, with illustrations by Arthur I. Keller.

About Our Artists

WE HAVE never talked much about our artists—their work always speaks for itself. But the part they have had in celebrating the jubilee year of THE DELINEATOR has "caught on" so tremendously that we've got to talk.

The first of the series of DELINEATOR girls—the 1863 girl with her black mammy—was painted by Walter Biggs. Mr. Biggs is a young Virginian, who has been making a reputation during the last three or four years, particularly with his vivid, truthful depictions of the Southern Mountaineer type. His "girl," like all the other girls of the series, illustrates something more than the fashion of her day—she personifies a period of American womanhood.

Mary Green Blumenschein is rapidly becoming one of the foremost of our women portrait-painters, and the exquisite 1873 girl in our February number is one of the most beautiful things she has done.

The "Stanlaws girl" is one of the famous creations in American illustration. In the picture of the girl with the bustle that Mr. Stanlaws painted for our March number he made a remarkable combination of his own individual style of work, of typical girlhood and of the fashions of the year he was depicting. The costume of 1883 usually seems funny to us, if it doesn't seem hideous; yet the art of Mr. Stanlaws made it charming.

Alonzo Kimball has no characteristic type for which he is known: he is an artist who has won a high position through adapting his style of painting to his subject. The 1893 girl in our series is an excellent example of the refinement and appeal of his work.

The girl for next month will be a particularly happy embodiment of the flower-like charm that is so abundant in the work of C. Allen Gilbert. The last of the series, in June, will be by J. H. Gardner Soper, who has been illustrating "The Way of Ambition"—an unusually beautiful specimen of the art of one of the smartest of modern illustrators.

Truly a notable collection of the works of our own American painters. And these examples of their product will be treasured and studied long after the artists have passed on.

We feel that we are excusable for pride in having THE DELINEATOR make this contribution to American artistic history.

A limited number of copies of "THE DELINEATOR Girl" may be had for ten cents

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Children will eat pastry.

Make it with CRISCO *For Frying-For Shortening For Cake Making*

and it will be as wholesome as it is delicious

THAT is the surprising two-fold superiority of the new shortening—Crisco.

It enables the cook to surpass herself in the making of pies, puddings, etc. Makes the crust flakier, tenderer, lighter than ever before. Makes pie so much more delicious that it is in greater demand than ever. But—

At the same time, unlike many things which make foods good to eat but hard to digest, Crisco *improves* the digestibility. This is because Crisco is a pure, wholesome, vegetable product —not an indigestible animal fat—and of the highest quality, absolutely clean in origin and manufacture, the most delicate shortening known.

Have your cook try Crisco for pie, for pudding or for any other pastry where she now uses lard or butter. The whole family will be so delighted that you will have Crisco used immediately in the preparation of other foods requiring a cooking fat.

For making cake you will find that Crisco, though it costs much less, is the equal of creamery butter; this, because of its richness in addition to its delicacy.

For frying doughnuts, potatoes, griddle cakes, etc., you will find that Crisco is a great improvement over lard and lard substitutes because it not only is more wholesome but because it cooks the food so much more quickly that the usual greasy flavor is eliminated. And since it can be used again and again without imparting the flavor of one food to another, its unusual economy is further evident.

The next time you have pie try Crisco in the following recipe:

1 cupful flour
½ teaspoonful salt
5 tablespoonfuls Crisco
2 tablespoonfuls ice water
(Use level measurements.)

Sift flour and salt together. Chop in Crisco very fine and add water slowly. Handle lightly. Put the dough on a board, roll three-eighths inch thick, line pan and bake in a hot oven. Have all ingredients cold except Crisco which should be warmed, if necessary, but not melted.

Thousands of women have sent for this Free Cook Book. Have you?

Its 100 tested recipes not only show you the best way to use Crisco from soup to dessert but give you many excellent dishes which you will be glad to add to your own list. Write for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. F, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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In a Clearer Light

An Easter Thought

EASTER, with its unique place in sacred history, ever brings to mind the theme of immortality. Most people now admit that man lives after death, and forever, with conditions that vary in accordance with virtue. But to most of us who do admit it there is yet a vagueness of conception and interest that for all practical purposes amounts to unbelief. If we admit that "life is but the childhood of our immortality," shall we not hold that idea more definitely in mind and express it more in our thoughts and deeds and conversation? Shall we not more often let our thoughts reach out to the vision of ourselves living amid the unfolding scenes of cycles and spheres beyond this age and time? Shall we not more definitely consider the possible laws and conditions with which we shall hereafter deal, and so be learning to obey such laws and understand such conditions in the degree that we meet with their influence in the unseen world about us? Shall we not consider the present state of those who have passed from our view and their possible memory of us and influence upon us? Shall we not become more conscious that we have now latent within us the very faculties which must unfold if we are to appreciate and enjoy the grandeur of the vast forever? What strength would it not put into daily life to view our thoughts and doings posted against the background of eternity? And what enlarged vision might come to the soul which pauses amid the cares of a day and says to itself, feelingly, "I shall live eternally!"

A Really, Truly Woman

AT THE center of every woman's heart, even the very, very center, there is a Dictate, apart from all her outer thoughts, which says and tries to say: "I am a woman. I desire to love and be loved. I desire to yield myself to the law of love, the law of creation, the law of life; to understand its ways, to cherish its ideals, and to bring my every thought into subjection to its divine tendency. I desire to be so pure in heart that I may be worthy of the best that love may have to give me, and to give the best that love may require of me. I desire to serve my beloved in every way that will inspire him and encourage him and lift him to higher joy and peace and power. I desire to cherish the aspirations of his soul and to imbue him with the assurance that life is worth all its effort and all its pain. I desire to be instructed of him in the understanding of life, and to sit and listen and learn, to be guided aright, and to lean on his strength and give him strength to lean upon."

Thus speaks the Dictate of Womanhood. The clearness with which that voice speaks in the heart, the calm eagerness with which it is listened to, and the fidelity with which it is cherished and obeyed —this measures the degree of womanhood which any feminine heart has attained. And though one be widely praised for other things, and be often pictured on the printed page, if she cherish not that Dictate she is less than the woman she was designed to be. Are you a really, truly woman according to this standard?

What Is Your Motto?

THE greatest of men in history have spurred themselves on with a courage-stimulating motto, and many biographies tell how the hero's motto held him up when all else had for the time deserted him. Unnumbered millions of ordinary human beings have likewise been guided and strengthened by mottoes. The very wisdom of the race, the epitome of human experience, tends to crystallize itself in those short sentences by which we remind ourselves of our latent possibilities for the joy of achievement. A digest of such sentiments shows certain thoughts in common, all tending to reassure our faith in the goodness of life and show that truly founded hope is a foretaste of the great reality. It might read: "*The past hath no sorrow the future can not heal.*" Such a thought held in enough hearts would tend to remake humanity on a grander scale. If you could put a motto into the hearts of a million homes, what would you offer? We purpose to print a selection of mottoes which our readers have found full of life-giving power. Will you send us yours? Let it be one that has really meant much to you, and perhaps give a few words to explain how and why. The motto you send may put new courage into thousands of hearts and mean more than can be measured. Address, Motto Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York.

MARCH WINDS

By James Shelley Hamilton

Drawing by Maginel Wright Enright

THE winds of March are little bad boys
Without any manners and full of noise;
They are always in mischief and running away,
And thinking up impolite games to play.

THEY tie knots in clothes that are hung out to dry,
And knock people's hats off and send them sky-high;
They whistle down chimneys and blow out the light,
And make dreadful sounds in the dead of the night.

THEY haven't at all the respect that they should
For the virtues of boys and girls who are good;
They "Boo" at them loudly and chase them about,
Till they pretty near wish that they hadn't come out.

ALTOGETHER they're not to be greatly admired.
The best thing they do is to get so dead tired
That they have to go home, in trembling and fear,
And they're kept there in bed for the rest of the year.

Conquering Fear

A GREAT problem with many persons is the fear of trusting their own intuitions. Misdirected reason is often the worst of counselors, and yet, right or wrong, it claims the last word. Intuition, being the divine spark, persists in pointing the way. False education and misunderstood experience bolster up the false reasonings which oppose the intuition. Advice often sides with the fear and false logic because fear attracts fearful advisers. And so goes on the interior mental conflict which prevents decision, produces a dread of facing the situation squarely, and turns the mind to diversions which give only temporary relief. People in such a state of mind would give much to know how to conquer the fear that besets them, for they already know it should be and can be conquered. The right method is always the easy one. Let them consider that every faculty and function of man must have been designed to work together harmoniously, with the higher governing the lower. Let them yield the government to whatever they truly consider is the highest, and even if mistaken it will in due time adjust all things to the true order, and if not mistaken will produce prompt and permanent peace. Who that has conquered fear and found peace has not proved this true?

The Great Discovery

WHAT is the one great discovery about life that gives the most abiding satisfaction? Some would say it is love; others that it is the soul's assurance of God and immortality; others that it is the joy of achievement, the consciousness of power. But many who have love, religion and work are not truly happy. They are still seeking the great discovery. And what is it? Shall we not say, and without fear of controversy, that the great discovery is when the human heart finds its supreme desire is the desire to be useful in elevating the lives of others? This desire ripens into the desire to be made usable, to be equipped for effective service, to be responsive to the purposes of the highest. Then it is found that life's experiences, both trials and joys, have no other end in view but the development of our faculties so that we may be more useful and have more and more of the joy of usefulness which is the highest of all joys. When this is seen and admitted to oneself the grumble fades, fear subsides, gratitude wells up within us, power increases, and hope spreads its bright visions before us. To the degree that we know we are responding to the rhythm of universal law tending toward the supreme good, to that degree we know we have discovered life at its best—and it satisfies, it satisfies, it *satisfies!*

The Power of Vision

TO HOLD a mental picture which expresses a quality you desire is an easy means of gaining more of that power. A business man who found the need of keeping a level head through conflicting conferences of great business interests said that he often sat in such a meeting and pictured to himself a druggist's scale evenly balanced, and found this helped to produce calmness and strength.

This picture also brought to him, in the heat of argument, ideas which made for balance, equality, fairness and harmony. The desire for the "lion's share" was often subdued by one calm mind holding this picture of perfect equality. In like manner one may aid himself in becoming as punctual as an engineer's watch, as forceful as a locomotive, as courageous as a pioneer, as hopeful as an inventor, or as dead-in-earnest as the second horse on the last quarter stretch.

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When the circus comes to town, it is not the show alone that fascinates, but the immensity of numbers, the quickness of movement, the sureness of operation and the efficiency which keeps everything as bright as new in spite of the soil of travel and weather. For instance—

Is it not surprising how the gilded figures and scroll work on the menagerie and parade wagons are kept so brilliant? It is evident that circus men know how to clean gold leaf without injury.

They use Ivory Soap and nothing but Ivory Soap.

Because it is mild and pure and free from alkali, Ivory Soap does not hurt the gilding. And because it contains no free oil, it is rinsed off easily, leaving the finish beautifully clear and bright.

With the circus people using Ivory Soap for this purpose all through the season, the housewife may be certain that there is nothing surer or safer for cleaning gilded articles in the home.

Here is an Excellent Way to Clean Gold Frames

Shave half of a small cake of Ivory Soap into a pint of water and boil for five minutes. When cool, apply this jelly with a very soft brush or sponge. Then, with a clean soft brush or sponge, apply cold, clear water and let dry immediately in a warm place.

IVORY SOAP . . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

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She felt the little body against her side

THE PLAY-BABY

BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

Illustrated by Marjorie Ellen Watmough

IT WAS a very beautiful doll indeed—large, life-like, exquisitely dressed; a great toy firm had given it to the church fair, and, at the earnest entreaty of an earnest girl-worker of the booth which it ornamented, Dan and Amy Page had "taken a chance" on it.

The childless woman had looked at it wistfully, wishing she might fondle it; it looked so like a dear blonde child—and she had never, she somewhat guiltily thought, outgrown her fondness for play-babies. Indeed, she reflected, life had made of her a grown-up little girl with no doll of her own—forced her to sit aside and watch other happier grown-up little girls playing with what she had been denied.

Dan, a business vestryman, looked up to by his pastor and the church as well, moved away from the booth, laughing, masterful, the center of life and activity; his pretty pale wife followed dutifully in his breezy wake.

When the drawing of the chances had made Mrs. Page the winner of the doll, there had been some pleasant joking, much light laughter in which Dan joined heartily enough, but from which sensitive Amy shrank. How could these men and women, these fathers and mothers, laugh at the pitiful tragedy of barrenness, she wondered, as she held the belaced and beribboned doll, her hands trembling in its finery, her eyes stinging with tears. It seemed needlessly cruel to have what was to her a secret grief thus held up for idle jests.

"Why, I thought you'd given that thing away to Maude," said Dan later, when he saw the doll sitting on the dresser in his wife's room.

"Maude's too small yet for so large a doll," said Amy. "And I—didn't like to have it destroyed—it's so pretty, so like a real child. I'll—I'll save it—for somebody who can appreciate it."

Dan nodded, and pinched her ear.

"I would," he agreed. "*We* don't need it, anyhow."

And as she made no reply, he hastened on: "Stupid things, dolls, I never *could* understand what process of reasoning makes girl-kids like 'em better than a puppy, say, or even a kitten—*they're* alive at least. But a doll!"

"It isn't reason, Dan: it's—instinct," said his wife, a delicate pink in her thin cheek. She looked again at the doll, with a smile verging on tears. She wished Dan *could* understand—her tragedy was that he couldn't—and didn't want to.

When Dr. Gross had told her bluntly that she was never to know the joy of motherhood, she had received her verdict in stunned silence; and when she had turned her miserable eyes to Dan for sympathy, it was to realize the fact—the, to her, terrible fact—that Dan wasn't sorry; he had been rather relieved than otherwise. Dan's life, so full of many interests—business, clubs, sports, church work, herself, did not know her need. He could neither intuitively realize her desolateness nor divine her aching sense of futility. She had her social duties, her beautiful home, books, art, music, the church, all the complex interests of modern life. What more, in the name of Heaven, could any reasonable woman ask? Children? But many people of their class deliberately preferred not to incur such responsibilities—why not Amy? Dan's jealous affection resented any suspicion that he himself might not be quite sufficient to fill the measure of his wife's happiness.

Amy's acute sensitiveness divined this, sensed his tentative attitude. Undreamed of by him, she built between them a delicate aloofness, a silence without reproach or bitterness. She was a childless wife—and he did not share her sorrow: he was, perhaps, even glad. There were times when a storm of feeling which appalled her swept across her gentle consciousness; and she knew with the terrible dry-eyed knowledge of pain that this superb, sane, well-balanced business man whom she loved was not the husband of her dreams, the Dan of her youth and her Spring hopes.

The fact that she was envied, and by other women who had so much more than she, rankled like a smarting wound. How could they know that while she sat in her lace-draped window, the shadow of a rocking-chair behind the lighted windows of the house across the street stirred her to tears? For the rocking-chair held a woman with the soft, sleepy body of a child in her arms—a mother's arms. And Amy's were empty.

Sometimes, leaving the beautiful spotlessness of her house, with its art paper, its polished and unscratched furniture, its unsoiled books, its trim orderliness, she went to her sister Anne's house, so vastly different; a home where merry Anne, careless, laughing Anne, struggled and laughed and played and fussed with her noisy, healthy, hungry brood. There one stepped upon dismembered dolls, wheelless carts, headless and tailless horses; one's ears were assailed with laughter, bawls, shouts, questionings; sticky caresses fell upon one's hair or skirts indiscriminately; restless legs swarmed into one's lap, leaving the imprint of dusty shoes.

Somehow Anne remembered to allow them to do their dreadful worst, their angelic best, for Amy. A tender wisdom lighted Anne's somewhat weary face, her eyes had that wonderful mother-sight which sees and knows. Anne never told Amy she was "better off without" those precious plagues which burdened and sweetened her own existence.

Amy was always silent when she came home from Anne's—the very orderliness of her quiet house hurt, after that crowded nest. If but a fair head like Maude's bobbed around the mahogany table; if only fat legs in dusty shoes, like Alan's raced over her polished floors! She hated the endless round of social affairs that Dan, gay and friendly, liked and insisted upon. Perhaps they might not have been so burdensome, she thought, if one might come home, like Anne, and creep into a quiet room where little children slept; if one might bend over and kiss a velvet cheek, touch with tender fingers a strayed fair curl, a chubby folded fist, a rosy foot.

Once she had timidly—very timidly—hinted to Dan a deep-seated desire: Couldn't they, who had so much, could so well afford it, at least adopt a child? There were so many little children, dear loving little children, without homes—and their home was without children; couldn't they——

"No," Dan said sharply, turning an amazed stare upon his wife's thin, pretty face, and nervous twisting hands. He thought they were better off without children; she was too delicate to be bothered with their care. She had other things to take their places, didn't she? As for taking other people's children—good Lord, he wouldn't think of it for a moment! The idea made him sick.

He came over and took her slim shoulders in his big, firm grasp, bent his dark head and kissed the quivering lips.

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"You are a silly, silly girl," he said, and his mouth was firm. "You'll have to be content with just me, Amy-woman. I guess I'm baby enough for *you* to mind, dear."

She had never mentioned the subject to him again. But the ache stayed, and, aching, grew. For Amy was fundamentally and instinctively maternal; the heaven-born hunger for children, her own children, was part and parcel of the very soul of her. Denied that, offered instead what its clear eyes knew to be the husks of things, the soul refused to be satisfied, held up empty arms and cried to have them filled.

It seemed to Amy, whimsically enough, that the doll she had won was a tangible symbol of what she had lost. She hated to think that something which had caused her so poignant an emotion, so exquisite a pain, should be rumpled, torn, destroyed even by the dear small hands for which it had been intended. It was like destroying a dream. . . . She wouldn't give it away at all. . . . She'd keep it—where Dan couldn't see it. And when, as often happened, he was detained down-town, or away on one of his business trips, she could take the doll from its hiding-place, and, with its pretty assistance, imagine that in her empty rooms played the Little Girl who hadn't come.

The dress, so fluffy and flimsy and lacy, became rumpled, and Amy made another; a pretty piece of handwork done at odd moments with a pleasant sense of stealth, of innocent naughtiness, of being just as delightfully and soul-satisfyingly foolish as one wishes to be. When the little dress was finished, she was surprised and amused to see the amount of beautiful needlework expended upon it. It made "Alice"—for such, she had once thought, was to be the Little Girl's name—look even more like a Little Girl.

Amy liked to make those small dresses; they were models of taste and skill. She employed upon them her delicate fancy—such upon a larger scale, should have been the Little Girl's wonderful garments, little frocks as beautiful as love could make them.

So, gradually, playing proxy to the Little Girl, the "play-baby" itself became dear to her. There were nights when, alone, this Alice lay in the bend of her arm as the other Alice should have done. There were hours and hours when this Alice kept her company; she could pour into the bisque ear those frail flowerlike fancies of the heart which none other might hear; and Alice, with her never-failing smile, her bright soulless eyes, received the timid dreams and never told; she seemed sometimes to understand, Amy thought, better, far better, than Dan did!

Alice had come to mean much to Amy; she seemed, indeed, a living entity, a dear, necessary presence; perhaps because kept so secretly, guarded so jealously, against possible smile and comment. The fact of anything happening to Alice made Amy tremble—she stood for so much! And Dan never guessed, never dreamed—even Anne was ignorant—of that so carefully hidden in Amy's closet.

She had been asked once, carelessly, what she had done with the doll, and she had hesitated, fighting with her own painfully truthful nature. But she could not tell them; there was, she reflected, no reason why they should know; this was her secret. She pressed her lips together to hide their trembling, and said, quietly enough:

"I—let the person have her that I thought needed her most."

"That sounds like a secret," bantered Anne.

"It is," said Amy, with a demure smile.

Dan, so unmindful of many things, was at least mindful of what his eyes could see. He saw, then, that his wife looked happier, more contented than of old. It pleased and gratified him; she had less of those foolish fancies, he thought, that had saddened her and annoyed him.

The Winter had been unusually severe; Amy, never strong, failed, and toward Spring went down with a sharp attack of pneumonia.

She made another dress—a little frock, as beautiful as love could make it

And then and there Business, Dan's chosen idol, swayed on its pedestal, toppled over, and showed its feet of clay. Amy, his Amy, was in danger, in dreadful danger. Used to her frailness, it had yet never crossed Dan's mind that he might lose her. It came upon him with the force of a blow, a stroke unjustly dealt him. Why, good God! He *loved* her!

He wandered miserably over the beautiful house he had built for Amy; it was still and desolate; a sense of its utter emptiness fell upon him, for he sensed then some of that loneliness that had been hers. It came to him, too, crushingly, *that if he lost Amy he had nothing else to love.*

When he had been away from her, had she sat thus, in these empty, silent rooms, with nothing warm and living to hold to, nothing to comfort her save her thoughts of him? Poor little Amy, so loving, so full-hearted, with her tender eyes, her wistful mouth! A choking sob rose in Dan's throat. Unused to sorrow, it bewildered him; unused to loneliness, to apprehension, they terrified him.

Amy had lost her hold upon consciousness; in a hoarse voice, dreadfully unlike her own low tones, she began to babble; she moved restlessly, feeling for something on her arm; she wanted Alice.

Amy's clouded mind knew that in stress she had been used to have and handle Alice for comfort. She wanted Alice now, and she couldn't tell Dan—Dan, who wouldn't understand!

When he bent over her in agony, whispering that he was Dan, her own Dan, and wouldn't she try just to tell him what she wanted, Amy stared blankly; her eyes dropped from his imploring gaze, wandered restlessly over the room; her thin hands began to flutter, to feel for something out of her reach; the look of pain puckered her forehead, her lips trembled. She had so firmly impressed upon herself the need of secrecy, that even now the will held the clouded mind in check. She fretted in silence, groped aimlessly, while Dan, and Anne, and the doctor, vainly endeavored to make her tell them what she wished.

Once, indeed, she had whispered that she wanted Alice. She was very weak then, the doctor very grave, Anne weeping. Dan got that request like a bullet through the heart. He remembered the girlish wife with her eager young eyes; he remembered the shy, shy hope never to be realized; and she had said then that she prayed nightly for a little child of her own—their own; a little fair girl-child with his eyes and her mother's name, Alice. She had whispered that dream with her lips against his ear, and he had felt her happy tears upon his cheek.

Dan fled down-stairs and locked himself in the handsome library with its polished table that never knew a scratch, its order never disarranged, its emptiness that chilled his heart. Down went his head, his proud head, upon his arms; he tasted tears for the first time. Up-stairs Amy was going from him, and she didn't want him, she didn't need him, he couldn't satisfy that last unuttered wish; she was groping with dying arms for a little child that had never been hers, asking for a dream baby she had been denied. Dan remembered with horrible distinctness that he had been glad that dream baby hadn't come to Amy; he hadn't wanted it, hadn't needed it; but Amy had been desolate for just that, and he hadn't known; his selfishness had blinded him. He knew now—and it was too late!

Anne, with her surer instinct, guessed closer to the truth. She began to watch those fluttering hands, to follow the direction of the staring eyes. Amy wanted something she had been used to hold; something she knew and loved.

"Amy," she whispered, "Amy dear, tell me where to find Alice. I'll get her for you, Amy. Only tell me where to look, dear."

She had to repeat, patiently, slowly, over and over again, "Tell me where to find Alice, Amy," before the meaning of her words reached the wandering brain. Then Amy, looking at her for one clear moment, stopped her restless movements. "The closet shelf," she murmured, as if in response; and felt again, pitifully, for something on her arm.

Anne found a bunch of keys in the top drawer of the dresser and opened the locked closet where Amy's dresses hung ghostly in the cool, dark recess. Pushed far back into the corner of the long top shelf was a covered box; inside lay Alice, her small frock a mass of wonderful handwork, a cobwebby lace cap holding in her curls of blonde hair.

Anne began to cry foolishly, her tears staining the azure ribbons. Dan tiptoed into the room to find his sister-in-law weeping over a large doll, and as he stared at her in blank astonishment, she murmured through her tears, "Alice," and laid her burden in the hollow of the wife's thin arm.

The groping movement ceased as the wasted fingers fell upon the play-baby's curling hair. Amy stared with her large, solemn eyes at the fresh-colored smiling face; a faint, gratified smile crept for a fleeting second to the fever-red lips. She drew a deep breath, folded the Little Girl's proxy close to her shoulder, and fell quietly asleep.

The doctor had come in, and the three stared down at her, whose pitiful secret lay bare before them. The physician, who had seen so much of life, nodded his wise kind head.

"Poor little soul!" he said gently. "I thought so. I thought so! That sort are never satisfied else. They're the mother-stuff, and they die starved if they're denied."

The mother of little children stood beside the mother of dream babies, and wept softly. She understood. Oh, poor Amy, dear, hungry Amy, and they who loved her hadn't guessed!

"When she wakes she'll be conscious, won't she?" asked Dan of the doctor, abruptly.

The old man nodded.

"Now that she has what she wants, she'll wake clear-headed," he said. "But she'll be weak, and we have to humor her. In your place, Dan, I'd try good, wholesome spoiling—Amy'll stand it. You can't hurt her sweetness with that kind of thing. And this is a mighty critical time, I can tell you. She's a delicate and sensitive plant, your wife's. Try to remember that."

Dan looked down at the pale, pale face, the thin arm holding the play-baby to the empty breast. His eyes stung; he knew acutely just how much Alice meant to Amy; and what Amy meant to him.

He went down-stairs with the doctor, and Anne heard his automobile leave the house a few minutes later. He was gone for some hours, and he came back to thrust into her astonished arms a warm wriggling bundle.

"'Alice,'" he said. "No," in response to her look of astonishment, her broken murmur, "I didn't steal her—the Sisters were willing enough to let *me* have her. It took me a long time to find her—and she isn't a year old yet; but she looks like—Alice—and——"

"You're a wonder, Dan," said Anne, her eyes gleaming through her tears.

He turned his head aside to hide his eyes full of tears. Dan wasn't used to tears, and he was ashamed. He had been given, as it were, a new sight, but he still saw men as trees walking.

WHEN Amy, the crisis past, woke from a long, dreamless sleep, she turned her head feebly to find her husband sitting in a low chair by her bedside. It was night; the curtains were drawn, a soft lamp burned upon the dresser beside a vase of long-stemmed pink roses. The room was very still, but she heard her husband move in his chair. She turned toward him.

Dan was in his dressing-gown, and upon his knee, held with awkward tenderness, cuddled a soft, small, rosy thing in a long white nightie. Even as Amy looked, the little creature, with the angel-taught instinct of love, put up its hands and lifted its flowerlike face for the man's caress. And Dan, business-like, preoccupied Dan, leaned over so gently, and put the soft baby cheek against his. The little hands patted his face—nose and mouth and chin. Dan smiled—the most wonderful, soul-satisfied smile that man could have.

She was in her dream, Amy thought; ah, if but one might remain in it! She sighed, and Dan's love-sharpened ear caught the faint sound.

He quickly turned his head and met her mild and wistful wonder with a new and beautiful tenderness; such a look as the Dan of her dream must have given her; but he was real!

Very gently he leaned forward, moved her arm, and made room beside her for the soft, warm thing upon his knees. She felt the little lovely body, sweet with life fresh from God, against her side; her light fingers fell upon the soft baby gold of the hair; under her marveling touch the child, cuddling closer, turned its head and fixed upon her the serious wonder of a baby's soul-searching gaze.

Satisfied with what that long gaze showed, the baby closed its eyes sleepily; the fair head found "Alice's" place upon Amy's shoulder. But somehow the feel of the little soft cuddly thing was very different from the old "Alice."

"Oh, Dan!" she whispered weakly.

"We've got the best and the beautifulest baby in the world, Amy, sweetheart," said Dan proudly and tenderly. "And her name's 'Alice,'" he whispered with his lips against his wife's cheek.

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Aids to Intelligent Conversation

PARTNERSHIPS AND MATRIMONY IN FRANCE

Where the Family Is a Business Organization and Sentiment Always Operates with Common Sense

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

Illustrated by Oliver Herford

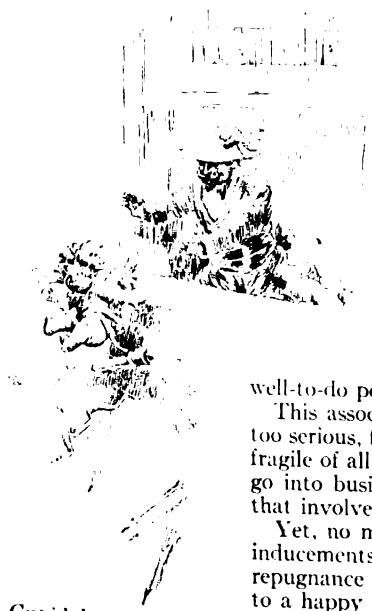
But the bride is not alone with her spouse!

THE visitor to Paris, whose longing for a bit of blue sky and a breath of fresh air lures him toward the delightful and picturesque Bois de Boulogne, will find, if he choose a Thursday or a Saturday for his excursion, that "all Paris" seems just to have been married on that very day. In the crowded alleys of the fashionable park long lines of vehicles pass him one after the other, and these processions he notices are composed of the grand hired hack, the sumptuous *remise* with pale buff coverings which form a background for the gorgeously attired guests of a wedding-party.

The bride, enveloped in clouds of tulle, upon whose filmy whiteness she seems contentedly to be drifting into a new land of dreams, has, to be sure, her place by her husband's side in the foremost of the carriages. But, Heaven forbid, she is not alone with her spouse! Far from it: in the spacious landau, whose sides are of glass and whose cushions are of satin, there are two, three, sometimes even four relatives who accompany, on this their first promenade from the church where they have been united, the newly married couple.

This practical and friendly mingling of outside elements with those most intimately concerned in the emotions of a moment so peculiarly critical, this bridal carriage crammed full of family, is characteristic of French life.

The young "madame" at the start has been surrounded on her wedding-day by relatives, old and new. By them in the days to come she will be accompanied to the end. She has with the mere murmuring of the marriage vows become part and parcel of an existence wholly sociable.



Cupid has no place in a business partnership

She will be excluded from nothing which concerns the interest of the human group gathered somewhat narrowly together between the floors of the mere apartment-house which is to constitute her *foyer*. She will be permitted no initiative, however absorbing its claims may be upon her, that could for a moment distract her attention into the multiple modern channels which justly lead a woman to suppose that she can through her own individuality "do something" or "be somebody."

A visit to the French woman of any rank, upon that afternoon of the week which she has chosen for her "day," reveals not the irregular, intimate and chattering groups we are accustomed to encounter in the parlors of our own best friends, but a circle, formal, symmetrical, gathered about the presiding chair from which the hostess, as though at a committee meeting, directs the assembled company.

These afternoons at home represent, for the family, a form of intercourse as practically necessary as the professional reunions which at given times are called for the safety and honor of an insurance company. In the prompt and courteous way whereby Mme. X. takes news of Mme. Y.'s family, in the way whereby Mme. Y. feels the X.'s family pulse, there is, to be sure, much the same tone and attitude that exists with us when, spontaneously, the meeting of two merchants deep in affairs brings to their lips the single question:

"How is business?"

French family life is a business, an extremely prosperous and successful business.

For years, for generations indeed in France, it has been a custom acquired and understood that the purely personal adventure known as love should have nothing whatever in common with the purely social convention known as marriage. This relieves at the start the union of two people for life from a vast deal of sentimental complication. Reduced thus to its practical crudity, the problem of finding a companion reposes entirely upon questions moral and material.

The young man who wishes to give up his bachelor existence becomes, as it were, a candidate for marriage. His presumptions are such that, when the proper time arrives, they can be summed up officially in the clauses of a contract without which no marriage in the upper and middle French classes is ever concluded. According to the nature of his relative advantages, the candidate for marriage determines, so to speak, the sort of "business partner" most suitable for him to select.

His choice does not embrace the whole wide horizon of the young man's fancy, passing fancy, for the "pretty girl." No. He is not looking for an adventure. He is going into business. It is accordingly right and proper that he should consult the tastes and prejudices of the two senior members of the firm, his father and mother, who are no doubt to put up the money for his start. With their help he sets about his quest, and, as they are not taken unawares, these two older founders of the firm-to-be, it is not long before the little partner has been found.

Nor have they brought her from the far ends of the earth! She has been chosen in their "midst," as they say, from among the familiar associates who hold the same rank as they, who have the same friends, the same ambitions, the same hopes, morally, religiously, physically, and who, materially, are in a similarly well-to-do position.

This association of two beings for life is a union far too serious, far too honorable, to be based upon that most fragile of all human passions, love. Who, indeed, would go into business with a contract no more binding than that involved by a mere sentimental attachment?

Yet, no matter how favorable may seem the worldly inducements, it must not be supposed that a feeling of repugnance or antipathy is looked upon as conducive to a happy union.

Quite the contrary.

If the young couple "presented," as they say, do not feel at least the passing attraction which youth rouses in its contemporaries, the question, *the* only question, then and there is dropped.

Dropped, yes, but for the moment—for the moment only.

When, on the other hand, this first friction of Cupid's arrow upon the bow brings two young people face to face with an awakened interest consequent, there ensues a second meeting of the participants, and, if this continue harmonious, a veritable powwow follows. Then at last, and only then, the young people for the first time will be "left alone."

"We were all in love with the gardener"

"What," I asked a young Frenchman, on the eve of this all-important interview which might decide or mar his future life, "what will you say to this young girl who pleases you, when you are placed before her without witnesses?"

"It is true she pleases me," he answered, "but that is superficial. Given a chance to talk with her, I shall try to know what her understanding of life is, what her hopes are, her ideals, and, above all, what opinion she holds of marriage and of the duties it involves."

Nor will this take the French girl by surprise: she has been brought up for marriage. As the butterfly scorns the cocoon, she looks with restless irritation upon the years when she can be only a *jeune fille*.

French girls, in fact, divide themselves, by a tacit definition, into three categories: those who are too young to marry; those who are preparing for marriage; those who are, as it were, in the market. The question, avowedly, is not whether they shall find or shall not find a better half, but simply how near or how far they may be from the one interest which can possibly concern a girl: marriage. It has been decided that the French girl must marry, that marriage is her natural vocation, a moral obligation, and one of which she must acquit herself in society.

Moreover, though it is among Anglo-Saxons a trite observation that in the French language there exists no single word for "home," nevertheless French home influences are paramount. The Parisians, for their part, observe with an ironical smile that the Englishman's home is "there where he is not."

The relative importance of domestic suggestion, as opposed to individual initiative, is brought out clearly by the following typical adventures of a young Frenchman and a young American at the time of their starting out in life. The French boy, a son of rich manufacturers at Lyons, had pursued his studies and entered into business without ever leaving his parents' side. In fact, his mother declared, in speaking of her son's attachment to his *foyer*:

"My boy, though he is twenty now, would not think of ordering a suit of clothes without consulting me."

She was proud of it!

The American fellow, also the scion of a large industrial house, had, on leaving college, set out at once upon his travels. From the Far West, after some months of absence, he wrote to his father:

"They've offered me a job out here at two thousand dollars a year. If you care to take me into your house, that's what I'm worth for the present."

In like manner, the Frenchman, whether business or professional, if he be married, never receives alone the men of his acquaintance when he entertains.

The stag-dinner, given in the home, is a form of social reunion wholly unknown in France. Men, to be sure, attend in all their glory, without the trammeling presence of the eternal feminine, all political banquets and festas purely technical. But when a man, however seriously occupied, offers the hospitality of his table to his acquaintances or companions, his wife is always present.

She is, moreover, kept in daily touch with her husband's affairs.

Have they not gone into business together?

For this extremely philosophic manner of considering marriage, it will be easily divined a special preparation is necessary.

While the convent education for girls, since the banishment of a great number of religious orders some years ago, is forcedly going somewhat out of fashion, yet the ordinary training of the young French girl as compared with the freedom given from the tenderest age to woman in America, still savors of the nunnery.

Now nothing perhaps so whets the imagination, the longing for adventure, as constant, untiring, unflagging, unfailing surveillance. The French girl is attended, in the street, at her lessons, during her hours of leisure, by a governess, a companion, a mother, some member of the family. She is never alone.

Marriage thus to her appears, not as a door which is to close upon a past of delightful freedom, but rather as the sudden opening up of a long vista of unknown pleasures which freedom alone can give. We remember the confession of a young girl who had been brought up in total reclusion at a convent in the south.

"There was only one man whom we ever saw," she said; "it was the gardener. He was no doubt a very ordinary specimen. Secretly, we were all in love with him."

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This somewhat tremulous admiration, with which especially the youthful mind envelops the unknown in romance, seems quite incredible to the American girl who before she is twenty has refused, maybe, a dozen suitors. Her entering into wedlock will be a pure matter of chance, determined by the caprice of her own personal, feminine fancy. The unfortunate, indeed the fairly despicable, thing, according to her way of thinking, would be to marry without desperate love.

It's a Social Crime Not to Marry

FOR the French girl, the social failure, the crime toward society, the one unpardonable sin, is not to marry. This is for her as much a missing of the aim in life as the failing to ever attract a client would be a dismal catastrophe for the man who has prepared to be a lawyer.

"The talents of woman are a second choice," so some great French person has affirmed. The first choice, it goes without saying, is a husband. "To be a wife and the mother of a citizen," this is the final, the only form which feminine ideals permit themselves in France.

To the newly arrived immigrant who takes her place in the ranks of the American working women beside the older hands, a single question is put as greeting:

"Do you like your job?"

In the same way, the American girl who finds her way into a French school, will be the object of a single curiosity:

"At what age are you going to marry?"

"Perhaps not for five years," one of these little Columbians dared to answer her Parisian interlocutor.

"Five years!" echoed the wide-eyed French girl. "But then you will be twenty-three!"

"Perhaps," answered the barbarian, "and perhaps I shall not marry at all."

Here, with a shrug of the shoulders which expressed volumes of disapproval mingled with skeptical incredulity, the girl brought up for marriage found but a single exclamation:

"Never marry! Oh, my dear . . ."

Needless to say, the *jeune fille* whose early years have been a long preparation for the founding of a family can not be united to a man whose ideas upon marriage are not the same as her own. And here the masculine upbringing for a life of domesticity has, in so far as the element of sentiment is concerned, been the direct opposite of the system which the convent would enforce.

The young Frenchman, though he may consult his mother on the cut and color of his clothes, is given tremendous license for the sowing of his wild oats. He is to become, you must remember, after marriage, the patient member of a social group, in which his wife is always present. If, in the middle class, he occupies himself with commerce of some sort, his shop and his living-rooms will be side by side.

At the cashier's desk, vigilant for the interests of this association which does not separate family from business, will be his wife, working by his side. When his time comes for recreation, whatever may be the *milieu* to which he belong, he will not bait his hook or shoulder his gun and set forth alone for some silent stream where the fishing is good, or some forest filled with game. He will so time his own vacation that it coincides with his children's leisure hours. He will then, for a month's time, if at the seashore, for example, bathe with the family, wade with the family, eat with the family, go on picnics with the family, drive, walk, talk, live, think with the family.

The Frenchman Can't Lose His Family

THE Anglo-Saxon who remains unconvinced as to the Frenchman's understanding of the expression "*home*," must at least admit that no one so well, so completely, so exceedingly grasps the full portent of the two little words *en famille*, which, by the way, have no equivalent in English.

This combination of the girl who from her life of narrow privileges looks upon marriage as the one and only chance for the accomplishment of her destiny, with the man who, from his too great liberty in certain ways, longs to "settle down," seems to work most admirably.

There is all along the line of family life in France a feeling of "give and take," of sociability, of interdependence, which, if it may seem to us at times archaic, is from the human point of view most comforting.

The French feminine existence divides itself naturally into three epochs:

Preparing to be a wife and mother.

Being a wife and mother.

Having been a wife and mother.

Between this early education for domestic duties which takes its inspiration from the preceding generation, and this final accomplishment of obligations toward the group that is springing up, how could the Frenchwoman be other than a splendid mother? How could she fail to awaken in her children, in her grandchildren, the sense of gratitude which her long years of devotion to a single ideal mean? And so it is.

Some clever American magazine-writers have discoursed on the modern tendency of the American woman to talk about herself, to discuss her tendencies, her ambitions, her disappointments, to analyze her character.

No Frenchwoman Talks About Herself

IN FRENCH family life there is no discussion of self. The very self-consciousness which we consider so natural a weakness in the young, is looked upon in French society as a moral defect. One has been born into a social group to be not personal but sociable, that is, to think of others and to accomplish those duties which the traditions of each separate human relationship imply.

This ideal of putting one's happiness, of placing one's hopes (or at least of considering it a duty so to do), in others tends to make of marriage if not the most radiant union, at all events a peaceful association which is likely to succeed. The Frenchman in marrying is more or less "sure of his affair."

With the "free-born American girl" the man must be prepared for surprises. She is not brought up to think first of others. On the contrary, she looks at all things in the beginning and in the end from her own point of view. Her egoism is natural: it is the imperative instinct of the young in a nation that is young. She pleases by her dominating characteristic, which is hope, the promise of something new.

This can only serve as an encouragement: the very discontent which in our own land results too often in the dissolution of the hearth in divorce and in the breaking up of natural family ties, slowly and surely will bring about, in the highly developed American woman, a keener sense of her own personal responsibilities, a deeper consciousness of what her duties should be, a more complete ideal, a more perfect understanding of herself, of marriage, and hence of family life.

IN THE SWIM AT WASHINGTON

MISS PERIN, daughter of Mrs. George Howard, returned last Fall from England, where she was presented at one of the June drawing-rooms. In this picture she wears her court gown. She is a girl of great charm and has entertained extensively this Winter. Through her mother, she is connected with some of the finest families of England, and is always in great demand in the younger diplomatic set.

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MRS. WICKERSHAM, wife of the Attorney-General, will, of course, retire from Washington society on March fourth next. She took time by the forelock this year and began her official entertaining in November, instead of waiting for January first to usher in the official season.

Photograph by Harris and Ewing

PRESIDENT TAFT attended the brilliant wedding of Señorita Malvino de Pena, beautiful daughter of the Minister from Uruguay, when she became the wife of Señor Herquinigo, Secretary of the Chilean Legation. It was one of the foremost social events of the season and all officialdom was there.

Photograph by Bachrach

MRS. JOSEPH WILSON HOWE (*née* Virginia Peyton Knight), a former Virginia belle, is a relative of President Wilson. She established herself in Washington early in the Winter, and will be a prominent hostess of the new administration.

Photograph by Bachrach

"STUDIO HOUSE," the unique home of the artistic and versatile Mrs. Hemmick (formerly Mrs. Alfred Clifford Barney), is the scene of the most unique and exclusive entertainments at the capital. Mrs. Hemmick is now engaged in writing the words for an opera.

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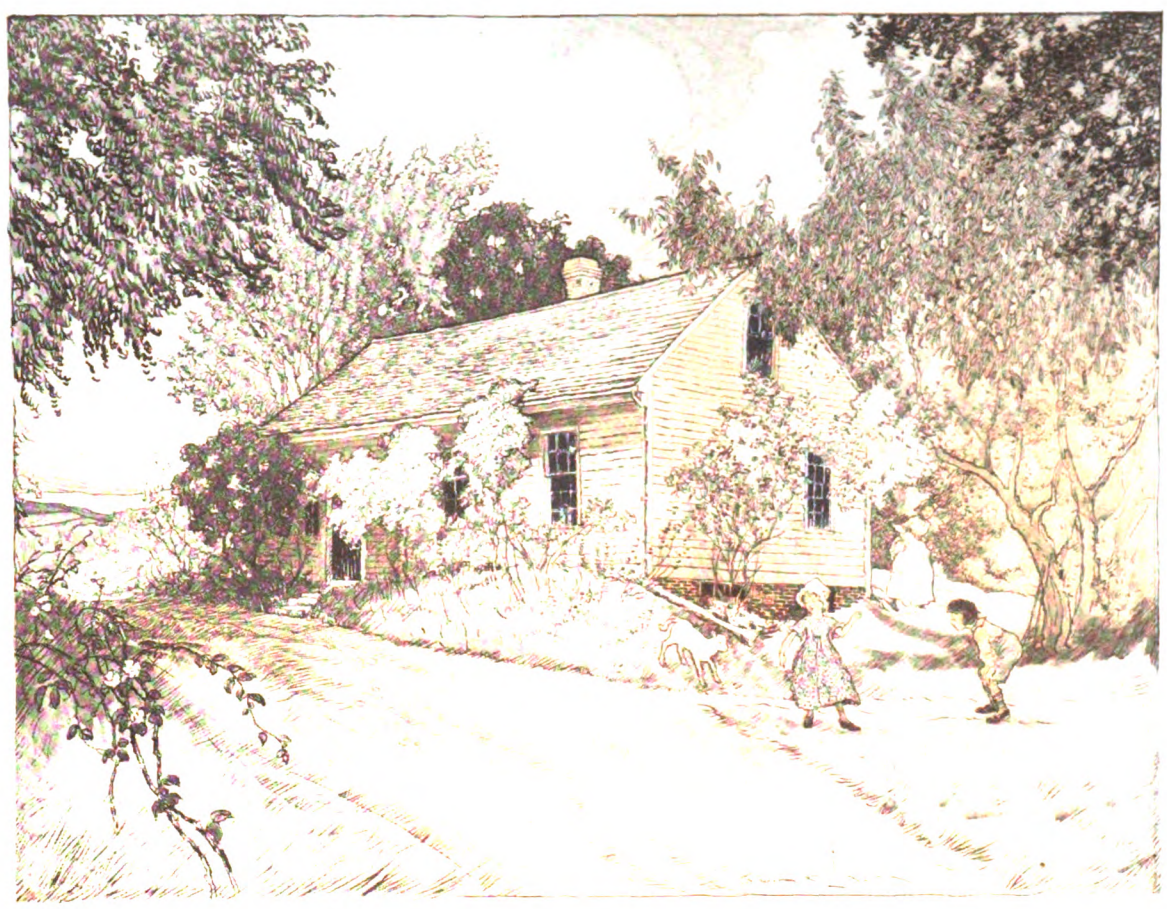

THE TRUTH ABOUT MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

BY

CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

SHE really had one. This was discovered by the writer to be a fact while sitting within a half-hour's walk of the house in which Mary's little lamb had been dosed with catnip tea to start the spark of life, just about a century ago. The desire was strong in me to ask if Mother Hubbard had not lived around the corner. Mary, at least, was once a reality. She was Mary Sawyer, born in 1806, in a little one-story house a mile or so from Sterling, Massachusetts, the town where Mr. Butterick came from.

This bit of road is as pretty a stretch as one can want to walk over. Out of Sterling one ascends gradually until the white town disappears in the tree-tops. On ahead, farmhouses and orchards and rocky pastures are finally lost in a patch of woodland so wild that only the sound of a cow-bell somewhere through the thicket was assurance that one was not tramping some endless mountain road into nowhere. Unexpectedly the woods cease, and orchards, stone walls, pastures and cattle, a scattered house or two, pass in leisurely order until the little house is sighted.

Just the sort of place one would want Mary to have lived in, with creepers and lilacs bowering its doorway—the schoolhouse, a half-mile farther on (they said it was a quarter!), is not the old one. It looked so new, so unrelated to its environment, that I passed it without much lingering. Some other little Marys were just leaving it, and a string of whooping boys were racing toward a roadside apple-tree.

These are the places that little Mary Sawyer must have known, barring the railroad. She saw a life of much ruder fashion, though. Not even a lamp, but a candle-dip, was her light at bedtime. She slept, lots of Winter nights, in a great feather bed, and waked to see sifted through the window in a white heap on the were no flaxen-haired dolls in her nursery; say, one can imagine.

March morning in 1814, found in the sheep-pen two lambs, born in the night, she was just in the frame of mind to overflow with a yearning mother-love for one that had been forsaken, and that lay half dead with cold.

"I saw it had a little life," they say she said, "and wanted to take it into the house. But father said, 'No.'" (Why do fathers so often say "No"?) "But there was mother! I worked on mother's sympathy."

Now was not that just exactly the thing to do?

"It could not at first swallow the catnip tea I had mother make. At night it could swallow just a little. Oh, how pleased I was! But I was not then satisfied it would live, so I sat up all night with it."

She deserved to be immortalized after that. Her more immediate reward came in the morning, in seeing the lamb able to stand and take food. "From the time it could walk about, it would follow me anywhere I called it. I used to wash it regularly, keep burdocks picked out of its feet, and trim the wool of its forehead with ribbons," she said.

Thus is substantiated the first stanza of the poem, which we all know.

Now about that school episode told in the second verse. On that historic day the lamb was somewhere about, but not in sight. Had it been, the lines never would have been written. On such trivial hooks often hang the fate of nations. Mary was not satisfied. She seemed a child keen at getting at the roots of things. She called as she started off, and kept calling. Then somewhere along the road, sure enough, was heard a faint bleating, "'way down the field." And here brother Nate took a hand in the affair. Only a boy would have suggested that the lamb be smuggled into school. And only a girl of Mary's enterprise would have seconded the motion as effectively as she did. Hidden safely under the high desk, everything went smoothly until she left her seat to recite. "Everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go," consequently it went to recite with Mary.

"There was a clatter, clatter on the floor. How mortified I felt! The teacher, Miss Polly Kimball, laughed outright." She was the right sort. Some one says Rebekah. I like Polly better, and besides, that was Mary's name for her. "All the children giggled, but I was too embarrassed to even smile. I took the lamb out to the shed, and home with me at noon."

> And so the teacher turned it out,
> But still it lingered near;
> And waited patiently about,
> Till Mary did appear.

John Roulstone was a young divinity student with a sense of humor. He happened that morning to be visiting the school, or the teacher, it doesn't matter which. The next day he rode across the fields on horseback, and gave to Mary a little slip of paper upon which were the first three stanzas.

Must it be told what became of the lamb? After she herself had become a mother-ewe, one evil day she wandered into a cow-stall, and met her fate at the horns of the occupant. Short was her life, but long her fame.

Mary Sawyer, grown, taught school herself in Fitchburg. In 1835 she married Columbus Tyler. In 1889 she died in Somerville, Mass., on the eleventh of December. She lies in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Miss Kimball became Mrs. Loring, and her son was the founder of the Loring Circulating Library of Boston.

In a newspaper printed in 1889, Mary Sawyer is quoted as follows:

"From the fleece of my ewe, mother knit two pairs of stockings which I kept for years in memory of my lamb. When the ladies were raising money for the preservation of the Old South Church, I was asked to contribute one pair for the benefit of the fund. The stockings were unraveled, and cards with pieces attached were sold, realizing about one hundred dollars."

[Continued on page 320]

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APRIL IN A CITY SQUARE

BY R. M. MARQUIS

INVISIBLE, *Spring's fairies throng*
The trees frost kept so spare;
The little leaves laugh out along
The branches brown and bare;
And April sits and sings her song
Within the sunny Square.

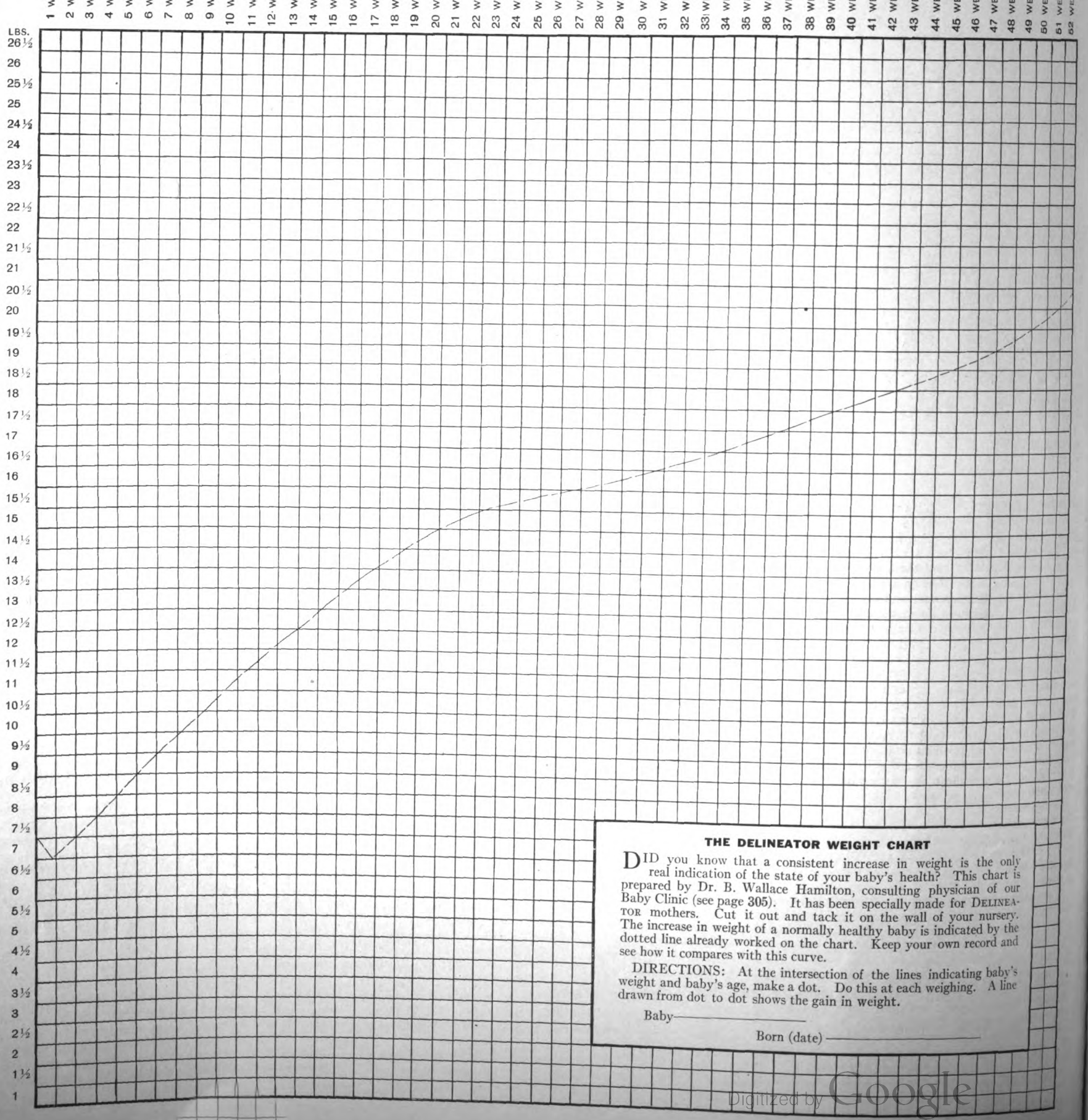
THE *light glows warmer on some wall,*
Or gilds a window glass;
The busy sparrows chirp and call
To neighbors as they pass;
The footsteps of the children fall
In rhythm on the grass.

OLD *dreams, those timid ghosts and sad,*
Steal forth into the air,
And lift their faces, unafraid,
To see a thing so fair—
For like a little, laughing maid
Sits April in the Square.

OLD *lives slip out into the sun*
To watch new you h at play;
Old hopes, by bitter time undone,
Live for another day;
Old loves, deserted or unwon,
Seek to renew their sway.

FAR *off, like wings too loud and strong,*
Still sounds the chant of care;
The Winter of the mart is long—
Its frost is everywhere;
But April sits and sings her song
Within the sunny Square.

WHAT DOES YOUR BABY WEIGH?



THE DELINEATOR WEIGHT CHART

DID you know that a consistent increase in weight is the only real indication of the state of your baby's health? This chart is prepared by Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton, consulting physician of our Baby Clinic (see page 305). It has been specially made for DELINEATOR mothers. Cut it out and tack it on the wall of your nursery. The increase in weight of a normally healthy baby is indicated by the dotted line already worked on the chart. Keep your own record and see how it compares with this curve.

DIRECTIONS: At the intersection of the lines indicating baby's weight and baby's age, make a dot. Do this at each weighing. A line drawn from dot to dot shows the gain in weight.

Baby_____

Born (date) _____

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THE WAY OF AMBITION

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Illustration by J. H. Gardner Soper

CHAPTER THIRTY

THE great theater which Jacob Crayford had built to "knock out" the Metropolitan Opera House filled slowly. Those dark and receding galleries, which had drawn the eyes of Charmian, were already crowded, alive with white moving faces, murmurous with voices. In the corridors and the lobbies many men were standing and talking. Smartly dressed women began to show themselves in the curving ranges of boxes. Musical critics and newspaper men gathered in knots and discussed the musical season, the fight that was "on" between the two opera-houses, the libretto scandal, which had not yet entirely died down, Jacob Crayford's prospects of becoming a really great power in opera.

Even tired men and men who had seen too much knew anticipation to-night. Word had gone round that Crayford had brought the East to America. People were eager to take their places upon his magic carpet.

In Box 15, in the ground tier, Mrs. Shiffney settled herself with Madame Sennier, Jacques Sennier and Jonson Ramer. Susan Fleet was next door with friends, a highly cultivated elderly man, famous as a lawyer and connoisseur, and his wife. All Alston Lake's family and most of his many friends were in the orchestra, where Armand Gillier had a seat close to an aisle, so that he could easily slip out to pay his homage to Enid Mardon.

At a few minutes past eight the lights went down and the opera began.

Charmian and Claude were alone in their box. On the empty seat beside hers Charmian had laid some red roses sent to her by Alston Lake before she had started. Five minutes after the arrival of the flowers had come a cablegram from England addressed to Claude: "I wish you both the best to-night. Love. Madre."

Just before the opera began, as Charmian glanced down at her roses, she saw a paper lying beside them on the silk-covered chair.

"What's that?" she said.

"Madre's cablegram," said Claude. "I found I had brought it with me, so I laid it down there. If Madre had come with us she might have occupied that seat. I thought I would let her wish lie there with Alston's roses."

Their eyes met in the shadow of the box. On coming into it Claude had turned out the electric burner.

"It's strange to think of Madre in Berkeley Square to-night," said Charmian slowly. "I wonder what she is doing."

"I am quite sure she is alone, up in her reading-room, thinking of us, in one of her white dresses."

"And wishing us—" she paused.

The first notes of the prelude sounded in the hidden orchestra.

Claude fixed his mind on the thought of Madre, in a white dress, sitting alone in the well-known quiet room, thinking of him—in that moment he was an egoist—thinking him the best.

He drew back in the shadow behind Charmian in a sort of wishing him back, conscious of the enormous crowd of eyes, conscious that he could not see the members of this crowd, with a touch of green in her cloud of dark hair, and, a long way off, the stage. He heard perpetually his own music. But to-night it did not seem to him to be his own. He listened to it with a kind of dreadful and supreme detachment, as if it had nothing to do with him. But he listened with great intensity, with all his critical intelligence at work, and with—so at least it seemed to him—his heart prepared to be touched, moved. It was not a hard heart which was beating that night in the breast of Claude, but neither was it the foolish, emotional heart of the partizan, lost to the touch of reason, to the influence of the deepest truth which a man of any genius dare not deny. No critic in the vast theater that night listened to Claude's opera more dispassionately than did Claude himself. Sometimes he thought of the colored woman in the huge pink hat. He knew she was somewhere in the theater, probably far up in that dim gallery toward which he had looked at rehearsal, when the building had presented itself to his imagination as a monster waiting heavily to be fed. On this one night at least he had fed it full. Was *she* stretching her great lips in a smile?

Sometimes Claude heard faint movements, slight coughing, little sounds like minute whispers from the crowd. Now and then there was applause. Alston Lake was applauded strongly once after a phrase which showed off his magnificent voice, and Charmian looked quickly round at Claude with cheeks flushing, and shining eyes, which said plainly, "It is coming! Listen! The triumph is on the way!" Then the wide-spread silence of an attentive crowd fell again, like some vast veil falling, and Claude attended intensely to the music as if it were the music of another.

After the first act there was more applause, which sounded in their box rather strong in patches, but scattered. The singers were called three times, but always in this unconcentrated way.

"It's going splendidly. They like it!" said Charmian quickly. "Three calls. That's unusual after a first act, isn't it, when the audience hasn't really warmed up yet."

The second act was listened to by the vast audience in a silence that was almost complete.

Charmian turned her face toward the stage. Now and then she moved rather restlessly in her chair. She felt the audience almost like a weight laid upon her. Their silent attention began to frighten her. Leaning a little forward she could just see the outline of Madame Sennier, sitting very upright in the front of her box, with one arm and hand on the ledge. To Charmian Madame Sennier looked like a shade, erect, almost strangely motionless, implacable. A shade with a brain, a heart and a soul! What were they doing to-night? Charmian stared at her, trying to triumph. All the time she was listening to the music, was saying to herself how splendid it was. They had made great sacrifices for it. And it was splendid. This was their reward.

The music sounded strangely new to her in this environment. She had heard it all at Djenan-el-Maqui, on the piano, sung by Alston and hummed by Claude. Yet now it seemed to her new and strange. The great audience had taken it, had changed it, was showing it to her now, was saying to her, "This is the opera of the composer, Claude Heath, a man hitherto unknown." And presently it seemed to be saying to her with insistence:

"It is useless for you to pretend to be apart from me, separate from me, for you belong to me. You are part of me. Your thought is part of my thought, your feeling is part of mine. You are nothing but a drop in me and I am the ocean."

Charmian felt as if she were struggling against this attempt of the audience to take possession of her. And the audience seemed to be gaining in strength, like an adversary braced up by conflict. Conflict! The word had appeared like a criminal in Charmian's mind. She strove vehemently to banish it. There was, there could be, no conflict in such a matter as was now in hand. But oh, this portentous silence!

It came to an end at last. The curtain fell, and applause broke forth. It resembled the applause after the first act. And once more there were three calls for the singers. Then the clapping died away and conversation broke out, spreading over the crowd. Many people got up from their seats and went out, or moved about, talking with acquaintances.

"I can see Mr. Van Brinen," said Charmian.

"Can you? Where is he?"

Claude got up slowly, picked up the roses and the cablegram from the chair beside Charmian, put them behind him, and took the chair, bringing it forward quite to the front of the box. As he did so Charmian made a sound like a word half uttered and checked.

"Where is he?" Claude repeated.

Many people in the stalls were looking at him, were pointing him out. He seemed to ignore the attention fixed upon him.

"There!" said Charmian, in a low voice.

She pointed with her fan, then leaned back.

Claude looked and saw Van Brinen not far off. He was standing up in the stalls, facing the boxes, bending a little and talking to two smartly dressed women. His pale face looked sad. Presently he stood up straight and

Her eyes became almost mysterious in the firelight
"I was happy in failure," she said

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seemed to look across the intervening heads into Claude's eyes.

"He must see me!" Claude thought. "He does see me!"

Van Brinen stood thus for quite a minute. Then he made his way to one of the exits and disappeared.

"He is coming round to the box, I'm sure," said Charmian cheerfully. "He evidently saw us."

But Van Brinen did not come. Nor did Jacob Crayford. Several others came, however, and there were comments, congratulations. The same things were repeated by several mouths with strangely similar intonations. And Charmian made appropriate answers. And all the time she kept on saying to herself, "This is my hour of triumph, as Madame Sennier's was at Covent Garden. Only this is America and not England. So of course there is a difference. New York has its way of setting the seal on a triumph, and London has its way."

A bell sounded. The third act was about to begin.

Soon after the curtain had once more risen, disclosing a marvelous desert scene which drew loud applause from the audience, Claude got up softly from his seat.

"I'll slip away now," he whispered.

She felt for his hand in the dimness, found it, squeezed it. She longed to get up, to put her lips to his, to breathe some word—she knew not the word it would be—of encouragement, of affection. Tears rushed into her eyes as she felt the touch of his flesh. As the door shut behind him she moved quite to the back of the box. She had great difficulty just then in not letting the tears run over her face. For several minutes she scarcely heard the music or knew what was happening upon the stage. There was a tumult of feeling within her which she did not at all fully understand, perhaps because even now she was fighting, fighting blindly, desperately, but with courage.

THERE came a tap at the door. Charmian did not hear it. In a moment it was softly repeated. This time she did hear it. And she hastily pressed her handkerchief first against one eye, then against the other, got up and opened the door.

"May I come in for a little while?" came a calm whisper from Susan Fleet, who stood without in a very plain black gown with long white gloves over her hands and arms.

She stepped gently in and closed the door quietly.

"Where were you sitting?" she whispered.

"Here, at the back. Sit by me—oh, wait! Let me move Alston's flowers."

She took them up. As she did so she remembered Madre's cablegram, and looked for it. But it was no longer there. She searched quickly on the floor.

"What is it?" said Susan.

"Only a cablegram from Madre that was with the flowers. It's gone. Never mind. Claude must have taken it."

The conviction came to her that Claude had taken it with him, as a man takes a friend he can trust when he is going into a "tight place."

"Sit here!" she whispered to Susan.

Susan sat softly down beside Charmian at the back of the box, took one of her hands and held it, not closely but gently. They did not speak again till the third act was finished.

It was the longest act of the opera, and the most elaborate, and Charmian had always secretly been afraid of it since the first full rehearsal. She could never get out of her mind the torture she had endured that evening when everything had gone wrong, when she had said to herself in a sort of fierce and active despair, "This is my idea of hell."

The act, which had been chaotic at rehearsal, was going with perfect smoothness, almost too smoothly Charmian began to think. Her hand twitched under Susan's, but she did not draw it away, though Susan—as she knew—would have made no effort to retain it. She was thankful Susan was with her. She remembered, she even heard distinctly in her mind, the cry the Covent Garden crowd had sent up for Jacques Sennier on the first night of "Le Paradis Terrestre." If a similar sound burst from the lips and the hearts of this crowd at the end of this act it would determine Claude's fate as an artist, her fate with his.

Her hand twitched more convulsively under Susan's, as she thought of, waited for, the sound.

The locust scene was a triumph for Crayford, Mr. Mulworth and Jimber. The scene which succeeded it was a triumph for Alston Lake. Whatever else this night might bring forth, one thing was certain: Alston had "made good."

"Dear old Alston!" Charmian found herself whispering. "He's a success. Alston's a success—a success!"

She kept on forming the last word, and willing with all her might.

"Success. Success—it is coming, it is ours! In a moment we shall know it, we shall have it! Success! Success!"

With her whole body tense, in the pretty green gown so carefully chosen for the great night, she willed, she called upon, she demanded success. And then she prayed for success. She shut her eyes, prayed hard, went on praying, marshaling all she and Claude had done before the Unseen Power, as reason for the blessing she entreated. And while she prayed her hand ceased from twitching in Susan Fleet's.

At last the curtain fell.

People applauded.

"This is the American way," Charmian was saying to herself. "Not our way! But they keep on! That shows it is a success. I mustn't think of Covent Garden."

Nevertheless with her ears and with her whole soul she was listening for that wonderful sound, heard at Covent Garden, the sound that stirs, that excites, that is soul in utterance.

"This is for the singers," she said to herself, "not for Claude. Bravo, Alston! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!"

The sound from the audience suddenly rose as Alston Lake showed himself, and, as it did so, Charmian was sharply and deliciously conscious of the long power that lay behind, like a stretching avenue leading down into the soul of the audience.

"Ah! they can be as we are!" she thought. "They are only waiting to show it. I am going to hear the sound."

With a sharp change of mood she exulted. She savored the triumph that was close at hand. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes shone, her heart beat violently.

"The sound! The sound!"

The last of the singers disappeared behind the curtain. The applause continued persistently, but, so at least it must have seemed to English ears, lethargically. A few cries were heard.

"They are calling for Claude!"

Charmian turned round to Susan Fleet. Susan was clapping her hands forcibly. She stood up, as if to make her applause more audible.

The cries went up again. But in the stalls the applause seemed to be dying down, and Charmian had a moment of such acute, such exquisite apprehension, that always afterward she felt as if she had known the bitterness of death. Scarcely knowing what she did, and suddenly quite pale, she began to clap with Susan. She felt like one fighting against terrible odds. And the enemy sickened her because it was full of a monstrous passivity. It seemed to exhale inertia. To fight against it was like struggling against being smothered by a gigantic feather bed.

But she clapped, she clapped, and as she did so, moving to look round, she saw Mrs. Shiffney and Madame Sennier watching her through two pairs of opera-glasses.

Her hands fell apart, dropped to her sides mechanically.

Still cries, separated, far it seemed the one from the other, went up.

"Heath! Heath!" Charmian now heard distinctly.

"Gillier! Author! Author!"

The curtains moved. One was drawn back. A strangely shaped gap showed itself. But for a long moment no one emerged through this gap. And again the applause died down. Charmian sat quite still, her arms hanging, her eyes fixed on the gap, her cheeks still very white.

Just as the applause seemed fading beyond recall Claude stepped through the gap followed by Armand Gillier.

Once more the cries were heard. The applause revived. Charmian gazed at Claude. His face, she thought, looked set but quite calm. He stood at the very edge of the stage, and she saw him look, not toward where she was, but up to the gallery as if in search of some one. Then he stepped back. He had come to the audience before Gillier. He now disappeared before Gillier, who seemed about to follow him closely, hesitated, looked round once more at the audience, and stood for an instant alone on the stage.

Then suddenly came from the audience the sound!

It was less full, less strong, less intense than it had been at Covent Garden on the night of the first performance of "Le Paradis Terrestre," but essentially it was the same sound.

Charmian heard it and her lips grew pale. But she sat well forward in the box and, though she saw two opera-glasses leveled at her, she lifted her hands again and clapped till Armand Gillier passed out of sight.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

IN THE red sitting-room at the St. Regis Hotel a supper-table was laid for three people.

"Supper is ready? That's right," Charmian said, in a high and gay voice, as they came in.

She turned.

"Doesn't the table look pretty, Alston, with Mr. Crayford's white heather?"

She had Alston's red roses in her hand.

"I am going to put your roses in water now."

She turned again to the waiter.

"Could I have some water put in that vase, please? And then we'll have supper at once."

"Certainly, ma'am."

"Come and see the menu, both of you, and tell me if you are satisfied with it."

She picked it up and handed it to Alston.

"And then show it to Claude while I take off my cloak."

She went away, smiling.

The waiters had gone out for a moment. The two friends were alone together.

Claude put his arm round Alston Lake's shoulder.

"Alston, this has been my first chance to congratulate you without a lot of people round us, or—really to tell you, I mean, how fine your performance was. There is no doubt that you are a made man from to-night. I am glad for you. You've worked splendidly, and you deserve this great success."

Alston wrung his friend's hand.

"Thank you, Claude. But I only got my chance through you and Mrs. Charmian. If you hadn't composed a splendid opera I couldn't have scored in it."

"You would have scored in something else. You are going to."

Their hands fell apart as Charmian quickly came in.

"You've put your coats in the lobby? That's right. Oh, here is supper! Caviar first! I'll sit here. Oh, Alston, what a comfort to be quietly here with just you and Claude after all the excitement!"

She ran on vivaciously. Alston seconded her, when she gave him an opportunity. Claude listened, sometimes smiled, spoke when there seemed to be any necessity for a word from him. Alston was hungry after his exertions and ate heartily. Charmian pretended to eat. On each

of her cheeks an almos
eyes, which looked more
were full of intense life, a
one man to the other wit
pressed Claude to eat, ev
dishes.

The clock had just struck
buzzing sound outside indica
at the door of the lobby.

Charmian moved uneasily.

"Who can it be—so late?"

She got up.

"I'll go and see what it is," said
He went out. Charmian stood
"What is it, Claude?"
"A note or letter."
"A letter! Whom can it be from
now?"
"Apparently."
"Do read it. But have you finishe
"Quite. I couldn't eat anything n
He went to the sofa, behind which o
light was burning, sat down and tore
he held. Charmian and Alston rema
table. Charmian had sat down aga
Claude, and saw him draw out of t
note but a letter. He began to read it
And, as he did so, Charmian saw his f
or twice his jaw quivered. His brows
turned sideways on the sofa. Very soo
was with difficulty controlling some
She began to talk to Alston Lake and
away from her husband. But present
rustle of paper and looked again. Cla
which slightly trembled, was putting th
its envelope. When he had done so h
the breast pocket of his evening coat, an
gazing on the ground. Charmian went
she did not know what she was saying,
felt that she could not endure to sit an
disordered supper-table. Movement seem
her body, which felt distressed.

SHE pushed back her chair, glanced at
moved, lifted his eyes.

"Dare you smoke, Alston?" he said.

"I've got to, whether I dare or not. Bu
and honest eyes went from Charmian to
think, if you don't mind, I'll smoke on th
I'll go right away now if you won't think
The fact is I'm a bit tired, and I bet you b

He fetched his coat from the lobby. C
gave him a cigar, and lit it for him.

"Well, Mrs. Charmian—" he said.

He held out his big hand. His fair face flu
and his rather blunt features looked boyi
tional.

"We've brought it off. We've done our
we can only leave it to the critics and the pu

He squeezed her hand so hard that all the b
to leave it.

"Good night. I'll come round to-mor
night."

He seemed reluctant to depart, still hel
But at last he just repeated, "Good night!"

"Good night, dear Alston," she murmur

Claude went with him into the lobby a
sitting-room door behind them. She stood s
to the murmur of those voices. At last it
heard a door shut. Then the sitting-room
and Claude came in.

"What a lot you had to say to each—" s
She stopped. Claude's face had stopped
"Shall I ring for the waiter to clear away
falteringly, after a moment of silence.

"He came when Alston and I were in th
told him to leave it all till to-morrow. Do
"No."

Claude shut the door.

"I had something to say to Alston," he s
up to her. "I don't think I could have rest
unless I had said it. I'm sure I couldn't."

"You were telling him again how splendi

"No. He knew what I thought of his work.
that before supper. I had to tell him somet
what I thought of my own."

"What you—what you thought of your ow

"Yes. What I thought of my own spurious,
ible, heartless, soulless, hateful work!"

"Claude!" she faltered.

"Don't you know it is so? Don't you know I
You may have deceived yourself in Algeria.
have deceived yourself even here at all the r
But, Charmian—" his eyes pierced her—"do
to tell me that to-night, when you were part o
ence, when you were linked with those hund
hundreds of listeners, do you dare to tell me y
know to-night?"

"How can you—oh, how can you speak like t
how can you attack your own child?" she crie
in herself still a remnant of will, a remnant of t
ness that belongs to deep feeling of any kin
unworthy. It's cruel, brutal. I can't hear you
won't——"

"Do you mean to tell me that to-night when
in the theater you didn't know? Well, if you do
I shall not believe you. No, I shall not believe

She was silent, remembering her sense of strug
theater, her strong feeling that she was engaged
of horrible, futile fight against the malign powe
audience.

"You see!" he said. "You dare not tell me you didn't
know!"

His eyes were always upon her. She opened her lips.
She tried to speak, to say that she loved the opera, that she

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FROM THE PAINTING BY ALONZO KIMBALL. THIS IS THE FOURTH OF OUR HISTORIC SERIES, "FIFTY YEARS OF DELINEATOR GIRLS," DEPICTING THE CHANGING FASHIONS DURING THE HALF-CENTURY SINCE EBENEZER BUTTERICK CUT HIS FIRST PAPER PATTERN IN 1863.

"THE EARLY GUEST"—1893

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thought it a work of genius, that every one would recognize it as such soon, very soon; if not now, immediately. Words seemed to be struggling up in her, but she could not speak them. She felt that she was growing paler and paler beneath his gaze.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed with violence. "You've got some sincerity left in you. We want it, you and I, to-night."

He turned away from her, went to the sofa, sat down on it, put his hand to the breast pocket of his coat, and drew out two papers, Madre's cablegram and the letter which had come while they were at supper.

"Come here, Charmian!" he said more quietly.

She came to him, hesitated, met his eyes again, and sat down in the other corner of the sofa beside him.

"I want you to read that."

He gave her the letter. She took it and read.

MY DEAR MR. HEATH:

I've left the opera-house, and have come to the office of my paper, to write my article on your work which I have just heard. But before I do so I feel moved to send this letter to you. I don't know what you will think of it, or of me for writing it, but I do care. I want you very much not to hate it, not to think ill of me. People, I believe, very often speak and think badly of us who call ourselves—are called—critics. But there are some of us who try to be honest. I try to be honest. I am going to try to be honest about your work to-night. That's why I am sending you this.

Your opera is not a success. I know New York. I dare even to say that I know America. I have sat among American audiences too long not to be able to "taste" them. Their feeling gets right into me. Your opera is not a success. But it isn't really that which troubles me to-night. It is this: Your opera doesn't deserve to be a success.

That's the wound!

I don't know, of course, I can't know, whether you are aware of the wound. But I can't help thinking you must be. It is presumption, I dare say, for a man like me, a mere critic, who couldn't compose a bar of fine genuine music to save his life, to try to dive into the soul of an artist—into your soul. But you are a man who means a lot to me. If you didn't I shouldn't be writing this letter. I believe you know what I know—what the audience knew to-night—that the work you gave them is spurious, unworthy. It no more represents you than the mud and the water that cover a lode of gold represent what the miner is seeking for. I'm pretty sure you must know.

Perhaps you'll say, "Then why have the impertinence to tell me?"

It's because I've seen a little bit of the gold shining. The other night, after I dined with you—you remember? Gold it was, that's certain. We Americans know something about precious metal, or the world belies us. After that night I was looking to write a great article on you. And I'll do it yet. But I can't do it to-night. That's my trouble. And it's a heavy one, heavier than I've had this season. I've got to sit right down and say out the truth. I hate to do it. And yet—do I altogether? I don't want to show up as conceited, yet now, as I'm covering this bit of paper, I've begun to think to myself—Sha'n't I, perhaps, while I'm doing my article, be helping to clear away a little of the water and the mud that cover the lode? Sha'n't I, perhaps, be getting the gold a bit nearer to the light of the day, and the gaze of the world or, better still, to the hand of the miner? Well, anyhow, I've got to go ahead. I can't do anything else.

But I remember the other night. And if I believe there's music worth having in any man of our day I believe it's in you.

Your very sincere friend and your admirer,
ALFRED VAN BRINEN.

CHARMIAN read this letter slowly, not missing a word. As she read she bent her head lower and lower, she almost drooped over the letter. When she had finished it she sat quite still without raising her eyes for a long time. The letter had vanished from her sight. And how much else had vanished! In that moment little or nothing seemed left.

At last, as she did not move, Claude said, "You've finished?"

"Yes."

"May I have it then?"

She knew he was holding out his hand. She made a great effort, lifted her hand, and gave him Van Brinen's letter without looking at him. She heard the thin paper rustle as he folded it.

"Charmian," he said. "I'm going to keep this letter. Do you know why? Because I love the man who wrote it. Because I know that if ever I am tempted again by any one or by anything to prostitute such powers as have been given to me I have only to look at this letter, I have only to remember to-night, to be saved from my own weakness, from my disease of weakness."

Still she did not look at him. But she noticed in his voice a sound of growing excitement. And now she heard him get up from the sofa.

"But I believe, in any case, what has happened to-night would have cured me. I've had a tremendous lesson to-night. We've both had a tremendous lesson. Do you know that after the call at the end of the third act Armand Gillier very nearly assaulted me?"

"Claude!"

Now she looked up. Claude was standing a little way from her by the piano. With one hand he held fast to the edge of the piano, so fast that the knuckles showed white through the stretched skin.

"Miss Mardon and he realized, as of course every one else realized, my complete failure, which dragged his libretto down. The way the audience applauded him when I left the stage told the story. No other comment was necessary. But Gillier isn't a very delicate person, and he made comments before Miss Mardon, Crayford and several of the company, before scene-shifters and stage carpenters, too. What he said was true enough, but it wasn't pleasant to hear it in such company."

He came away from the piano, turned his back on her for a moment, and walked toward the farther wall of the room.

"Oh, I've had my lesson!" she heard him say. "Miss Mardon said nothing to you?"

He had turned.

"No," she said.

"Crayford said nothing?"

"Mr. Crayford was surrounded. He said, 'It's gone grandly. We've all made good. I don't care a snap what the critics say to-morrow.'"

"And you knew he was telling you a lie!"

She was silent.

"I knew the truth, which is this—every one made good except myself. And every one will be dragged down in the failure because of me. They've all built on a rotten foundation. They've all built on me. And you—you've built on me. But not one of you, not one, has built on what I really am, on the real me. Not one of you has allowed me to be myself, and you least of all!"

"Claude!"

"You least of all! Don't you know it? Haven't you always known it, from the moment when you resolved to take me in hand, when you resolved to guide me in my art life, to bring the poor weak fellow, who had some talent but who didn't know how to apply it, into the light of success? You meant to make me from the first, and that meant unmaking the man you had married, the man who had lived apart in the odd little unfashionable Bayswater house, who had lived the odd little unfashionable life, composing Te Deums and other Bible rubbish, the man whom nobody knew, and who didn't specially want to know any one—except his friends. You thought I was an eccentricity——"

"No, no!" she almost faltered, bending under the storm of unreserve which had broken in this reserved man.

"—An eccentricity, when I was just being simply myself. Well, from to-night I'm going to be just that, just simply myself again. It's the only chance for an artist." He paused, fixing his eyes upon her till she was forced to lift her eyes to his. "And I believe—I believe in my soul it's the only chance for a man."

He stood looking into her eyes. Then he repeated:

"The only chance for a man."

HE WENT back slowly to the piano, grasped it, held it once more.

"Charmian," he said, "you've done your best. You've drawn me into the world, into the great current of life; you've played upon the surface ambition that I suppose there is in almost every man; you've given me a host of acquaintances, you've turned me from the one or two things that I fancied I might make something of since we married—'The Hound of Heaven,' the violin concerto. On the other side of the account you found me that song, and Lake to sing it. And you got me Gillier's libretto and opened the doors of Crayford's opera-house to me. You've devoted yourself to me. I know that. You've given up the life you loved in London, your friends, your parties, and consecrated yourself to the life of the opera. You've done your best. You've stuck to it. You've done all that you, or any other woman with your views and desires, could do for me in art. You've unmade me. I've been weak and contemptible enough to let you unmake me. From to-night I've got to build on ruins. Perhaps you'll say that's impossible. It isn't. I mean to do it. I'm going to do it. But I've got to build in freedom."

His eyes shone as he said the last words. They were suddenly the eyes, not of a man crushed, but of a man released.

She felt a pang of deadly cold at her heart.

"In—freedom?" she almost whispered.

She had believed that the failure of all her hopes, the failure before the world, of which she no longer dared to cherish any lingering doubt, had completely overwhelmed her.

In this moment she knew it had not been so. For abruptly she saw a void opening in her life, under her feet, as it were. And she knew that till this moment, even in the midst of ruin, she had been standing on firm ground.

"In freedom!" she said again. "What—what do you mean?"

He was silent. A change had come into his face, a faint and dawning look of surprise.

"What do you mean?" she repeated.

And now there was a sharp edge to her voice.

"That I must take back the complete artistic freedom which I have never had since we married, that I must have it as I had it before I ever saw you."

She got slowly up from the sofa.

"Is that—all you meant?" she said.

"All! Isn't it enough?"

"But is it all? I want to know; I must know!"

The look in her face startled him. Never before had he seen her look like that. Never had he dreamed that she could look like that. It was as if womanhood surged up in her. Her face was distorted, was almost ugly. The features seemed suddenly sharpened, almost horribly salient. But her eyes held an expression of anxiety, of hunger, of something else, that went to his heart. He dropped his hand from the piano and moved nearer to her.

"Is that all you meant by freedom?"

"Yes."

She sighed, and went forward against him.

"Did you think—do you care—" he stammered.

All the dominating force had suddenly departed from him. But he put his arms around her.

"Do you care for the man who has failed?"

"Yes—yes."

She put her arms slowly, almost feebly round his neck.

"Yes—yes—yes."

She kept on repeating the word, breathing it against his cheek, breathing it against his lips, till his lips sought it on hers.

At last she took her lips away. Their eyes also touched as she gazed into his, and said:

"It was always the man. Perhaps I didn't know it, but it was—the man, not the triumph."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

"AND you really mean to give up Kensington Square and the studio, and to take Djenan-el-Maqui for five years?" said Mrs. Mansfield to Charmian on a Sunday evening, as they sat together in the former's little library on the first floor of the house in Berkeley Square.

"Yes, my only mother, if—there's always an 'if' in our poor lives, isn't there?"

"If—" said her mother gently.

"If you will occasionally brave the Gulf of Lyons and come to us in the Winter. In the Summer we shall generally come back to you."

Mrs. Mansfield looked into the fire for a moment.

"The Gulf of Lyons couldn't keep me from coming," She said, at last. "Yes, I dare say I shall see you in that Arab house, Charmian. Claude wishes to go there again?"

"It is Claude who has decided the whole thing."

Charmian's voice held a new sound. Mrs. Mansfield looked closely at her daughter.

"You see, Madre, he and I—well, I think we have earned our retreat. We—we did stand up to the failure. We went to the first night of Jacques Sennier's new opera and helped, as every one in an audience can help, to see its triumph. I—I went round to Madame Sennier's box with Claude—Adelaide Shiffney and Armand Gillier were in it!—and congratulated her. Madre, we faced the music."

Her voice quivered slightly. Mrs. Mansfield impulsively took her child's hand and held it.

"We faced the music. Claude is strong. I never knew what he was before. Without that tremendous failure I never should have known him. He helped me. I didn't know one human being could help another as Claude helped me after the failure of the opera. Even Mr. Crayford admired him. He said to me the last day, when we were going to start for the ship, 'Well, little lady, you've married the biggest failure we've brought over here in my time, but you have married a man!' And I said—I said——"

"Yes, my only child?"

"'I believe that's all a woman wants.'"

"Is it?"

Mrs. Mansfield's dark, intense eyes searched Charmian's.

"Is it all that *you* want?"

"You mean——"

"Isn't the fear of the crowd still haunting you? Isn't uneasy ambition still tugging at you?"

Charmian sat very still for a moment.

"I do want Claude to succeed, yes I do, Madre. I believe every woman wants her man to succeed. But I shall never interfere again, never. I've had my lesson. I've seen the truth both of myself and of Claude. But I shall always wish Claude to succeed, not in my way but in his own. And I think he will. Yes, I believe he will. Weren't we—he and I—both extremists? I think perhaps we were. I may have been vulgar—oh! that word—in my desire for fame, in my wish to get out of the crowd. But wasn't Claude just a little bit morbid in his fear of life, in his shrinking from publicity? I think perhaps he was. And I know now he thinks so. Claude is changed, Madre. All we went through in New York has changed him. He's a much bigger man than he was when we left England. You must see that!"

"I do see it."

"From now onward he'll do the work he is fitted to do—only that. But I think he means to let people hear it. He said to me only last night, 'Now they all know the false man, I have the wish to show them the man who is real.'"

"The man who had the crucifix standing before his piano," said Mrs. Mansfield in a low voice. "The man who heard a great voice out of the temple speaking to the seven angels."

She paused.

"Did he ever play you that?" she asked Charmian.

"One night in America, when our dear friend, Alfred Van Brinen, was with us. But he played it for Mr. Van Brinen."

"And—since then?"

"Madre, he has played it since then for me."

Charmian got up from her chair. She stood by the fire.

"Madretta—" she began, and was silent.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Mansfield.

"Susan Fleet and I were once talking about theosophy, and Susan said a thing I have never forgotten."

"What was that?"

"She said: 'It's a long journey up the Ray.' I didn't understand. And she explained that by the Ray she meant the bridge that leads from the personal which perishes to the immortal which endures. Madre, I shall always be very personal, I think. I can't help it. I don't know that I even want to help it. But—but I do believe that in America, that night after the opera, I took a long, long step on the journey up the Ray. I must have, I think, because that night I was happy."

Her eyes became almost mysterious in the firelight. She looked down and added in a withdrawn voice:

"I was happy in failure!"

"No, in success!" said Mrs. Mansfield.

THE END

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CLASSIC POETS AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM

PERVERTED BY CONSTANCE AND BURGES JOHNSON

Illustrated by *Peter Newell*

THE AWAKENING

After William Wordsworth

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she burst upon our sight
She the employment agent sent
To be our kitchen ornament.
Her household motions, light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty,
With ref'rences in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.
A Creature far too bright and good
To cook our humble daily food.
But now I see with fearful eye
Why other neighbors passed her by.

QUEEN OF THE DAY

After Alfred Tennyson

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the hardest day of all the glad New Year,—
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the hardest, hottest day,
For I'm to get the meals, mother, our cook has gone away.

THE LOST TREASURE

After Robert Browning

JUST for a handful of silver she left us,
Just for a raise, though I gave her my coat.
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us—
Went to our neighbors, and we are the goat.
They with their gold to give doled her out silver,
Gave her three evenings, and callers allowed;
Though all our china had gone in her service
We'd have forgiven her, we are not proud.
We that had coddled her, praised her and honored her,
Lived on her wild and magnificent pie,
Learned her Slav language, caught her weird accent,
Hers were the orders to boil or to fry.
Bridget was of us, Millie worked for us,
Jane, Sally, all left us—we mourn not their graves;
She alone, lured by the greed of a neighbor,
She we regard as the worst of our slaves.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CHINA

After Lord Byron

THE Ethiopian came down as a cook to our fold,
And her garments were gleaming with purple and gold.
And her letters of recommendation were fine
As a tenor's press notice, at so much per line.

Arranged on our shelves all resplendent and clean
The plates in our pantry at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
Those plates a week later were shattered and strewn.

As an Angel of Death all the plates she amassed,
Or she bit off the rim of each cup that she passed;
Each favorite platter she lifted, to dust,
And her hands but once heaved and the platter was bust.

ACHIEVEMENT

After Matthew Arnold

WE CAN not kindle when we will
The fire that in the stove resides;
The chimney draweth, then is still;
A mystery the draft abides.
But fires in hours of insight planned,
Can be in hours of failure fanned.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We pile up wood, lay coal on coal;
We stand the smoke, the gas, the heat
Through hours of labored self-control.
Not till the absent cook return
All we have built do we discern.

Then she, whose discontent we dread,
Lest she another place should seek,
Her face a glow is spread,
Her subdues her cheek.
never seen!

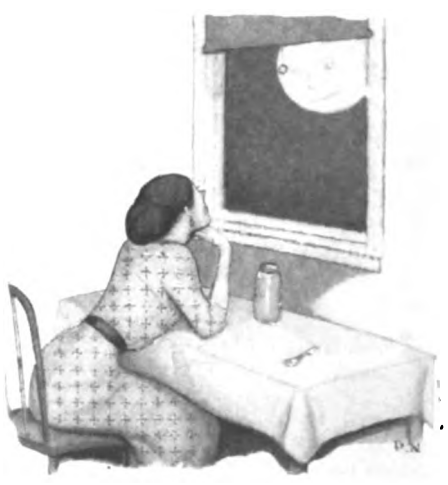
A PSALM OF LIFE

After Henry W. Longfellow

TELL me not in mournful numbers
That the cook demands a raise;
That last Five still haunts my slumbers—
Things have changed since my young days!

Trust no handmaid, howe'er pleasant,
Though she bake a pie sublime;
Though she had her Christmas present,
She will leave before her time.

Let us then be up and doing,
Learn, ourselves, to cook and wait,
I am tired of pursuing
Hilda, Bridget, Jane and Kate.



THE BELLS

After Edgar Allan Poe

HEAR the mellow front-door bells,
Tinkling bells,
What impatient waiting callers their persistent note foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they sharply claim their right!
And the summons of their notes,
All out of tune,
Through the empty kitchen floats
To the kitchen-maid that listens while she gloats
On the moon.
Oh, from out the telephone
There comes another summons in a dominating tone.
It impels,
For it tells
Of some furious 'phoning swells,
While the still continued ringing of the front-door bells
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Finds her out and sharply reminds her she had better mind the bells

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VII. Is Your House Honest?

THE DECORATION OF WALLS

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

THE fundamental principle of mural decoration is: Walls are backgrounds. Keep that in mind and you can not go far wrong. The surface of the wall is supposed to be flat, and this flatness must be preserved, but structurally a wall has thickness as well as length and breadth, and therefore this solidity must not be concealed by flimsy coverings. For instance, if you paper a wall from ceiling to floor with a flowered paper it would look as unstable as a muslin curtain, but if there is a base-board at the bottom of the wall and a cornice or molding at the top, the strength of the wall is obvious, and you can use any paper or decoration you please.

The most distinguished wall treatments—the hangings of tapestries and other textiles, the tooled leathers, the beautiful painted panels of the mural artist—are not within the province of these articles. The average householder employs two methods of wall covering, wood paneling and plaster. We have discussed the possibilities of wood paneling in a former article. Plastered walls may be divided into three groups: the walls which depend upon the natural color and uneven texture of the plaster for decoration, the walls that are painted or distempered, and the walls that are papered.

If you are building a new house, pay a little more for an expert plasterer and do without wall-papers. A good wall offers opportunity for real decoration, but an imperfect wall must always be covered with paper or textile in order to become a background.

Papered walls are very good indeed when the paper is carefully selected after due consideration of the uses of the room, the exposure of the windows, and so forth, but papered walls can not be compared with painted walls for cleanliness and dignity if the plaster beneath the paint has been properly applied. We see so few good painted walls that it seems hardly worth while considering them at all. Most people take it for granted that the plaster will crack and settle. They wait patiently until that ordeal is over, and then paper the walls.

Plastered walls are very pleasant when left in the natural color of the plaster. In every locality this color varies, according to the sand used. Sometimes the plaster is a pale biscuit color, sometimes a clear gray, but usually it is a soft tan. The colors may be varied indefinitely by the addition of a little pure color when the plaster is being mixed. The grain of the plaster is like the texture of a fabric, pleasing in its very roughness.

Don't Despise Plain Plaster

GIVEN a good plastered wall, you can do many things. You may paint it cream or gray or tan, using a flat paint always, or you may tint it with one of the many cold-water paints sold for the purpose. A painted or distempered wall may be broken into large panels by the use of a narrow molding, the molding being painted the same tone as the walls, or a lighter tone of the same color. Walls so painted should always be light in color.

Whitewashed walls are all very well for tropical countries, but they are the most difficult of all walls to make beautiful. An artist can plan a room with white walls and achieve something worth while, but an amateur can not. In the first place, the glare of white walls is very bad on the eyes. Again, white is not a background color, it is too cold and downright, you can not get away from it. Walls are primarily backgrounds, so there you are. White may be softened and mellowed by mixing a little yellow with it, and it becomes cream or ivory or buff, suave and aristocratic. But dead white walls are never pleasant. A white marble bust, or a white porcelain figurine outlined against a darker background is distinguished in effect, but the same object placed against a white wall would be pale and as uninteresting as skimmed milk. White is one of the precious colors, and should be used sparingly and skilfully.

In some parts of the country, notably the extreme South, walls are always whitewashed. This treatment is either very good or very bad. If a room has white woodwork and a few pieces of handsome old furniture, white walls give it a severe formality that is commendable in a warm climate, where the inclination is to let things go.

White plastered walls with dark woodwork are distressingly glaring. Such a room requires masses of green things to make it homelike. I know one Georgia drawing-room that has white walls and ceiling and wood-work, and a floor of wide boards painted a dull green. A faded old rug of no particular color, a square piano, a davenport and several chairs of dark mahogany, and one old portrait above the mantel furnish the room. It is not necessary to comment on the quality of this room; few churches give you a feeling of greater quiet and reverence.

Where Whitewash Wins

ONE can imagine whitewashed walls being very appropriate to the stucco houses of Mexico and Southern California, where the glare of the sunshine is tempered by thick walls and embrasured doors and windows and many hanging vines. There the interiors have the atmosphere of sunrooms with tiled floors and light furniture and many growing plants. I am told that in those queer little islands, the Bermudas, every householder is required by law to whitewash his walls twice a year. The inhabitants are largely English people, and they know the decorative value of chintz, so they temper the glare of too-white walls by hanging lengths of gay fabrics against the whitewashed surfaces, as we would hang pictures.

What you can do with plain paint

The hall is the place for papers of bold design

If the walls of your house are too badly scarred and cracked to be painted, there are hundreds of excellent papers to be found. For most rooms plain papers, or papers plain in effect, are best. For long hallways and occasional rooms there are fascinating figured papers, reproductions of the landscape papers of the early nineteenth century, of the grotesque Chinese papers, or the tapestry and foliage English papers designed by William Morris and Walter Crane, and hundreds of gay bedroom papers that are almost irresistible.

I admit the temptation of figured papers. When I go into a wall-paper shop I have the same greedy feeling I have in the early Spring when hundreds of flowered muslins and sweet-smelling linens are spread out in the shops. I should like to buy dozens and dozens! But flowered wall-papers become very tiresome if you live with them long, and you wouldn't want to wear the sweetest rose-sprigged muslin that ever blossomed for years and years. So I pass the flowered papers by, and buy plainer ones.

Figured wall-papers are not to be condemned wholesale; many of them are beautiful. The main thing to guard against in selecting your paper is too realistic design. The more fantastic and conventionalized the paper is, the better the result will be. A realistic wall-paper is dreadful for the simple reason that walls are supposed to be flat surfaces, and "natural" objects destroy this flatness. The trouble with most people who use figured wall-papers is that they are not content to let the design of the paper decorate the room, and they place on pictures and mirrors until the general effect is that of a grotesque crazy-quilt.

One of the most beautiful halls I have ever seen had a paneled wainscoting about four feet high, a whitewashed ceiling that dropped two feet to a picture-molding, and the space between filled with a Chinese paper made up of impossible trees and vines and flowers, with hundreds of gorgeous birds perched among them. This paper was copied from one of the rare old hand-painted papers of a century ago. The ground color was a deep yellow. Each length differed slightly in design, there were different birds swinging on different colored branches, but the flat arrangement of the background and the brilliant plumage of the birds and the queer greens of the branches gave the effect of an orderly, well-balanced design. Of course no pictures are used on a paper of this kind, and the furniture used in the room with such a paper must be carefully chosen. This particular hall had furniture of black oak, and rugs of plain green velvet, just the tone of the branches. This is an example of a daring paper well used.

The hall is the most formal and least used part of the house, and therefore the very place for papers of bold design. The old landscape papers that were planned for the halls of Colonial houses are being revived, but they are suitable only to those long halls with doors opening just so, and stately staircases, and massive mahogany furniture. The hall shown in the illustration is admirably planned. The white of the woodwork and the polished wood of the stair and the furniture is perfect with the dark landscape paper.

There are hundreds of foliage papers on the market. Some of them have designs in the tapestry colorings, and are very alluring. They may be used as friezes above the wainscoting or paneling of a hall or dining-room. Recently I saw a hall in a city house papered with a foliage paper made of many gray and white leaves, and the effect was very cool and prim. A similar paper of green leaves would be delightful in a country cottage used in combination with white paint and green painted furniture.

Be Careful of Your Bedrooms

BEDROOMS invite the gay papers copied from old English chintzes and French fabrics of the eighteenth century. You can do almost anything you like with your bedroom, but it must be planned just as carefully as the other rooms of the house. If you have a collection of small pictures and photographs you can not put away, paper your walls with a plain color, as gay as you please, and be happy. You will lose your good spirits and friends if you cover your walls with a paper of large design, and then cover the paper with photographs and bridge score-cards, and calendars and odds and ends.

The shops have been very proud to offer figured wall-papers and chintzes to match, the last few years, though why any one should wish to have so much of the same design in a room, I can not understand. The plain wall-paper always invites figured chintz hangings, and the figured paper invites plain-colored hangings. I once spent a night in a bedroom that was supposed to be a "sweet-pea room." The walls were covered with sweet peas, millions of them, so violently colored as to be a libel to the fragile butterfly flowers that inspired the paper. The curtains were of a sweet-pea chintz "to match." The furniture covering and the hangings were of the same chintz, and every innocent wooden space—drawer fronts and chair backs, and so forth—was painted with more sweet peas. I never wanted to see another sweet pea when I left that unhappy room!

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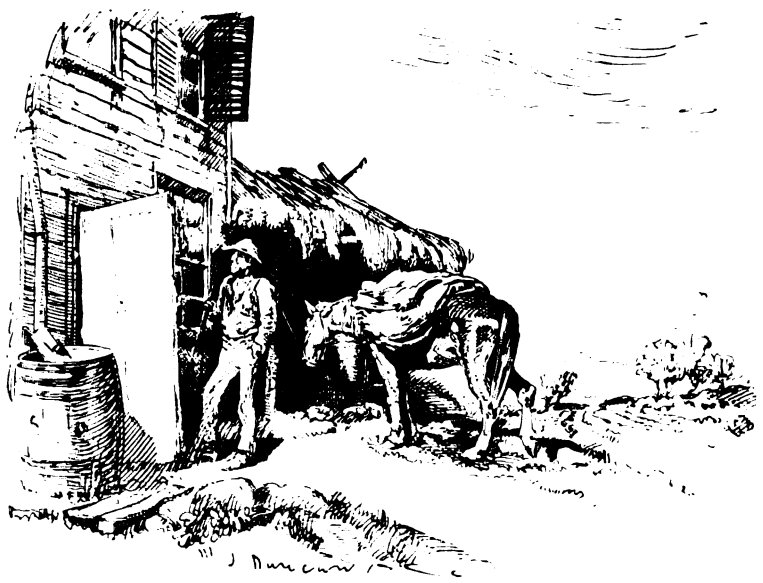
She saw the column of smoke and a darting flame

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

BY ALICE BROWN

Author of "Rose MacLeod," "Meadow-Grass," etc.

Illustrations by W. J. Duncan



Old Hermie came at noon, leading Fan

HE man stood on one foot and used it as a pivot while the other stirred the brown, dry leaves. He was Melvin Greene, making his midweek visitation. Now he spoke remindingly, in a gruff, kind voice.

"You put your mind to't, Ellen. Mebbe you could think up an answer, come Saturday night."

Ellen Beck, standing in the doorway, a small creature with pretty, graying hair and a defiant way of carrying her head, regarded him through the moonlight and laughed. She knew, without the moon's good offices, exactly how Melvin looked, all kindness and a still entreaty. Sometimes he seemed so dear that she wished she could take him by the foolish chin beard he had worn while other men climbed into newer fashions, and pull his face toward her and kiss it gratefully on each smooth cheek, as if he were her brother. But he was not her brother. He wanted to marry her. The thought beset her to-night, and she gave a little crowing laugh, the type Melvin never understood. It made him feel more humble before her, because more defenseless.

"Say, Melvin," she broke out, "what makes you wear a chin beard?"

"Why, I dunno," said Melvin, feeling it with an anxious care, as if it somehow assumed another value to him. "I begun that way. So I kep' on."

Ellen laughed again. He had begun that way with her, too. He had carried her skates and wet her sponge at recess in Winter weather. So, she reflected, he had kept on.

"Used to be kinder nice, District Number Five," she said. "It's a shame they've shut up that schoolhouse an' took to carryin' the children over to the Ridge."

"Why," said Melvin, "what makes you think o' District Number Five to-night?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Ellen, with her air of private merriment over nothing. "I've got to shut the door. I shall catch my death o' cold."

But it was not cold, only crisp and sweet with the bitterness of leaves in the air. Melvin drew a patient breath. He knew she wanted to be rid of him. So he said good night and plodded away; but when Ellen stood by the hearth looking down at the coals just beginning to be veiled by ash, his face appeared at the pane, and he called to her, "I guess I'll be round by seven to-morrer. You think it over."

Ellen turned with dignity, but her face, at the unexpected call, had whitened, and now she found her knees were trembling.

"All right," she answered. "I s'pose I shall be here."

She listened now, her head a little on one side, for his footsteps down the walk, and only when they had died with the after clang of the gate did she allow herself to relax to the ease of companionship definitely over.

"I should think anybody'd know better," she said aloud, as she mended the fire, "than scare any body to death by lookin' into winders."

With that her last consideration of Melvin seemed to die, and she drew the shades and settled down by the brightening fire. The front door she had bolted as soon as he had turned away. The back door, she knew, was fast. She was entrenched for the night.

ELLEN had a secret that had lived with her ever since her father, the last of the immediate family, had died and left her alone in the big dark house. She was afraid of the night. But that nobody, not even her father had suspected. Ellen had had fighting ancestors in the Revolution, and two uncles in the Civil War. They had, she said to herself, in a metaphor constantly visualizing itself before her, marched up to the cannon's mouth, and she could do no less. She must meet and conquer the battalion of her fears. But they never stayed conquered. She often thought of them while the sun was with her, and flouted them. But at night, every homely companion of the day took on a baleful mien and threatened her. The lilac bush at the kitchen window, her love from childhood, turned into a hooded, sinister creature and stirred uncannily. Sometimes when, in a wind, it tapped against the pane, Ellen would stand in the middle of the room, hand on her quailing heart, knowing what it was, and yet threatening it voicelessly:

"I'll cut you down to-morrer, if that's the way you're going to act."

And in the morning she would go out and laugh in the faces of its leaves, as if the whole misunderstanding were something they both knew perfectly well about, and give it a pail of freshest water from the pump. Ellen was an absurd person.

That was one of Ellen's secrets, that she was afraid at night. The other was a shameful secret she hardly had the face to recognize herself. It had to do with Melvin Greene. Ellen was quite sure she didn't want to marry him, but she suspected she could have told him so, definitely, years ago if it hadn't been so comforting to hear his step after dark, on his futile wooing errands. If she were ever to live protected, it would have to be by him, because after all, he was Melvin and very kind. Indeed, there were nights when the mouse stirred in the wainscoting and the lilac tapped the window and a rising wind

They ran over the house and made it come alive

came with the sound of voices, and on those nights she had known herself to stand by the fireplace, apparently in sedate reflection, yet with the certainty that a dozen pairs of hostile eyes might be upon her back; and then she would say to herself, "If Melvin Greene was here this minute I'd tell him 'yes.'" But he never did seem to come on such a night, or if he did, she never noticed the wind voices, and the lilac seemed good company.

THE morning after Melvin had appointed Saturday for his next asking, Ellen slept rather late, because the night after twelve had been an agony of waking. And the first thing she saw when she went out to pump some water for the kettle was Melvin himself, running by at a swift trot, John Blaisdell after him and Mrs. Blaisdell, plump and lumbersome, bringing up the rear. Melvin waved his hand and called, as he ran by, and John Blaisdell didn't even speak at all. But Mrs. Blaisdell, glad to stop for breath, reclined one elbow on the pump and panted.

"What's happened?" Ellen asked.

Mrs. Blaisdell gasped expiringly.

"I should think you'd seen the smoke," said she. "I should think you'd seen it 'most 'fore anybody. The Yorkes' house's afire. I see it from our attic winder."

Ellen turned, as she had omitted to do before, and there rose the column of smoke and a darting flame. And immediately, with one consent, she and Mrs. Blaisdell began to run. Ellen was light on her feet. She ran nearly as well as she had in District Number Five when she and Melvin used to race each other home. But she was strictly honorable about it, and she and Mrs. Blaisdell arrived together. It was all over, all but the stupor of the despoiled family. Hattie Yorke, the mother, thin, freckled, with a searching look of the eyes, sat on an old wash-bench, her arm about young Hermie, who stood on his bare feet and stared, as if the whole thing were some new species of entertainment and he was bent on taking it all in. Hermie, the father, stood with the men who had run to save his house, and looked on with them in a stolid silence. Old Fan, happily led out in time from the crazy barn that had caught from the house, was tethered to a tree, and tried with as obstinate a fervor as if she hadn't so much to be thankful for and ought to be thinking of it, to get her nose down to a sorry bit of plantain in a gravelly spot; and the cat sat up in the tree and swished her tail. The pupils of her eyes were big. She was the only one who looked as if she might have something to say. Once a rooster crowed, and the clarion cry sounded gaily through the scene's abjectness. The two women, in the plenitude of their sympathy, hurried up to Hattie.

"There, Hattie," said Mrs. Blaisdell, in the only formula she could compass at short notice, "don't you think a thing about it."

Hattie turned on her a lack-luster gaze.

"'T wa'n't much of a house," she said. Yet she was not thinking of Mrs. Blaisdell's bay-window and cupola. "But anyway," she ended, and a sob came now, "'twas ourn."

Ellen felt her heart quite choked with neighborly pity. "Why, I guess 'twas yours," she cried warmly. "An' I dunno why you should say 't wa'n't much of a house. 'Twas real kinder pretty an' nice an' not a great barn of a thing to keep clean—same's mine is," she added hastily, for here it looked as if she might have flouted Mrs. Blaisdell. "No," she added, "'twas a real pretty, nice little house."

Hattie smoothed young Hermie's hair with a heavy hand. The tears were coming now so fast that she hardly saw which way she smoothed it, and Hermie squirmed away from her. Old Hermie, as the neighborhood had called him after the naming of his son, walked over to them. He was a young, fresh-colored fellow with deep lines between his eyes, and his lips, too, were trembling. But he chewed a straw and found it helped along.

"Pshaw!" said he, with an elaborate roughness. "She's gone, an' let her go. What's the use?"

Then the silence fell, as it does upon the heels of calamity when nobody has yet numbered the dead and wounded. Ellen was conscious of a queer feeling within her. She accepted it as the sickness of sympathy, and then another idea flashed upon her.

"Why," said she aloud, in a surprised interest, "I ain't had my breakfast."

Young Hermie turned his sharp blue eyes on her with a semblance of warmth.

"You had yours, Hattie?" said Ellen. "Look here, I'll clip it right off now, an' make us a cup o' coffee, an' you an' Hermie come as quick as ever you can. The menfolks'll have all they can do clearin' up this mess they've made"—for the moment it seemed to Ellen that the menfolks were alone responsible, in their higher accountability over outdoor things, for the fire itself. "Come, Mis' Blaisdell. Hattie'll come if you git started."

Hattie gave a questioning moist look at her husband

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and he returned a nod, and the three women set off, trailing along the road. At first young Hermie lingered, as feeling his place to be among the men; but Ellen's judicious mention of cookies moved him. So he struck up a strident whistle, and the little group dribbled along the road to Ellen's house. Mrs. Blaisdell wouldn't come in. Her bread was rising. But she said she'd be "back along" in half an hour or so, and see what Hattie meant to do.

Ellen was very happy the moment she got the two inside her door. There were so many things to do for them; and if her life lacked anything, it was little tasks for the satisfying of immediate wants. Everybody loved Ellen in a neighborly way, but nobody, she knew, really needed her. Of course Melvin said he did, but if he never got her he would keep on living with his widowed sister, carrying on his farm and excellently provided for.

"You stretch right out on the lounge, Hattie," she bade her hollow-eyed guest. "Hermie, you run out an' get me a handful o' chips. I'll brash up the fire."

Hattie was unequal to so definite a collapse as lying down by day, but she did take the old rocking-chair by the window and leaned back in it, her eyes closed and her mouth shut tight on misery. Ellen, in the excess of her hospitality, piled indiscriminate viands on the breakfast-table. She even thought of bringing out a half loaf of pound-cake from the jar, because Hermie might like it.

"There," she said, when the coffee had settled and the ham was fried crisp, "le's draw up."

HATTIE came awake again out of her dead-and-alive condition, and allowed herself to be persuaded to a cup of coffee and a thin scallopy edge of ham. Hermie ate without restraint, his elbows on the table, for he knew nobody, on this eccentric day, would recall him to the niceties of manner. Hattie said afterwards that she didn't know when she'd eat such a meal o' victuals as she had that mornin'. She guessed it was because she didn't know what she was doin' anyways. And after a second cup of coffee, the two women leaned back and looked at each other. Hattie stirred unhappily in her chair, with the habit of those who are active all through the waking hours.

"I guess I'll go back," she said, "an' see if I can't pick up suthin' or other. Mebbe the men-folks won't git everything."

"Well," said Ellen. It seemed to her, after that one last look at the place, that there was nothing left but old Fan and the plantain growing out of the gravel, and the cat. That recalled her to Hermie's own personal losses. "Hermie," she said, "you might bring your kitty over here—that is, if you think she'd stay. I should admire to feed her."

Hermie was crimson. It seemed to him, for the first time, as if the house were really burned, and if he went home he shouldn't find it. He was swelling with suppressed emotion.

"Guess she wouldn't," he returned. "Anyways, 'thout me."

And then it all came over Ellen.

"Why," said she, "Hattie Yorke, where you goin' to stay to-night?"

Hattie did not answer, and Ellen, glancing at her, saw her hands were trembling.

"Why," she said again, "I should think I was as numb as a beetle. You ain't got any folks, have you, leastways this side o' Derby Line?"

"No," said Hattie, out of her composure, "my folks, what there is of 'em, 's too fur away to do me any good. An' if I could git to 'em, I dunno's they'd know hardly what to do, to see me settlin' down on 'em."

"An' Hermie, too," Ellen concluded, in the haste of her enlightenment. "Why, Hermie's a kind of a wanderin' star. He come here peddlin' fust, an' I dunno's ever I heard where he started from."

"Hermie started down in the State o' Maine," said Hattie, rising. "He's got a brother there now that's lost his leg in the thrashin' machine. Horse kicked him. We was thinkin' of havin' him come up this Fall an' make us a nice long visit. Well, there 'tis."

She had reached for Hermie's cap and was passing it to him absently, but Ellen came a step nearer and fronted her. Ellen's face was shining.

"Hattie Yorke," said she, "you hear to me. You ain't goin' over to that poor desolatin' spot, pokin' round among the ashes. You're goin' to stay right here with me. An' Hermie can run an' tell his father to come over to dinner, an' you an' me'll get it ready. An' that ain't all we'll do. We'll open t'other half the house; for that's where you're goin' to stay."

Hattie Yorke seemed to allow herself to come awake, and tears ran into her eyes.

"You're real good, Ellen," she said. "But what makes you open t'other part? We could camp down here anywheres, glad an' thankful. If you put us up into the shed chamber, I guess Hermie'd think we was made."

Ellen's eyes glowed with a deepening pleasure. Her cheeks grew warmer. She felt all alive.

"Why, Hattie, can't you understand?" said she. "I don't mean camp down to-night, an' I don't mean this week nor next. I mean to turn you right into t'other part an' you set up housekeepin' there, this Winter anyways, till you look round you an' consider what you'll do. You know that was Aunt Mary's part when she lived in there an' father an' me in here, an' there's her little kitchen an' all. An' her dishes, Hattie! I ain't got one of 'em out o' place. You jest come in here an' let me show you Aunt Mary's dishes."

Hattie, too, caught fire. It was amazing to see the light of color run into her thin face. They took hands like girls and made short work of the entry between this and t'other part. An instant only Hattie stopped to command Hermie: "You go an' tell father. Tell him just what Miss Ellen says."

And Hermie flatted his cap on anyhow and "legged" it wildly.

No one but Ellen herself had been in Aunt Mary's part since Aunt Mary died. From day to day she had visited the silent rooms, really as if she were keeping them in charge for Aunt Mary, and night after night she made her scurrying tour to spy out the hostile force encamped in them to fall on her at twelve. That was the hour Ellen had fixed upon for the coming of her foes. After the clock had sounded midnight, she always felt a little easier. That had been her lonely progress, but this was different. Hattie and she went on from room to room, opening doors and discoursing warmly on domestic matters.

"I've had the beds stripped ever since she went," she told Hattie, "but I guess we might as well get out some blankets an' make a couple. You better sleep in the front chamber, an' let little Hermie have the one right back o' you."

Then she laughed, and Hattie asked her:

Suddenly Ellen discovered things were different

"What you laughin' at?"

"Why, I dunno exactly," said Ellen. "Seems so kinder pleasant to be openin' the winders an' lettin' in the air."

But there was more than that to laugh at, and Ellen knew it. She knew she was really thinking that she need only stretch her hand out as she lay in bed and tap on the wall, and the sleepers in t'other part must hear. Another wayward little thought came to her, and she laughed again.

"I hope Hermie snores," she said. "If he does, don't you pitch upon him and shake him, same's mother used to father when we had company."

"Mercy sakes!" said Hattie, staring. She had forgotten for a moment that, after all, her house was burned this was so sweetly welcoming. "What you want to hear anybody snorin' for?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Ellen, laughing happily. "Le's put the risin' sun on young Hermie's bed. I guess boys like yeller. I should if I's a boy."

SO THEY ran over the house and made it come alive. It was exactly like starting a clock, Ellen thought. Here it had been waiting in readiness from garret to cellar, and they had only to give a touch here and there, not to wind the actual clock, for that had been going since Aunt Mary died, but to open a window, pull up a shade, and build a fire in the kitchen stove. And when old Hermie came at noon, leading Fan, yet not feeling quite sure what was to become of her, his dinner was waiting for him and he had a home.

Hermie didn't say a word to Ellen about his miraculous home. Hattie had taken him in t'other part, and they had walked all over it, and then, up in young Hermie's room, her head on the orange of the rising sun, Hattie had begun to cry, with sobs that shook her thin shoulders to the absolute undoing of young Hermie, who stood in the door and watched her. Young Hermie ran down-stairs and out into the barn where Fan was eating hay, and standing there by Fan, who seemed almost more familiar now than father and mother because she hadn't changed her habits, Hermie meditated upon life as he had found it. Old Hermie stood for a minute or two by Hattie's side, and cleared his throat. Then he said: "There! there!" and Hattie sat up and dried her eyes and tried to smile at him, as having made her adequate response. And they went down to dinner straightway and, with no more excitement about it, continued living in Aunt Mary's part.

That first night of their stay Ellen thought she should never forget as long as she might live. For the first time in that aching procession of nights, she was free of fear.

"I needn't put down the curtains if I don't want to," said Ellen. "I can go out an' walk round the barn an' come in again an' not go over the house. If I hear a noise in the night, I can turn over an' go to sleep. There's somebody in t'other part."

And at that point she did hear a step and a fumble at the door, and for a moment her old uncertainties were on her. But she laughed before they had her, and she looked up casually when the door opened and Melvin Greene came in. And seeing him, his honest, tired face, his Sunday clothes worn scrupulously when he came to court her, Ellen laughed again, for again she looked her freedom in the face. It was a bigger freedom than she had thought, for it was freedom from him, too.

"Well," said she gaily, "it's been quite a day, ain't it?"

Melvin seated himself in the armchair by the fire, and looked seriously into the blaze.

"I don't recall jest sech a day," he said, "sence the old meetin'-house got afire an' we boys clim' in an' saved the Bible."

Ellen, too, drew up to the hearth, unwillingly. She wished he had not come. There were pulses beating in her, like wild living creatures, bidding her come play with them, and realize anew that she was not afraid.

"Well," said she, "Hermie an' Hattie's here. I s'pose you know, in Aunt Mary's part."

Melvin nodded.

"How long they goin' to stay?" he inquired.

The question jarred her. It seemed to mark a limit to her confidence.

"Stay?" she said, "Why, I dunno. Till little Hermie's twenty-one, maybe, an' goes off an' builds an' takes 'em with him. I ain't begun to think about their stayin'. They've jest come."

"It's a good idea, too," said Melvin, "to have somebody in the house. I presume you an' I'll want my house an' sister Lyddy'll move on an' live with the children."

Ellen felt her face scarlet. She spoke to him pettishly, as she used to speak years ago when he took her home from school on his sled and was never fast enough.

"Don't talk like that. Course your sister ain't goin' to move."

Melvin was looking at her with serious blue eyes.

"Oh, yes, she will," he said. "She wants to. 'Don't you let Ellen Beck think she ain't goin' to have this house to herself,' she says. If she's said it once she's said it forty times."

THEY sat like old married folk looking into the coals, Melvin in an anxious quiet, but Ellen all afire. What was the flame within her? Was it the desire of life with him, her own hearth with this other figure always by it, or was it sheer pleasure of her own security? Ellen thought she knew. She got up suddenly and stretched her arms above her head, and Melvin looked in questioning alarm.

"I can't do it," said Ellen. "I can't ever do it."

Melvin, too, got up. His hand trembled slightly, but he stood very still and manly and looked at her.

"You ain't goin' to say you've thought better on't?"

"Why, I never really thought of it at all," said Ellen. She was near crying now, over the coil her cowardice had got her into. "I never've said one word, Melvin Greene, to promise anything."

Melvin seemed to consider.

"No," he said at length. "That's God's truth. You never have."

Ellen's heart beat so hard she thought the other part might hear it, but she stood as still as a little furry animal that seeks not to be discovered. Melvin looked at her, a look that, from impatient sorrow for him, she could not meet. It seemed, not as if the look reproached her, but as if it took farewell of her.

"Well, Ellen," said he, "so it's 'No.'"

"Why, I s'pose so," said Ellen miserably. "Why, yes, 'tis. It's 'No.'"

And Melvin took his hat and walked out of the house and down the path, and she heard his careful shutting of the gate. And Ellen was not sorry; save for his discomfiture, she was glad. She, too, ran out of the house, but by the back door, for that led to the orchard where the trees were moving in their confusion of branches against the rising moon. There had been a time, only twenty-four hours ago, when Ellen would have shuddered in the moonlight even more than the utter dark, because it made such unaccountable shadows. But now, her apron thrown over her head, because the Fall dusk was cold, she wandered in and out among the trees, and sat a while on the stone wall where she and her little girl friend, married now and gone, used to leave notes, though they saw each other every waking hour. And of Melvin and his sore heart she did not think at all, because she was too busy fancying how wonderful it would be to go to bed without poking over the house. She thought she might not even fasten the door. In a little while she ran in, chilled and yet aglow with the exhilaration of it all, and as it chanced, young Hermie's sleepy voice was calling from his chamber.

"Ma," said young Hermie, "you bring a drink o' water when you come."

That seemed to Ellen the most reassuring sound she had ever heard in her house. People were alive and active in t'other part. They demanded and were supplied with drinks of water. In the morning, she went down and found that Hermie had set a basket of chips before her door, and Hattie was looking out of the pantry window that faced her own, ready to say good morning, and yet rather anxious not to make too free. It all seemed like a warm new dream of the way life ought to be and as she had not had the sense to make it.

As the Fall lengthened and Winter came it was just the same. Hattie and old Hermie were unboundedly grate-

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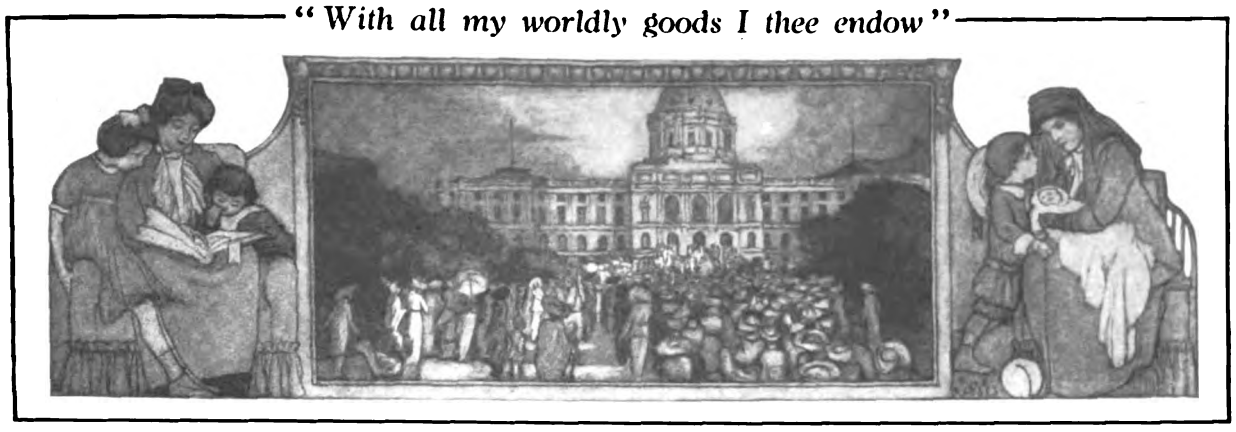

FINANCING MOTHERHOOD

In Order to Make Full Use of the Love of Mothers, the World is Forging a Chain of Practical Devices of which "Widows' Pensions" is Only One Link

BY WILLIAM HARD

IN PARIS there was a thing called the "tour." They had it in the wall of a "hospice," which was a kind of asylum. It was put there in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The French Convention, governing France, had passed a decree: "Every child, if poor, had a right to be reared at public expense. He was 'enfans de la patrie.' He was 'the child of the nation.'"

A woman approached the "tour." Every person had the right to approach it with the purpose which she had in mind. Multitudes of persons did so.

This woman had a child in her arms. Coming to the "tour," which projected from the wall of the "hospice," she laid the child in it. She placed her hand on the edge of it. She gave it a turn. It swung on its pivot, like a revolving door, and carried the child with it into the interior of the "hospice."

The attendants inside did not see the woman who stood outside. The woman did not see the attendants. Nor did she again see the child, ever. He was "enfans de la patrie." He was "the child of the nation."

That wall, with its turning cradle, blindly receiving the child to a homeless life and blindly acquitting the mother of the tasks of motherhood, is a monument to the highest triumph of the idea that it is well enough for children to be without homes and that it is well enough for mothers to be excused, *or to be prevented*, from making homes.

It is a dead idea now. It still walks, but the life is out of it.

Some people say that to-day we are preparing to give our children over to nurses, medical inspectors, playground instructors, school-teachers and other public officials. They say that the mother will have little to do but bear the children and then surrender them to the State.

Such people see only half the picture. The other half is that all these public officials are mere assistants to the mother. They are Knowledge. The mother is Life.

This twentieth century, more than any other century before it, is devising plans by which, in every possible case, the mother may be held steadily to her task of arousing Life, intense and abundant, in the children she bears. Therein we may read the signs of the times which point up the road of the immediate future to a State Worship of Motherhood never before even imagined.

The Murder Rate in Asylums

LET the curtain go down on Paris and rise on San Francisco. The last annual report of the Associated Charities is being written. One small fact appears worthy of being given a page all to itself. It gets it; and, with much white space above and below, stands out thus:

The year before the Foundling Asylum was closed, the death-rate of foundling babies in the asylum was fifty-nine out of a hundred. After the Associated Charities put the babies into foster-homes, where they are given a mother's care, the death-rate dropped to six out of a hundred.

Is it because the foster-mother knows more about diet and about hygienic clothing and about ventilation than the doctors and the nurses? Not quite.

It is merely, and marvelously, because the foster-mother *plays* with the child, plays with it *individually*, not in "organized" games, but with the intimate personal understanding which a woman can give to one little group of lives, though she can not give it to a "class" of forty "pupils."

This personal playing is what God is teaching every little girl when she plays with her dolls.

You can often pervert God's lesson for her. Give her forty dolls, and she will know none of them. She is an asylum director. Give her six dolls, and she will tell you the profoundest personal peculiarities of each one, till you yourself know that "Ruth" is violent and must be prevented from covertly slapping the others, while "Bessie" is so sweet that she must be urged to stand up for herself.

To find the personality in the little body, to summon it out, to make it live—that is the purpose getting itself accomplished beneath all the motherly "baby-talk," the cluttered chatter which the wisest man in the world, for the biggest salary in the world, couldn't duplicate.

So the asylum is getting emptied into the foster-home.

A Brooklyn Foster-Home

IN THE southern part of Brooklyn, at 1372 Sixty-eighth Street, in a two-story house which is part of a solid row of similar houses, there is a Mrs. Schoenig who has children of her own and also certain other children, foster-children.

There are four foster-children. They do not stand up in a line and keep step. They crawl over Mrs. Schoenig's lap; and they sprawl over the floor, which is not much more spacious. The floor is large enough, but Mrs. Schoenig's lap is such as an efficiency engineer would approve for a woman who entertains the troubles of her own children and of four foster-children.

The foster-children are entrusted to her by a neighboring asylum, the Angel Guardians Branch of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. The City Government pays the Convent for taking the children. The Convent pays Mrs. Schoenig. It pays her eight dollars a month for each child.

One of the children is Johnny Finger.

"His mother is dead?"

"Ach, no," says Mrs. Schoenig. "Hees mudder iss vorkin' by a voman on Eighty-fort' Street."

I go to Eighty-fourth Street. I see the mistress of the house. Johnny's mother is working there? Yes.

"Why doesn't she want Johnny?"

"Want Johnny?" says the mistress of the house. "She is frantic to get Johnny. What do you think she would be? He's her youngest. He's only two. I know all about him. She tells me every day."

I go away from Eighty-fourth Street and come to the City Department of Charities, and to the Children's Bureau in that department. The Bureau had sent Johnny to the Convent, which had sent him to Mrs. Schoenig, who loves being a mother. She is a useful woman. She loves being a mother. So, however, does Mrs. Finger, and Johnny's last name——

"Yes, Finger," says the Bureau of Children to me. "Mrs. Finger applied to have Johnny discharged from the Convent and restored to her. It couldn't be done."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing at all. She is a good woman. She loves her children. She wants them. She wants them all."

"How many?"

"Three. One is in the hospital. One is with her. The third is Johnny."

"If there's nothing the matter with her now, how must she change her character in order to get Johnny?"

"She must become richer. She must have several dollars a week more."

The Bureau is right. The Convent is right. Mrs. Schoenig is right. They are all doing their best, under the law. The law is horrible.

We are financing the foster-motherhood of the Bureau, the Convent and Mrs. Schoenig. We can not see our way to financing the flesh-and-blood motherhood of Mrs. Finger.

We give it recognition, though. Once a month Mrs. Schoenig leads Johnny to the Convent. There, to the Convent, comes Mrs. Finger. She plays with Johnny once a month.

"And then, I suppose, she thinks of him being here in this house?"

"Nein, no," says Mrs. Schoenig; 'if I vos to let on to her vhere is dis house, I vould lose my license as noice for childrens."

Johnny Finger's Rights

FOR Mrs. Finger we may feel sorry. For Johnny Finger we may well feel more than sorry.

Johnny, if he is to grow up to his best, has certain rights during childhood. It is because of Johnny, and not because of Mrs. Finger, that the world is now working out a many-sided plan for what might be called the "Conservation of Motherhood."

Let us take a hasty look at a few scattered details of that plan.

To begin with, Johnny's health requires that during the first few weeks of his life his mother shall not be exhausted by excessive toil. A small start toward securing him in this right is made in many countries by providing that no woman shall be employed in any factory or other workplace for a certain period following her confinement.

This law immediately raises the need for another law.

The woman is working because she needs money. When the work stops, the money stops.

Therefore, Maternity Insurance.

The German working woman must by law belong to a sickness-insurance society. She pays dues to it. So does her employer. If she gets typhoid fever, the insurance society sends her a "benefit," which amounts, roughly, to half of what she would earn if she were at work.

Now nobody scoffs at this arrangement by saying that the woman is getting paid for having typhoid fever.

It is not sensible to scoff at Maternity Insurance by saying that a woman is getting paid for having a baby.

Maternity is an expense, an out-of-the-ordinary expense. It is covered by the German insurance system, just as typhoid fever is covered, and broken legs, and old age, and invalidism.

When a German working woman has a baby, she is given her "sick pay" from her insurance society for eight weeks.

This eight weeks' "sick pay" is compulsory. Two other kinds of "benefits" at maternity are allowed, though not commanded, by her Government in its regulation of insurance societies.

The first is an "expectancy" benefit, to be given for six weeks before the regular maternity benefit begins. The second is a "nursing" benefit, to be given for six weeks after the regular maternity benefit ends. The "nursing" benefit is to be given only in case the mother herself nurses the baby.

There is a certain substitute for part of the regular maternity benefit. The insurance society may send the mother to a hospital for her confinement, if she consents, or it may provide her with medical attention and the services of nurses in her own home. In these cases the mother is given only one-half of the regular maternity benefit in money.

The purpose of it all is that the child shall be "well born," and that during the most dangerous weeks of his life he shall have the care of a well-rested and well-nourished mother.

More Money for Motherhood

HENRIETTE FUERTH of Frankfort says that the maternity benefit is too small. More and more people are agreeing with her. Her "Insurance of Motherhood" scheme carries four points:

1. Sufficient rest at confinement time, not only for mothers who are wage-earners, but for home-keeping mothers as well.
2. Attendance during confinement for both classes of women.
3. For working women, a maternity benefit equal not to half, but to all of their regular wage.
4. For all mothers, *general subsidiary aid until the child leaves school.*

As for the first point, it is clear enough that the woman who has a house to look after is just as likely to be overworked at confinement as is the woman who has a job in a factory.

We have begun to forbid the factory woman to do

[Continued on page 311]

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THE MUSICAL VILLAGE

By Jennette Lee

Author of "The Man with the Torch," "Uncle William," etc.

Illustrated by C. F. Peters

Only the organist's swaying hand guided the voice up and up

THERE was trouble in Culver. Miss Mattie, in the little schoolhouse under the elm, was thinking about it as she erased the number work from the board and put on the new lesson. But she hummed a little to herself as she moved about the room. It was a low reminiscent humming—a little disjointed—in a clear contralto voice. Sister Ella sang the soprano—and the tenor was by Jim Talcott. She hummed the notes again, a little flitting color in her face.

A knock sounded at the door. She moved toward it slowly, blowing the chalk dust from her fingertips and rubbing them deftly on her apron. The young man met her look of surprise with a confident smile. "I wanted to see you about the anthem."

"Oh—come in." She moved back slowly.

He threw a glance about the little room as he entered—at the sturdy plants in the windows and the pictures and rows of books on the shelves. "Nice place," he said comfortably; "wish I went to school now."

She smiled at him—a shy, reproachful smile that rebuked and admired in a breath.

"What did you want to ask about?" She had seated herself behind her table, a little primly.

He regarded her approvingly. "It's the anthem, you know—Sol says he can't play it."

"He can't play it!" Her eyes had grown dark.

"Well, he won't. It's the same thing."

"We'll have to give it up." The words came regretfully. The notes of the anthem hummed gently in her head.

"Fred Westcott says he can play it."

"Oh——"

There was a long silence. She spoke at last. "Solomon won't like it."

"No. Mad as a hatter!" His eyes laughed to her.

"Perhaps—" She spoke musingly, one finger on her lips—"I meant to talk to him. I might do it now?" She looked up inquiringly.

"He's made up his mind. He's set as a hen."

"I know." She sighed regretfully. "Who said Fred Westcott could play it?"

"He said it himself, to-day—in the shop. We got to talking about the anthem, and Sol got mad—Sol wants us to sing 'Hark, the Herald Angels'—and then somebody guyed him, and he got madder and said he wouldn't play this one—not if the Almighty Himself asked him to. I left him sputtering away over his lathe—little sparks kind o' shooting out all round him—I thought I'd better see the rest of the committee."

"Have you seen Ella?" She lifted her eyes swiftly.

He laughed into them before they fell. "I stopped here on the way."

The air about them was full of happiness. The little room held it brimming.

The girl nodded. "We will go and ask her." She rose and took down a fleecy covering from a nail by the door, winding it about her head and neck. Her eyes looked out of the white folds, swiftly dark and gentle.

He came across the room, seeing only the eyes in the cloud.

A step sounded in the hall and the door opened with a rush. The girl who stood in it glanced from one to the other, breathless. "I'm glad you are here," she looked at the young man. "He's got mad—says he won't play. Tom told me. What are you going to do?" Her face—dark like her sister's in its strong lines, but thinner, keener, more efficient—waited, impatient.

"Fred Westcott will play it."

The two sisters looked at each other in silence. "Solomon would never get over it!" they said in concert. "He could do it if he wanted to—" Ella added.

"Same as the rest of us—" Jim hummed the opening bars. The soprano caught her note and joined in. The alto blended softly, deepening as the melody filled the room. They sang it through. It had grown darker. The hills to the west were full of shadows. Miles of snow-crusted cold stretched between, making the room, with its warm dusk and scent of leaves, a sheltered place, home-touched and sweet.

The music drifted from it, as it had come. They looked at each other.

The soprano spoke first. "We'll *have* to sing it."

The tenor responded quickly. "It's the best thing the choir's had." They looked at the alto. She waited, hesitating.

"But it's too bad. I hate to hurt Solomon's feelings."

"So do we."

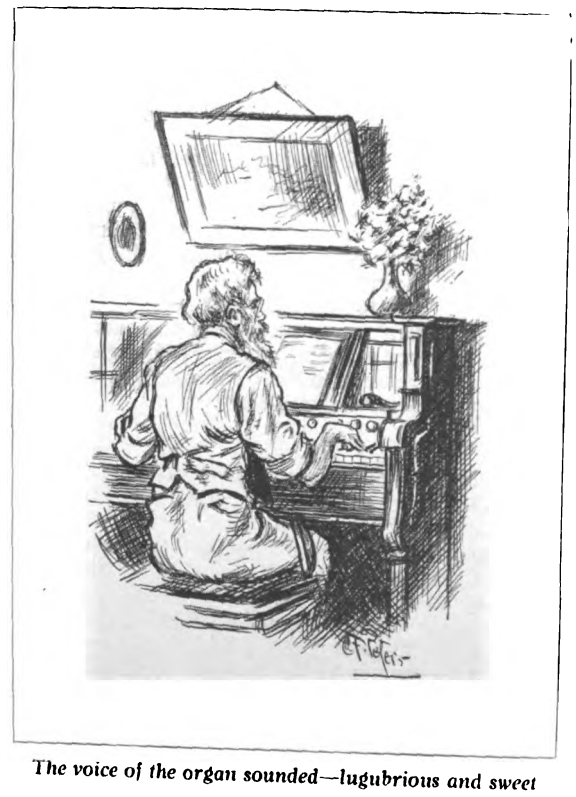
"But we *will!*" It was the soprano, half laughing at the solemn debate.

"Yes, we will."

They smiled happily. The thing was done. For years Solomon Canfield had ruled the choir. He was a conservative, and the music of Culver had lagged behind the rest of Christendom. This year it would be up to date. They passed out into the cold air again, chanting softly—"Peace, peace on earth—good-will to men—good-will to men."

II

SOLOMON Canfield was stumping home through the early dusk. He had been the last to leave the shop. He was often the last to leave, locking the door behind him and hanging the key under the step for the first arrival the next morning. This arrival was more than likely to be Solomon himself. He was a thrifty soul. The extra



The voice of the organ sounded—lugubrious and sweet

hours meant extra pennies. Dollars always came slowly to Solomon's pocket—a penny here and a penny there—a little for eggs, a little for butter and milk, a little for vegetables. Solomon knew the history of each penny. They made a good round sum now—twenty-three hundred dollars—enough to take care of them both, Martha and him, when he should quit work. They owned the little house and the meadow lot and the cow and garden spot. They could look forward to a comfortable old age. It was Solomon's chief joy in life—his comfortable old age—this and his music. There had been two passions in his life—saving a dollar and playing on the organ. They were intertwined with the roots of being. His first music lessons had been paid for in butter and eggs; later, the lessons had been given up altogether, and the butter and eggs sold for cash. This was the reason he had not learned to play better—and there had been no time to practise. He had worked in the shop since he was twelve years old. He went over it in his mind in a grieved way, as he made his way home, stumbling a little in the dark. He had never had a chance. He could have played—as well as—anybody—if he had had a chance.

Solomon's heart was sore. He had played the organ forty years without pay. Now they were going to turn him out for a young whipper-snapper—he had been in Culver six months—just six months!

He slammed the door hard and entered the warm kitchen, sternly righteous—they should see.

Martha looked up with a firm smile. "You're late, Solomon."

"I know it." He spoke gruffly. "Worked overtime."

"You hadn't ought to." The tone was full of reproachful kindness. She moved the teapot from the stove to its place on the table and seated herself opposite him, regarding him a little anxiously.

"You look real tired, Solomon."

"I've been working."

She knew how to take the rebuff—after forty years. She ate in silence, tasting her tea in little sips. Her kindly starched presence filled the room.

The news waited between them. Solomon brought it out at last. He proposed that they go over to her mother's to spend Christmas.

She set down her cup, looking at him with quiet eyes. "What will the choir do? They can't get along without you."

"Guess they'll hev to—this year." He spoke almost jocosely.

She leaned forward, "Aren't you going to play?"

"No, sir, I'm not." It was a declaration of war—not of defeat.

She waited without speaking. Was it the rheumatism? Her mind went hastily over the week. Solomon would tell her, when he was ready.

He told her at last, biting out the words slowly and resentfully.

Her prim, quiet face was full of indignation. "It's a shame—a burning shame! After all you've done for that church!"

"They never paid me, either—not a cent!"

"It isn't the pay!" She swept it aside with a touch. "It's the time and the patience and the always being there. You've played for them when you ought to have been in bed—many a time!"

"Yes, I suppose I hev." He sighed appreciatively.

She nodded. "Not a funeral, nor a wedding—even your own—that you haven't played for 'em." She laughed a little tremulously. She regarded him with tender eyes. "I don't see how they could do it."

"Well, it's this way." He seemed a little anxious to excuse them. "They want that purtic'lar piece—Mr. Stetson sent it up to 'em, and they took the notion, right off, they'd do it—but it wa'n't right—" He veered off suddenly, "I ought to 'a' been on that committee!"

"Of course you had."

It soothed him a little. "So they just fixed on that anthem without so much as 'by your leave' to me. And when I come to try it, I see they was a good many flats to it and the key changes some——"

"Couldn't you play it?" The tone was direct.

"Well, I *could* have, mebbe—if they'd give me time and acted right about it, but I was kind o' turning it over in my mind, and we got to talking about it down to the shop, and, first I knew, I'd said I wouldn't play it."

Her look held a little reproach.

"Well, you'd 'a' said it yourself! They was all at me, a-pestering me."

"Yes, yes, I know."

"And I've said I won't, and I *won't!*" He rose from the table, setting back his chair with a thump. "And that ain't the last they'll hear of it, either." He was moving toward the door.

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Her glance followed him anxiously. "What do you mean, Solomon?"

He had disappeared in the dark of the room beyond. No response came back to her, but presently, out of the gloom, the voice of the organ sounded, lugubrious and sweet.

Her face cleared. He would play it off. She went about her work, moving from point to point in a kind of stately rhythm. She had cleared the table to the sound of music for forty years. It was by music that Solomon had won her—though she could not play a note.

When the table was cleared she went in and sat down in the dark and listened.

III

THE choir was assembled for rehearsal. They met in Jared Allen's parlor—to save fuel. There were Miss Mattie and Miss Ella and Jim Sanford, with Fred Westcott at the organ, and a fringe of minor voices to help out the chorus. Jared Allen sang bass. The rehearsals began with Jared practising his part alone. First he sang the bass. Then the whole choir rendered an accompaniment to it. When this custom began, no one present was old enough to remember. Perhaps Solomon Canfield could have told. But Solomon was not there. The chorus settled themselves for this introductory solo. Then something happened. Fred Westcott started in on the organ with hands and feet all at once, calling out with a flourish, "One, two, three—ready!"

Jared, with mouth open—for the bass—regarded the new organist with mild surprise.

He had not objected to the action of the committee in deposing Solomon. He never objected to anything that left him free to his bass. But this was an innovation. He settled his spectacles more firmly on his nose and glared at the young man.

The organist evaded the glance and bent to the keys in heavy rhythm. The choir burst into a volume of sound. Jared was left bars in the rear. He struggled, choking a little. Then he wiped his brow.

The young basses, heretofore suppressed, took courage and sang lustily. For a little, Jared chewed his wrath. Then he grumbled gently, rolling the sound in his throat. He cleared it, portentously, and broke forth, riding to victory. The choir met him half way and closed about him. They bore him aloft on wings of power. Jared soared with them, blind and dazed, bellowing with joy.

The little parlor echoed to the music, swelled with it and trilled. It beat about them, swinging heavily from grave to gay. The basses nudged each other and grinned. Jared's face, like a round moon, beamed with joy. A hush came on the room. The organist had raised his hand, moving it gently. It was Miss Mattie's solo. She was standing, a little to one side, her cheeks glowing, her eyes with stars in them. The lips parted shyly and her voice took the notes, like a bird, resting on them in plumed flight, low-swinging and sweet.

The voice of the organ had ceased. Only the organist's swaying hand guided the voice up and up, out to a clear place where the chorus waited. They broke in upon her, triumphant "Peace, peace, on earth." New life, new hope, new singing had come to Culver. Breathless they finished, descending upon the organist. He must play for them every Sunday. Solomon Canfield was too old. He needed rest—he had said he wouldn't play—let him stick to it.

Slowly the young man shook his head, smiling. No, he would play for them this once—the anthem, but nothing else. He spoke lightly, his eyes on Miss Mattie. She was gathering the fleecy thing about her shoulders, making ready to go—and Jim Sanford, across the room, was searching for his hat. The organist slipped quietly from his place. When Miss Mattie stepped out of the door and looked up, with a little start, it was the organist's face that confronted her, smiling in the starlight, and it was the organist's coat-sleeve that her hand rested on lightly. She had thought it would be Jim.

She did not know that Jim was hunting for his hat, nor that he found it at last, pushed just out of sight behind the organ.

He swore a little as he thrust it on his head and hurried out. Two figures were walking slowly in the starlight. He stared after them. Then he swung about and strode in the opposite direction. He thought suddenly of Solomon Canfield. A great wave of pity for Solomon surged in his breast.

IV

THE next Sunday the congregation assembled as usual, with clean hands and meek faces. But when they lifted them to the organ loft, at the left of the pulpit, they looked upon a vacant place.

The minister ascended the pulpit steps and seated himself. He looked at the slip of paper in his hand and then at the organ. His eyes opened swiftly. He looked again. The door at the back of the church creaked softly. The minister glanced that way. A look of satisfaction filled his face. Solomon had arrived. But Solomon did not slip up the side aisle as was his wont and into his place behind the organ. He marched up the middle aisle till he reached the pew where Martha sat, erect and noble. He took his seat beside her, bending to place his hat carefully on the floor. His hair was combed portentously smooth.

A ripple swept the congregation and broke at the pulpit steps. The minister was a young man and this was his first charge, but in spite of his youth he was a man of resources. He rose, clearing his throat. "We will sing hymn number six hundred and ninety-six."

The congregation turned over the fluttering leaves in haste. Only Solomon was at rest. He found the place with leisurely fingers and looked at it with non-committal interest. His impartial countenance gave no hint of the excitement that focused in it. The choir found their places and waited. They whispered together. A young man tiptoed from the church. He had gone in search of Fred Westcott. The initiated knew that Fred Westcott was skating on Long Pond, three miles away. Jim Sanford rose with anxious countenance. He descended from the loft and approached Solomon. He whispered a few words in his ear.

Solomon shook his head with judicial slowness—kind and firm.

Jim whispered again, with like result. He tiptoed up to the minister and reported the state of affairs.

The minister's young eyes sought Solomon's face. They saw the sleepless nights and the pain beneath it—the hurt look of an old man, stolidly hidden. He rose with grave dignity and passed down the aisle. He spoke to Solomon in a low voice. The old man listened respectfully. His head began its slow shake—it stopped to listen. It wavered. Solomon got slowly to his feet, the hymn-book still in his fingers, and creaked up the aisle to the keyboard.

Martha behind her downcast eyes glowed silently. The minister resumed his place. The congregation drew a deep breath—for the hymn.

During the week that followed, the choir rehearsed every night. Two nights Jim Sanford went home with Miss Mattie, and three nights the new Christmas organist went home with her. Jim could not have told how it happened. He could not accuse the choir of being in league with Westcott, but never had so many people wanted to speak to him; and he had an aggrieved sense that Miss Mattie was very swift in getting out.

By the time Christmas Sunday arrived, Jim was in no fit state to sing the anthem. Neither peace on earth nor good-will to men appealed to him. He only regretted that he was not engaged to Miss Mattie. He had always intended to be engaged to her, but he had put it off, from time to time, as being irrelevant—and a little difficult. Now he regretted it. This was not a favorable time, however, to bring the matter up. She walked with a little air of independence that boded ill to suitors; and when she sang, the color in her face was tantalizingly sweet.

When Christmas Sunday came the church was full. News of the anthem had gone abroad. All the world was there to hear—and Solomon Canfield and Martha. The church had been trimmed with green. Festoons ran from lamp to lamp along the wall and joined in trailing loops above the haircloth sofa. Hemlock boughs on either side enclosed the minister. They gave him an air of detachment. He stepped out of a semi-bower to pray and read the hymns, and retired to it for the singing, his countenance, looking out of the green branches, shining with good.

The choir stirred softly, gathering itself together. The organ was playing behind them, incisive and low. At a note, they rose in a body, moving to their places with noiseless precision. Solomon eyed the maneuver with half-jealous scorn. But when they opened their lips to sing, scorn left him. In vain he tried to discipline his features—delight crept in and ruined them. He had not expected they would sing like that. He almost wished they had not. He had fully intended to be coaxed back. Now he saw his mistake.

As the service went on, his face grew grim under its toughness, and a little gray. The minister, from his bower of green, saw it and preached to it. But Solomon's ears heard only the sound of the anthem, ringing and sweet, and Miss Mattie's solo, tremulous in the green branches. Solomon's heart had swelled with pride as she sang. He had taught her, years ago. Then his heart grew heavy. She had never sung like this for him, or for any one. He looked at the young organist.

The next Sunday there was no one at the organ. Solomon was not at church and Fred Westcott was out of town. After some parleying, the minister played the hymns himself. During the week he strove to bring peace. There were those who wanted Solomon and those who wanted Westcott. But for the most part they said frankly that Solomon was too old. Let the young man take his place. Solomon said it himself, firmly and kindly, but with an ache in his heart. The sincerity won him adherents. A full half-dozen moved over to his side. The choir was rent in twain. Miss Ella and Miss Mattie voted for the new organist. Jared and Jim Sanford stood by Solomon.

"I thought you didn't like Solomon's playing," said Miss Mattie.

"I don't think it's fair to him to turn him out." Jim spoke stiffly.

The Sunday music became a thing of delicious excitement. When Solomon was not there, Westcott would play; and when Westcott was not there, Solomon would play. But when both organists were present, there was no one to play. Then the minister would pass from pulpit to organ and from organ to pulpit in dignified haste, reading the hymns and playing them and preaching the sermon for the day. His Sundays became days of toil. When he did not play the hymns with his hands and feet he played them with his soul.

V

A COMMITTEE on church music had been appointed. The members of the committee were the same that had chosen the Christmas anthem. The Winter had worn away. Easter was at hand. Mr. Stetson had sent them a beautiful new anthem from New York. There would be no one to play it.

They held a committee meeting in the schoolhouse Friday afternoon at five o'clock. Jim was chairman of the committee. He pushed up the hair on his forehead impatiently. "I vote that we don't have any singing in Culver," he said.

They smiled faintly.

He watched Miss Mattie's face. He had not been as near it as this for weeks. He fancied it was a little pale—but it might be the light. She sat half turned away, with her back to the window at the rear of the room.

Jim waited a minute. "Of course you know I want Solomon Canfield," he said stiffly.

"Yes." They cooed the word together.

"But he won't do it." He spoke righteously.

"No."

"And Fred Westcott won't—not for me—perhaps he will—for you." He did not look at Miss Mattie. His fingers were drumming on the desk beside him.

Miss Mattie stirred a breath. Miss Ella spoke: "They won't—either of them. We've got to find some one else."

"Sadie Powell," suggested Jim.

Miss Ella shook her head. "She was scared stiff, you know. Her mother says it affects her heart."

"I should think it would. It affected mine." Jim spoke dryly.

Miss Mattie looked up, in defense of her sex. But Jim cut across the words. "There's just one thing to do," he said firmly. "Fred Westcott got us into this fix and he's got to get us out. He'll play fast enough if you ask him." He spoke to Miss Ella, but his eyes were on Miss Mattie.

She stirred again. She opened her lips. "It won't do any good," she said slowly. "He's going away. He won't be here."

"Not for Easter?"

"Not forever." Miss Mattie said the words softly into the silence of the room.

Jim and Miss Ella exchanged a glance.

Miss Mattie was not looking at them. Her fingers plaited little folds in her brown dress. "And, perhaps," she said—still slowly—"if he goes away, Solomon will play."

"Who said he was going?" demanded Jim. There was another note in his voice.

"He said so."

"When?" The question insisted.

"Last night."

A light leaped into Jim's face. It glowed toward the west. "That settles it!" he said triumphantly. "Sol's aching to come back. But he's too proud—Martha's too proud. This will fix 'em. Come on up. We'll ask him now—as a committee." He sprang to his feet.

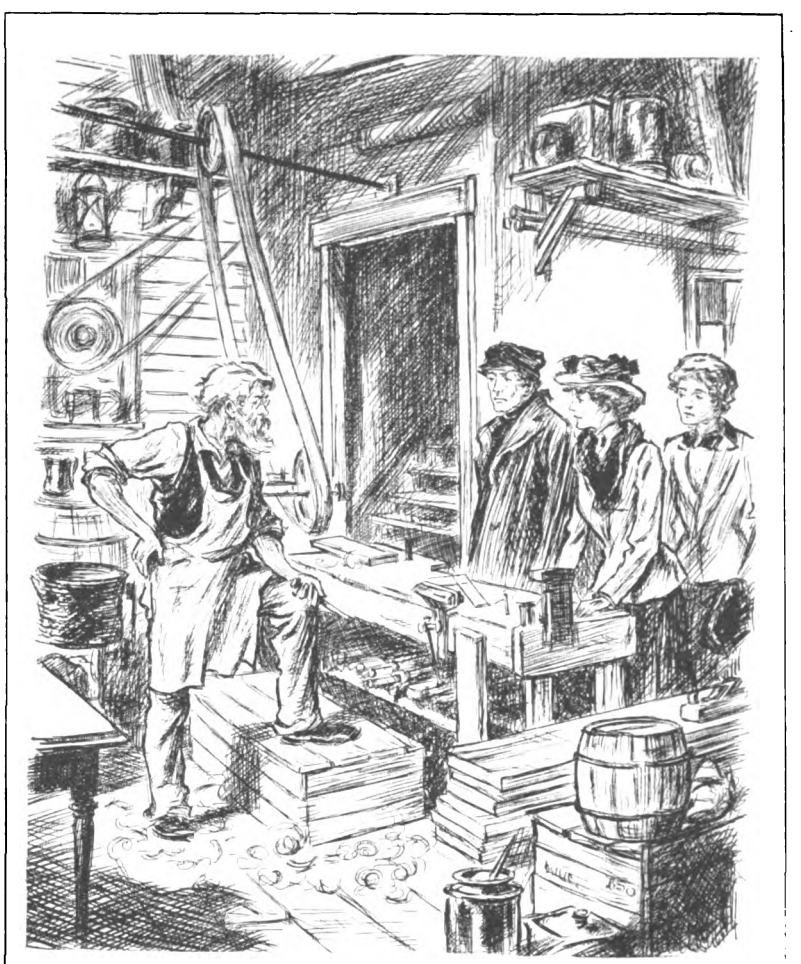
They moved toward the door. Miss Ella hesitated. "I left something in the oven for supper—I won't be a minute. You wait for me." She had vanished.

Jim and Miss Mattie glanced at each other a swift second. Miss Mattie moved across the room. She arranged some broken bits of chalk on the blackboard with careful fingers.

Jim's eyes followed her, masterful. But he stood where he was. "Why did you send him?" The tone was a demand—not a gentle one.

Miss Mattie stirred to it. "I didn't say—I did."

[Continued on page 311]



"We want you back, Sol. Got to have you"

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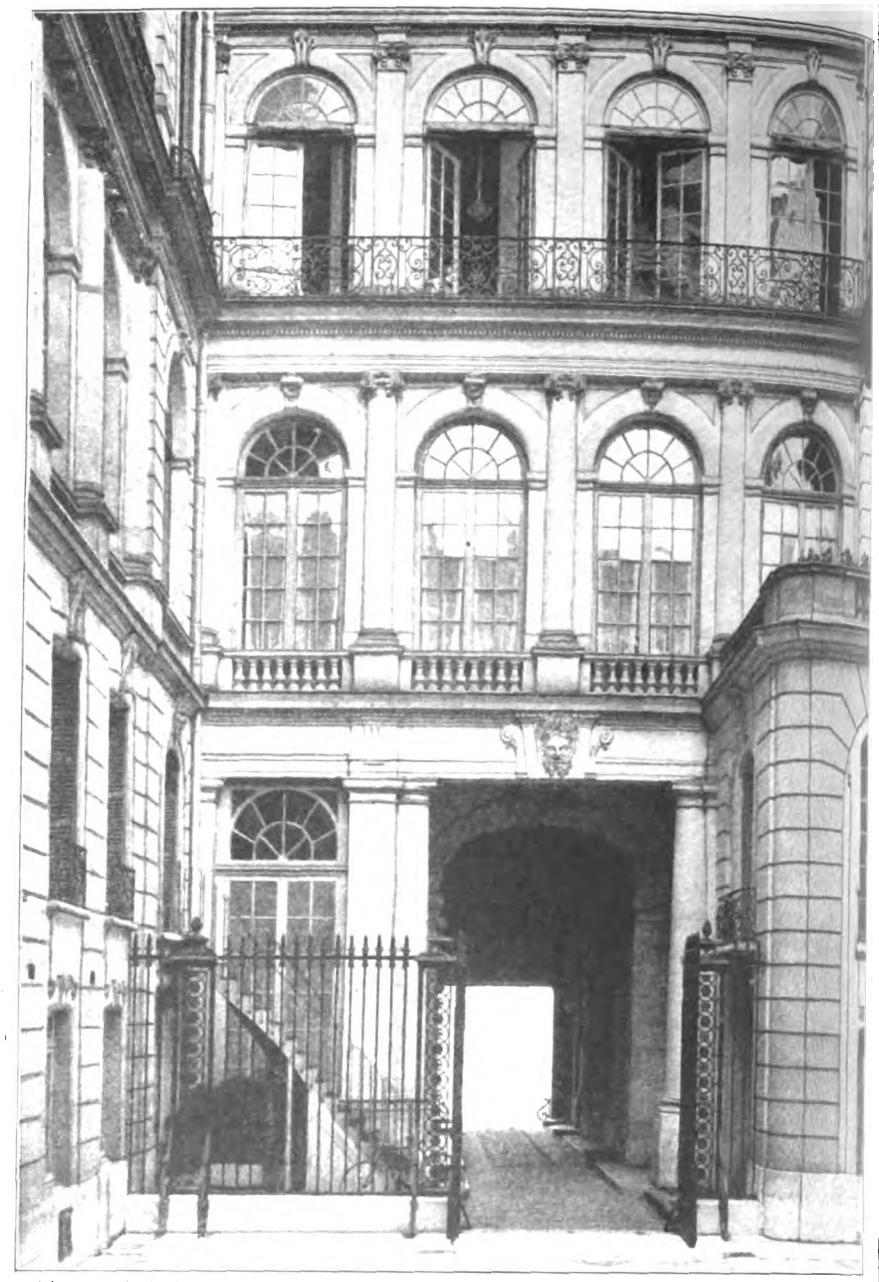
AU THÉÂTRE

EARLY SPRING SEES ONLY WRAPS AT THE RACES WHILE NEW GOWNS ARE SHOWN ON THE STAGE

By Bechoff-David

The postilion effect is used on dresses as well as coats



Photographs by l'Atelier Taponier

The courtyard paved with blocks of red and white marble, the wrought-iron gateways and the graceful windows are characteristic of the old houses of the Place Vendôme

WHEN you enter the theater the black-robed attendant at the *vestiaire* takes possession of your wraps. If you pass her by, her expression, even behind your retreating back, conveys to you her opinion that only a very low class of people carry their coats to their seats. Inside, an *ouvreuse* takes you to your place. You are an American and uninitiated, so she waits patiently for the custom of her country. If it is not forthcoming, she fetches you a footstool that brings your knees on a level with the back of the chair in front of you. You smile your thanks amiably and turn your attention to your neighbors. A program is thrust at you. You have one. Oranges? You wave them away, forget them and the *ouvreuse* only to turn later and find her again at your elbow. This time she takes no chances.

"A little something for me, please?" And even your opaqueness is not proof against the eloquent outstretched hand.

The theater you find rather dingy, rather dirty, uncomfortably close and crowded, disappointing on the whole. Only the impassive figures of the *Garde Républicaine* in their shining helmets, standing hands on sword at the exits, are rather splendid, and there is a suggestion of mystery and intrigue in the closely latticed whispering-boxes, those *baignoires grillées* so dear to the French heart.

AT THIS season of the year the French dressmakers must depend almost entirely on the stage for the exploitation of fashions. Our greatest success has been with the deep sleeve gauntlet, which is really only a new version of the long sleeve stitched into a drop-shoulder armhole. Most of these gauntlet sleeves fit the arm closely, and they are usually made in a contrasting color or material from the dress. In one little gown that we made for a play at the *Théâtre Réjane*, the dress itself was of white charmeuse, while the sleeves were of vivid green satin. The bodice was a simple kimono waist, cut high in front, low on the shoulders and brought down into a V at the back. In another dress of white satin the sleeve was of white chiffon, beaded with green crystal beads picked out with a rose pattern of pink crystals.

We use the open neck in all our dresses, sometimes without any collar band or finish whatsoever, sometimes with narrow bands of swan's-down or marabou, or again with quaint drooping collars cut on sober but original lines. On our afternoon dresses we often use a collar that is shallow in the back but which falls below the shoulders at the sides, while on our evening gowns we are showing the pointed Medicean collar, of the type illustrated in our photograph.

ALL our bodices are very much bloused at the back as well as the front, and are belted in with very broad sashes fastened with a single wide end at the left side of the back. This type of waist, although it does not always have the peplum, shows the influence of the Russian blouse and the belted tunics worn by the soldiers of the Balkan States. The same Eastern influence is being shown in the new short coats. These jackets are quite straight and are almost as abbreviated as an Eton in front, but are cut like a short swallowtail in back. The postilion effect, which is used in dresses as well as coats, is an offshoot of these styles.

The Russian blouse has had a tendency to drop the waistline well down to the hips or even below them, but we still favor a slightly raised waistline, because it gives length of limb and conceals the size of the hips. French women are almost always short and, as they grow older, stout, and the raised waistline is very sympathetic to them.

WE USE many straight skirts gathered at the top and very narrow at the bottom. Our draperies are decidedly moderate and preserve the straight silhouette, but with a perceptibly narrowed base. We are not particularly enthusiastic on the subject of panniers, though we sometimes use a double drapery looped up at one side that gives the pannier effect. We are very fond of cross-over fronts slightly draped from the waistline, and this style of skirt we use in many of our evening dresses.

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Our draperies are decidedly moderate and preserve the straight silhouette but with a perceptibly narrowed base

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Coat 6076; skirt 6091

[*Skirt 6091 described on page 278*]

When these designs are combined, four yards and one-eighth of wool rep fifty inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of broché silk forty inches wide for facing the revers, will be required for the suit in medium size. Ratine or sponge cloth would be equally smart and suitable.

Dress 6077

[*These designs are described on page 275*]

Three yards and seven-eighths of bordered ratine forty-four inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of chiffon forty-five inches wide for the collar, vest and to trim, will be required for the dress in medium size trimmed as above. Good draped designs for borders are in demand.

Waist 6036; skirt 6037

Three yards and three-quarters of striped silk forty inches wide and one yard and three-eighths of plain silk forty inches wide will be required for the designs in medium size, as in the illustration. Broché and plain charmeuse, and plain and figured crêpe, may be similarly combined.

Waist 6050; skirt 6051

Three yards and three-quarters of crêpe de Chine forty-four inches wide, seven-eighths of a yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar, center fronts and cuffs and four yards of edging will be required for the dress in medium size, made from these designs.

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Waist 6072 Waist 6080; skirt 6081 Waist 6058; skirt 6059 Waist 6044; skirt 6045

[These designs are described on page 274]

When this waist is combined with a plain two-piece skirt, as in the illustration, three yards and seven-eighths of zagzig fifty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar and cuffs, will be required for the dress in medium size.

Three yards and seven-eighths of two-toned ratine forty-four inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of plain white ratine forty-four inches wide for the vest and collar, will be required for the dress as shown in medium size. Its style is also suited to the corded cottons.

Four yards and one-quarter of flowered taffeta forty-four inches wide, one yard and one-half of plain twenty-seven inches wide, three-quarters of a yard of chiffon forty-five inches wide and one yard and one-half of edging five inches wide, will be required for the medium size.

Four yards and one-half of moiré forty four inches wide, one yard and three-eighths of all-over lace eighteen inches wide and one-half yard of chiffon forty-five inches wide, will be required for the medium size. The embroidery motif may be reproduced from a Butterick transfer.

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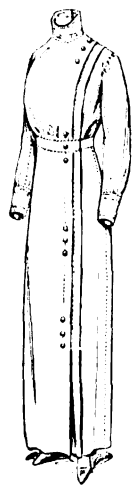
AN AFTERNOON GOWN AND WR

WITH THE NEW DRAPERY WRAPPING THE FIGURE AT THE LOWER PART

THE dress shown in design 6094 is very simple, but it has good lines and an effective kind of Russian closing. The two tucks placed along the edge are a little different from other closings seen and make an admirable finish. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and have high or slightly open neck and either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves sewed into regulation armholes. The skirt, which is attached at a regulation waistline, is in three or four pieces, has slight fulness at the top of the back and in medium size measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge with the tucks drawn out. It is in clearing length.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and three-eighths of plain material thirty-six inches wide or six yards twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress with the four-piece skirt.



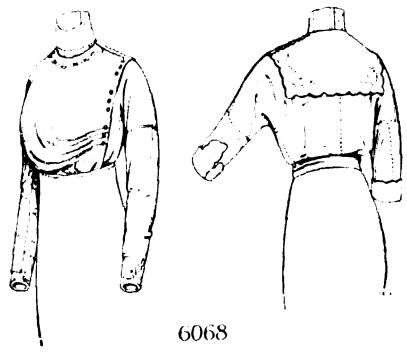
6094

Design 6094 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

IN DESIGN 6068 the drapery in combination with the Russian closing is something new and very chic—what you might expect in a carefully selected French model. The trimming pieces are a new device for using contrasting material, and the sailor collar, while not new, is, you see, still used by French dressmakers. These are, however, optional parts of the design. The dropped shoulder is sometimes called the French, it is so frequent in Paris models. Here full-length or shorter two-seam sleeves are attached to it. The neck of the French lining may be high or French. The waist may be bloused or drawn down at the back and made separately or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves without the sailor collar.

Design 6068 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6068

6069

Dress 6094

DESIGN 6069 is the ... cinating model ... great Pa... moiré with ... an insert ... Its lines are ... to say, they ... houette which ... drapery in the ... tapers decided... are very grac... ity of the high ... of the drapery ... hips cause the ... appearance of ... to drape slightly ... walking. The lo... tually very *narr*... and one-half in ... plait in the inser... part of the front ... skirt is in two piece... clearing length and ... a slightly raised wa... line. It may be ma... as a separate skirt ... attached to a wa... and with or witho... the trimming piece... A short three-piec... foundation skirt ... is included in the ... design.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the draped skirt without trimming pieces.

Design 6069 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches ... measure, price fifteen cents.

A GOOD many of the ... wraps which are becoming ... smart thing for afternoon wear ... ured to a square yoke which ext... over the shoulders. At the lower ... they drape closely around the ... Design 6047 has body and s... ate in one with the upper part of ... sleeves and may be with or witho... drapery, collar or cuffs.

For a woman of medium ... four yards and three-eighths of ... material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 6047 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price ... cents.

A very good-looking simple street dress may be made from this design of serge as it is shown above, of sponge cloth, which is a fashionable new woolen material, or of colienne, prunella or henrietta. It may be trimmed with a collar and cuffs of satin as in the illustration, or perhaps even more effectively with brocaded or moiré silk. Buttons and loops, braid frogs or short buttoned straps placed along the line of closing will add to the smartness. The heavier silks, satin, moiré and taffeta may also be used for the design if one wishes to make them up simply. For the cottons, ratine, gingham, and chambray, and for linen, one could hardly find a better design. On these, lace or lingerie collar and cuffs are prettiest. Three yards and one-quarter of material fifty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the medium size as it is shown above.

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Waist 6068; skirt 6069

In the Forties, means to New York not the years of discretion, but the delicious gastronomic indiscretions of Sherry's, Delmonico's, and the Ritz, where whatsoever things are new, piquant and charming in the world of fashion find their way.

Wrap 6047

When these designs are combined, three yards and one-half of moiré silk forty-four inches wide, one yard and three-eighths of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the trimming pieces, five-eighths of a yard of white satin thirty-six inches wide and one-half yard of net forty inches wide, will be required for the dress in medium size.

Three yards and three-eighths of double-faced satin forty-four inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar will be required for the wrap in medium size. These short wraps are also made in broché satin, matelassé, taffeta, charmeuse, soft corded silks, broadcloth and chiffon, and are quite the smartest thing for afternoon wear.

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THE GREAT VOGUE OF RUSSIAN STYLES

MANY OF THE NEW COATS AND DRESSES ARE MADE WITH THE CHARACTERISTIC BLOUSE AND PEPLUM

THE impression that one gets at the tea or luncheon hour at the fashionable hotels where women wear afternoon suits, tailor-made only in name, or short, loose wraps with one-piece gowns, is that everything is in Russian style. Everybody seems to be wearing a Russian-blouse coat unless she is wearing a dress with the blouse over the belt and the long peplum or the side closing which put it in the Russian class. The high-necked side closing which was found in the Winter coats seems to be giving place to front closings which can be rolled open, for few people want a coat which has to be closed high to the throat in Spring. The length varies—it is often uneven—but there is usually fulness at the waist. In dresses peplums seem to be getting longer and longer and, when the opening is at the front, more and more cutaway. Practically all waists are bloused slightly over the belt or sash which forms the waistline finish. If they haven't open necks, one can be almost sure that the wearer especially requested a guimpe, for few of the good dressmakers are making them high. French dressmakers are so fond of the dropped shoulder that it is often called the French shoulder. They place the seam wherever the width of their material requires it and make the lower part of contrasting material if the design permits. One notices that the long sleeves are closely fitted at the wrist and wrinkled along the arm. They are not, however, made mousquetaire but are cut with extra length which gives freedom of movement with the kimono cut. Real kimono sleeves are also seen cut very low under the arms.

6065

LITTLE short coatees in bolero effect in front, but extending below the waistline in a curve or point at the back, are being shown as part of formal two-piece costumes and as separate coats for wearing with lingerie dresses. As part of a costume they are not necessarily of the same material as the skirt, but are quite as frequently of satin when the skirt is of broadcloth, of broché when the skirt is satin or charmeuse, or of a plain taffeta worn with a figured. Nor do they always match in color, one very smart suit seen consisting of a white serge skirt and a black satin coatee. For dressy afternoon suits of Ottoman, armure or satin, or of wool rep or broadcloth, the style is, as the French say, *excessively* chic, and it has this to recommend it additionally—it is easily made. Design 6095 will enable an inexperienced dressmaker to make one with no difficulty at all. There is, you see, nothing tailored about the design. The sleeves are cut with their upper part in one with the body and the only seams are under the arms and on the shoulder. Full-length and shorter sleeves are provided in the design, but the three-quarter are smartest. They may be with or without cuffs and the neck may be with or without a collar. This coat is decidedly cutaway in front and may be in either of two outlines at the back.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide, not including ruching, and one-half yard twenty-seven inches wide for collar and facing cuffs will be required.

Design 6095 may be obtained in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6095

Coat 6095; skirt 6069

[*Skirt 6069 described on page 270*]

When these designs are combined to form the costume illustrated, two yards and five-eighths of plain charmeuse forty inches wide for the skirt, two yards and one-quarter of broché satin forty-four inches wide for the coat and trimming-bands, one-quarter yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar, three-eighths of a yard of satin twenty inches wide to face the sleeves, five-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the inserted portions in the skirt, and one yard and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide for a foundation skirt, will be required for the medium size.

"THE most talked-of thing is the Russian blouse," writes a Paris correspondent. "Everything is in Russian style" repeats the New York designer. A Russian coat which is particularly good for Spring because it can be rolled open in the neck is shown in design 6085. If it is to be worn that way its fronts may be underfaced with a contrasting color, but if it is closed to the throat only the collar and cuffs will show a contrast. A tasseled girdle is chic at the slightly raised or regulation waistline. There is fulness in the peplum at the waist which requires that a soft material be used for the design—charmeuse, satin, corded silk or moiré or chiffon broadcloth or soft wool crêpe. Any one of four lengths at the back may be used and the body part may be bloused or drawn down. Two styles of sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes at a slightly long shoulder line are given in the design.

For a woman of medium size, three yards of material forty inches wide, with one-half yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs, will be required for the coat in straight outline with peplum in forty-one-inch length at back.

Design 6085 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6065

IN DESIGN 6065, the outline of the vest with the cutaway peplum is novel and distinctive. This is a graceful line also and makes a very pleasing impression of artistic smartness. The length of the peplum at the back is a point in its style and the fulness at the top is another. This fulness at the waistline is found in nearly all silk and fine cotton gowns, but it makes the design unsuitable for heavy materials. Corresponding with this softness in the peplum and also a marked feature of new models is the bloused effect of the waist. All French dresses show it and it is really extremely becoming. If you, however, do not care for it you can draw the waist down. If you wish a simpler gown without the vest you can cut the closing with an unbroken slanting line and use the peplum or not as you choose. You can make the sleeves in full or shorter length, although there is greater style in the long sleeves just at present. They have two seams and are attached below the shoulder, the upper part being in one with the body of the waist. The long sleeves flare over the hand and should be fitted closely to the wrist so that the extra length will wrinkle on the arm. A slightly open neck with a small collar of lace, white satin or fine lingerie like that here is the most frequently seen, but those who wish may wear a yoke facing and collar with a straight or curved lower edge. The skirt may be cut in two or three pieces. It is in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline and slight fulness at the top of the back and measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-quarter of material forty inches wide, with one-quarter yard twenty-seven inches wide for the collar, will be required for the dress with the two-piece skirt and peplum.

Design 6065 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6085

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Coat 6085; skirt 6055
[*Skirt* 6055 *described on page* 277]

The New York Ritz-Carlton, like its London and Paris cousins, sets out small tables in the Winter Garden, where women loiter over their after-luncheon coffee and liqueurs.

Dress 6065

Three yards and one-eighth of matelassé forty-four inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of silk twenty-seven inches wide for underfacing the fronts will be required for the coat in medium size. Two yards and five-eighths of satin forty-four inches wide will be required for the skirt. Such combinations of materials are often seen in afternoon costumes.

Three yards and seven-eighths of charmeuse forty-four inches wide, one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide, and one-half yard of contrasting satin or chiffon forty-four inches wide to line the collar and vest, will be required for the dress in medium size, as it is illustrated above. It will be equally good in taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine or cotton crêpe.

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PLEASING NEW IDEAS IN DRAPERY

NOW THAT ITS VOGUE IS ASSURED NEW FORMS ARE APPEARING EVERY MONTH

DESIGN 6072 is a simple Russian blouse-waist with all the up-to-date features. It has the gathered peplum, blouse over the belt, and long sleeves gathered into small cuffs that are found on the newest of these blouses, with other possibilities for those who may prefer them. Plain full-length sleeves and shorter sleeves are given and the blouse may be drawn down. The sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes. The neck may be high or slightly open and the peplum may be attached at the regulation place or slightly above. It is in three pieces and may have either of two lengths. A body lining is optional. Only soft materials should be used for the design, which may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress. Among those suitable are eolienne, poplin, faille, matelassé, voile, moiré, charmeuse, broché, gingham and chambray. An open-necked rolling collar like that in the figure view is most often worn.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-half of material thirty-two inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty inches wide for the band will be required for the waist with the longer peplum as shown in the small front view.

Design 6072 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6072

THE blouse-waist in design 6080 has an attractive combination of vest and collar. The collar is also the newest of its kind. Its particular size, shape and roll are seen on a great many Paris blouses although it has not yet become common here, and women who have previously thought that they could not wear open neck find it unusually becoming. High neck is another possibility of the design which may have full-length sleeves in either of two styles or shorter sleeves. They are attached at the fashionable dropped shoulder-line, that is, their upper part is in one with the body of the waist. This may be bloused or drawn down and be with or without a body lining. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress, of serge, ratine, charmeuse, cotton ratine, piqué or linen.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and five-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty-two inches wide for the sailor collar and cuffs, will be required for the waist with shorter sleeves; one yard and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

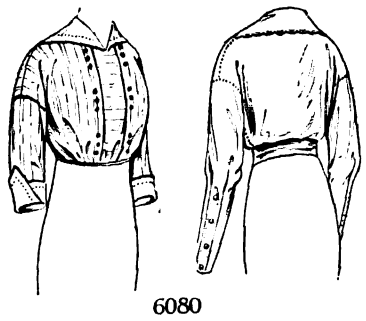
Design 6080 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

FOR many purposes a skirt with the width at the lower part which a few plaits give is desirable. For a separate skirt of tweed or cheviot, for instance, which will be given rough wear and will be used for sports and outings, they have a practical advantage; in a plain cloth suit or simple dress they relieve the plainness modishly, and in a cotton or linen skirt they give body and good lines. It is sometimes felt, too, that a skirt with just a few plaits is a conservative style, which will not look flagrantly out-of-date next season. This season plaits are very good style, but they must not appear to widen the skirt. Introduced at the lower part as in design 6081 they give a graceful freedom and leave the silhouette the desired narrowness. This is a four-piece skirt with an inverted plait below an extension at each side of the front and back, measuring when the plaits are drawn out about two yards and five-eighths at the lower edge. It is in clearing length and has a slightly raised waistline, may be closed at the front or back and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, five yards and one-eighth of material without nap twenty-seven inches wide or three yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 6081 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6058 shows the waist of a beautiful French model from one of the great dressmakers. It is not indeed one of the simple waists which many people make and wear with great success. Its effect if not elaborate, is certainly dressy. But a woman making a design for a handsome silk gown will not be deterred by that. She will find here an original model with that perfection of style and line which only a Frenchman can create, and her waist made after it will be the newest and the smartest she could have. The construction is really not complicated. A surplice overblouse, draped slightly in front, is worn over a waist with body and upper part of sleeve in one, made with a French lining in high or open neck. A tucker of crossed folds of chiffon or satin or a simple yoke-facing of net may finish the neck. The sleeves, whose flare at the elbow is markedly new, may be in full or shorter length. The trimming piece at the front, the small round collar, the frill, the overblouse itself even, may be omitted, although of course the distinction of the design inheres in them. It may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress of charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, chiffon or voile.



6080

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-half of material forty inches wide will be required for the waist without the overblouse, one yard forty-five inches wide for the overblouse and tucker, and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the trimming pieces and round collar.

Design 6058 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

NOW that draped skirts have been generally taken up, new varieties of them are appearing all the while. The tendency is to make the draping simple and the most acceptable skirts are usually just caught up in soft folds at one of the seams. At the top there is almost always some fulness, and at the lower edge there is frequently a slash or open seam which shows a bit of ankle. A skirt draped very gracefully yet cut in only three pieces is shown in design 6059. There is a little something different about the way the draping is done here which will please women fond of originality. And those who dare a piquant touch will, of course, round off the lower corners. When an evening skirt is wanted, a draped train, square, round or pointed, in ninety, seventy-two, sixty-three or fifty inch length may be added to the back. The skirt may be in round or shorter length and have a regulation or slightly raised waistline where in the back there is slight fulness. In round length it measures about one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge. It may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist of charmeuse, crêpe de Chine or cotton crêpe.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-eighth of material forty inches wide will be required for the skirt without the train, or four yards and seven-eighths forty inches wide for the skirt with the train in seventy-two or sixty-three inch length.

Design 6059 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

IF THE kimono sleeve is dying out it is having a last flare before it becomes extinct. In Paris it is very generally used, and a great many smart women here still prefer it. New kimono-sleeved waists are distinguishable from those of several seasons ago by extreme looseness and bagginess under the arms. They seem to be cut almost straight out from the waistline. Since design 6044 has only its side bodies in one with the sleeves it may be cut in this fashion from almost all widths of material and have long dart-fitted one-seam sleeves without piecing. Shorter lengths are also provided in the design, and high, French round or square or lower square neck may be chosen. The waist may be bloused or drawn down over a French lining, and may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt. It will be smart and pleasing in charmeuse, broché, armure, messaline, crêpe de Chine, chiffon broadcloth, stripes, cotton crêpe, lace net, cotton voile, cotton and silk marquisette, ratine and linen.

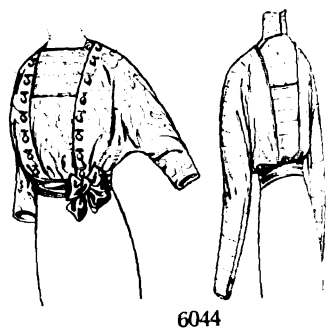
For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty inches wide and one-half yard of net forty inches wide for the straight collar and yoke-facing will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6044 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

IN DESIGN 6045 the drapery is arranged in soft folds or plaits at the waistline. The two plaits at the center of the front and back are carried to the bottom in box-plait effect, but the others shake out and leave the sides practically plain. They give just a slight suggestion of drapery under the hips. This style is greatly liked by women who wish to dress up-to-dately, but do not like the drapery that wraps the figure at the lower part. For slender women it is particularly soft and flattering. In keeping with the lines of the skirt and charmingly piquant is the cut-up outline at the lower part of the front, but this may be made straight around if preferred. The draped skirt is in four pieces and in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline and measures with plaits drawn out about two yards at the lower edge. A short three-piece foundation skirt in regulation waistline is provided in the design, for a long petticoat will not be convenient. The design may be closed at the front or back, and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist. Charmeuse, moiré, cotton crêpe, voile, wool rep and wool poplin are suitable materials.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and five-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide, four yards thirty-six inches wide or three yards and three-eighths forty-four inches wide, will be required.

Design 6045 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



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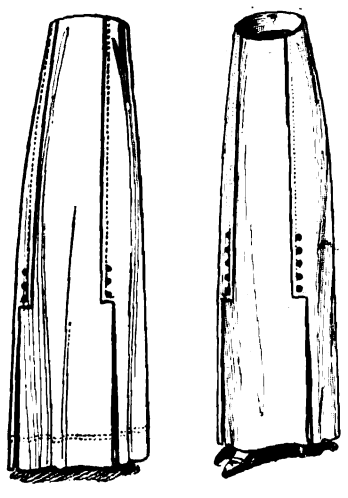

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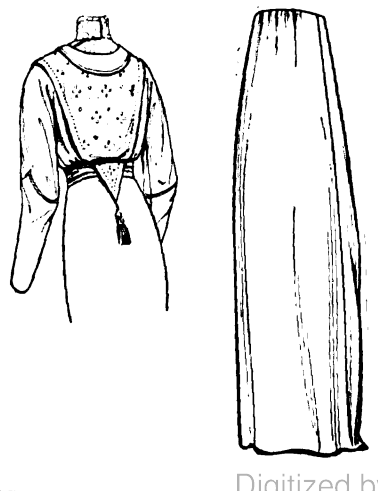

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6045

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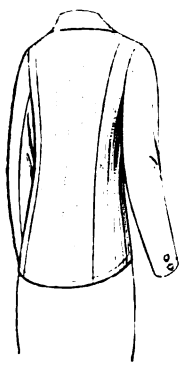
THE BEST OF THE SPRING STYLES

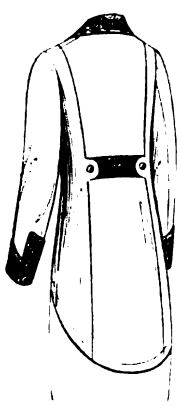
A CUTAWAY COAT, A DRAPED DRESS FOR BORDERS, AND A NEW TUCKED BLOUSE



COAT 6076 is a new cutaway model, three-eighths fitting, in twenty-seven or thirty-five inch length at the back. It may be with or without the back belt, the extensions or the cuffs. The fulness in the sleeves may be slightly gathered or shrunken out.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material fifty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in thirty-five-inch length.

Design 6076 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6076

THE dress 6101 consists of a waist with full-length or shorter two-seam sleeves, a French lining and a six-gored skirt with a plait at each seam. It has a regulation waistline, and measures about two yards and one-half at the lower edge drawn out.

For a woman of medium size, six yards of material thirty-two inches wide will be required.

Design 6101 may be obtained in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

WAIST 6036 is desirable for the graceful line of division between its upper and lower portions. It has body in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves, may be bloused or drawn down, and be with or without the peplum at regulation or slightly raised waistline. A French lining is in high or slightly open neck.

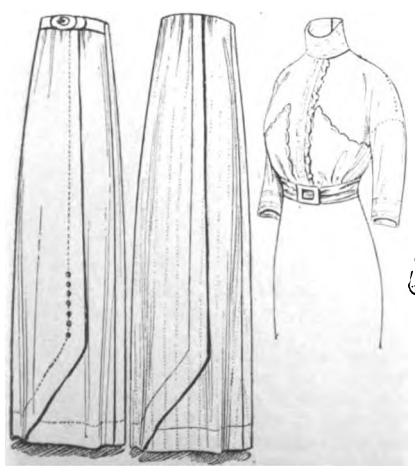
For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-quarter of material forty-four inches wide for the upper

6101

body portions, pointed collar and sleeves, with one yard and three-eighths forty inches wide for the lower body portions and longer peplum, will be required.

Design 6036 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

SKIRT 6037 is smartly relieved by the two tucks meeting at the front seam and the shaped tuck-seam at the back. It is cut in four pieces, in clearing



6037

6036

Dress 6101

Three yards and seven-eighths of linen forty-four inches wide and one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the straight collar and yoke-facing will be required for the dress in medium size as it is shown above. The hand-embroidered fancy scallop which makes the best kind of trimming for a colored linen dress may be reproduced by means of a Butterick transfer design.

length and with a slightly raised waistline, and measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge. A belt may be used or not over the slight fulness at the top of the back.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of plain material without nap forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 6037 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

6077

THE design 6077 is a draped dress with a slightly raised waistline consisting of a waist, bloused or drawn down, with body in one with upper part of full-length or shorter sleeves, a French lining in high or slightly open neck, and a two-piece skirt measuring about one yard and one-half at the lower edge.

For a woman of medium size, four yards of material forty inches wide will be required.

Design 6077 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6050 is a tucked blouse-waist with a vest, long shoulders and either of two styles of sleeves in full or shorter length. It may be bloused or drawn down and made separately or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6050 may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust, price fifteen cents.

6077

SKIRT 6051 is draped into a front panel, but has a plain back except for a few gathers at the top. It is cut in four pieces and with a slightly raised waistline. With the plait at each side of the panel front drawn out it measures about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty inches wide will be required.

Design 6051 may be obtained in eight sizes, twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist, price fifteen cents.

6050 6051

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WHAT THE TAILOR-MADE WOMAN WEARS

HER SKIRTS ARE STRAIGHT AND NARROW
HER BLOUSES HAVE YOKES AND TUCKS

SPRING models for the plain tailored coat are a bit more closely fitted than last season, being three-eighths instead of one-quarter fitting, and vary in length from twenty-seven to thirty-two inches at the back. They fasten low, and well on the left side, and have long lapels of moderate size. Design 6062 is a beautifully cut coat of this kind. Its lines are straight and slender and its fit is perfection. Even if one's figure does not have ideal proportions, the seams are so arranged that adjustment is easy. The closing edges may be straight or cutaway, the collar notched or shawl, and the two-seam sleeves slightly gathered at the top or put in plain with the fulness shrunken out. Cuffs and the pockets may be used or not.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat in thirty-two-inch length.

Design 6062 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6062

DESIGN 6040 is a type of shirt-waist which is worn now in crêpe de Chine, China silk, messaline or charmeuse with coat suits of the plainer or hacking type, and in cotton crêpe, voile, linen and shirtings as separate business blouses. It shows that it is new by the revived use of tucks and by the yoke which runs down onto the sleeves. The upper part of the sleeve is cut in one with the body and yoke, and the lower may be in either of two styles in full length or shorter. The yoke is optional. An attached turndown collar, neckband or open-necked rolling collar may be made on the waist, which may have a plait or hem closing and may be made separately or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6040 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

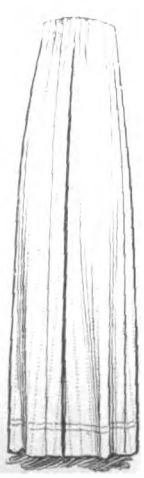
AN EXCELLENT model for a plain tailored walking-skirt is shown in design 6041. This is a four-piece skirt with a wide tuck at the center of the front and back, and seams over the hips. The tucks relieve the plainness without the use of plaits or drapery and make the smart center-line trimming. The width of the design is that found in the best conservative models, about two yards at the lower edge, and its waistline is slightly raised as in that of most skirts of this order. The length is clearing and the closing at either the front or back. At the top of the back there is the little fulness found in the new skirts over which a back belt may be worn or not.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of plain material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required.

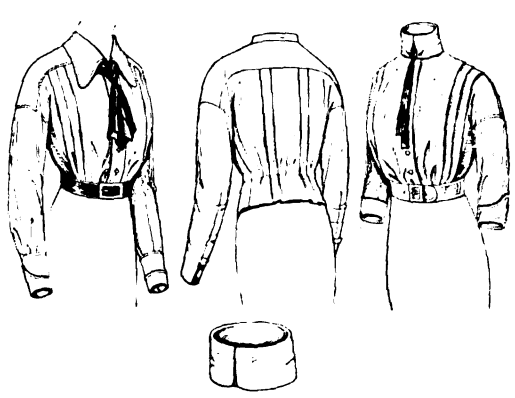
Design 6041 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist, price fifteen cents.

Shirt-waist 6040; skirt 6041

Cotton crêpe is one of the new materials which is being used for shirt-waists, and cotton voile is again much seen. The silk blouse is also popular, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine and moiré being made up after tailored models. Three yards and one-eighth of cotton crêpe will be required for this waist in ***thirty-two inches wide*** *medium size. Two yards and one-quarter of serge fifty inches wide will be required for the skirt.*

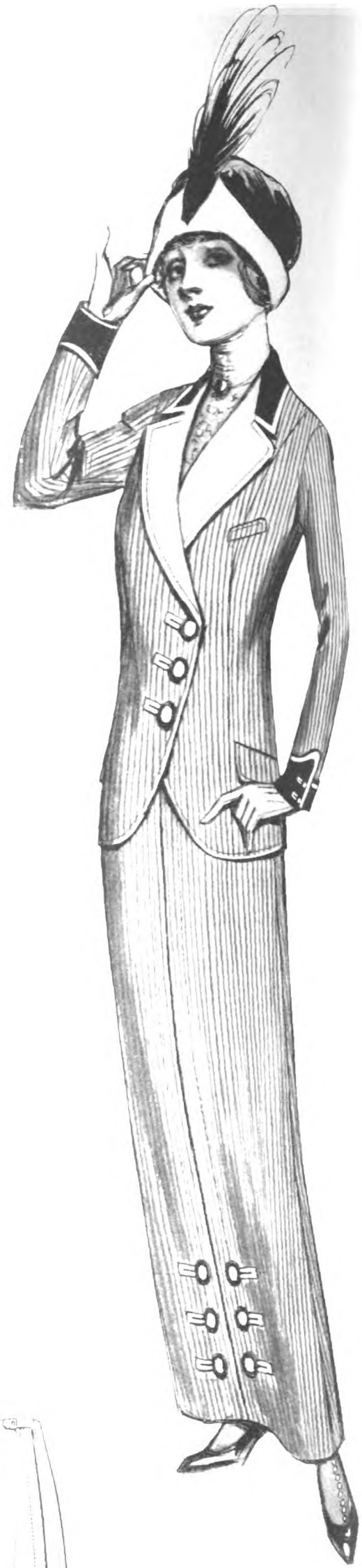


6041



6040

6041



Coat 6062; skirt 6037

[*Skirt 6037 described on page 273*]

When these designs are combined to make a smart tailor-made suit, four yards and three-eighths of a two-inch line striped cheviot fifty inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of velvet twenty inches wide for the collar and cuffs, and one yard of satin twenty-six inches wide for facing the revers, will be required for the medium size. Wool rep, sponge cloth and tricotine are the materials of many of the new suits.

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THE SILK GOWN

IS DRAPED OF COURSE AND SOFTLY BLOUSED

Waist 6054; skirt 6055

When these designs are combined into the Frenchy graceful dress here shown, three yards and one-quarter of charmeuse forty-four inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the vest, will be required for the medium size. Charmeuse drapes beautifully and is used a great deal, but crêpe de Chine is a strong rival this Spring. It is found now with a dull moiré finish, which is unmistakably new and smart. Its softness is well handled with gathers in the waist and sleeves.

BLOUSE-WAIST 6054 has a charming vest arrangement, a yoke with fulness below, as a great many of the new gowns and blouses are constructed, and extremely smart new sleeves. The long collar outside the vest and the standing collar and yoke-facing may be used or omitted. Besides the sleeves gathered into shaped cuffs shown in the figure illustration the usual long dart-fitted sleeves and shorter sleeves are also included in the design, which has slightly long shoulders. It may be bloused or drawn down and made with or without a body lining, as a separate waist or attached to a skirt of crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, cotton crêpe or cotton voile.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-half of material forty inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material eighteen or more inches wide for the vest, will be required for the waist with shorter sleeves.

Design 6054 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

YOU mustn't think that drapery is only found in afternoon and evening gowns and is only suitable to charmeuse or crêpe meteor. It is also the newest thing for formal suit skirts and only needs to be simple to be successful in soft wool materials. Design 6055, which is excellent for either purpose, has just a bit of drapery most attractively arranged at the lower part of the right side at one of the two seams of the skirt. Below the drapery this seam is left open over an extension, for if this were not done the very narrow lower edge, one yard and one-half in medium size, might be constraining. The length is clearing. The waistline is regulation or slightly raised.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material without nap forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 6055 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

ONE can not doubt that tucks are coming in again when one looks at the new waist models. Shirt-waists are made with variously arranged wide tucks and finer blouse-waists with daintily decorative narrow ones. Design 6098 is a delightful blouse of marquisette which shows this tendency and which has also one of the new yokes running down onto the sleeves. It may be made with high or slightly open neck, with either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves attached at a dropped shoulder, with a plait or hem closing and bloused or drawn down. Pretty as it is for a separate blouse, there is no reason why it can not also be used as part of a lingerie dress.

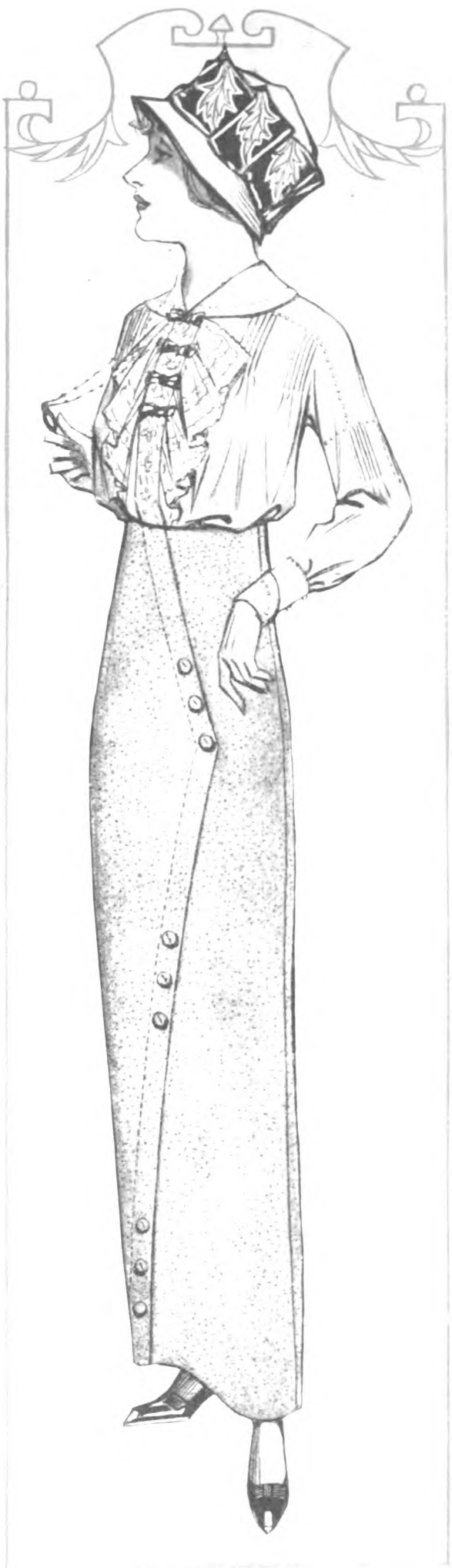
For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6098 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6099 is a simple four-piece skirt with a tuck seam at the front in a line which trims it distinctively. The back is equally good, having two plaits at the left side which relieve the plainness, give the fashionable one-sided effect, and let in width at the lower edge without widening the silhouette. When the plaits are drawn out, the lower edge measures about two yards and three-eighths in medium size. The design is in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline, may be closed at the front or back and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist. It is excellent for wool rep, sponge cloth, serge, cotton ratine, the corded cottons, linen or gingham.

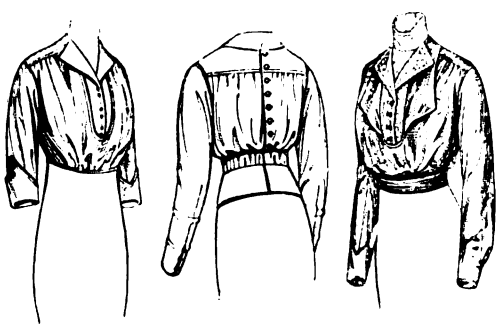
For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-half of plain material without nap thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 6099 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

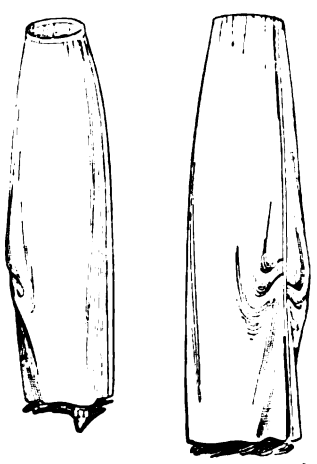


Waist 6098; skirt 6099

The waist will be charming in marquisette, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste or mull, and in crêpe de Chine, China silk, crêpe meteor or chiffon. It requires in medium size one yard and seven-eighths of material forty inches wide, one-quarter yard thirty-six inches wide for frills, and when trimmed in this way five-eighths of a yard of wide insertion, two yards of narrow and two yards and one-quarter of edging. The skirt in medium size requires three yards of ratine forty-four inches wide.

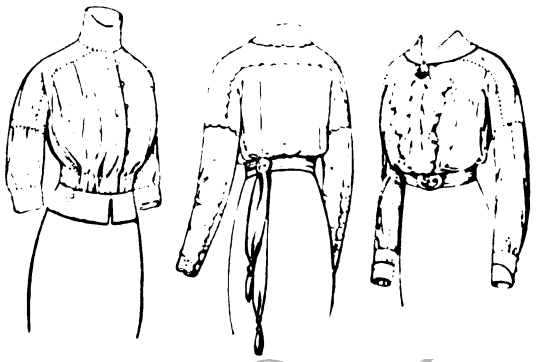


6054



6055

6099



6098

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BLOUSES OF DIFFERENT MATERIAL

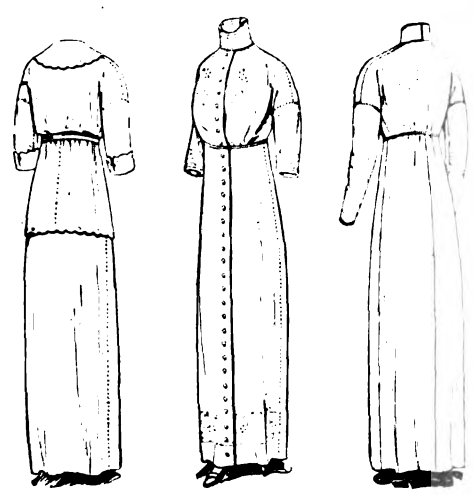
ARE A RECENT CONCEPTION IN THE LINE OF RUSSIAN DRESSES. PEPLUMS ARE ALL LENGTHS

Dress 6057

IN DRESS 6057, the Russian blouse has a front closing which is continued in the skirt with a smart and practical result. It is cut in one with the upper part of the sleeves and blouses slightly over the belt in the modern manner. If, however, a plainer type of dress is sought, the blouse may be drawn down and the peplum omitted. The neck may be high or slightly open, and the sleeves in full or shorter length. Attached at a slightly raised waistline is a three or four piece skirt in clearing length which measures in medium size about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide will be required, with four-piece skirt and without peplum.

Design 6057 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust, price fifteen cents.



6057

DESIGN 6090, a blouse-waist with the popular Russian closing, is individualized by the break in the line of the closing and the corresponding outline of the sleeve-joining and the cuffs. These sleeves are very new and promise to be one of the best styles for Spring. They are attached at the fashionable dropped shoulder, and have a little fulness above an extension which is like a cuff on the outside of the arm. Plain long sleeves and shorter sleeves are also included in the design. It may be bloused or drawn down, made with or without the postilion or a body lining, and attached to a skirt or worn as a separate waist.

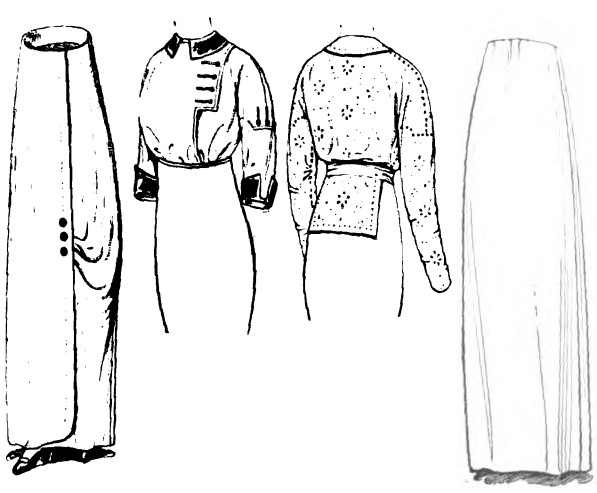
For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6090 may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust, price fifteen cents.

YOU mustn't think that because you are an amateur sewer you can't have a draped skirt, or that because you want a simple dress you must stick to the plain, straight styles. The drapery in design 6091 does not complicate its construction a bit, and it is suitable for soft woolens and cottons as well as silks. It is most attractively arranged at one side of a three-piece skirt, the back of which is plain with slight fulness at the top. The waistline of the design is slightly raised, the length clearing, and the width about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge. It may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material without nap forty inches wide will be required.

Design 6091 may be obtained in eight sizes, twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist, price fifteen cents.



6091 6090 6091

Waist 6090; skirt 6091

Two yards and three-eighths of plain ratine forty-four inches wide and two yards and three-eighths of striped forty-four inches wide will be required for the design in medium size developed as in the illustration above. The quality of ratine must be soft and light in order to make the gathered peplum becoming. A plain and figured foulard would be an excellent combination for the design and make a useful dress. Taffeta, satin, charmeuse, voile and gingham are also suitable. A combination of two tones is the newest idea in Russian dresses.

Four yards and one-eighth of charmeuse forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress in medium size made combining these designs. It is trimmed here with small fur motifs done in wool embroidery, which may be reproduced by means of a Butterick transfer. They are frequently found on French dresses and are very chic. Charmeuse is about the best material for draping, but moiré, silk poplin, foulard, sponge cloth, broadcloth, wool rep and cotton crêpe may also be made in this way. A chiffon collar will be pretty.

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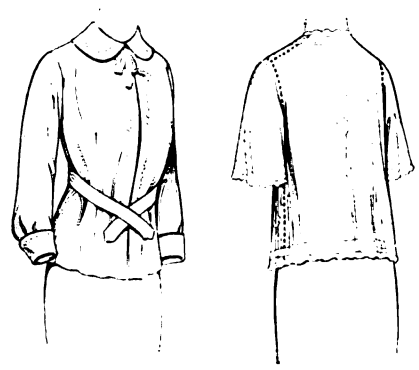
REST-GOWNS FOR COMFORT'S SAKE

A DRAPED COLLAR A LITTLE LIKE A HOOD AT THE BACK IS CHARMING ON A NEGLIGEE

Dressing-sack 6060; petticoat 6048
[*Petticoat 6048 described on page 282*]

THERE is something so graceful and attractive about the lines of the dressing-sack shown in design 6060, that you don't realize at first how extremely simple, even plain, it is. In the main figure view, where it is shown in a dainty development with open neck and short sleeves, it hasn't even a collar or cuffs to trim it, but it is charming just the same. Lace or plaitings or hand-embroidery as a finish for the cutaway edges is all it needs. In the small view, high neck and long sleeves are shown to please those who may desire a warmer sack, and the edges are cut in a straight outline. The style of the long sleeves is that used on some of the pretty new blouses. For a flannel or cashmere sack, feather-stitching, which may be quickly done by means of a Butterick transfer, is a good finish. When such a sack is worn for household tasks a belt to hold it in at the waist is desirable.



6060

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-half of material thirty-two inches wide will be required for the sack with shorter sleeves, or three yards and three-eighths twenty-seven inches wide for the sack with full-length sleeves.

Design 6060 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

Two yards and one-quarter of batiste thirty-six inches wide and six yards and three-quarters of edging will be required for the sack in medium size, as it is shown above. A design for the embroidered scallop may be obtained in a Butterick transfer and one for the sprays in an adaptation of another. Two yards and three-quarters of batiste thirty-six inches wide will be required for the petticoat in medium size. Designs for embroidering it may be obtained in Butterick transfers.

OH, THE comfort of a rest-gown when you come in from the street! If you have an hour before dinner and can spend it in reading or relaxation in a loose, comfortable negligee you are fresh and young again for the evening. The possibilities for daintiness and charm in a negligee are boundless. Inexpensive materials come in pretty hues and patterns, and large collars of contrasting material make a simple and artistic trimming. The draped collar in design 6034 is delightful. Its long shawl lines are extremely becoming and its hood at the back is novel and attractive. The gown has straight, slender lines. It laps well over on the left side and measures only about two yards around at the lower edge in round length. A short sweep, which is always graceful on a negligee, is provided for in the design if one cares to use it. Although the design may be developed as a beautiful rest-gown, its straight lines and large collar are appropriate for a bathrobe, in which form it is shown in one back view.

For a woman of medium size, five yards of material forty-four inches wide, with one yard and one-eighth of contrasting material forty-four inches wide for the collar, will be required.

Design 6034 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6034

Negligee 6034

Six yards and three-eighths of dotted swiss thirty-six inches wide, one yard and one-quarter of all-over lace forty inches wide for the large collar and cuffs, and four yards and one-half of edging, will be required for the negligee in medium size made up as in the illustration above. Dimity, flowered lawn, China silk and silk muslin make charming Summer negligees also. If the design is to be used for a bath-robe, eider-down, ratine, terry cloth and outing flannel are good.

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NEW LINES IN LINGERIE DRESSES

THE RUSSIAN CLOSING AND THE EXTENDED YOKE-LINE HERE ADAPTED TO TUB FROCKS

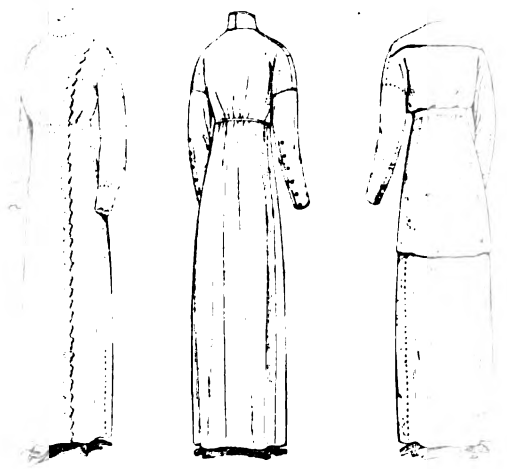
Dress 6087

Four yards and five-eighths of flowered cotton crêpe forty-four inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar, nine yards and one-half of wide banding and one yard and one-quarter of narrow banding, will be required for the dress in medium size trimmed as it is above. These figured cotton crêpes are quite the novelty of the season. Flowered dotted swisses are also seen, and many beautiful designs in cotton voiles and marquisettes.

THE charm of lingerie dresses lies so often in the elaborate use of lace and embroidery that a design where novelty of line gives the chic and tucks make the trimming will be cordially welcomed. In the blouse-waist 6102, which may be used for part of a lingerie dress or for a separate blouse, the line of the yoke carried down to the dropped shoulder-line is new and smart. Two styles of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves are included in the design and it may have high, French round or square neck. It may be bloused or drawn down, and may use a lining as a guimpe. The small lace collar shown here is the finish which is most often given to the necks of soft silk or lingerie dresses. Long, full sleeves gathered into a small cuff are good.

For the woman of medium size, two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6102 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6087

SIMPLE Summer dresses made to go into the tub have skirts finely tucked at the top. They are not full but they have the width needed to make sheer Summer fabrics look well. Design 6103, a two or three piece skirt has tucks in clusters at the top and measures about two yards and one-eighth at the lower edge in medium size. It is in clearing length and may have a slightly raised or regulation waistline and a side or back closing. A skirt of this kind is only suitable to be used as part of a lingerie dress, but it may be made separately.

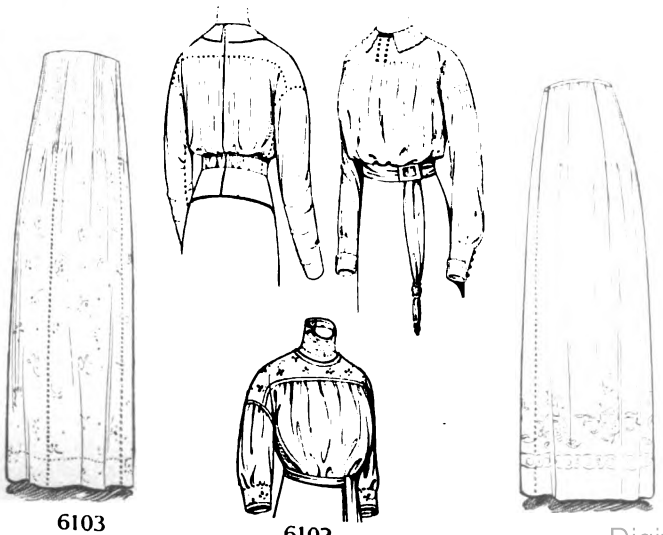
For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six or forty inches wide will be required for the three-piece skirt.

Design 6103 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to thirty-four inches waist, price fifteen cents.

ANOTHER new idea for a lingerie dress is the Russian blouse. This popular style is adapted to lingerie materials in design 6087, which has tucks on the shoulders, a gathered peplum, and some fulness at the back of the skirt. Its peplum may be omitted and its blouse drawn down if desired. The neck may be high or slightly open and the sleeves may be in either of two styles in full or shorter length. They have their upper part in one with the blouse-waist. A three or four piece skirt measuring about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge is attached at a slightly raised waistline. Its lower corners and those of the peplum may be square or rounding.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-quarter of material forty inches wide will be required for the dress with three-piece skirt and without peplum.

Design 6087 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6103 6102 6103

Waist 6102; skirt 6103

When these designs are combined and trimmed as they are above, four yards of cotton marquisette forty-four inches wide, one-quarter yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the round collar, one yard and three-quarters of edging for frills, three yards and seven-eighths of wide insertion and seven yards and one-quarter of narrow, will be required for the dress in medium size. A design for the embroidery which is to be done in colored wools may be obtained in a Butterick transfer.

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Overblouse 6092; skirt 6055

[*Overblouse 6092 described on page 282*]
[*Skirt 6055 described on page 277*]

One yard and three-quarters of chiffon forty-five inches wide will be required for the surplice overblouse with the long peplum in medium size, and four yards and one-eighth of lace net forty inches wide for the skirt 6055, and a plain waist to go under the jumper. Seven yards and one-eighth of bead trimming will be required.

When designs 6058 and 6059 are used as in the illustration, six yards and one-quarter of duchesse satin thirty-six inches wide, one yard and one-half of lace net forty inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of tulle twenty inches wide for the tucker and one yard and one-half of edging five inches wide, will be required for the medium size.

Waist 6058; skirt 6059

[*Described on page 274*]

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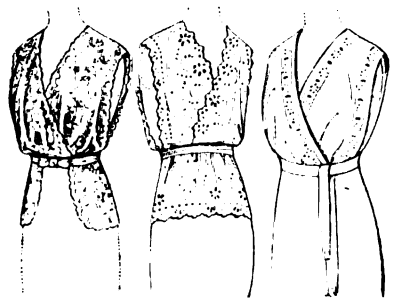
SOME SPLENDID IDEAS FOR MAKING-OVER

AND A DESIGN FOR ONE OF THE NEW SMALL HATS

FOR making over, design 6092 will prove a perfect boon. It will encourage many of you, I hope, to try making over your superannuated dresses instead of wearing them as they were or relegating perfectly good material to the rag-bag. If you have an old silk dress with a skirt which you could easily make narrower but with a waist which seems hopeless, cover it with an overblouse of chiffon or marquisette, and you have a new gown. An overblouse made after this design with surplice lines and cutaway peplum will make your dress very smart too. If you have a last Summer's frock you want to renovate, make the jumper and peplum of all-over lace or embroidery or of embroidered edging. Many of the new Summer models are seen trimmed in just this way. Of course the design isn't for making-over purposes only. With its aid and a very simple, perfectly plain dress design you can have a charming all-new gown with very little work. The overblouse may be of chiffon, net, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, soft silk or satin, embroidered



6092

batiste, mull or organdy, over a dress of the same or contrasting material. A contrast in fabric or color will be smartest. It may have either of two styles of peplum at a regulation or slightly raised waistline and may be bloused in the new modish way or be drawn down.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and three-quarters forty or forty-five inches wide will be required for the overblouse with the longer peplum. Two yards and three-eighths of edging sixteen inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of all-over embroidery forty-four inches wide for the peplum, and three yards and three-eighths of narrow edging to trim, will be required for the overblouse with the shorter peplum.

Design 6092 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

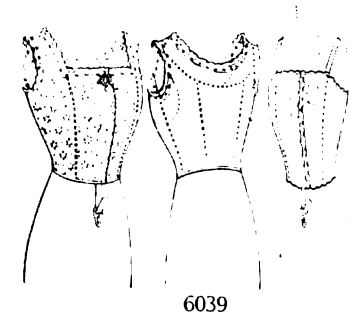
Overblouse 6092

One yard and three-quarters of chiffon forty-five inches wide will be required for the overblouse in medium size with the longer peplum. This may be worn over a dress of charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, lace or chiffon. It may be finished with a hem, with bead trimming or with hand-embroidery done in silk, wools or beads, the design shown here being obtainable in a Butterick transfer. Two yards and one-half of all-over lace eighteen inches wide and two yards and five-eighths of banding will be required for the overblouse with the shorter peplum.

IN MAKING over last year's waists it is usually the sleeves which first demand attention. If you have enough of your material to put in entirely new sleeves the draped or gathered sleeve shown in design 6073 is just what you want to give your waist an unmistakably modern air. But by means of the two-seam sleeve, with a division into upper and lower parts, you can use a different material and have something very new in effect. These sleeves may be in full or shorter length and with or without a lining. They are to be sewed into regulation armholes.

For a woman of medium size, one-half yard of material twenty-seven inches wide for the upper part, with five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material forty inches wide for the lower part will be required for a pair of full-length two-seam sleeves. One yard and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for a pair of full-length draped or gathered sleeves.

Design 6073 may be obtained in six sizes, from ten to fifteen inches arm measure, price ten cents.



6039

THE low corset which is now fashionable has brought back into favor the fitted corset-cover or brassière. Slender as well as stout women wear it, having discovered its advantages both for comfort's and appearance's sake. A good simple design for one is given in design 6039. The upper part of this may be in any of three outlines, and the shield facings may be used or not. Batiste, muslin, cambric, all-over embroidery, nainsook and net are materials used.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-eighth of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide, with five-eighths of a yard of cable or lining net forty-two inches wide to line, will be required.

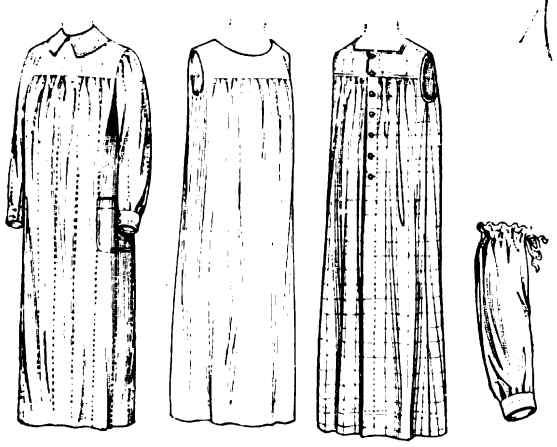
Design 6039 may be obtained in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure, price ten cents.

6066

STREET hats for this Spring and Summer are small. They fit closely to the head and well down on it, and are trimmed rather simply. Their shapes are simple also, and there is no reason why a woman or a girl with a good design to follow can not make herself one with much less expense than she could buy it. Design 6066 gives one of the new shapes which is becoming to nearly everybody. It may be made of straw or of a combination of straw and silk or satin, or entirely of a fabric. Some very smart little hats are seen in broché silk, in moiré and in corded silk, and are promised for Summer wear in cotton velours, cotton broché and cretonne. A home milliner will perhaps find such a hat easier to fashion than one of straw.

In ladies' size, one yard of material twenty-seven inches wide or seven-eighths of a yard thirty-six or more inches wide will be required.

Design 6066 may be obtained in two sizes, for ladies and misses, price fifteen cents.

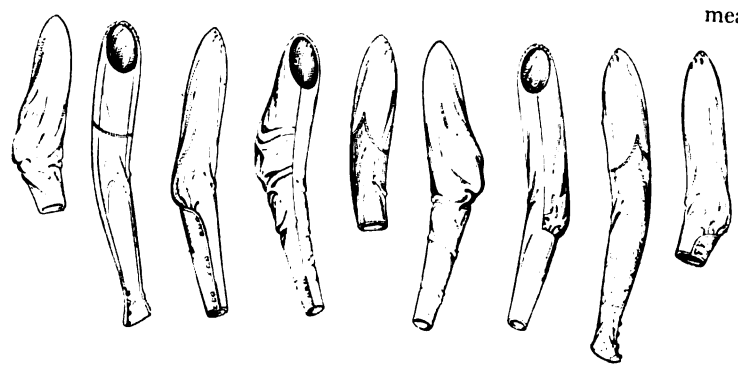


6038

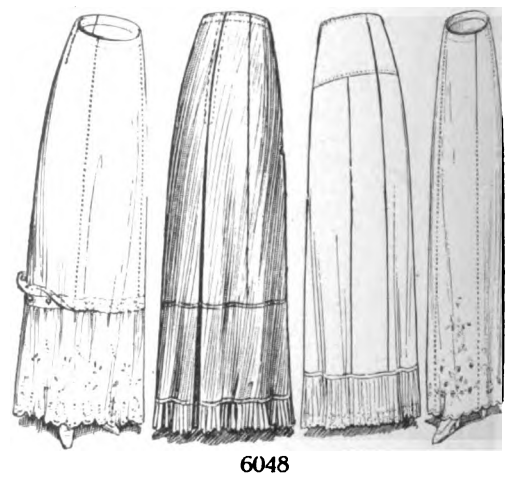
AN APRON which covers one all up is rarely a thing of beauty, but it is an extraordinarily useful garment. If it comes to the bottom of the dress and has long sleeves, one can wear a good dress under it and be as fresh as ever when one takes it off. Young girls in school, in the chemistry lab or the art class, need this kind of apron as well as those who help at home. An excellent model for one for misses and small women is given in design 6038. This may have high or open neck and be with or without sleeves or sleeve protectors. It may be made of gingham, percale or sateen.

For a miss of sixteen years, four yards and one-quarter of material thirty-two inches wide will be required for the apron with sleeves, or three yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide for the apron without sleeves, and five-eighths of a yard the same width for sleeve protectors.

Design 6038 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6073



6048

DESIGN 6048 is a ladies' five-gored petticoat with the new straight and narrow lines. It may have an inverted plait or be in habit style at the back, measuring with the habit back about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge. A circular or straight gathered flounce may be sewed or buttoned on or omitted. The petticoat may be closed at the front or back and made with or without a yoke. Batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, white sateen, crêpe de Chine and soft satin are suitable materials, and Butterick transfers give pretty designs for embroidery.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the petticoat in full length without the flounce and two yards and one-eighth of flouncing fourteen inches deep for the gathered flounce.

Design 6048 may be obtained in nine sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-eight inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

By Eleanor Chalmers

THE NEW SHORT DRAPED WRAP

Mrs. Chalmers will be very glad to answer any question on dressmaking or tailoring or to advise you in regard to the new styles, materials, colors or trimmings. Explain your difficulty as fully as you can and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer

THERE is always a reason when we take up something as radically new and different as the draped wrap of this lesson. The fact that it is new is, of course, one part of the reason, for you know my theory that women should take up new fashions as early as possible so that they will get the longest possible usage out of them. And a new thing, of course, is unfamiliar, and women frequently hesitate to take it up for fear that it may be difficult. I can set your minds at rest on that score at once in regard to the draped wrap. I think you could buy the material in the morning, make the wrap in the afternoon and wear it in the evening. That ought to convince you of its simplicity of construction.

But it's not only the fact that the draped wrap is new, and easy to make, that has prompted me to take it up in this lesson. The last time I was in Paris I became thoroughly convinced of the important part it is going to play in fashions for the next few years. The French dressmakers have tired of the conventional three-piece suit for afternoon wear and are strongly advocating the dress and wrap idea. With them the wrap and dress are frequently of the same material, so that at least one feature of the suit is retained. But the wrap is quite often made of a contrasting material, and it is that point that makes it so extremely practical for women of limited means. If you have a suit, for example, no matter how handsome it is in cut and material, you can only wear the coat with its own skirt. But one of these draped wraps can be worn with any afternoon or evening dress that you happen to possess. These short draped wraps in fur—particularly in moleskin—have been used as evening wraps all Winter, and will be ideal for Spring and Summer.

THERE are many materials that are suitable for this wrap, so that you can hardly have any difficulty in suiting your taste and your pocketbook. You can have it of the same material as one of your afternoon dresses and make a complete costume of it, or you can use a contrasting material or color. In either case you could wear it not only with the dress it was originally made for, but with any other afternoon or evening dress that you own. The new figured materials—matelassés, brocades, moirés and embossed chiffons—are very smart with dresses of plain silk or satin, or you can use satin, corded silks, silk poplins, Ottomans, faille, taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or voile for the wrap. Chiffon and lace, especially the velvet stamped chiffons, make beautiful wraps to wear over lingerie frocks or Summer evening dresses.

Black is the best color for a wrap that you are going to wear with a number of dresses. Taupe will combine with almost anything, while blue and brown are smart in themselves, but aren't as usable as black with other colors. Any of the light shades of Beauty red, emerald green and royal blue are pretty and picturesque in chiffon over white dresses.

The wrap without the drapery

For a wrap of satin, matelassé, silk, etc., the wrap should be lined with a good quality lining silk or satin—preferably satin. In a dark wrap I think a bright-colored lining is desirable, for just enough of it shows when the wrap is worn to lighten the dark color, and it makes a very pretty background for the dress underneath when the wrap is open or thrown back over a chair. For Summer use or evening wear a white lining is very dainty and attractive. An embossed chiffon does not require a lining for it is quite a substantial material, but plain chiffon and chiffon cloth should be lined with chiffon to give them a little body.

The new short draped wrap

In most satins or silk materials this wrap does not need the reenforcement of cambric or anything of that sort, for it must be soft or it will not drape prettily. If, however, you are using an extremely soft, bodyless silk that might look slinky—I can't think of any other word for it—you can interline the whole wrap with a soft cambric.

At this time of the year the question of warmth won't trouble you in regard to a silk wrap. But if you want to wear this wrap late into the Fall, you can in the Autumn partially remove the lining and interline the upper part of the wrap with a fine silk-and-wool interlining. Or if you don't make the wrap until September or October, you can put the interlining in when you make it. It should be cut by the wrap pattern, but three-eighths of an inch smaller at every edge. It should come down well below the waistline, but should not, of course, extend into the drapery.

THE PATTERN—For this wrap, as for any wrap, you should buy the pattern by your bust measure. Please have your measurement taken carefully, for if you get too small a size the wrap will draw, and if it is too large you'll waste your material. The quantities on the pattern envelope will tell you just how much material you'll need. You can use a thirty-six-inch material very nicely by piecing it in a seam at the center of the back. In forty-four-inch material you'll only have to piece it a little at the lower part of the front and sleeves. (Ill. No. 4.)

There is so little fitting to this wrap that if you have bought it by the correct bust size it is sure to be right for you at the bust. Women's arms vary very much in length, and you must compare your arm measure with the pattern measure before cutting your material, for if the pattern is too long or too short for you it will bring the drapery of the kimono sleeve in the wrong place on your body.

Measure the length of your shoulder and arm from the center of your back below the collar seam, straight across the shoulder and down the outside of the arm to the wrist. (Ill. No. 1.) Measure the wrap pattern (piece 1) from the center of the back below the neck straight across to the wrist edge of the sleeve. Compare the two measurements, and if the pattern is long or short for you, alter it just above the notches in the side edges of the sleeve. If it is too long for you, lay a plait in the pattern. (Ill. No. 2.) If it is too short, slash the pattern and separate the pieces. (Ill. No. 3.)

If you do not wish to use the drapery, cut off or turn under the lower part of the front of the pattern (piece 1) at the line of small double perforations (see small illustration).

CUTTING—Illustration No. 4 shows the pattern laid on material forty-four inches wide for cutting. The large triple perforations come on a lengthwise fold in this material. In a narrower silk the triple perforations would come on the selvedge and you would have a piecing seam at the center of the back. In forty-four-inch material you will have to piece the lower part of the sleeve and the lower part of the front. The piecing in the sleeve is rather desirable, for it gives the effect of the drop shoulder or deep gauntlet sleeve that is so smart just now. The piecing at the front comes in a position where it is not noticeable. Leave a three-eighths-of-an-inch seam allowance on the edges of the sleeve and fronts which are to be pieced, and also on the corresponding edges of the pieces. (Ill. No. 4.)

The back of the draped wrap

Cut the lining just as you cut the outside. In a wrap of this kind the lining does not have to be any larger than the outside, but *it must not be any smaller* or it will draw when it is put in the wrap.

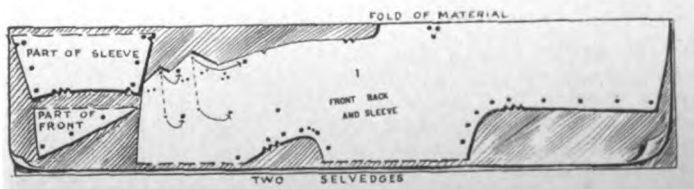
If you are using a silk-and-wool interlining cut it by the wrap pattern, cutting it three-eighths of an inch smaller at all edges and letting it come just below the waistline.

Cut out the wrap with sharp shears and clip all the notches distinctly.

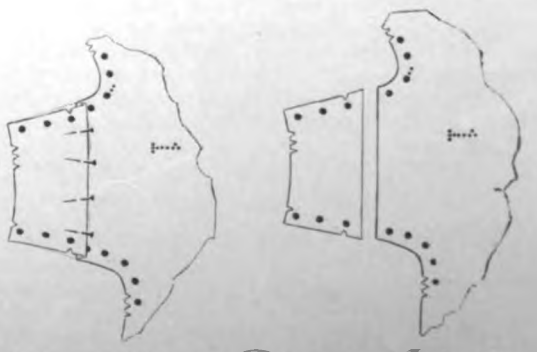
The trimming for the wrap is a box-plaited ruche of velvet ribbon and a very good-looking ornament or frog that can be made from left-over scraps of your wrap material.

If you do not care for the ruche, you can use collar and cuffs (small illustrations), making them of lace or of the wrap material. I rather advise the ruching, for it takes the place of the popular fur trimming of the Winter.

Ill. No. 1. Measure your back and arm from the center of the back to the wrist



Ill. No. 4. The pattern laid on satin forty-four inches wide



Ill. No. 2. Shortening the sleeve *Ill. No. 3. Lengthening the sleeve*

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SIMPLE FROCKS FOR

THE SIMPLICITY IS GIRLISH ARE AS SMART AS THOSE IN

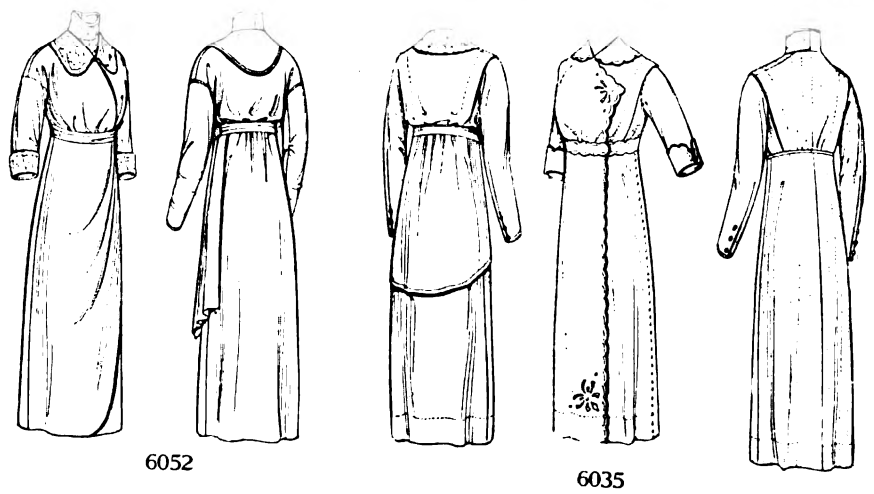
Dress 6052

Dress 6035

A CHARMING frock for misses and small women, with the touch of drapery which makes it chic, is shown in design 6052. The waist has its body cut in one with the upper part of the sleeves and may be bloused or drawn down. Its neck may be high or open and the one-seam sleeves may be in full or shorter length. The three-piece skirt, which is attached at a slightly raised waistline has slight fulness at the top of the back, and in medium size measures about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge. A body lining and the sash ends may be used or not.

For a miss of nineteen years, three yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6052 may be obtained in six sizes, fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6052 6035

ONE of the straight simple frocks which are extremely popular with misses and small women is shown in design 6035. This consists of a blouse-waist in Gibson style with slightly deep armholes, full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves dart-fitted below the elbow, and high or slightly open neck, and an attached three or four piece skirt with a slightly raised waistline. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and may be made with or without a body lining or the peplum. The skirt measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge. One of the pretty figured silks which are shown now flowered in Jouy or pompadour patterns will make a delightful Spring frock for a miss; moiré will be smart for a small woman. Bedford cord, cotton corduroy and ratine are other materials suggested. Butterick transfers may be used for the embroidery shown.

For a miss of sixteen years, four yards of material forty-four inches wide and one-quarter yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the flat collar will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6035 may be obtained in six sizes, fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6100 is one of the most attractive of the new coats for misses and small women. The original was a Paris tailor-made, and its cut and style can be accepted as the latest and the best. It is a three-eighths fitting coat, cutaway in front and having a slightly bloused effect at the back. The two-seam sleeves may be slightly gathered at the top or have the fulness shrunken out. In the figure illustration, the coat is made of dark blue serge trimmed with white, and is worn with a white serge skirt.

For a miss of eighteen years, two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat, or two yards and one-eighth fifty inches wide, with two yards and three-eighths of contrasting material fifty inches wide for the skirt, collar and cuffs for the suit made from this coat and skirt 6075, as shown on the figure.

Design 6100 may be obtained in six sizes, fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

Coat 6100; skirt 6075; bonnet 6079

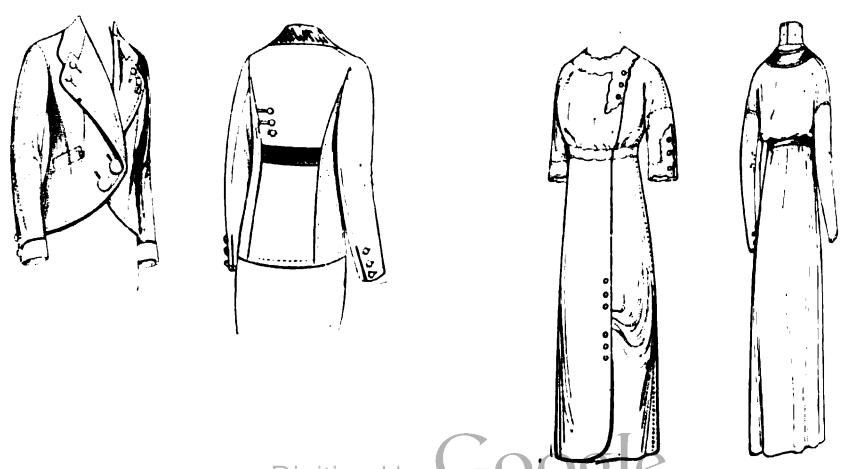
[*Bonnet 6079 described on page* 306]

Dress 6093

THERE is a novel and very effective trimming idea in the shaped band used on the neck, Russian closing and sleeves of the misses' dress 6093. A simple and graceful arrangement of drapery is found in the skirt. The waist may be bloused or drawn down, have either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves attached at the dropped shoulder line and high or French round neck. The skirt is in three pieces, has fulness in back at the raised waistline and measures about one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge in medium size. As there is only a little drapery, soft wools as well as silks may be used for the dress. Wool rep and sponge cloth will drape, also cotton crêpe, ratine and voile. Charmeuse, crêpe meteor and crêpe de Chine are fashionable silks.

For a miss of seventeen years, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and one-half yard twenty-seven inches wide for the trimming pieces and cuffs will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6093 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6100 6093

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YOUTHFUL FIGURES

BUT THE STYLE AND LINES THE BEST MODELS FOR WOMEN

Dress 6063 Dress 6042

IN DESIGN 6063, a dress for misses and small women, the line of the yoke extending down over the shoulder is very new. The groups of tucks relieve the plainness, and the wide tucks in the skirt trim that gracefully. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and have high, French round or square neck and full length sleeves in either of two styles or shorter sleeves. The tucked or gathered two piece skirt has a slightly raised waistline.

For a miss of seventeen years, four yards and three-quarters of material forty inches wide, three yards and five-eighths of wide insertion, and five yards and one half of narrow, will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6063 may be obtained in six sizes, fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

THE waist of design 6042, an Empire dress for misses and small women, is cut with its body in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter sleeves, may have high or open neck and may be bloused or drawn down. The attached skirt is cut in two or three pieces, is slightly gathered at the top, and has a width of about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge in medium size.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and three-eighths of material forty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6042 may be obtained in six sizes, fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6063

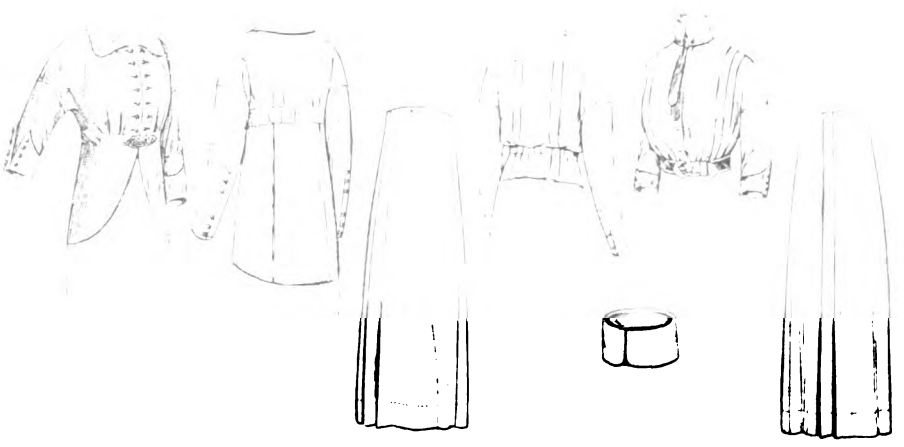
6042

Coat 6083; dress 6093 Shirt-waist 6074; skirt 6075

COAT 6083 has a softly tailored blouse-like character, which makes it very smart for a best suit, and almost as easy to copy as a waist. It has a slightly raised waistline, with some fulness in the body part and a plain skirt part, which may be in either of two lengths. The body is cut in one with the upper part of full length dart fitted or shorter sleeves. Serge, broadcloth, wool rep, sponge cloth, cotton ratine, taffeta, moiré and linen are suitable materials for the design.

For a miss of eighteen years, two yards and one quarter of material forty four inches wide will be required for the coat in longer length, or two yards forty four inches wide in shorter length and one quarter yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for the collar.

Design 6083 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6083 6075 6074 6075

MANY of the new shirt-waists are made with yokes and have more tucks than we have been accustomed to for several seasons. Design 6074, for misses and small women, may be with or without the yoke, which, with the body of the blouse, is in one with the upper part of the sleeves. The sleeves may be in full length in either of two styles or shorter, and the neck high or slightly open. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and have a plait or hem closing. It may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt.

For a miss of seventeen years, two yards and one-eighth of material forty inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6074 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

AN EXCELLENT model for misses and small women for a separate skirt or the skirt of a simple dress is shown in design 6075. This has the smart and youthful straight silhouette, but is not in actuality very narrow, as the two plaits at the left side of the front and back give a width of about two yards in medium size at the lower edge when they are drawn out. The skirt is cut in four pieces, has a slightly raised waistline and may be closed at the front or back. It is an excellent design for the corded cottons, ratine and linen as well as for Spring cloths and suitings.

For a miss of seventeen years, two yards and one-eighth of plain material without nap fifty inches wide will be required.

Design 6075 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

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Bontex Imported Novelty Weave
This is a sheer Voile in color with a bourette stripe in white. This effect is absolutely new and for this reason, greatly in demand.

Famous Fabrics

Has *your* dealer shown you the Bontex Wash Fabrics?

If not, won't you ask to see them before his stock is depleted?

He will gladly show you his entire assortment. He is proud of the fact that he carries them.

They are the most famous, most frequently chosen *colored* summer fabrics that women wear.

The vogue for them this season, since we have put the name "Bontex" on the selvage, has been enormous. Millions of yards have already been sold throughout the country. Out of several hundred designs and colorings, patterns and weaves, you are sure to find just what *you* want, materials which will be equally charming for *your* colored summer gowns.

Bontex Wash Fabrics include many Imported Novelty Weaves designed and woven *abroad*; also Galateas, Poplins, Zephyrs, Fancy Batistes, Pongee, striped, embroidered and plain Voiles, Madras, Piqué, dotted and plain Silk Mulls, Crêpes and Crêpes with ratiné borders or stripes, Ratiné, Tissues, Ottomans, etc.

Be sure you see the name Bontex on the selvage.

BONTEX
Trade Mark The H. B. Claflin Co.
Wash Fabrics

Bontex Imported Novelty Weave
This shows one of the smart two color toweling novelties launched this season. Ask the clerks to show you all of the Bontex Imported Novelties.

AT THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE

SPRING EMBROIDERIES

By Ethel M. Harris

Miss Harris will be glad to answer any question pertaining to this department if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

"THE flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la" have everything to do with the case, or rather material. They are scattered over everything in all sorts of ways. The ones I am going to tell you about, so you may copy, are the embroidery ones. Nothing to do with the old, old fashioned way of elaborate shading and the rather intricate Kensington stitch, but just the simple satin-stitch carried out in chenille, wool or fine mercerized cotton. Note that I said chenille—it is the latest medium for embroidery. It is so fine that it is almost like rope silk, and is used on the fine French crêpe which reminds one of the crinkly chiffon.

The figure illustration shows a smart little frock decorated with hand-embroidered little old-fashioned flowers in rather naturalistic coloring, which are fascinating. The transfer design No. 10461 contains two sheets, thirty by twenty-one inches, of transfers for these little flowers. Below the figure on the left of the pillow are illustrated some of the styles of the flowers that are included in this transfer. The ways to apply them are legion. They are best used on a white background and scattered to give an all-over effect. Smart waists are made of lingerie material embroidered with little flowers and trimmed with colored crêpe or voile or even taffeta. Canary yellow and soft green are new Summer colorings, though turkey red and leaf green outlined with black are also considerably used. On the whole the coloring is rather vivid, following the Bulgarian coloring which is invading all departments of dress.

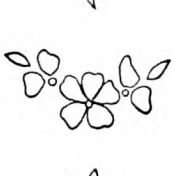
Charming little accessories can be enlivened with embroidered flowers used in a judicious manner. I feel I could write pages on this new phase of embroidery, but a lack of space compels me to hasten on to the next interesting article we are showing.

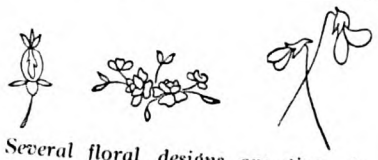
The vogue is for lingerie pillows and they are used not only for the dainty boudoir or bedroom but also in the dignified drawing-room or living-room. It is a fashion which should be strongly advocated, as it is a good sanitary idea. Transfer No. 10459 is for a long oblong pillow to be worked partly in satin-stitch and partly in eyelet work, as shown in the illustration, with dotted lines to indicate where the bands and medallion of lace may be inserted. Flanders, filet or Cluny may be used for this purpose, but if fine is desired and the expense prohibits it, why not crochet a band in filet effect? It is just a simple matter of chain-stitching and double crochet. I shall be glad to give fuller instructions if you will write and state your difficulty.

Richelieu embroidery continues in favor in Parisian circles for handsome white work. We are giving a beautiful design for a waist, No. 10457, this month. The work is really not difficult. A thread is run along the stamped outline. A piece of dark-colored table oilcloth or heavy paper is basted under the sections spanned with bars. The basting should closely follow the stamped lines which have been outlined with a running thread. The material is then slashed and turned back as you would for an eyelet, and the work started in a similar manner, except that at every quarter-inch space bars should be inserted. The transfer design gives lines where the bars should be spanned in the Richelieu work. The dots may be in eyelet and the remaining sections in satin-stitch. The stems should be in French stemming.

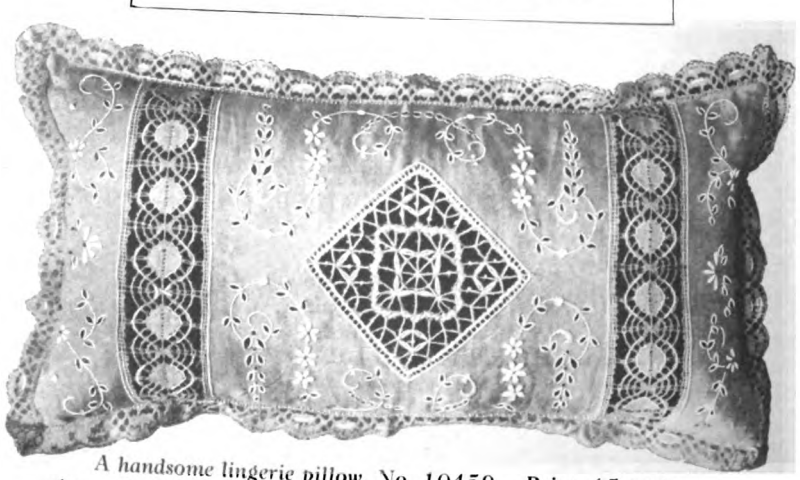
Often in making lingerie or lingerie dresses, the worker would like to decorate with bow-knots in lace insertion, and yet does not feel enough of an artist to draw a graceful design. The bow-knot designs No. 10460 have been made to fill this want, and

Some of the flower motifs, 10461 (Price, 15 cents), used on a lady's dress

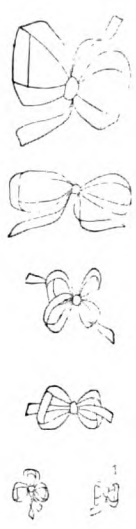




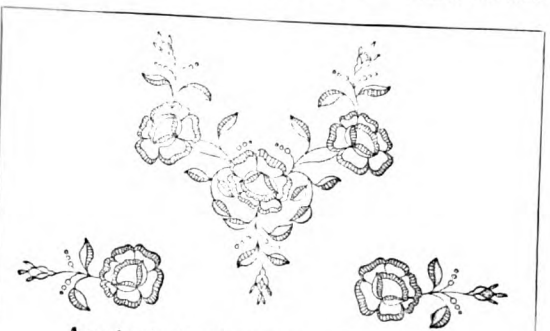
Several floral designs are given in Transfer No. 10461. Price, 15 cents



A handsome lingerie pillow, No. 10459. Price, 15 cents



Bow-knots for lace insertion, No. 10460. Price, 15 cents



A waist design for Richelieu embroidery, No. 10457. Price, 15 cents

are suitable for one-quarter, one-half, three-quarter, and one inch wide insertions. The lace should be basted in place, turned to form a corner or gathered on one edge to turn a curve.

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Three "Onyx" Days
April 14th, 15th, 16th
have been set aside by us for the benefit of
Our Best Friends—the American Public
whose deep and abiding Faith in the *"Onyx"* Brand has been our Strongest Support

We recognize our obligations, and, as custodians of the "ONYX" Reputation, we stand pledged to maintain the Standard which has won their Confidence and Approval.

SO ON THE THREE
"Onyx"
Trade *Mark*
Hosiery
DAYS
MONDAY, April 14th
TUESDAY, April 15th
WEDNESDAY, April 16th

through our Splendid Allies, the Merchants of America, we will offer the following **Extraordinary** "ONYX" DAY Values:

For Women

B 2285—Women's "ONYX" Seamless Silk Lisle; Black, White and Tan; Hand-Looped; "Dub-l" Top, High Heel and "Doublex" Sole. Made on same Machines as our 50c. Silks. This is the first time a Mercerized hose has been made with these features. Value 3 for $1.00. **25c. per pair**

H 408—Women's "ONYX" Silk Lisle in Black only; Finest Gauge; Seasonable Weight; "Dub-l" Top, High Spliced Heel and "Doublex" Sole. Value 50c. **3 pairs for $1.00**

1140—Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk in Black, White and Tan, with Lisle "Dub-l" Top, High Spliced Heel and "Doublex" Sole. Value 50c. **3 pairs for $1.00**

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk, a Fine Medium Weight in Black only with "Dub-l" Garter Top of Silk or Lisle; High Spliced Heel; "Doublex" Sole of Silk or Lisle. Value $1.35-$1.50. **$1.00 per pair**

For Men

E 325—Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle in Black only; Reinforced with "Doublex" Extra Heel and Toe, and Spliced Sole. The most celebrated and best known Half Hose. Value 50c. **3 pairs for $1.00**

1215—Men's "ONYX" Pure Silk; High Spliced Heel and "Doublex" Sole, with Toe Guard and Silk Plaited Cuff—Black, Tan, Navy, Grey, Cadet, Burgundy, Helio, Purple and Smoke. Value 50c. **3 pairs for $1.00**

Should your dealer be unable to supply you, leave your name and address, and all orders will be honored within a reasonable time through him.

Lord & Taylor
Wholesale Distributors
New York

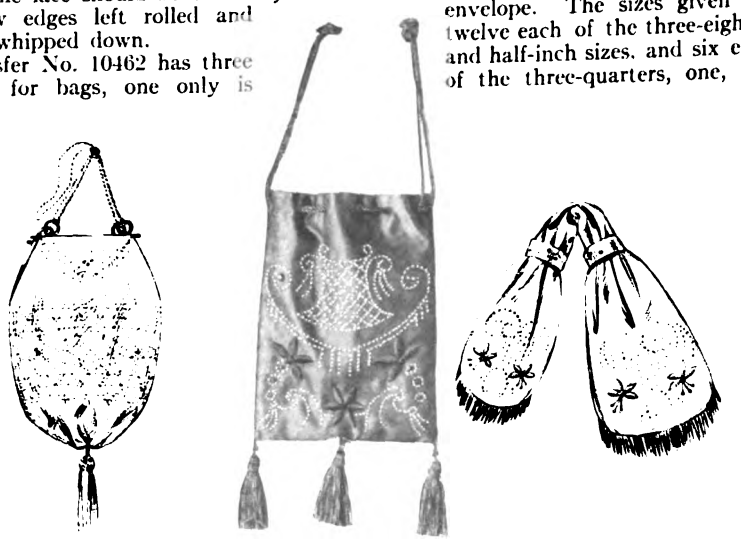
AT THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE

SPRING EMBROIDERIES

[*Continued from page 286*]

It then may be stitched by machine or may be buttonholed. The material under the lace should be cut away and the raw edges left rolled and neatly whipped down.

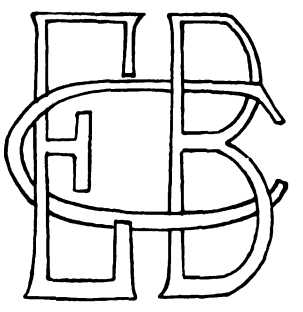
Transfer No. 10462 has three designs for bags, one only is shown worked up. The first design to the left should be developed in beads, and requires three bunches of them. The second is best carried out in satin-stitch and beadwork. Two bunches of beads and three skeins of silk floss will be sufficient for this one. The third and last is a more elaborate one, and is made doubly attractive and rich when worked in gold beads and flat pearl-bead jewels—the kind with a tiny hole on either side.



The three bag-designs of No. 10462. Price, 15 cents

No. 10458. Fifty-four transfers of any one letter in four different styles for monograming, making a total of 216 letters in each transfer. Price, 15 cents per letter

I have kept the most interesting transfer—No. 10458—for the last. Everybody is interested in knowing how to make their own particular monogram, and if yours is a two or three letter one we can tell you transfer No. 10458 is sold by the letter, but there are four different styles of letters and fifty-four transfers of each letter contained in the transfer—making a total of two hundred and sixteen transfers of any one letter in the envelope. The sizes given are twelve each of the three-eighths and half-inch sizes, and six each of the three-quarters, one, one and one-half, two and three inch sizes.



Showing how to make a three-letter monogram

A two-letter monogram

The first two styles of letters when combined together will make an effective three-inch monogram as shown in the monogram E, B, C. Two of the long narrow letters are placed close together and the very wide letter stamped over them. When working the letters, embroider them so that they intertwine as in the illustration.

The two lower styles of letters are suitable for a two-letter monogram as shown in the monogram M S.

Remember that a three-letter monogram, if each letter is different, requires three transfer patterns.

The letters of the first, third and fourth styles are also excellent for single letter marking for personal or household linen.

Lines of Living Beauty

The lines of beauty that you have been wont to admire in other women—

—you may best attain them if your corset is a J. C. C.

The reason for this is the J. C. C. way of fashioning every model over a living figure, with a view to correcting those lines which are not pleasing in that type of figure and bringing out those lines which are to be admired.

This, in short, is the history of each master model from which J. C. C. Corsets are cut.

J. C. C. Corsets
Produce Lines of Living Beauty

It goes without saying that a corset made in this way *must* be a comfortable corset, and the very good sense of this method instantly appeals to you because you know that it is right.

So will J. C. C. Corsets appeal to you, because they are right, from the littlest detail of correct construction down to the very latest turn of good style.

No matter how difficult your figure requirements may be, there is a J. C. C. fashioned for your own individuality. There are over 150 of these models, all different—more than enough to insure your getting a perfect fit, no matter how hard you are to corset.

If you are stout, the J. C. C. Reducing will solve the problem that has caused you so much uneasiness, and you will notice the difference and improvement in your figure the moment you put it on.

Likewise, whether you are slender, tall, short, willowy, heavily built, or of average figure, you are always sure of a perfect fit if you get the J. C. C.

The J. C. C. Corsets are sold in good stores everywhere. Write and let us direct you if you do not know what store in your city handles them.

Prices, $1.00 to $6.00.

JACKSON CORSET COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN
"Makers of Corsets for Women Who Care"

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The Wooltex Winston Suit $25.00

A Clever Example of the Cut-away Style

LIKE other spring Wooltex models, this suit is as remarkable for the *value* given at its price as it is for its style and "snap." The rigid severity of the tailoring is relieved by a deft touch at the cuffs and by small self-colored buttons, effectively placed. To be had in staple and novelty cloths, at the moderate price of $25.00.

You will look better in a Wooltex Suit —

Because it is better style — and is so *very* much better tailored.

Such high quality *pays*—

Means to you satisfaction and the economy of long wear.

Send your name for the Spring Style Book 16 page illustrated — to The H. Black Co., Cleveland.

The Store That Sells Wooltex

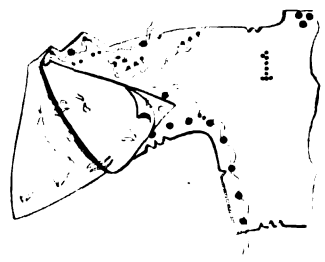
Coats Suits Skirts

FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

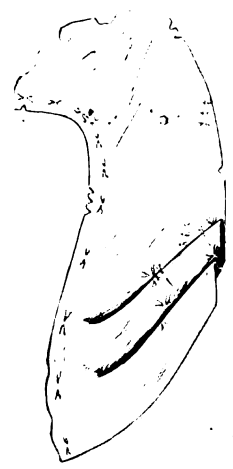
YOU AND YOUR SEWING

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DRAPED WRAP

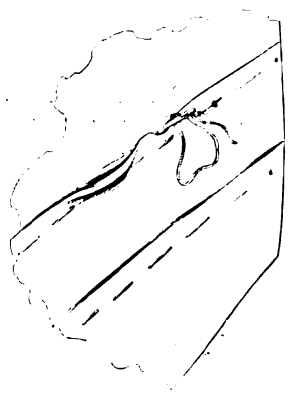
THE TAILORS' TACKS — All the marking perforations,—that is, the perforations you use in putting the wrap together, should be marked with tailors' tacks. (Ill. No. 5.) Mark the different sets and sizes of perforations with different colored cottons so that you'll be able to tell them apart when you're making the wrap. A tailors' tack, you remember, is a stitch taken through the center of a perforation to mark it. Be sure that the tack goes through both thicknesses of the material, and leave a good loop between perforations so that the tacks won't pull out when you cut the thread. Cut the loops (Ill. No. 5), remove the pattern, and cut the tacks between the two thicknesses of material, leaving part of the tack in each piece of the material. I've told you about these tacks so often that perhaps you think these instructions superfluous, but women still write to me and ask whether they can buy tailors' tacks at the notion counter or the hardware store, so I'm repeating myself for their benefit.



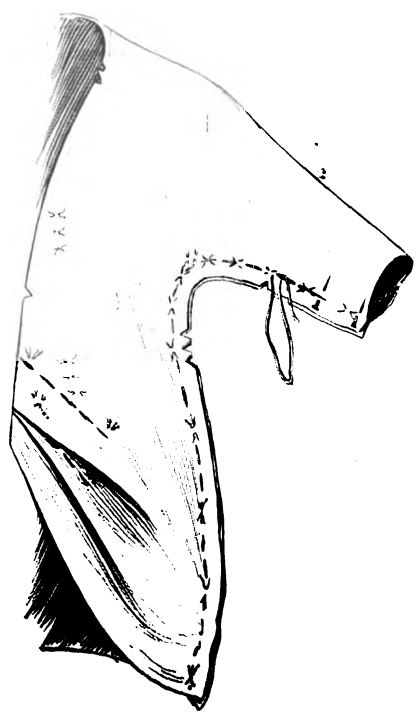
Ill. No. 5. Mark the working perforations with tailors' tacks



Ill. No. 6. Laying the upward-turning plaits in the fronts



Ill. No. 7. The plaits should be basted and later sewed with invisible stitches



Ill. No. 8. Pinning and basting the underarm seams

THE INTERLINING — If you are going to use the silk-and-wool interlining, pin and baste it in place on the wrong side of the wrap with its edges three-eighths of an inch in from the edges of the wrap. Do not baste the seams, for they are not sewed until the seams of the wrap have been stitched and pressed open. Simply pin them.

This interlining, as I told you before, will hardly be needed in a wrap for the Spring of the year. I am giving you the directions for using it in case you do not make up the wrap until the Autumn, when a silk or satin wrap is not warm enough without an interlining.

THE PLAITS — The drapery in the front of the wrap is given by two plaits in each front. Lay the front edges of the fronts in two plaits, creasing through the small single perforations and bringing the creases up to the large single perforations. (Ill. No. 6.) Pin and baste the plaits in place. (Ill. No. 7.)

THE SEAMS — Piece the wrap at the lower part of the sleeves and fronts, joining the pieces in three-eighths-of-an-inch seams. Stitch the piecing-seams neatly and press them open.

Pin the underarm seams with the edges and notches matching, and baste them through the large single perforations. (Ill. No. 8.)

Try the wrap on with the fronts lapping so that the small triple perforations match. The wrap should be easy through the bust and hips, for if it is snug it will draw. If it is a little too large or too small for you, you can alter it at the outlet seam. The kimono sleeve will make the wrap fall in a soft, graceful drapery under the arm. Do not try to fit out this drapery or to fit the sleeve up under the arm. Baste in the alteration, try the wrap on again and then stitch and press open the seams.

In pressing silk or satin, do not dampen them or use a hot iron. Lay a piece of clean, dry muslin over the seams and press with a warm iron, using a tailors' cushion to press the curves.

Lap the seam edges of the interlining, if you are using it, over the wrap seams, clipping the edges at the curves to make them lie flat. Sew them with catch-stitching.

Sew the plaits in the fronts with blind stitches. (Ill. No. 7.)

Turn in the edges of the wrap three-eighths of an inch (Ill. No. 9) and baste them. Stitch the sleeve edges and also the edge of the neck as far down as the drapery, putting the stitching about an eighth of an inch from the fold edge of the wrap.

You ca[redacted]e slende[redacted]s

If your figure does not easily conform to the long lines demanded by fashion you will find a

Spirella CORSET

(not sold in stores)

will readjust it into those flowing lines of grace which give the appearance of slenderness. And it does it with none of the stiff discomfort of the average corset.

It is fitted to your measure by our trained corsetiere who comes to your home. Spirella boning (which can be had only in Spirella Corsets) is light in weight, ventilative, perfectly flexible and always retains its original shapeliness. Your corset can be laundered without removing the boning, as it is guaranteed not to rust or break.

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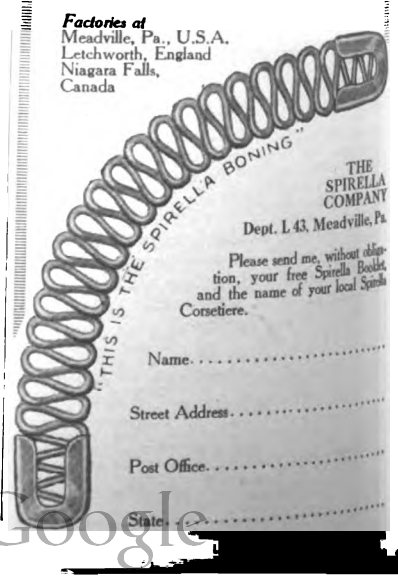

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Boston Store Chicago

HANDSOME FRENCH OSTRICH PLUME $2.95 Prepaid to your Home

FREE DELIVERY SERVICE TO YOUR HOME

$2.95 Prepaid for This 20-Inch French Curl Ostrich Plume

No. 1341

No. 1341. 20-inch Specially Selected Male Stock; guaranteed genuine French Plume, shaded in new two-tone combinations—pink and taupe, American Beauty and taupe, brown and tan, royal and navy, shaded emerald, black and white, solid black or white. The popular plume of the season. Delivered prepaid for only $2.95

If not a bargain at double our price, send it back and we refund money.

A Leading Spring Style at a Popular Price

Hat No. 1342

No. 1342. A Very Nobby Hat—hand-made on net frame, crown of draped proxylin braid. Rolling brim of proxylin braid, with imported white soutache cord and folds of good quality duchesse satin around bottom and edge of crown. Large, stunning, knotted Gaby loop of same material, edged with imported maline. Either white or black. Delivered Free. $3.25

Crepe Meteor Silk Dress for Afternoon and Street Wear, $8.50

No. 1343. A charming style that will appeal to the most critical dresser. Made in strictly dressmaker fashion—carefully draped on forms of correct size, thus insuring

Perfect 'Hang' and Fit

Fastens on left side up to shoulder with patent clasp fasteners, adorned with fancy silk soutache braid. Embroidery design—silk and braid-covered large buttons to match shade of garment. Modified Robespierre turn-down collar, and shaped sleeves with narrow turn-back cuffs, also braided. Body lined at edge with silk, slightly shirred at belt in back. Waist part to hip made over separate muslin lining. The sleeves are lined with muslin.

In Black, Navy, Brown and Taupe Grey. Sizes for Women, 34 to 44 Bust; Misses, 14, 16 and 18 Years.

If you do not consider this dress a bargain and worth at least double the price, send it back and we will promptly refund your money. Price, Delivered Free, $8.50

No. 1343 $8.50

Correct Dress Demands Smart Shoes. We show here two of the latest 1913 models for spring, taken as specimen values from our complete shoe section.

Women's White Sea Island Canvas Button Boots

No. 1344. Short vamp, medium tension leather soles, full Cuban heels, sizes 2½ to 7, C, D and E widths. Stylish, comfortable and perfect outfitting shoe. Our price, Delivered Free $1.39

No. 1344

Women's Black Gun Metal Calf 3-Button "Countess"

No. 1345. Extremely classy, stylish shoe of guaranteed quality. Short vamp, plain toe, tailored bow, beautiful open-work design. Sizes, 2½ to 7, widths, C, D and E. If not worth double this price, send them back. Our price, Delivered Free $1.75

No. 1345

FREE!

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The articles offered above are typical Boston Store Values. You'll find over 5,000 more bargains just as good in the 1913 edition of our wonderful 1913 Spring and Summer Catalog of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wearing Apparel.

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If you have dealt with us, you know the quality of our goods and the fair treatment, prompt service and satisfaction that go with every sale. If you've never traded here, send us a trial order and let us prove to you how.

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Send for this 1913 money saving Bargain Book No. 1346. Drop us a line today and get your copy by return mail. Shopping by mail is easy when you have our catalog. Everything you need can be bought at Boston Store prices. Send for your copy today. Address Boston Store, Chicago

Boston Store Chicago

FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

YOU AND YOUR SEWING

FINISHING THE DRAPED WRAP

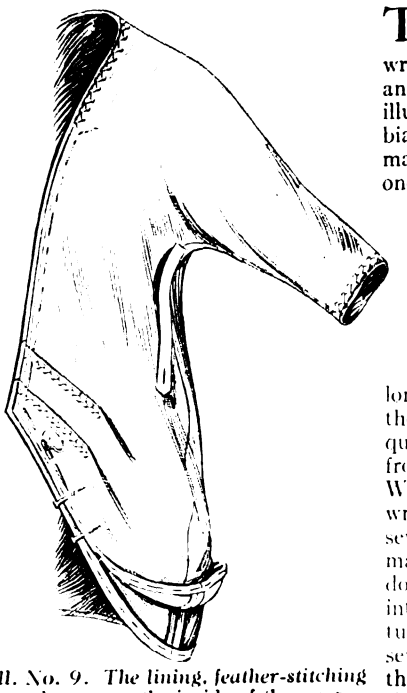
THE LINING—The lining should be put together exactly like the outside of the wrap, making any alterations in the lining that you made in the wrap itself. Instead of blind-stitching the plaits, they should be sewed with feather-stitching done with self-colored silk. (Ill. No. 9.)

Turn the wrap wrong side out and put the lining on it with their edges even. Pin the lining in place, taking care that it is plenty large and does not draw on the outside. (Ill. No. 9.)

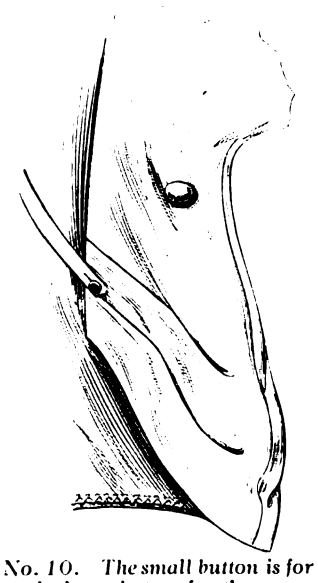
Turn in the edges of the lining about three-eighths of an inch and baste them. (Ill. No. 9.) Then baste the lining to the wrap (Ill. No. 9), with its edges about an eighth of an inch in from the edge of the wrap.

Sew the lining to the wrap with feather-stitching (Ill. No. 9), letting the outer stitch of the feather-stitching catch through both the lining and the wrap.

The little strap (piece number 4 of the pattern) is made of a piece of the lining material. It should be made of a double thickness of the lining, and a large buttonhole should be worked at the pointed end. (Ill. No. 9.) It is tacked inside of the wrap at the right underarm seam at the small double perforations. (Ill. No. 9.) A button covered with the wrap material should be sewed to the left front on the outside of the wrap at the small triple perforations. (Ill. No. 10.) This strap and button hold the wrap in place on the figure.

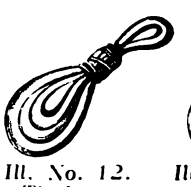


Ill. No. 9. The lining, feather-stitching and strap on the inside of the wrap



Ill. No. 10. The small button is for the strap, the large button for the ornament

Ill. No. 11. The underfolds of the plaits are half an inch deep, making the box-plaits an inch deep



Ill. No. 12. The loops

Ill. No. 13. Finishing the ends

Ill. No. 14. The ornament

THE RUCHING—The wrap is trimmed with a ruching of velvet ribbon laid in box plaits. The underfolds of the plaits are half an inch deep, making the box plaits an inch deep. They should be first pinned and then sewed through the center of the ribbon. (Ill. No. 11.) The ruche is sewed to the neck and sleeve edges with invisible stitches, with the edges of the ruche extending about a quarter of an inch beyond the edge of the wrap. The ruching reaches to the drapery on the right side of the wrap and to the closing line on the left side. (Main illustration.) Below the ruching on the left side the edge of the wrap is finished with a plain piece of the ribbon that reaches to the drapery.

THE ORNAMENT—The wrap is fastened with an ornament (main illustration) made of a bias strip of the wrap material cut about one yard and twenty-two inches long, and one inch and three-quarters wide. Fold the strip through the center lengthwise and stitch the long edges together on the wrong side one-quarter of an inch in from the raw edges. With the covering still wrong side out, slip several strands of Germantown or eider-down wool far enough into one end of the tube so that you can sew them securely to the silk. Then, with the loop end of an ordinary wire hairpin, push the wool farther and farther into the covering so that at the same time the silk is turned right side out. This is the easiest way to do the stuffing.

Cut from the strip a piece ten inches long, bring the two cut edges together, forming a loop, and bind them securely with buttonhole twist. This is the inside loop in Illustration No. 12.

Cut a second strip eleven inches and seven-eighths long and lay it around the first, binding its edges together outside of the edges of the first. (Ill. No. 12.)

Cut a third strip thirteen inches and three-quarters long, set it outside the second, and bind its lower edges together outside of the others, and stitch the three together at the lower edges. (Ill. No. 12.)

For the single loop, cut a strip seven inches and one-half long, bind its edges together and set them under the bound edges of the ornament, and sew them securely in this position. (Ill. No. 12.)

The remaining strip of satin is wrapped around the raw edges of the ornament and single loop three times, to cover the edges, and is finished at the back. (Ill. No. 13.)

The curves of the strips (Ill. No. 14) are tacked together at the back, and an occasional tack should be taken in the strip that finished the ornament and loop to prevent the strands from separating.

Sew the ornament to the right front of the wrap over the drapery, in the position shown in the main illustration. Sew a button covered with the wrap material to the left front at the large single perforation. The single loop slips over the button.

Write it on

HIGHLAND LINEN

There ought to be something inviting in the very appearance of an invitation.

The paper upon which it is written is part and parcel of the invitation.

The guest to whom it is addressed feels the delicate compliment conveyed by Highland Linen just as much as you do.

Highland Linen is sold wherever good stationery can be bought. It is fabric finished. It comes in all of the correct, fashionable sizes, with all the right shapes and flaps of envelopes. And the price is so moderate that it enables anyone who wants good paper to have good paper. We will mail samples on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover package and postage.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

Pittsfield, Mass. New York

TRADE-MARK

Write it on

HIGHLAND LINEN

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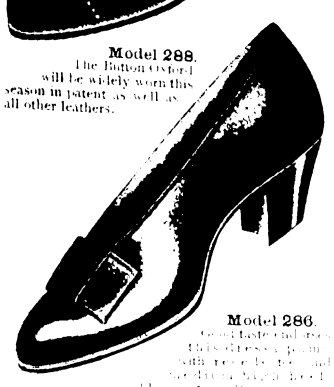
Model 290
English "Johnny" Boot—the very latest. Concealed eyelets, tubular laces. Black or tan calf.

Model 288
The Button Oxford will be widely worn this season in patent as well as all other leathers.



Model 286

Have you been making this mistake?

"I had always had my shoes fitted at the department store where I bought my clothes, but I never had any comfort in them."

If you have been making this mistake, step into the Red Cross Store that Displays Each Model on a Living Foot and try on the latest models in the new Spring and Summer styles.

See for yourself that the Red Cross Shoe will make your foot look better as well as feel better.

Tanned by a special process that retains all the natural flexibilities of the leather, at the very first step the smartest-fitting Red Cross model will bend with your foot like a perfect-fitting glove bends with your hand. You will realize at once the ease and comfort you have never before found in a shoe that will be everywhere admired.

The models illustrated here are only a few of the many new ones your dealer is now displaying in all the fashionable leathers and materials. See and see them—try them on—today. Oxfords $3.50 and $4. High Shoes $4, $4.50 and $5.

Write for this Style Book today

This book tells what will be worn in shoes this season and shows the correct models for every occasion and every purpose. Write for your copy today. Address THE KROHN-FECHHEIMER CO., 503-531 Dandridge St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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If there is no RED CROSS dealer in your town, write us and we will tell you how to order direct. We have fitted 50,000 women by mail and guarantee to fit your foot.

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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

A SMART SPRING HAT

WHICH CAN BE MADE AT HOME

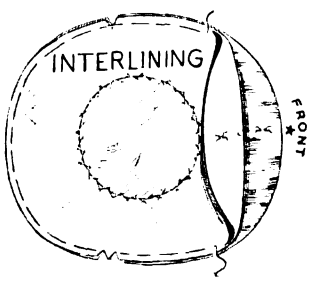
MANY women who have long been accustomed to making dresses, lingerie, and even suits, both for themselves and for their families, look upon the making of a hat as a decidedly difficult task. Apparently "crinoline" and "sheet willow" and the "turning of a brim" strike them as more formidable phrases than "tailors' tacks," "interlining" and the "turning of a coat-collar."

Now, in reality, a hat is a very simple and fascinating thing to make, and I am sure that the simplicity and chic air of the little French model on this page will tempt the most diffident reader to try making it.

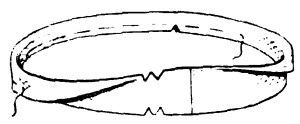
Of corded silk in gun metal and black

There are many lovely materials which you can use in making this hat. It can be made of silk broché, corded silk, satin, cotton Bedford cord or whip-cord, ratine or agaric, straw, cotton corduroy, corduroy piqué, cotton broché or heavy linen.

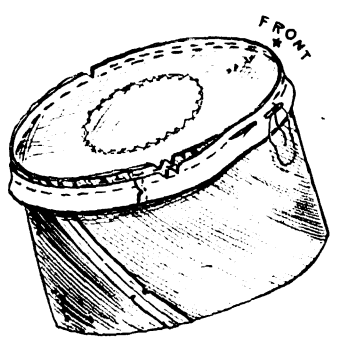
You will notice that none of the thin "bodyless" materials such as cotton crêpe, fine linen, messaline, etc., have been mentioned, for they do not suit this type of hat as well as the heavier materials. The chief beauty of the model lies in the soft roll of the brim and the side-crown, which can not be secured in materials that are sheer or thin. They give a hard, thin, defined line in place of the roll. The heavier cotton and linen materials are very good-looking, however, and can be used if you like to have a hat to match your linen dress or suit. The first hat illustrated was made of corded silk, the top of the crown in gun-metal color, and the side and brim of black. The side view is shown in cotton broché.



Ill. No. 1. The crown is interlined with soft crinoline



Ill. No. 2. The roll is cut from sheet willow



Ill. No. 3. The crown, side crown and roll basted together

There are six pieces in the pattern. Piece 1, the top of the crown, is cut first. Lay the pattern on the right side of the material, with the large double perforations on the straight of the goods, and in just the position that is shown on the diagram on the pattern-envelope. If you are not careful to do this in cutting all the pieces you will find that the notches in the top and the side crowns won't match, and the fronts and backs of the two portions will be in opposite directions.

Before taking the pattern off the material, mark the perforations with tailors' tacks. The tacks will help you find the center front and back of the crown later.

Piece 1 is interlined with soft crinoline. (Ill. No. 1.) Baste the interlining to the top of the crown. (Ill. No. 1.) Cut from the material you are going to use for lining a circle about four inches in diameter, set it in the center of the crown and catch-stitch it to the interlining only. (Ill. No. 1.)

The side of the crown (Piece 2) is cut next of whatever material you're using for the crown. Lay the pattern on the material with the large double perforations on the straight of the material. This brings the pattern in such a position on the material that the piece will be cut on the bias. Look again at the diagram to make sure that the position of the pattern is correct. Baste the ends according to the notches, stitch the seam and pass it across the covered face of a warm iron to press it open.

Cut the roll (Piece 3) from sheet willow. The sheet willow costs twenty-five cents a sheet and can be bought at any milliners' supply shop. Lay the pattern on the willow with the large double perforations on the straight of the goods, and clip your notches carefully. Lap the ends of the roll three-quarters of an inch and sew them together flatly. Then fold the roll through the center lengthwise and baste the two long edges together with the notches matching. (Ill. No. 2.)

Pin the side crown (Piece 3) to the top of the crown with the notches matching. You will find a slight fulness in the side crown which must be eased in as you baste the two portions together. Perhaps running a draw-string a trifle less than three-eighths of an inch from the edge of the side crown will help you in distributing the fulness.

After the two portions have been basted and sewn together, baste and sew the roll on with the notches matching and the edges even with those of the crown portions. (Ill. No. 3.)

The brim (Piece 4) is cut next, of a gray corded silk. Pin the pattern on the material with the large double perforations on the straight of the goods, and mark the small single, double and triple perforations with a colored basting-thread, and the large triple and clusters of four perforations with tailors' tacks. Then cut the brim, and mark the notches carefully.

The interlining (Piece 5) is cut from sheet willow. On one long edge of the interlining there are large triple perforations and clusters of four perforations which should be marked with tailors' tacks. On the other long edge is a single perforation, and on this edge the interlining is to be wired. Milliners' wire of medium size should be used for this purpose. The first row is applied three-quarters of an inch in from the edge of the interlining. Sew the wire on with over-and-over stitches, taking several stitches in the place where you start and finish, so as to hold the wire securely.

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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

A SMART SPRING HAT

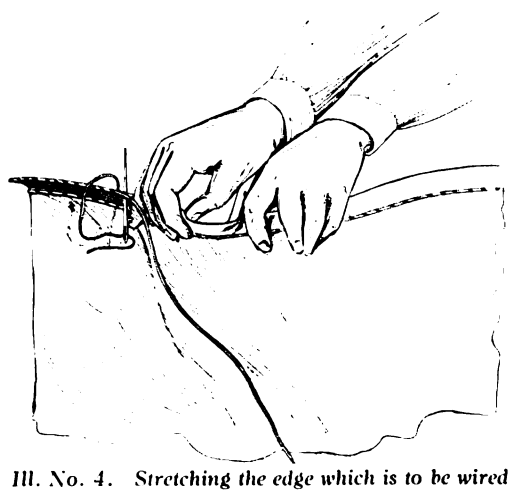
WHICH CAN BE MADE AT HOME

[Continued from page 290]

THE next row of wire goes on the extreme edge of the interlining. In applying it, the edge must be stretched slightly as you sew the wire on. Draw the edge between the thumb and the first finger of both hands as shown in Illustration No. 4, and stretch it with an outward curve. The stretching is done to give flare or "spring" to the interlining, so that it will hold the edge of the brim in the flaring position shown in the illustration of the finished hat.

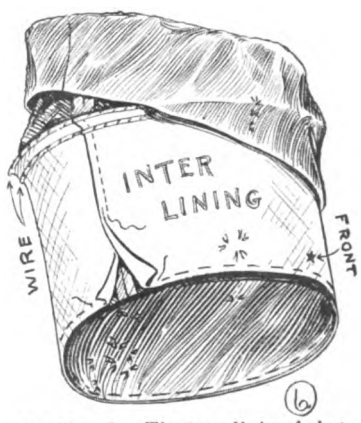
Place the interlining on the wrong side of the brim with the large triple perforations and four perforations matching. Start about an inch in from one end, and baste the interlining to the brim at the lower edge, stopping an inch in from the other end. (Ill. No. 5.) Now, as you stretched the wired edge of the interlining, the brim must also be stretched in the line which folds over the wired edge of the interlining, so that it, too, will flare easily instead of taking a hard, strained line over the wired edge. To stretch it, fold it back (wrong side out) in an even line with the wired edge of the interlining and draw the folded edge between the thumb and the first finger in the same way that you did the wired edge of the interlining; but let the pressure come about one-quarter of an inch in from the extreme edge, so that the fold will not be creased.

Of brocaded cotton material

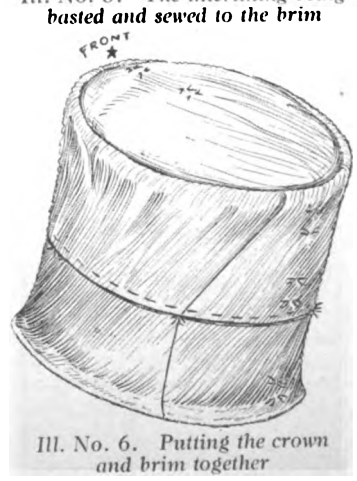


Ill. No. 4. Stretching the edge which is to be wired

This stretching will cause a bulge in the brim, the widest part of which will come at the top of the interlining. Baste the brim and the interlining together again just between the two wires, starting and finishing the basting about an inch in from the ends. Seam the notched ends in a three-eighths-of-an-inch seam and pass the seam across the face of a covered iron. Lap the ends of the interlining three-quarters of an inch and sew them flatly together. (Ill. No. 5.)



Ill. No. 5. The interlining being basted and sewed to the brim



Ill. No. 6. Putting the crown and brim together

Turn the top edge of the brim down over the interlining and baste the raw edges together neatly over the interlining. The brim is now ready to be attached to the crown.

The tailors' tacks which mark the three small triple perforations in the brim and the side of the crown are to show where the front of the hat is, and the small double perforations in these portions mark the center back. The crown is set over the brim so that the lower edge of the side crown is just in line with the line of small single perforations on the brim. The tacks marking the small double and triple perforations in the crown and the brim must come directly in line, so that the center fronts and backs of these portions will be in the correct position. (Ill. No. 6.)

Sew the crown to the brim with rather large running-stitches and roll the brim back in line with the small single perforations.

The hat now has only to be lined and trimmed. The lining (Piece 6) may be cut from white silk, silk mull or very fine batiste. Seam it according to the notches, to within three-quarters of an inch of one of the long edges. Press open the edges of the seam, pressing also the three-quarters of an inch which you did not stitch, and turn in the long edge above the unstitched part three-quarters of an inch. Sew this long edge about one-half an inch in to form a casing through which to run a draw-string. To put the lining in the hat, turn the lining on the right side, hold the draw-string edge uppermost and set the raw edge about an inch in from the connecting line of the crown and the brim. Fell the lining in position and run in it a piece of tie ribbon (silk seam-binding). Draw the lining up to fit you comfortably.

If your hat is of wash materials, the method of making it is the same, but the roll and interlinings for the crown and the brim must be of heavy butchers' linen instead of crinoline and sheet willow.

The hat may be trimmed with a smart bow, one of the numerous feathery ornaments which are very effective and quite inexpensive at present, with a couple of fluffy pompons, a becoming flower, or, more extravagantly, with an ostrich tip.

If you prefer having your hat trimmed on the right side, reverse the order of laying the pattern on the material shown on the diagram.

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(243)

HEALTH BY WAY OF THE GROUND FLOOR

THE SECRET OF IT LIES IN CLEANLINESS AND IN THE PROPER CARE AND STORAGE OF FOOD

By Audrey C. Bullock, B. A.

EVERY housekeeper should consider as one of her most important duties the purchase of food and its storage preliminary to use in the kitchen. Should she be living on a farm she will buy less than the woman who lives in the city, but the storage of food will require more of her attention, and in both city and country intelligence and care are necessary.

In the buying, storing and handling of food it is important that you should know what causes it to decay. When you realize that everything is dusty; that dust means dust plants; that dust plants mean the germs of fermentation and putrefaction; that nothing short of sterilization will grant indefinite preservation, you will understand what you are dealing with, and will first seek to prevent dark damp places and the lodgment and storage of dust.

Molds, yeasts and bacteria may be found in the cleanest room, but they exist in far greater numbers in dirty places, where, for example, crums of food have been allowed to decay and dust to accumulate.

Perhaps you may have wondered why the stewed fruit you exposed on a warm day became fermented, but if you had taken time to consider that yeast plants are practically everywhere and that they thrive best in a warm, moist, sweet, nitrogenous soil, you would have realized that they had attacked the sugar and changed it into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. As yeasts grow best at a temperature of 70 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit, food that is to be protected from their action must be kept well below this point.

Keep Your Cellar Sweet and Clean

THE small reproductive bodies of the different varieties of mold need only warmth and moisture to cause them to grow on many kinds of food. They are always at work in damp cellars and in dark and damp corners of rooms. They are on the feet of insects, on the skins of all fruits, and in the dust flying in the air.

The air of the cellar or storeroom should be moderately dry, about 32 degrees Fahrenheit; that is, moist enough to prevent fruit from shriveling and dry enough to be unfavorable to mold growth.

The room must also be sweet and clean, as fruits will readily absorb unpleasant odors. If it is desired to keep fruits a long time, select those whose skins are perfectly firm, rub them with a clean cloth to dry them and remove as many as possible of the mold germs; then wrap them in soft paper and put in a cold place.

If fruit is kept in a warm, damp place, touching other fruits, its decay is assured. Fruit which has begun to decompose contains micro-organisms which will infect either the sound good fruit or the air of the cellar, and are capable of causing many diseases.

Incipient decay may be easily removed and the larger portion of the fruit kept unharmed, but if the mold has gained much headway the fruit had better be removed at once; otherwise foul odors are sent forth, and the air, which is diffused into the living-room of the house, is contaminated.

As bacteria requires at least twenty-five per cent. of moisture in which to live and multiply, succulent fruits, milk, and raw meat must be given careful attention. Generally speaking, bacteria grow best at 80 to 95 degrees Fahrenheit, and are killed by 150 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit of moist heat. Fruits with a firm, dry skin, such as apples, do not furnish as good a lodging-place for bacteria as those with a sticky surface, such as berries. Dried fruits, like dates, raisins and figs, are also favorable resting-places for dirt and dust, as almost anything which the air-currents place in the sticky surface will remain there. Fortunately it is becoming a common practise to buy such fruits in closed packages which protect them to a great extent from dust and insects, so that the dried fruits, if clean in the first place, will remain clean. When bought in bulk they should be scalded to kill any germs, washed thoroughly, dried and put away clean.

NOTE: Miss Bullock received her degree in the University of Toronto, afterward taking full courses in Cookery and Institutional Management in The Lillian Massey School of Household Science and Art, Toronto, and the American School of Household Economics, Chicago. She is now in charge of the diet kitchen in the largest public hospital in St. Johns, Canada, and conducts the Nurses' Course in invalid dietetics. Miss Bullock has been a prime mover in enlarging this special line of work in Canadian schools.

It Is Easy Enough to Discourage Bacteria

NUTS when bought shelled should also be scalded, dried in the oven and put away in glass jars ready for use, because as a rule they are not shelled in sanitary surroundings. If exposed to dampness, nuts mold and decay, and even under favorable conditions the nut oils and fats become rancid on long-continued storing. In the main, however, the keeping qualities of most nuts are excellent, but be sure to store them in such a way that they may be safe from the attacks of insect enemies.

Washing fresh fruit thoroughly in running water is sufficient to remove the micro-organisms present, and as berries and other soft fruits sour and mold very readily if damp, do not wash them until just before they are served. Apples and pears should be wiped with a clean dry cloth and then rinsed under the tap.

When fruit is washed, the amount of good material lost is too small to be of any practical account from the standpoint of economy, and even less than 0.3 pound of dirt per one thousand pounds of fruit (as was found in a recent experiment) is something which every one would desire to avoid when attention has once been called to it.

The best temperature for keeping potatoes is from 32 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and if the storeroom is dry, well aired and partly lighted, they are less likely to be attacked by disease or harmful bacteria. When sprouts appear on the potatoes they should be removed, for receiving their nourishment from the starch, they deteriorate the potato itself.

Squashes must be thoroughly ripe and mature to keep well, and should be placed on a shelf, well separated from each other.

When meat is received from the butcher remove it from the paper immediately, wipe it with a damp cloth and put it on a plate in a cool place. When wiping meat, never allow it to stand in a pan of cold water, as the juices would thus be drawn out.

Milk, fish, meat and cheese may become dangerous even before they show outward signs of decomposition, for the bacteria may, as they feed upon the proceeds, give off substances known as ptomaines which are poisonous to man. It is a safe rule to eat sparingly of foods which are liable to such changes in hot weather.

You Can't Be Too Careful of Milk

MILK, when received, unless in bottles, should be put into pans which have been well scalded and then cooled. If in bottles, wash them carefully, especially the mouth and top, and let the milk stand in them until needed. Never mix new milk with old unless it is to be used at once, as the bacteria in the old milk will, of course, be added, and the mixed milk will not keep as well as fresh milk.

It is best to have the milk covered to exclude not only dirt and bacteria but also the flavors and odors which it so readily absorbs. In large cities, where most of the milk comes by morning trains from a considerable distance, it is often impossible to deliver fresh morning's milk in time for breakfast, and that obtained the morning before must be given to those who insist on an early delivery.

Sometimes, in very hot weather, housekeepers complain that in spite of all precautions milk sours very quickly even in the ice-box. This is often due to the fact that the air of the ice-box, although it seems cold in contrast with the heat outside, is not really cold enough to check the growth of the bacteria. If a thermometer placed inside registers more than 50 degrees Fahrenheit, the fault is surely in the temperature of the ice-box and not in the milk.

Egg-shells are poisonous to air and also to certain bacteria; therefore wash all eggs when received and keep them in a clean, cool place. If packed, they should never be put in moldy packing-boxes, sour hay or dirty straw. Unbroken yolks may be kept from hardening by covering them with cold water; if not used in two days the water should be changed.

The ordinary way to break an egg is to strike it on the edge of the mixing bowl and let the contents stream over the side of the shell without considering whether the latter is clean. Even if there is no visible dirt the shell may not be as clean as it seems, for it may have come from a dirty nest or have been carelessly handled. Therefore wash your eggs before breaking them.

Cheese should be kept in a cool place and not tightly covered. Wrapping it in oiled paper will keep it fresh for several days. When it becomes dry and hard, grate it and keep it covered until ready to use it.

Remember This on Baking Days

WHILE cooling, newly baked bread should be lightly covered with a clean cloth or paper to prevent mold germs and dust falling upon it, but it should never be tightly wrapped in a thick cloth, for, unless it is aired when taken from the oven, it is likely to become soggy and damp, and this offers an excellent medium for the growth of molds. Place the bread, when cold, in a tin box or stone jar, which should be scalded out every week, aired, and thoroughly dried. Never put portions of a former baking with the new loaves.

Always save bread-crusts, dry them well, put them through the meat-chopper and sift first through a wire basket and then through a sieve. This will give three grades. Place them in covered jars, use the coarsest moistened with milk for stuffing fish or poultry, the medium for puddings, etc., and the finest for rolling croquette mixtures. Do not try to use dry biscuits or buttered toast in this way.

The greatest attention should be given to the care of the left-overs, to keep them in proper condition for use. When cooked vegetables are left over, plan their subsequent use and put away accordingly. Two or three may be put away together if they are to be combined in a made-over dish, as in soups, croquettes, etc.

Always screen all foods and do not unnecessarily expose your dishes. Remember that the spongy feet of the fly pick up little filth and disease germs and carry them into the house to the food you eat, the liquids you drink and the dishes you use. You should wash and boil your dish-cloths regularly, for germs and microbes find them ideal for colonization purposes.

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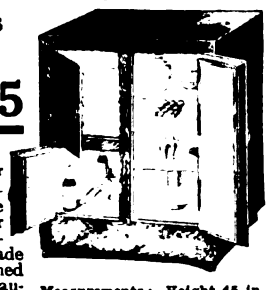

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HERE'S A SUGGESTION FOR A MENU OF DISHES THAT MADE VIRGINIA FAMOUS

By Edwina B. Parker

Menu

Clam Bisque

Deviled Oysters

Minced Ham in Cider Cups · *Boned Chicken*

Corn Balls

Browned Asparagus *Spinach Soufflé*

Charlotte Russe *Pound Cake*

Coffee

Clam Bisque

CHOP two teacupfuls of clams and cook in one pint of chicken stock for twenty minutes. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour, and when blended add the strained clam liquor and cook for ten minutes. Season with one teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper and one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Add two teacupfuls of hot cream and serve.

Deviled Oysters

WASH and drain one quart of oysters; chop them and season with one-third of a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard. Then add the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of two raw eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of cracker-crums. Have ready one dozen deep oyster shells, nicely cleaned, and fill them with the mixture, sprinkle with bread-crums, and bake in a moderate oven for five minutes.

Minced Ham in Cider Cups

CHOP fine enough cold boiled ham to measure one teacupful, add one-half of a teacupful of minced celery, the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs mashed fine, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-fifth of a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper. Mix thoroughly, and immediately before serving add one teacupful of whipped cream. Soak one-half of a package of gelatin in one-half of a teacupful of cold water. Pour over it one pint of boiling cider in which one-half of a teacupful of sugar has been dissolved, add three tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice and strain into the molds. When firm remove from mold, fill with the ham and serve.

Boned Chicken

PICK and singe the chicken and cut off the head and feet, but do not draw it. With a sharp knife slit the chicken down the back; then, keeping the knife close to the bones, scrape down the sides, and the bones will come out. Leave the drumsticks and wing bones in, but break them at the joints. Stuff the chicken with chopped cold cooked ham, seasoned with salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of summer savory, and the juice of one lemon; add two tablespoonfuls of chopped salt pork. In stuffing, give the chicken, as far as possible, its original shape, and sew it up securely. Turn the ends of the wings under the back, tie or skewer them firmly, and tie the legs down close to the body, so that the top will present a plump surface to carve in slices across. Lard the chicken with two rows of fat pork on top. Bake until done, basting often. Allow fifteen minutes to a pound in baking. Serve with aspic jelly.

Corn Balls

DRAIN one teacupful of canned corn, and add one teacupful of cracker-crums, one egg well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoonful of minced onion, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-third of a saltspoonful of white pepper. Mix thoroughly and form into balls about the size of a walnut; arrange them in a buttered baking-dish and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce made as follows: Blend one tablespoonful of butter with the same amount of flour, add one teacupful of tomato-juice and cook for five minutes, then season with one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, five drops of onion-juice and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Pour the mixture over the corn balls and serve them garnished with parsley.

Browned Asparagus

DRAIN one can of asparagus, dip each stalk in beaten egg, then in grated cheese, again dip in the egg and roll in bread-crums. Fry a delicate brown in deep fat and serve garnished with blanched celery tops.

Spinach Soufflé

BOIL two pounds of spinach in salted water until tender, then drain and press through a sieve. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add the spinach, the yolks of three eggs, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and let boil up once. Then remove from the stove and fold in the frothed whites of three eggs and one-half of a teacupful of whipped cream. Turn into the soufflé cases and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Charlotte Russe

SOAK one-third of a package of gelatin in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, pour over it one-half pint of hot milk and stir until the gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. Add one-half a teacupful of sugar which has been beaten with the yolks of three eggs. Strain the mixture, and when cool stir in one quart of whipped cream, the frothed whites of three eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a mold lined with slices of sponge-cake and put on ice. Serve in tall glasses garnished with whipped cream and little hatchets which have been cut out of sliced pineapple and colored red with a few drops of fruit coloritg.

Pound-Cake

CREAM one pound of butter, add one pound of sugar, the beaten yolks of ten eggs, one pound of flour and one-half of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Mix thoroughly, fold in the frothed whites of ten eggs, and add one-third of a teaspoonful of salt and one-half of a teacupful of brandy. Bake in a loaf tin, ice with white icing and decorate with red and blue icing.

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Apricots
Strawberries
Muscat Grapes
Plums
Raspberries
Prunes
Cherries
Hawaiian
Pineapple

OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

SAVE THE PIECES!

STOP AND THINK BEFORE YOU THROW AWAY THAT BIT OF LEFT-OVER FOOD

By Annie M. Randall

MY WORK as a trained nurse takes me into many homes, and I am often appalled at the waste of food in small ways, because people do not know how to use up odds and ends of perfectly good food, or do not take the trouble to do so.

When my patient is allowed almost anything in the way of palatable, easily digested food, I often surprise the family or the cook by the dainty dishes I prepare from the left-overs.

The tip of the wings and the neck of a fowl boiled with a stalk of celery or an onion, with a little rice, a pinch or two of parsley, and a teaspoonful of cream added after it is cooked, makes a cupful of delicious soup.

The bone from the beefsteak, with a little pearl barley or rice, a little celery, either fresh or dried, makes a cupful of appetizing broth.

The dab of mashed potatoes can be converted into a cupful of nourishing soup by adding sufficient milk, a little celery or onion, a bit of butter or cream, and very little flour or corn-starch. Scalloped potatoes can be used in this way as well as mashed potatoes.

Once I made a cupful of appetizing soup from one clam, some cold rice, a little milk, salt, pepper, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a little butter, and a sprinkling of parsley.

Some Individual Lunch Dishes

A VERY little cold chicken, with a leaf of lettuce or pepper-grass, will make a dainty sandwich.

An attractive way to serve small scraps of cooked chicken is to cut the scraps up into small dice, put into a cup or small mold, pour enough gelatin, seasoned, over the chicken to set it, and put away in a cool place until cold and firm.

One cold chop will make a dish of creamed or minced lamb (cook the bone with it, and simmer gently) served on toast, garnished with parsley or jelly.

A bit of cold fish flaked and served in cream sauce, or creamed and put into an individual baking-dish with rolled bread-crums and a little butter on top and browned in the oven, will often prove tempting to an invalid's appetite.

A few little slivers of cold steak cut into thin strips and nicely arranged and seasoned will make an excellent sandwich.

A left-over from the fricasseed chicken of last night's dinner can be made to do service for another meal by adding milk or water to the gravy, putting into a covered pot to boil, and adding some dumplings, which can be made by mixing flour, baking-powder and salt to season, and enough cold water to hold the dough together. The dumplings should be dropped from a spoon into the pot when the liquid is boiling hard, and the pot should be kept lightly covered for ten or twelve minutes, when they will be thoroughly cooked and light as a feather.

Some Like 'Em Hot

FOR any one who likes a dash of Spanish with his meals, a very good dish can be made by poaching an egg in a left-over of stewed tomatoes, which has been seasoned with a liberal dose of Cayenne pepper and a spoonful of Worcestershire sauce. The tomatoes should be boiling when the egg is added, and the dish should be served as soon as the egg is set.

A few berries stewed will make enough preserve for a tart, a sandwich or to eat with bread and butter. If not enough to cook alone, add an apple or a stalk of rhubarb.

The varieties of salad to be made from left-overs are unlimited. A spoonful of either fresh or canned peas, string-beans or lima beans, a little spinach or a few slices of beet, potato or celery, served on lettuce with French or other dressing, make most attractive individual salads.

And these are only a few of the many ways in which the odds and ends of food can be used. The great thing is to have them well seasoned, to vary the seasoning and serving, and to have the dishes look appetizing.

There are other things generally thrown away in the kitchen which, with a minimum of effort, could be saved and used to good advantage.

Don't Throw Away the Fat

THE wide yellow strips of fat on a steak frequently remain on the platter at the close of the meal. Put these into a small saucepan reserved for the purpose (an old one will do, if it does not leak) and set in the oven.

With no care, except to turn over the fat to hasten matters a little, this will try itself out and before long a half cupful of clear beef fat will be ready to turn off. Roast beef and corned beef, the solid mass on the gravy bowl, the skimmings from the kettle, treated the same way are equally valuable.

Chicken and turkey fat, the large flakes that may be removed when the fowl is prepared, as well as the fat that rises in making broth, are also excellent, but should be kept apart from the beef.

It is surprising how these materials accumulate and the cook need never be without an excellent substitute for butter for cooking purposes.

Beef drippings make excellent pie-crust, and for gingerbread and cookies are even better than butter. Cake, too, for the children, cheap and wholesome, tender though not rich, and drop-cakes, come forth most appetizingly.

Potatoes and fish fried in drippings are delicious, and its use for greasing pans or in any other way as a substitute for lard is satisfactory and economical.

Poultry fat is just the thing to use in spice cakes and spice cookies, and some cooks depend upon it for the crust for chicken pie. It comes from the oven clear and yellow, and not unlike butter, for which it is a good substitute for shortening or frying.

Make Your Own Soap

A COVERED pail may be kept under the kitchen sink into which to turn every bit of waste fat, even if discolored or crum-filled. All the mutton and lamb fat goes into this, but scraps should be tried out in the oven, as in the case of those to be used for cooking. A bit of stale meat may taint the whole and give an unpleasant odor.

Buy a can of potash, and when you have three pounds or more of waste fat, follow the directions upon the can for making hard soap. Add a tablespoonful of ammonia and one of borax, and when done you will have several pounds of good hard white soap that will serve to wash the dishes for months, and has cost almost nothing.

Sometimes a cupful of the fat may be disposed of at once, without waiting for the quantity to accumulate, by mixing it on the spot with some of the potash—you will soon learn to guess at the quantity—adding the other ingredients, and pouring the mixture into a bowl or cup. In a few hours this turns out a hard, white piece of soap, ready for use.

It is the work of only a few minutes to supply oneself with soap, for made in this way there is no boiling to be done. Dissolving, straining and mixing are all that are required, and the goodly array of white soap that you are sure is clean and wholesome well repays the effort.

It is often said that women love a bargain, much for little, or something for almost nothing. The making of soap from what would be thrown away is a real bargain, and well worth seizing, and the utilizing of fat in every form a matter of real economy too often overlooked.

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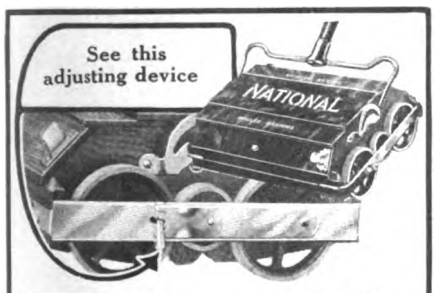

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

SOCIETY SANDWICHES

NEXT TIME YOU GIVE A TEA OR BRIDGE MAKE SOME OF THESE FOR YOUR GUESTS

By Rhena Anita Pugsley and Virginia Reed

SINCE afternoon tea has developed from an occasional function to an every-day affair in an increasing number of homes, the sandwich has likewise risen in importance, until from a homely slab of bread and meat it has become a dainty and most toothsome confection.

In preparing the modern sandwich the underlying essentials are a sharp knife—one that is really sharp, and not merely sharpish—bread of a firm, fine-grained quality, at least a day old, and butter that is soft enough to spread easily, but is not melted.

It is well to bring the butter from the refrigerator as soon as the sandwich-making begins, and by the time the filling is ready it will probably be soft enough to use. If not, it should be thoroughly creamed with a large spoon, as for cake.

It is a good plan to butter the bread on the loaf before cutting, using a broad-bladed knife for the purpose. Then spread the filling on one side only, put together, trim the crusts and wrap in a damp napkin until ready to serve.

Here are some unusual and delicious fillings for sandwiches:

Ripe-Olive Sandwiches STONE half a cupful of ripe olives. Add one sweet green pepper, remove the seeds and cut up in small slices. Chop together until very fine; combine with cream cheese which has been mixed to a paste with French dressing, and spread.

Fig Sandwiches CHOP fine one cupful of figs. Cook to a paste with one-half cupful of hot water. Add one teaspoonful of lemon-juice and set away until cold. Spread on the prepared bread and dust with finely chopped nuts.

Peanut-Butter Sandwiches PREPARE peanuts and roll with a rolling-pin, not too fine. Mix with an equal quantity of butter and roll again thoroughly, adding a dash of paprika, salt and a little lemon-juice. Mix with cream cheese, season again, and spread.

Sweet Nut-Sandwiches CHOP together one-half cupful of seeded raisins and one cupful of English walnuts. Add one quarter of a cupful of grated coconut and one tablespoonful of grated chocolate. Mix well together, moistening with sweet cream.

Vegetable Sandwiches TAKE one cupful of cold string-beans and mash to a fine pulp with a silver fork. Add four teaspoonfuls of olive-oil, one teaspoonful of vinegar, salt and a dash of paprika and a very little onion cut up fine (or one-eighth of a teaspoonful of onion salt). Mix all together. Butter may be used instead of olive-oil if preferred. Cold asparagus and green peas are equally good for these sandwich-fillings.

Date Sandwiches STONE dates and chop fine. To one cupful of pulp add one tablespoonful of orange-juice. Mix well and sprinkle with a little powdered cinnamon. These are best with bread made of entire-wheat flour.

White and Brown Bread Sandwiches MAKE a filling of pimentos and English walnuts chopped together and mixed with cream cheese and French dressing. Place four slices of white and brown bread arranged alternately one on top of another, with filling between the slices, and press down firmly. Then cut through perpendicularly, with narrow slices showing the alternate layers of white and brown bread. These are especially good, and may be varied with different fillings as desired.

Pineapple Sandwiches TAKE slices of pineapple which have been sweetened and allowed to stand for several hours. Add a generous half-cupful of maraschino cherries and chop together until rather fine. Mix with mayonnaise and spread.

Marshmallow Sandwiches TAKE thin round crackers and spread with cream cheese. Place a marshmallow on top, and dot with a bit of butter. Put in a hot oven just long enough for the marshmallows to pulp up, and serve at once. The oven must be piping hot or the marshmallows will flatten down and be tough.

Chives THESE are the tiniest in form and mildest in flavor of all the onion family. The bulbs are less than a quarter of an inch in diameter and grow in clusters; the leaves are awl-shaped, being cylindrical and hollow, and grow to be from six to ten inches tall; the flowers form a globular umbel and are a purplish-rose color.

Pimento Sandwiches TO ONE-FOURTH of a pound of soft cream-cheese add one teaspoonful of chopped chives, one saltspoonful of mixed mustard and two tablespoonfuls of minced pimento. Add cream, and beat until soft and creamy. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

St. Patrick Sandwiches TO TWO tablespoonfuls of finely chopped mint add two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley and two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped chives, and mix with a mayonnaise to which has been added one-half saltspoonful of paprika. Spread upon thin slices of fine-grained white bread.

Salmagundi Sandwiches WASH, skin and bone one Holland herring and chop very fine, add the chopped breast of a roasted fowl, two hard-boiled eggs, one-third cupful of chopped ham, one minced anchovy and two teaspoonfuls of chives cut in very small pieces. Mix together and blend with French dressing and spread between buttered bread sliced very thin.

Cottage-Cheese Sandwiches BLEND two tablespoonfuls of creamy cottage-cheese with one tablespoonful of orange marmalade. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread and scatter over each slice a saltspoonful of chives cut exceedingly fine.

Luncheon Sandwiches CUT very thin slices from round loaves of brown bread and spread on them a generous amount of cottage-cheese which has been well seasoned with salt and pepper and made pink by being mixed with the juice from preserved currants. Scatter over each a small amount of chives cut in small pieces before pressing two slices together.

Cucumber Sandwiches PEEL one cucumber, slice very thin, marinate in French dressing for one-half hour; add one teaspoonful of chopped chives. Spread thin slices of entire-wheat bread with paprika butter, made by rubbing one teaspoonful of paprika in two tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, then place a layer of cucumber slices, cover with buttered bread and cut in desired shape.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

THE COLORADO WAY

RECIPES CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS IN THE STATE WHERE THE ALTITUDE IS HIGH AND WOMEN HAVE THE BALLOT

THIS month the daughters of Colorado—land of pure air, magnificent scenery, and fearless men and women—bring to us some of their choicest culinary formulas. Easterners going there are often perplexed when recipes true and tried go wrong. The reason is due to the rarefied air, which Colorado cooks understand and make allowances for. These recipes are all reliable in places where the altitude is high.

Mock Chicken

IF YOU wish to serve pressed chicken when you are to have several guests, and can not obtain chickens, try "mock chicken," and none will be the wiser. Boil three pounds of beef on the bone, with one pound of fresh pork, until quite tender. Use a small quantity of water. Boil with this a split beef bone containing marrow, also a bay-leaf or clove. Grind the meat after it has cooked and cooled. Run through the chopper three hard-boiled eggs and two slices of stale bread. Season with salt, pepper and parsley, if desired. Add stock to moisten and press. Let it stand several hours. A number of housekeepers who have tried this claim that they prefer it to the real pressed chicken, as it is just as delicate, less expensive and more easily prepared.

MRS. J. F. S., Montrose, Colo.

Bread Baking in High Altitude

BOIL three large or six small potatoes, mash very fine through a colander, add one large tablespoonful of lard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one and one-half pints of the water the potatoes were boiled in. Beat until free from lumps. Add one compressed yeast-cake which has been previously soaked in a quarter of a cupful of lukewarm water. Stir well, cover and set in a warm place overnight. In the morning sift two and one-half quarts of flour and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of salt into a large bread-pan. Into the middle of it pour the bread-sponge and add gradually one pint of lukewarm water. Knead for half an hour. Then lightly "paint" the top with soft lard, and set in a warm place, well covered, until it rises to double its bulk, which will be in about six hours. Mix into five loaves and a pan of biscuits, adding a little scrap of butter to each biscuit, kneading it in. Again paint the tops with lard and allow it to rise one hour. Bake for one hour in a moderately hot but not quick oven.

MRS. P. T. S., Rugby, Colo.

Stuffed Cabbage (Jewish Style)

TAKE a number of the outside leaves of a large cabbage after the coarse green ones have been removed; place them in a vessel of scalding salt water until they become wilted. Prepare according to the amount needed, in the following proportions: One pound of nice tender beef ground, a small piece of suet, a good-sized onion chopped fine, one cupful of rice, carefully washed. Mix well by kneading, adding salt and pepper. Drain the leaves and place a large spoonful of the meat mixture into the hollow part of the leaf, roll loosely into an oval shape, leaving room for the rice to swell. Tuck the ends in securely or tie them, so the mixture can not come out when boiling begins. Cover with hot water and boil slowly till tender. Serve hot. This is an attractive and appetizing dish.

E. M. R., Colorado City, Colo.

A Colorado Breakfast Dish

ONE cupful of sweet milk, a generous piece of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Put over the fire, and when boiling add one tablespoonful of flour made into a smooth paste with cold milk and the sliced whites and grated yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs. Arrange four slices of toast on a platter, pour the sauce over them and serve hot. This, for want of a better name, we call "Egg-ley Toast."

MRS. J. C. L., Colo.

Fried Chicken

WASH a young chicken carefully and dry with a soft cloth, then unjoint. Heat one tablespoonful of butter and one of lard in an iron spider, roll the pieces of chicken in flour in which has been mixed one teaspoonful of salt and half as much pepper. Lay in the hot fat and cook slowly until thoroughly done, but do not turn but once. When your meal is almost ready for the table, roll six crackers into fine crums, beat two eggs light, have some hot butter in another spider, dip the cooked chicken first in the beaten egg and roll in the cracker crum, and fry to a golden brown. Do not let the chicken cool before the second frying.

MRS. A. L. S., Idaho Springs, Colo.

Liver and Bacon Entrée

CUT about four slices of fried bacon, the same of fried liver and two medium boiled potatoes into very small squares; then add about two cupfuls of toast-crums (bread will do), salt and pepper to taste and a little savory. When mixed place in a baking-dish and pour over all one pint of milk into which has been mixed two well-beaten eggs. Sprinkle grated cheese on top and bake a nice brown. Do not allow it to become too dry.

G. E., Denver, Colo.

Peach Tapioca Pudding

PARE one dozen large peaches, cut in half, remove pits, sprinkle with one-half cupful of granulated sugar and allow to stand overnight. One cupful of tapioca should also soak overnight in one quart of cold water. In the morning cook tapioca and water one hour in double boiler. On removing from fire add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of sugar, the juice drained from the peaches and stir thoroughly. Pour half into a well-buttered pudding pan, add the peaches and cover with the rest of the tapioca, cut a piece of butter the size of an egg in small bits and scatter over the top. Bake one hour and serve with cream and sugar when nearly cold. When fresh peaches are out of season, use the canned, omitting the sugar.

MRS. C. A. S., Denver, Colo.

A High Altitude Sponge-Cake

TWO cupfuls of granulated sugar, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of warm water, six eggs, two small teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted with the flour. Whisk up the yolks of the eggs well, add sugar and beat again, then the warm water. Flour and beat well. Carefully fold in the whites of the six eggs that have been beaten stiff. Bake in a slow oven, three-quarters of an hour. This makes a thoroughly reliable high altitude sponge-cake.

MRS. C. F. B., Scholl, Colo.

Potato Dumplings for Soup or Fricasseed Chicken

TAKE three large boiled potatoes and run through the ricer or sieve; add one well-beaten egg, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and salt and pepper to taste. Mix the above ingredients thoroughly, and make in little balls and drop into the boiling stock. Keep boiling briskly until the dumplings come to the top.

Try one first and should the dumpling go to pieces when boiling, add a little more flour. Serve immediately.

MRS. L. G. B., Colorado Springs, Colo.

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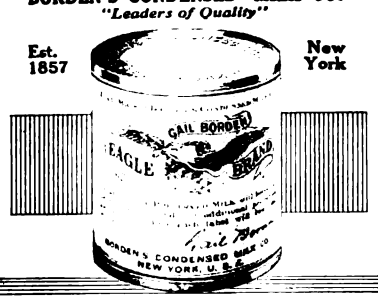

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO MAKE IF YOU ONLY KNOW HOW

By Anne M. Burke

A GREAT many housewives are deterred from using that most wholesome article of diet, mayonnaise dressing, by the mistaken idea that it takes a great deal of time and skill, special apparatus, etc., to make it. A pint of good mayonnaise can be made in about twenty minutes with only one egg-yolk; the only utensils needed are a pint bowl and a Dover egg-beater.

It is much cheaper to buy your olive-oil in gallon or half-gallon tins than in bottles. Get a good quality of oil. The cheaper oils, especially the Italian oil, are strongly flavored, and therefore disagreeable to many palates. Good olive-oil has no disagreeable taste.

Do not keep the oil in too cold a place in Winter as it will thicken, and if used in this condition will surely curdle. If it should become thick, place the can in a warm room until the oil becomes liquid again, when it may be safely used.

Plan to make at least a pint of dressing at a time. One egg-yolk will make that amount. If covered and in a cool place it will keep a week. Have all your ingredients at hand and have them cold, especially in Summer. Fill a cup with olive-oil and have lemon-juice or vinegar at hand.

If the dressing is to be used at once, lemon-juice is better, but if you intend to keep it a few days, use vinegar, as the lemon-juice causes the mayonnaise to "separate" in a short time.

To Make the Dressing

INTO a pint bowl drop one egg-yolk and stir slightly with a silver fork. Add a quarter teaspoonful of ground mustard (more or less as liked), a speck of cayenne, and stir again until smooth. Then add a few drops of oil and stir with the fork. Add little more than a drop of oil at a time, beating well, until about a tablespoonful has been added. Then you may add a teaspoonful at a time. As it gets stiff, thin with half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice or vinegar.

As soon as there is enough dressing in the bowl to catch on your egg-beater, remove the fork and use the beater, which mixes it much more thoroughly and permits one to use larger quantities of oil without fear of curdling.

When about a half cupful of oil has been added by teaspoonfuls, you can pour in a quarter cupful at a time, beating vigorously until the oil is absorbed, then adding a teaspoonful of lemon-juice or vinegar and beating again.

Proceed in this way until you have used two cupfuls of oil, or as much as you wish to make. Then add one teaspoonful of salt (the dressing is apt to curdle if salt is added at the beginning), and taste. A great many people do not season their mayonnaise highly enough, with the result that it is insipid and tastes "oily."

Keep adding salt, pepper and vinegar until you get a rich flavored dressing which suits your taste. A little chopped parsley or a few drops of onion-juice improves it for many. I often use the vinegar in which pickled peppers have stood.

Mayonnaise made in this way seldom curdles; if it should, start again with a fresh yolk, adding the curdled mixture slowly; but if one is careful not to add the oil too fast at first, and to beat well, there is little danger of its curdling. If the dressing is to be used for a fruit salad a cupful of whipped cream is an improvement. Add it to the dressing just before serving.

Olive-oil is a valuable food and there is no more palatable form in which it can be taken than mayonnaise dressing; therefore I hope that these simple directions will encourage more housekeepers to use it.

The boiled dressing which is so commonly used has very little nutritive value. It contains far too much vinegar to be wholesome, and lacks that smooth, rich flavor which good mayonnaise possesses.

If you want to make some mayonnaise dressing and have not an egg-yolk available, mix a half teaspoonful of ground mustard with a quarter teaspoonful of water into a smooth paste. Add one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, and then proceed as with any mayonnaise, adding the oil slowly at first and thinning with lemon-juice or vinegar. Dressing made in this way tastes as good as that made with an egg, but lacks the rich golden color imparted by the latter.

Duchess Salad

TAKE one cupful of cold chicken or turkey cut into dice. Add two-thirds cupful of celery cut fine and one tablespoonful of minced onion. Add a little salt and toss together with three tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. Let stand an hour or two. Ten minutes before serving add one-half cupful of tart apple cut into dice and one-quarter cupful of English walnut-meats broken into small pieces. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten well and serve in lettuce cups.

Cottage Cheese and Chives

RUB the salad bowl with a small clove of garlic or mince the garlic very fine, add two cupfuls of cottage cheese and two teaspoonfuls of chives cut fine with scissors, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half saltspoonful of paprika. Mix well, add a little rich cream if necessary to help it retain its shape, then stir in lightly three tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento; pile upon a bed of cress and ornament with pimento cut in fancy shapes and place upon ice until needed. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Chicken Salad

IT IS best to cook fowl for chicken salad the day before it is to be used. Select a plump one, medium size, with white, firm flesh. Put into a kettle of boiling water, to which you have added a sliced onion, a couple of bay-leaves, a stick of celery or a half-teaspoonful of celery seed and a slice of carrot. Bring quickly to a boil, then push back on the stove or over the gas simmerer, where the water can be kept just below the hard boiling point until the chicken is tender, but not stringy. This will make the dark meat almost as light as the white. Take the kettle from the fire, but leave the chicken in the broth overnight. A short time before serving take all the flesh from the bones, rejecting all the skin, fat and gristle. Cut in dice-shaped pieces and measure.

Take nice white stalks of celery that have been cleaned, scraped and crisped and cut into the same sized pieces as the chicken, allowing enough to make about two-thirds the quantity of the chicken. Toss together, add enough of the broth in which the chicken was cooked to make rather moist, season with salt, pepper and a little lemon-juice, then add enough mayonnaise to cover each piece of celery and chicken. Toss lightly again, arrange on crisp white lettuce leaves, garnish with celery tips and olives and dot with small spoonfuls of mayonnaise.

Cottage Cheese Salad

MIX one pint of cottage cheese with one-half cupful of chopped English walnuts, one teaspoonful of chopped chives, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half saltspoonful of paprika. Form into balls and arrange in nests of lettuce. Serve with a mayonnaise dressing to which has been added some chopped olives and capers.

Worth Looking Into

The choice of a table beverage frequently has much to do with the health and happiness of a family, not only the children, but grown-ups too.

The New Food Drink

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

THE WISDOM OF MANY

TRICKS THAT CLEVER HOUSEKEEPERS HAVE FOUND AND TRIED OUT. WHAT HAVE YOU DISCOVERED?

WE HAVE thought best to confine our Wisdom of Many *to helpful suggestions, such as short cuts in housekeeping methods and the easiest way of accomplishing the thousand and one things that make up the sum of the housewife's work outside of the actual preparation of meals. One dollar each will be paid for available items, but none will be acknowledged or returned.*

A Pointer from the Philippines

SOME of the most exquisite hand-embroidery in the world is done in the Philippines, and it is all done without the use of an embroidery-hoop. All those who embroider use a large frame made by joining four pieces of wood together. The size of the frames may vary from that in which to embroider a handkerchief to one large enough to hold a lunch-cloth. These frames have advantages over the hoops in that all the design is in view all the time and the cloth is stationary until all the work is finished, and, best of all, the worker can use both hands on the work at once. When the natives wash their fine cloths, they put them in these frames and rub soap in with the hands, then pour clear water over the cloth, and lastly rice-water and leave them in the shade until dry and they require no ironing. Especially is this a fine way to launder embroidered cloths.

MRS. M. L. K., Philippine Islands.

To Mark a Poison Bottle

PUSH two common pins in opposite directions through the corks of bottles containing poisonous medicine and there will be no danger of picking up the wrong bottle even in the dark. The prick of the pins will remind one of the contents of the bottle. MRS. N. A., Greeley, Colo.

Making Flowers Last

TO MAKE flowers last a week or more, four things are necessary. First, do not try to arrange them the moment you get them, but put them in a pail of water for a few hours, so that every stem will be under water up to the flower. Second, cleanse the vase thoroughly before putting in the flowers and change the water every day. Third, the cooler you keep the flowers the longer they will last. If you are too busy in the morning to enjoy them or have to go out for the afternoon, do not leave them in the living-room, for they are not used to such a temperature. Every night put the vase in a cool place, or better still, plunge the stems up to the flowers in a pail of water. Fourth, cut about a quarter of an inch off each stem in the morning. It is more trouble to do this under water, but it pays. If you cut the stems in the ordinary way air bubbles get into the stems and impede the taking in of water.

MRS. J. J. O'C., Washington, D. C.

To Clean Marabou

A WHITE marabou collar or aigrette may be very successfully cleaned in this way: Lay it on the slab of your wash-stand, first filling the bowl with a suds of white soap and warm water. With a nail-brush and the suds brush the dirt out, working from the base of the feather to its tip. As soon as the water that you brush out looks clean, hold the marabou under the cold water spigot until it is free from soap.

Wipe gently to stop dripping, then shake until it is dry. This takes a very short time, and the marabou will look fluffy and white, as it did when new.

MRS. S. T., Grand Rapids, Mich.

To Clean a Paint-Brush

TO SOFTEN a paint-brush that has been allowed to harden, try boiling for half an hour in a vessel containing enough vinegar to cover. The brush will come out like new.

MRS. J. C. L., Cañon City, Colo.

A Blackboard for the Kiddies

THE best investment I ever made was when I put sixty-three cents into a yard of blackboard canvas for my two little ones. I used cent-a-foot molding and some brads and fastened the canvas firmly to the wall of the living-room. The molding is so narrow it can easily be mitered with a sharp knife. A little box containing chalk and an eraser has its special place on the living-room table. It also has a way of disappearing entirely if left anywhere else.

When kept indoors by bad weather the little ones spend much of their time at the blackboard. My little seven-year-old runs to it the first thing in the morning to try a new list of words, a sentence, a rhyme, or some number work. Sometimes she finds I've written her or her little brother a letter, and she sounds and spells it out to an anxious little listener. Picking-up time has become an exciting game. I write the name of an article not in place, daughter spells it out and they take turns making a mad dash to put things away.

G. R. F., Olympia, Wash.

To Clean Ivory

IVORY may be cleaned with a soft tooth-brush, a white soap and tepid water. After washing, dry the ivory well, brush clean, dip the brush in alcohol and polish until it gains its former sheen. If the water gives it a yellow tinge, dry the ivory in a heated place. If yellowed by age, place it under a glass jar with a vessel containing lime and muriatic acid, and set the whole in the sunshine. The lime and acid mixture must not touch the ivory.

MRS. J. H. M., Fort Worth, Texas.

When Putty Has Loosened

BEFORE washing windows on the outside all places where the putty has loosened around the window-panes should be filled. This may be quickly and neatly done with a mixture of plaster of Paris and water applied with a case-knife. This will "set" in a very few minutes and all traces of the plaster can be removed from the glass by rubbing with a dry cloth.

MRS. U. J. S., Payson, Okla.

A Good Furniture Polish

TAKE one part gasoline and two parts cottonseed-oil. Shake thoroughly and rub furniture, first with a woolen cloth and then dry with a cheese-cloth. This preparation cleans and polishes furniture thoroughly.

MRS. A. C. P., New Iberia, La.

Lace on a Round Centerpiece

THE very simplest method to use when putting lace on a round centerpiece is to allow one-quarter more lace than the centerpiece measures, roll tightly, dip the upper edge in water and allow to dry in this shape. When thoroughly dry, unroll and you will have a circular lace edging all ready to sew on your centerpiece.

N. S. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cotton Bags for Vegetables

IT IS an excellent plan to have cotton bags in which to put celery, lettuce, tomatoes and other green vegetables before putting them into the refrigerator. The shelves and ice-box are kept clean, the vegetables fresh. The bags are made of light cotton cloth or of cheese-cloth and go into the weekly wash. N. H. D., St. Paul, Minn.

For Every Important Window, Choose the *Unfilled* Grade

Brenlin Shades are now made in three popular priced grades, to meet the needs of every home and every kind of window.

But for every important window—for every window that you want to "look its best"—you will find it most economical to choose the *Brenlin Unfilled* grade. For this shade is made of closely woven cloth without the "filling" that in ordinary shades soon dries, cracks and falls out in unsightly streaks and "pin holes." Sun won't fade it nor water spot it. It is supple—not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth, and *really shades*. Made in many artistic tones to harmonize with any decorative scheme. For windows 1 yard wide by 2 yards long, 75c. Special sizes and Brenlin Duplex—white one side, dark the other—made to order at proportionate prices.

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The two other grades of Brenlin—*Brenlin Finish* at 55c and *Brenlin Machine Made* at 30c—will be found by far the best window shade values at these prices. They are cut full length and finished with unusual nicety. Look for the Brenlin label on the wrapper.

Write today for the Brenlin Book

This book shows actual samples of Brenlin in all colors, and gives many helpful suggestions for the artistic treatment of your windows. With it we will send you the name of the Brenlin dealer in your town. CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO., 2040 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MAIL ORDERS If no dealer in your town can supply Brenlin, write us and we will supply you direct. We satisfactorily fill hundreds of orders by mail every year.

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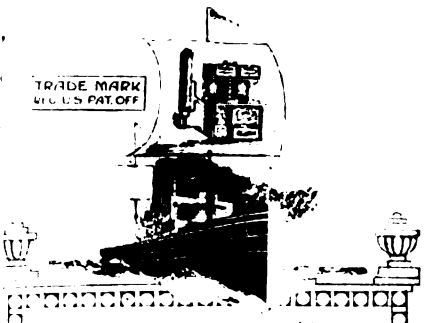

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ONLY range made of charcoal and malleable iron. Malleable iron can't break—charcoal iron resists rust 300% greater than steel.

Great Majestic
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It's built *all copper* nickel ... *Majestic* ... *Open end ash pan ventilated ash pit ash cup. Ask dealer to show you where Majestic is 300 stronger than other ranges where most ranges are weakest.* ... Majestic ... "Range Comparison."

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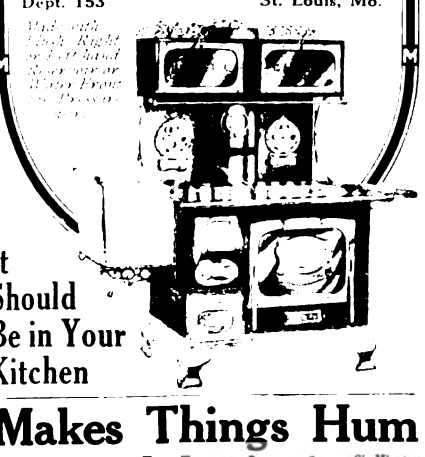

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This is the 1900 Motor Washer that is revolutionizing washday. It runs by **motor power** at a cost of cents a week. Does the washing and wringing so swiftly and well that housewives can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the clean clothes out on the line **hours ahead of the old way!** It washes a tubful of dirtiest clothes in **Six Minutes**—or even **less!** Wrings the clothes with equal rapidity and **better than by hand!** It's more like **play** than **work** to use this wonderful washer.

1900 Motor WASHER
Sent on Free Trial!

Patented U. S. and in foreign countries.

No trouble to keep servants when you have this Motor Washer. They delight to use it. It is the finest washing machine in the world. **The trial will prove its supremacy.** We gladly send the complete outfit, including Wringer—at our expense—to any responsible party for four weeks' severest test in the laundry. Try it on heavy blankets, rugs, dainty laces—**everything!** Study its design and construction; unlike any other washer. We take it back at our expense if you decide you can do without it. Terms, cash or small monthly payments.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

FISH FOR YOUR SUNDAY BREAKFAST

By Emma Paddock Telford

Codfish Tongues and Sounds

THESE small morsels, cooked in any number of ways, furnish an esteemed delicacy for the breakfast-table. Soak in warm water several hours, or until fresh. Scrape off the skin, then boil and serve with egg sauce on toast, or after heating slowly in milk pour a thin white sauce over them and serve on toast with a garnish of sliced eggs hard boiled, or fry in clarified butter, handling delicately in the pan, drain on soft paper and serve with tomato sauce and parsley.

Broiled Finnan Haddie

GET the imported haddie, if possible, cut in small squares, skin and parboil. Wipe dry, and broil over a clear fire until a golden brown. Take up on a hot platter, and place on each piece a small bit of butter, into which a few drops of lemon-juice and a sprinkling of parsley have been worked.

A Breakfast Dish of Bloaters

CUT off the head and tail of the fish, loosen the skin at the neck with a knife and finger and pull it off. Split the fish with a sharp knife, remove the back-bone and soak in cold water overnight, or, if you forget to do that, for twenty minutes in water nearly at the boiling-point. Arrange the fillets in a baking-dish, cover with milk, dot with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes. Garnish with a little finely chopped parsley or sprigs of watercress and serve with fried sweet potatoes or mealy baked potatoes. On a cool morning there are few more appetizing breakfast dishes, while its cheapness puts it within the reach of the most impecunious. For a change, the fillets may also be broiled over a glowing fire, may be baked in buttered paper cases, or cooked au gratin.

Fish Timbales

FLAKE as fine as possible a cupful and a half of any cold fish. Add two well-beaten eggs, a cupful of milk and salt and pepper to season. Fill small buttered tins or cups about half full, set in a pan of hot water and bake about twenty minutes. Turn out on a hot platter and pour over them a cupful of cream or tomato sauce to which a tiny bit of mustard has been added. Garnish with parsley.

If preferred the molds may be lined with freshly cooked spaghetti, left long enough to wind spirally around the mold, beginning at the bottom and going up until the top is reached.

Creamed Salt Mackerel

SOAK the fish overnight and wipe dry before using. Broil on a buttered gridiron over a clear fire. Lay on a hot dish and pour over it a cream sauce made as follows: Into one cupful of boiling water stir two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch, rubbed smooth with one tablespoonful of butter; cook until well thickened. Add a well-beaten egg, mixing carefully to prevent curdling. Cook a moment longer, season with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a saltspoonful of pepper.

Baked Salt Mackerel

SALT mackerel are neither so plentiful nor cheap as they were twenty-five years ago, but occasionally one baked fills the demand for something different. Soak the fish overnight in a large amount of cold water, with the flesh side turned down. Wipe dry, lay in a baking-pan, add one cupful of milk and set in the oven. Bake about twenty-five minutes, put on a hot dish, butter lightly and garnish with sliced lemon.

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Send your name today before the edition is exhausted and you will receive a copy free by return mail.

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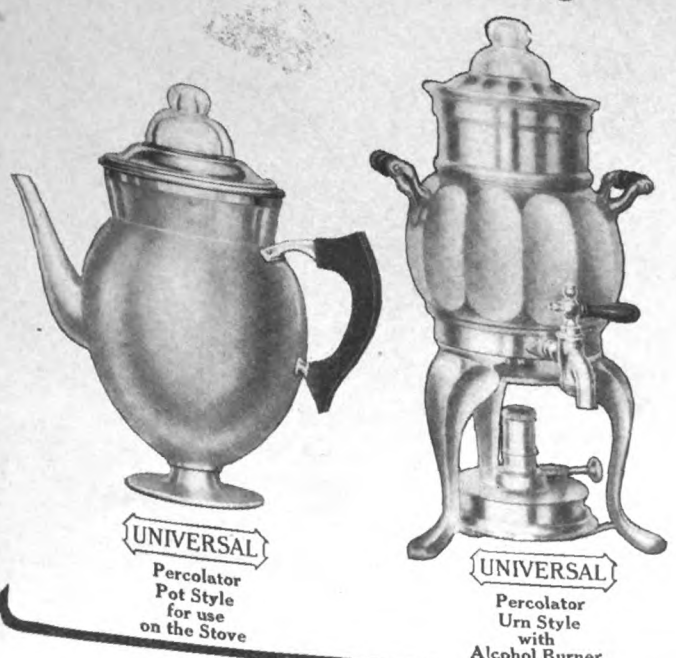
UNIVERSAL Home Needs



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The first requirement of a cup of coffee is that it taste right. If it *tastes* right it will *be* right, for coffee containing tannin is disagreeably bitter.

The moment you taste coffee made in the UNIVERSAL you know it is perfect. Its freedom from bitterness proves that it contains no tannin.

By the UNIVERSAL method none of the aroma or flavor is lost in steam and the coffee is ready to serve before the boiling point is reached. The UNIVERSAL method is the perfection of the drip process, circulating six to ten times as much water as any other percolator, consequently extracting a greater amount of the aromatic properties of the coffee.

Others may imitate the external appearance of the UNIVERSAL, but they cannot duplicate the patented fundamental principles. A glass top or metal foot does not make a UNIVERSAL Percolator. Look for the name "UNIVERSAL" on every Percolator. UNIVERSAL Percolators, no matter what their style, are identical in operation.

UNIVERSAL Percolators, Electric, for making coffee at the table, are connected to the electric light socket and the heat turned on and off by a switch. These are made in either Urn Style or Pot Style.

Write for booklet, describing all the UNIVERSAL Home Needs, specifying whether or not you have electricity in your home.

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New Britain, Conn.

OUR BABY CLINIC

HIS MAJESTY, YOUR BABY

HELP HIM TO PLAY, GIVE HIM AIR AND EXERCISE TO KEEP HIM WELL

By Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton

NOTE:—THE DELINEATOR *has a baby clinic, a consulting department that will make easier the many baby problems that mothers find hard to solve. Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton, who is helping to keep hundreds of New York babies well, wants to help you in the care of* YOUR *baby.*

When you have read what he tells you this month about the importance of air and exercise for babies, turn to page 254 *of* THE DELINEATOR, *and let Dr. Hamilton help you to keep a record of baby's increase in weight.*

Write us about your baby. Address your letters to THE DELINEATOR, *care The Counciling Mothers' Department, and Dr. Hamilton will answer you.*

LET Master Baby cry if he wants to. Let him kick. Let him sun himself.

A baby's way of taking exercise is by crying, kicking and waving his arms. Indulgence in these three elemental instincts should be allowed, that baby may expand the lungs, develop the muscles, and properly maintain the appetite and regular movement of the bowels. You may not know it, but a half-hour's lusty cry each day is really beneficial to your baby.

After the first month, baby should be allowed to kick and use his arms as he sees fit for fifteen to twenty minutes two or three times daily. For this exercise he should lie unclothed on the bed or in a large clothes-basket in which a thick blanket has been placed.

A CHILD should never be urged or taught to walk.

He will do so quite readily when his legs are strong enough to support him, and harm is often done by trying to force him to walk too soon.

The period of baby's existence when he begins to stand and is graduated from his clothes-basket is a most important time for the consideration of his proper and safe exercise. Exercise he must have, but at the same time he should be kept off the floor where he is exposed to drafts.

This is not an easy matter with an active child who is about to begin to walk and has a tendency to explore by creeping. Every floor, no matter how well carpeted or protected, has its currents of cold air, but if he is not permitted to creep about at will he will not get the proper exercise of his muscles and will develop in a faulty way.

I would suggest for this period an exercise-pen—a valuable adjunct to baby's welfare. After he is dressed, washed and fed he is placed in the pen on a quilt and the door of the pen is closed. He can then proceed with his explorations in safety, stand up, roll about, sit down, creep or walk, and at the same time avoid the possibilities of rolling down-stairs, being burned or stepped on.

The exercise-pen gives us a maximum of safety and exercise with no chance of injury, and allows the child to exercise as much as he is eager to. This pen is not an expensive luxury. It is useful in small nurseries. It can be made to fit over a bed, which is another practical point in a crowded nursery. It is constructed of one-fourth-inch pine boards nailed together, two thicknesses being used for the floor. It may be made of any size, generally 4x6 feet or 4x4 feet. It is joined by iron mortises and tenon hooks and can be readily disjoined. Its elevation from the floor is any height above three inches. It can be used out-of-doors in Summer, always in the shade.

BABY should sleep and play in fresh air, out-of-doors if possible.

Train your baby to have his daily nap out-of-doors whenever the weather permits, properly shielded from strong winds in Winter and guarded from mosquitoes in Summer.

The only times baby should not go out-of-doors—I mean a baby over three and one-half months old—are on foggy and very windy days, when it is raining or snowing, when the temperature is below twenty degrees Fahrenheit, or when it is cloudy and much melting snow is on the ground.

If it is Summer-time, or if you live in the South, baby can safely go out-of-doors when one month old if the sun is shining and if there is no wind or dampness. In the colder latitudes, in Winter, it is not advisable to take a young infant out-of-doors until he is two months old.

After four months of age, in fine weather, baby can be out-of-doors for four hours each day. This time is increased as he grows older. The best hours for a child's out-of-door airings are, in Winter, between ten A.M. and three P.M., in Spring and Autumn between nine A.M. and four P.M. In midsummer and on hot days outings should be timed for early morning and early evening.

YOU can not give baby too much fresh air.

Very young babies must be gradually accustomed to this by airing the nursery thoroughly several times each day for one-half hour. After this period remove baby to another room and rewarm his room before bringing him back.

This daily indoor airing is done with all windows wide open from the top, doors closed so as to avoid drafts, and baby placed in his carriage dressed for out-of-doors. The carriage may be wheeled about the room. In this method of indoor airing the lungs of young infants become gradually accustomed to taking in cool air and there is less likelihood of colds. You will also find color and appetite much improved.

Sleeping out-of-doors is beneficial, but don't forget to see that baby's eyes are protected from the direct glare of the light, either by hood, sunshade, or by turning his back to it. Strong sunshine both indoors and out may be grateful to us, but to a blinking, defenseless tot it is dazzling and irritating and may cause injury to the eyesight.

Never take baby out-of-doors with cold hands and feet, and be sure that his body is sufficiently warm; but, on the other hand, do not overwrap him like a mummy and cause him to perspire, as this is a sure way for him to catch cold.

To keep baby well, we will observe exercise and fresh-air precautions. Muscles that are not exercised will cease to develop, so babies that are not allowed to exercise will not grow.

Nutrition depends on proper oxidation and circulation of the blood. You can not have the former without fresh outdoor air nor the latter without outdoor air with proper exercise.

Remember that children who are kept too closely housed, in overheated and badly ventilated rooms, and deprived of air and exercise, are going to lose their appetites, become pale and anemic, catch cold easily and sleep badly.

OUR OPENED LETTER-BAG

Killing the Grip Germ

WE HAVE three children, and the eldest child, aged six years, has just recovered from an attack of the grip which lasted a week. Shall I do anything to prevent the other children from catching the disease, except to keep them away from him and his toys?

MRS. L. B. D., *Ohio*

Grip or influenza is an infectious disease, and you should thoroughly fumigate the sick room, the toys and bedding. Formalin candles are the best fumigating candles to use, as the fumes cause no injury to any fabrics or

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For sale wherever GOSSARD corsets are sold, and by mail, prepaid, in plain package—satisfaction guaranteed. Price $5.00. In ordering, give **present** waist measure. Send for free GOSSARD booklet illustrating, besides this, the maternity brassiere, and other attractive GOSSARD models.

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OUR BABY CLINIC

HIS MAJESTY, YOUR BABY

brassware as sulphur is apt to do. All cracks about windows and doors should be sealed with cotton or paper before lighting the formalin candle.

How to Prepare Beef for Children

I HAVE been advised to give my children scraped beef. Will you please tell me the proper way to prepare it?

MRS. J. W. S., Maine

With a sharp knife scrape all the tender, pulpy part from a piece of round or sirloin steak three-fourths of an inch thick. Season with salt only. Make into small flat cakes, and broil for two or three minutes.

Curing the Habit of Nail-Biting

MY CHILD has a very bad habit of biting her finger-nails. She has had it for over a year, and I have tried properly cutting her nails, but she persists in the habit. Is it possible to cure her?

MRS. J. W. K., California

There are several more or less effective methods to be tried for curing this injurious habit. Putting bitter substances such as aloes or quinine on the nails is an old-fashioned cure, but one that is often effective. Compelling the child to wear gloves or mittens will often overcome the habit if persisted in. A more stringent cure is that of placing splints on the arm so that it is impossible to bend the elbows in order to get the fingers to the mouth. An appeal to the child's pride may be of benefit; also the giving of a pretty manicure set may stimulate an interest in the proper care of the nails.

Caring for Baby's Bottle

AS MY child is bottle-fed, will you kindly advise me what kind of nipples to use and how they should be cared for? Shall I boil them, and are the holes already pierced in them?

SUBSCRIBER, Idaho

A plain black-rubber nipple with one small hole in the top is the proper one to use. They may be boiled once when new. This should not be repeated, as boiling spoils the rubber and makes them unfit for use. Nipples should be rinsed in cold water immediately after using and later placed in a covered glass containing a cold solution of boric acid. Once daily the nipple should be turned inside out and scrubbed with a brush and hot soap suds, then carefully rinsed in cold water and placed in the cold boric-acid solution, which should be prepared fresh each day. It is preferable to have three nipples, using them alternately.

Nipples may be bought with or without holes in the top. If you purchase blind nipples, heat a cambric needle until red hot, then burn one hole in the nipple until it is just large enough for the milk to drop through when the bottle is turned upside down. It should not run through in a steady stream, as this might choke the baby and give him indigestion. Do not use a safety-pin to make the hole.

The Tonsil Question

MY SON, aged seven years, has very large tonsils and I have been advised to have them removed. Please advise me as to the best time of the year for this operation.

MRS. S. L. J., Canada

It would be best to have the operation done at once. You have been well advised to have them removed—not cut off. If possible place him in a hospital for the operation and for a day or two following.

Prickly Heat

MY ONE-YEAR-OLD baby has severe prickly heat and it makes him so irritable. He shows a loss of weight when he has it.

MRS. K. B. M., Wash.

Either soda or starch baths are curative, soothing and grateful to baby when he has a heat rash. The soda bath is prepared by adding a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda to the bath. The starch bath, which is also effective for hives and chafing, is made by simply adding one-half cupful of powdered laundry-starch to the bath. These baths may be given daily.

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69202—Women's Eponge Dress—new and attractive. Made as illustrated with collar and vest of fine white pique. Pearl buttons and stitched buttonhole trim front of waist and skirt. *Colors:* Copenhagen blue, or tan, trimmed with white; also all white. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure; *skirt lengths* 38 and 41 inches bust measure. **$4.50**

71202—Misses' Lingerie Dress of handsome all-over embroidered voile combined with beautiful shadow lace. Designed exactly as illustrated. Chic bow tie of black velvet ribbon drawn through white pearl buckle; girdle of black velvet ribbon, finished at side with sash ends. White only. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 32, 34 and 36 inches bust measure. A Wonderful Dress for **$3.98**

70202—New Bulgarian Embroidered Waist made of sheer white voile. This Bulgarian embroidery is very new and smart. The rich colors contrast beautifully with the white voile and dainty lace. Designed as illustrated. May be ordered in white with the embroidery in the rich Bulgarian shades. Waist closes invisibly in back. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Extra Special **$1.00**

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WORK FOR THE CLUB YEAR

FILE THESE PROGRAMS CAREFULLY AND LOOK THEM OVER EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE

By Helen M. Winslow
Publisher of the Official Register of Women's Clubs

IT IS exactly one year since we made our first offer to provide a system of exchange for programs for club study. As before mentioned, our system proved a success from the start, and the number of clubs benefiting by it last year mounted well into the hundreds. The result, indeed, warrants our continuance of the plan by which we furnish club programs during the coming year; and as this is one of the most important months for club committees who have in hand the preparation of next year's work, we shall devote most of our space in this issue to such programs.

AS AN example of civic work a little out of the ordinary lines, the accomplishment of the Woman's Club of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, is worth mentioning. A small committee has, in the past two years, written or compiled a History of Mercersburg, an old town which has been the home of many notables, including President Buchanan, Harriet Lane Johnston, Governor Findlay, Jane and Elizabeth Irwin (who became the wives of the Harrison brothers, one being mistress of the White House in 1841), and of many more well-known people.

Mercersburg was an important trading-post in the eighteenth century, has sent many soldiers to the various wars of the country, and has given prominent citizens to many of the other States of the Union; so that the labor and research which this work required were very great. The result is a fine book of two hundred and fifteen pages and eighty illustrations covering a period of over one hundred and fifty years. In this way much local history is preserved, together with many old customs, traditions, pictures, etc., that will grow more and more valuable with the succeeding years.

It is good work, and one that more of our clubs might do for the older towns of America. Mrs. C. F. Fendrick of Mercersburg, Pa., is chairman of the committee who have done this work, and will doubtless be able to give suggestions to other clubs or individuals who would undertake similar work for other communities.

At the outset, however, let us again call attention to the plan offered by THE DELINEATOR. First, write us what your club wants to take up for next season's work, whether art, literature, civics, history, education, travel, laws for women. Perhaps you may prefer what is called a "miscellaneous program," giving one or two meetings to all these subjects or any of them. Whatever you choose, we will try to meet your needs, even if we have to prepare a special program for you.

Second, enclose with your letter one or more outlines of your past years. This will give us some idea of the way you do your work, how exhaustive a program you desire and how much actual study you care to put in; and also, it will doubtless prove to be just what some other club who will ask for help will want.

Third, do not plan to make your programs too discursive, too exhaustive, too general or too crowded. Better do a little well than skim lightly over a program that might easily daunt a college president, and then feel that you know all there is to be known about your subject.

FOR instance, last year an inquirer from a small Western town wrote:

"We are beginners. We wish to be amused as well as instructed For a regular program of systematic study, please give a synopsis of The Advancement of Civilization from Earliest Historical Times down to the Present. Not, however, along purely historical lines, but through the arts, sciences, literature, Greek drama and the like. We meet only once in two weeks and have some special days at that, so there will not be need of your making too much of it!"

Now, as our young people would say, "What do you know about that?" Enough to fill an entire college course, properly studied. I tell the story to illustrate how *not to do it*.

Again, do not fill every date for the year several months beforehand. This mistake is often made, and the result is that some good, timely subject comes up that must be let alone because all the club dates are filled, so that when the time comes for prompt, intelligent discussion of timely subjects like widowed mothers' pensions, or better laws for women, or some special bill that your State Federation is pushing in the legislature, you have no chance to discuss or to hear about it.

That is not good business; so leave at least two dates open. You can always fill them with something worth while if nothing of special moment is pressed upon you between the time your year-book goes to press and the week before the open date comes. Often those impromptu affairs are the most interesting and helpful.

And so, as the committees who will read this number of THE DELINEATOR will be on the lookout for good programs, we will give more than one. And please—please keep them on file. Don't give away or loan THE DELINEATORS.

Last June we used a civics program suited to a small town, and copied from Caddo, Okla. We have had at least fifty inquiries for just such an outline, and have referred back to that number—June, 1912. Keep these programs and look them over once in a while. Perhaps you can save that stamped and addressed envelope which we urge every asker for help to send with her inquiries.

Last year there were many who asked for a good program on Household Economics. Here is an excellent one which came to us in exchange:

Introductory Meeting

MUSIC.
EVOLUTION OF THE HOME.
PLACE OF THE HOME.
THE HOME THE UNIT OF CIVILIZATION.

Chemistry of Household

MEETING 1.
LECTURE AT SCHOOLHOUSE BY SOME AUTHORITY ON ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, WITH EXPERIMENTS.

MEETING 2.
CHEMISTRY OF DAILY LIFE.
AIR AND WATER AS FOOD.
STORY OF A LUMP OF COAL

MEETING 3.
CHEMISTRY OF THE LAUNDRY.
REMOVAL OF STAINS, WITH EXPERIMENTS.
CHEMISTRY OF COOKING.

MEETING 4.
CHEMISTRY OF BAKING-POWDER.
FOOD ADULTERATION AND METHODS FOR DETECTION.
HOUSEKEEPER'S LABORATORY AND ITS USE.

MEETING 5.
CHEMISTRY OF LIGHT. (If possible, secure electrician to talk and give experiments. If not, perform simple experiments with kerosene lamp, etc.)

MEETING 6.
CHEMISTRY OF PLANT LIFE. (Discuss and examine with microscope the "breathing pores" on under surface of leaves.)
CHEMISTRY OF ANIMAL LIFE.
CHEMISTRY OF LIFE AND HEALTH.

Household Management

MEETING 1.
THE STANDARD OF LIFE.
EVOLUTION OF DOMESTIC LIFE IN AMERICA.

[Continued on page 312]

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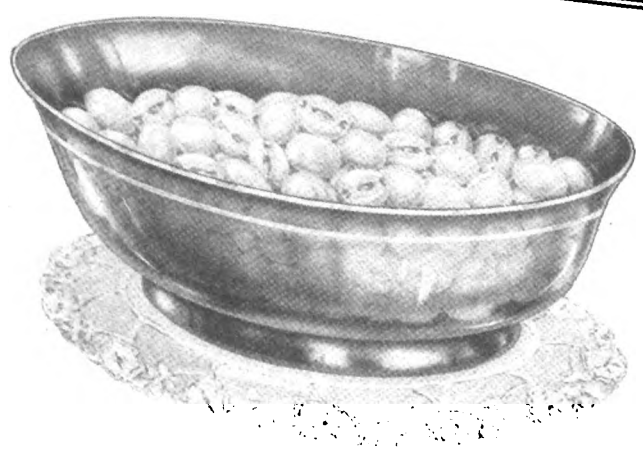

Prof. Anderson's Quarter Billion Meals

Last year, the hosts of users ate 250,000,000 dishes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Prof. Anderson's foods, steam-exploded. A few years ago such foods seemed impossible.

This morning, perhaps a million people woke to find them on the breakfast table.

Why this immense popularity?

Some first bought them on their doctors' orders. For these are scientific foods.

All the millions of granules are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Whole grains are made wholly digestible.

They are the best-cooked foods in existence.

But most users somewhere ate a sample dish. It tasted like toasted nuts.

The crisp, porous grains, thin-walled and airy, melted in the mouth. They woke to the fact that these Puffed Grains are fascinating foods.

And who ever stopped using them?

There are millions of breakfasts served without them today, but that's because folks don't know. Did you ever know a user of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice to go back to lesser foods?

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These grains are eight times normal size.

Inside of each grain there has occurred at least a hundred million explosions.

The trifle of moisture inside of each granule has been turned into steam and exploded.

Myriads of cells are created, surrounded by thin toasted walls. And the walls melt away at touch, almost, into almond-flavored atoms.

Serve with sugar and cream.

Mix them with any fruit to give it a delicious blend.

Or serve like crackers in a bowl of milk—airy, whole-grain, toasted wafers.

Use as crisps in soup sometimes.

Scatter them over a dish of ice cream. It's like mixing nut-meats in it.

Boys eat them dry, like peanuts. Girls use them in candy making.

Any hour, from breakfast to bedtime, there's some way to serve Puffed Grains.

If you haven't tried them, telephone your grocer to send you a package of each.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago

(397)

OUT OF THE LETT…

LOVE AND IMMOR…

DOES THE LOVE OF MAN AND WO… DER PROPER CONDITIONS, LAST F…

NOTE: *A while ago we asked our readers the above question and received sc… esting replies to it. We would like to print them all but lack of space forbids. … following letters because they present such entirely different points of view.*

Is Love Eternal?

TO ANSWER this question fully, we need the philosopher's reason, the poet's insight and the revelator's experience of the more than mundane. Without going beyond a simple introduction to the subject, we can see that whatever is essential endures. Not only the richest and fullest life, but the most intense of human experiences and those which have most influence in forming character, spring from the opening of the heart to let in one supreme affection.

When once this is felt, all other affections seem of minor importance. The love of the marriage-partner is the central sun. Children, duties, occupations, the life of the community—all of these are important, but they circulate around the central love and are kept in order by its overmastering attraction.

If, then, the family is the unit of society, since marriage is the source and sustainer of the family, marriage is an essential of society in a higher and deeper sense than that of the propagation of the race. Great is that use to society which consists in furnishing it with new members, but more important is a high ideal and the recognition that "it is not good that man should be alone;" the embracing of an opportunity to live for something besides self, even if the ideal is only imperfectly attained.

Here we have the argument for our first thesis: In eternal life there will be fuller opportunities for reaching ideals. Therefore love, which is life itself, will endure and will be ever nobler, purer and more powerful.

BECAUSE love is precious, the fear of loss besets it; but the only death it needs to dread is that of aspiration. A wholesome dread of those activities of the earth-life whose fruit is spiritual death must be inwoven with every marriage-love for its preservation.

If the truth were realized that there is an eternal marriage for which those only are wholly worthy who have "married" their good intentions to deeds of love, or who have "embraced" the truth by uniting it with their heart's best affection, would not earthly marriages be happier?

We come therefore at the last stage of our journey to Divine Revelation wherein is wisdom. The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a wedding to which all are invited, but not all are worthy to approach (Matthew xxii. 1—14). If, therefore, the kingdom of heaven can be compared with a wedding, is it not evident that there is something eternal in the quality of marriage-love?

And though the men of the Gospel Age found it difficult to receive the doctrine that marriage-partners are not to be put away at pleasure (Matthew xix. 9, 10), the teaching of Jesus has so far prevailed that permanent and happy homes with consorts united, not by caprice, but by firm bonds of a principle which is stronger than the legal code, are now the rule.

There is but one passage in the Sacred Scriptures on which any misapprehension has arisen as to the perpetuity of marriage love:

"Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." (Matthew xxii. 29, 30).

There will doubtless be some rearrangements in the life to come and mistakes will be righted, but there are married partners who can not think of separation without a pang of poignant grief and who may be nearing that union which is eternal. In any case it is right to look forward to such a union as to a sacred ideal.

F. W. V.

The Theosophist's View of …

DOES the love of man and woma… under proper conditions last forever… Most people accept immortality witho… quibbling; then what about the immo… tality of love? If a couple is happi… married here, will they be together af… death, and if so will their companionsh… be perpetual?

Will those who miss love here find … hereafter? Will a man grow to be mo… a man and a woman more a woman, o… will each grow toward a state of self-su… ficiency where love for a specific one do… not exist?

All these questions find such a clea… logical answer in the teachings of Theos… phy that I can not resist setting them down in the hope that you will print them for the help of those who ponder over the problems of life.

Man is a spark of the Divine Life growing to perfection by means of experiences gained in repeated lives here in this world. "Made in God's image," he is in his inmost self androgynous, male-female, as is God; but to gain *all* earth's experiences he dwells sometimes in a male form, sometimes in a female one.

The soul is born into a physical body, spends a varying length of time in it, passes through what we call death, which is merely the dropping of his physical body, and then enters the inner worlds, or in other words, the heaven of orthodoxy. Here it remains a varying length of time, the period extending from a few years to as high as one thousand five hundred to two thousand years.

At the end of this period the soul returns to physical incarnation and the same cycle is repeated again. This takes place over and over again, until the soul learns all the lessons that can be taught in Humanity, and the Divine has become fully manifest in man.

The goal of human evolution is to realize that the brotherhood of man is not just a dream that we are striving to realize down here, but is in the world of spirit an actual fact. There we and all that live are one. Here in this world we know, love is the expression of that unity—love for husband, wife, child, father, mother, sister, brother, friend.

At first it is selfish; it is *my* husband, *my* wife, etc.; but gradually as the soul evolves it widens its love and reaches out to embrace the children of other men, until it comes finally to the goal where it loves all of humanity as even does such a one as the Christ, who is said to love every man as a mother loves her first-born child.

IN THE light of these teachings, we would say that the love of a man and woman might last forever, but it would not be in the end, as it was in the beginning, the love of man for woman, but the love of spirit for spirit.

Most certainly a couple who were bound by a love that was higher than mere physical attraction would be together after death, and not only that, but they would doubtless be drawn together again and again when they returned to incarnation in this world, not necessarily always in the same relationship, but possibly in all relationships.

When we take the larger view and look at one life here, as a day in a series of lives, to have "missed love" in one life is not so sad. The soul has many lessons to learn and there are many "days" to come.

Undoubtedly the time must come when an *exclusive* specific love for one will not exist, but the soul grows none the poorer for that; rather is it the richer. The love that it knew in its earlier days is still its possession, but now that tiny bud of love has expanded into a magnificent flower and embraces not only the one, but all of humanity.

L. B. D.

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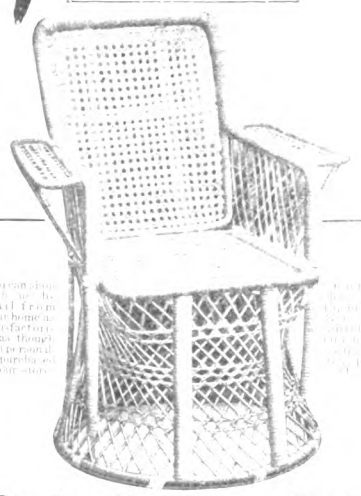

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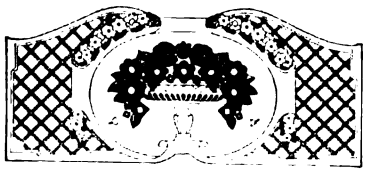
Do You STAMMER

Send for my 200 page book with Free Trial Lesson explaining methods for Home Treatment. Established 15 years. Reputation world-wide.
G. A. LEWIS, 157 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

OUR BABY CLINIC



WHAT DOES YOUR BABY WEIGH?

By Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton

WE ARE showing our DELINEATOR mothers a weight chart this month on page 254 so that they may have a fair idea as to their babies' growth.

This chart with its transverse dotted line is an average taken after observing many hundreds of infants' weight. The numbers at the top are the weeks, while those at the side are the pounds; the dotted line indicates what the average weight should be.

To be robust, the newly born child must have a certain average size and weight. There is a subsequent regular rate of increase in both these respects. There is a daily gain in weight of one-quarter to three-quarters of an ounce.

DO NOT always expect your child to follow exactly the dotted line all the way through the year for the admiration of your relatives and friends. Many well and vigorous babies gain weight slowly and are often below the standard of the normal weight line.

Do not worry over this fact, but just record a consistent gain and your baby will be robust. Please do not try overfeeding your baby just to make a pretty chart. Make a steady gain, and nature in the guise of light, air and sunshine will do the rest.

No matter how much food is put into a child's stomach, it is nourished and gains weight only by the amount it digests—the extra quantity does harm instead of good. More infants die of too much food than from too little.

The weight should be taken with all clothing removed, once weekly, before giving the young hopeful a bath.

It will be perhaps a surprise to some mothers to know that seven and one-half pounds is the average birth-weight for boys, with several ounces less for girls.

There is usually a decided loss of weight the first four days of life; this loss amounts to from four to eight ounces, and is generally made up at the rate of four to eight ounces a week up to the sixth month. From the age of six months to one year the gain is less, and is usually from two to four ounces a week. At three months the weight should be from nine to twelve pounds; at six months twelve to sixteen pounds; at nine months sixteen to eighteen pounds; at one year eighteen to twenty pounds.

AT THE age of five months a healthy baby will usually have doubled its birth weight and at one year have trebled it. These weights are, of course, only approximate. Do not have any anxiety if there exists a slight deviation either way.

Bottle-fed babies do not gain weight as rapidly as nurslings, yet their gain is quite as regular if properly fed.

During the hot Summer months there may be only a slight gain or the weight may remain stationary, a rapid gain taking place as soon as the cool months arrive.

Weight is not only a good index of your baby's health, but also a valuable guide in illness; and by familiarity with what is normal, detection of the abnormal is simple. Therefore each mother should know the normal weight so as to detect any unusual change which in many cases indicates some disease.

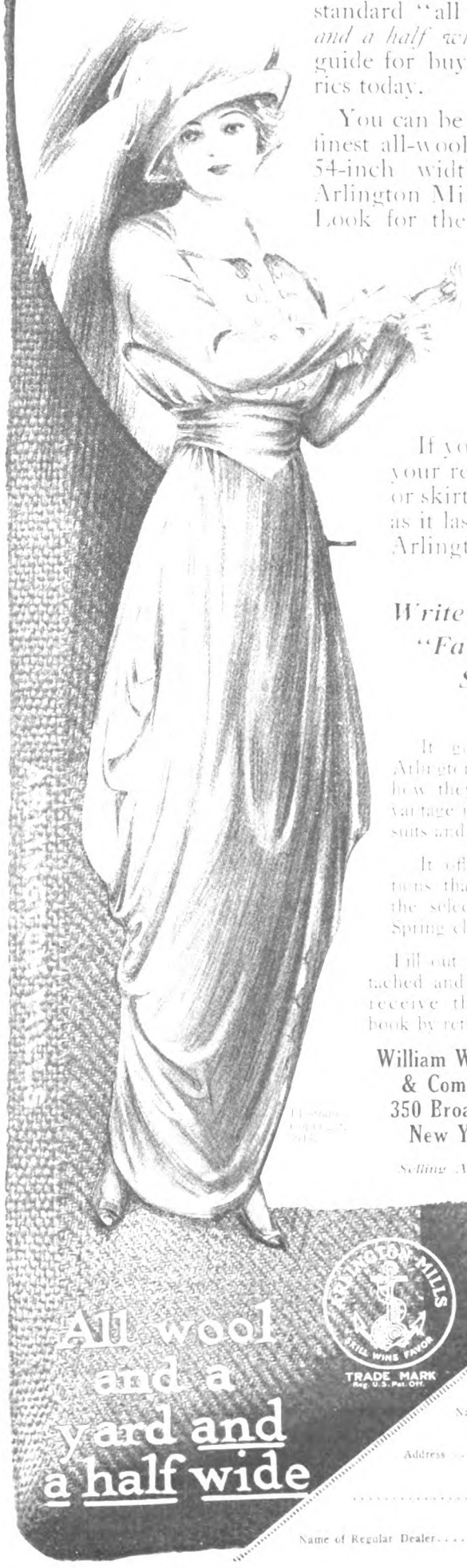
Our weight chart, then, is not only for baby's welfare but for you mothers and fathers to rejoice over and realize the plenitude of ownership of such a wonder of creation as your own baby.

Moderate-priced scales for home use can readily be obtained in many shops and department stores, and it is one of the great pleasures of motherhood to note the growth and progress of the little babe, so fearfully and wonderfully made.

Arlington Mills
Dress Fabrics *for* American Women

The Fabrics that Make Smart Gowns

Good-looking clothes demand fabrics that are more than up to the minute in fashion. They must have also the dependable quality that insures permanent good looks and the right width to cut to best advantage. For goods to be "all wool and a yard wide" no longer suffices. The best dressmakers and tailors have found that 54-inch goods not only cut to best advantage, but are by far the most economical in cost and labor. Hence the Arlington Mills standard "all wool and a *yard and a half wide*" is the safest guide for buying worsted fabrics today.



You can be sure of style, the finest all-wool quality and full 54-inch width if you get Arlington Mills dress fabrics. Look for the name on the selvage every yard.

Garments made of them keep their shape and look like new each time they are pressed.

If you want to be sure that your ready-to-wear suit, coat or skirt will look well as long as it lasts, ask if it is made of Arlington Mills fabrics.

Write for Booklet D. A. "Fabrics in Vogue Spring 1913"

It gives samples of the new Arlington Mills fabrics and shows how they may be used to best advantage in making the smartest coat suits and dresses for Spring.

It offers many practical suggestions that will prove invaluable in the selection and making of your Spring clothes.

Fill out and mail us the coupon attached and you will receive this little book by return mail.

William Whitman & Company
350 Broadway
New York
Selling Agents

The fleeces of 33,000 Sheep are required Each Day to keep busy the worsted machinery only in the Arlington Mills

All wool and a yard and a half wide

ARLINGTON MILLS SKILL WINS FAVOR TRADE MARK Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

WILLIAM WHITMAN & CO.
350 B'way, New York
Gentlemen:—Kindly send me, free, your style book D. A. of fashions and fabrics for Spring.

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"The Little One" Rompers and Blouses 50¢

For school days, for Sundays, for indoor and outdoor play.

Nothing so sensible, durable and attractive for a little boy or girl as rompers. Your boy will look nicer, feel better, dressed in a "Little One" Blouse than in any waist he ever wore.

But—when you buy a Romper or Blouse, see that your money purchases the best materials, right style, perfect making, correct fit and never-ending wear.

Materials. Blouses made of the finest chambrays, percales, cheviots, shirting madras, khaki and sateen, with colors washing won't fade. Rompers made solely of yarn-dyed fabrics that sun nor tub doesn't change.

Style. "The Little One" Blouse is made with an attached collar, with button and tab effect, is tailored to hug the neck and to set so there is no gap between the lower points of the collar; the cuffs are round cornered.

Rompers: Many styles made for boys and girls from 2 to 6. Boy's romper tells at once that it's a real boy's garment, and not the same his sister wears. Has that indefinable quality of sex to a perceptible degree: made with a fly. Just as many models for little girls—all made with a yoke effect, very wide and roomy in the seat to accommodate the petticoats and underclothes. There is the little creeper for baby, just beginning to crawl about, giving absolute freedom to kick and roll around to its heart's content. In this pattern we have kept in mind the need for changing undergarments, and this can be done without taking off the creepers. Sizes, 6, 12 and 18 months.

Making. Collars and cuffs of blouses are staunchly made and have pre-shrunk, inter-lined neckbands; cuffs and belts of rompers are all piped with contrasting color. And the buttons—fresh-water pearl of an extra weight and brilliancy, each one sewed on with 16 strong threads and tied tight. Knee elastic in the Rompers is of a quality that does not rot in washing.

Most important of all, the stitching—we don't believe you ever saw Blouses and Rompers sewed so finely and firmly with so many stitches to every inch—and should a thread break, the rest won't unravel. Seams are double-lock-stitched and hand tailored. No rough edges—no loose threads to show or scratch and chafe.

Fit. Rompers or Blouses must not be too small. "The Little One" Rompers and Blouses are sized with absolute correctness. The sleeves are plenty long enough to have the cuff where it belongs—at the wrist.

Wear. The fabrics used have been woven especially for "The Little One" and are not merely pretty, but above all, are strong and durable in wear and washing. While the materials are soft and fine, they wear like iron and will not shrink or fade.

See "The Little One" Rompers and Blouses at your dealer's; if he hasn't them, we'll be glad to tell you where to go. Recognize them by the label shown here on the back of the collar, which means that your dealer will guarantee these garments to give satisfaction or cheerfully refund your money.

THE ONE LITTLE TRADE MARK

Wise Brothers,
64 Leonard Street
New York

The Warmest Baby Garment

Warmest because it fits so snugly.
Because it's double-thick in *front*.
Because it has *no* open laps, no buttons.
Compare this Rubens shirt with others, and see what our invention means.

Every morning a million mothers wrap their babies in this ideal shirt.

Note how comfortable those babies must be, how wondrously protected. Please go see these shirts.

Ask for Rubens Shirts, and be sure that this label appears on the front. This shirt is our invention, and this whole factory is devoted to its right production. Don't be misled by imitations on a garment so important.

Rubens
Reg. U. S. Pat.

Rubens Shirts For Infants

Trademark

No Buttons No Trouble
Reg. U. S. Pat. (43)

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices run from 25 cents up.
Sold by dry-goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc., 6 N. Market St., Chicago

Post-Office Department now ships a large part of magazine mail by freight instead mail service, as in the past. If your magazine does not reach you on the day it is probably caused by the new method of shipping. It would be well writing us, and when you do, write your Postmaster also, ask-

THE LONG RUSSIAN BLOUSE

IS BEING TAKEN UP BY MISSES

Blouse 6067; skirt 6075
[*Skirt 6075 described on page 285*]

6067

THE new Russian blouse, or Russian middy as it is sometimes called, is becoming tremendously popular for young girls. This is the blouse with the belt around the hips, shown here in design 6067 for misses and small women.

It is displayed by all the smart shops as a separate outing blouse and as part of wool, silk and cotton dresses, and is being taken up with great enthusiasm. In this design the body is in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter sleeves, and the neck is open unless the removable shield is worn. Serge, cheviot, linen, rep, poplin, gingham, chambray and cotton ratine are suggested materials.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and one-half of material thirty-two inches wide and two yards and one-eighth of braid for one row will be required for the blouse as shown in the small view. Three yards and one-quarter of material fifty inches wide with three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the blouse with skirt 6075 as shown on the figure.

Design 6067 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6079

A PRETTY bonnet for motoring and steamer wear, or on girls and children for general wear, is shown in design 6079. Its soft crown is a point of style now, besides being easy to handle. The turned-back portion is chic and becoming. In a pretty shade of cotton ratine faced with white the bonnet is charming; in all-over embroidery it is youthful and quaint; in pongee or satin it is practical for motoring.

In misses' size, three-eighths of a yard of material forty inches wide, with one-quarter yard of contrasting material twenty-two or more inches wide for a facing, or one-half yard of material thirty-six or more inches wide for the outside and one-half yard of silk twenty inches wide to line, will be required.

Design 6079 may be obtained in four sizes, for ladies, misses, girls and children, price fifteen cents.

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Suesine Silk 39¢

This exquisite gown designed by **Simcox**
535 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK
AMERICA'S FOREMOST ORIGINATOR OF DRESS.

"I was very much surprised to find the wonderful way in which Suesine draped. I do not understand how you are able to manufacture such a beautiful material at the price you do.
CLARA E. SIMCOX.

42 SUESINE SAMPLES FREE

Write today for the FREE samples—42 exquisite shades and colors of Suesine. Always when writing for the FREE samples, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine.

Suesine is one of the most artistic and beautiful of all those finer fabrics which Paris has petted into fashion—it is THE silk in great demand for day and evening, house or street wear; for Suesine is fascinatingly soft and fine and lends itself admirably to the fashions of the day.

In evening dresses it yields itself with wonderful grace to pleating, shirring, draping; and for soft, flowing folds, Suesine is especially appropriate. It combines with laces delightfully—and when made up with heavy embroidery, its radiant beauty seems sharpened.

There is no genuine Suesine Silk unless it bears the name

SUESINE SILK

on the edge of every yard

You know who is responsible for Suesine Silk. Why should YOU have faith in the imitation when the manufacturer is so ashamed of it that he is AFRAID to stamp a name on it!

No matter where you live, it is easy to get genuine Suesine Silk

If no dealer in your vicinity has Suesine Silk, we will see that your order is filled, just as conveniently, by a reliable retail house, at 39c yard.
Write AT ONCE for the 42 FREE samples.
Suesine Silk in CANADA is 50c yard.

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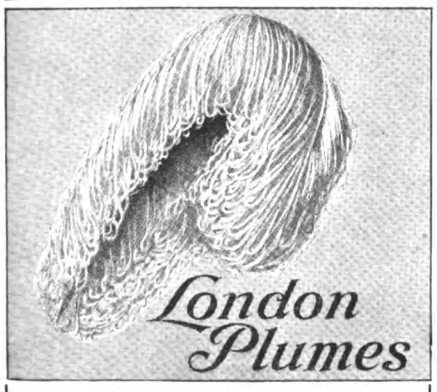
8 to 14 West Third Street, New York City



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First, ask your dealer for these plumes. If he hasn't them, write for our 24-page Feather Catalog, showing the newest styles. Address

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Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 62, **Statesville, N. C.**

"ON DIT"

QUOTATIONS FROM WELL-KNOWN PARIS DRESSMAKERS ON SPRING STYLES

Worth

JEAN-CHARLES WORTH continues using draperies on most of his gowns, but disposes them in different ways so as to adapt them to various types of street and indoor costumes. He uses them even on short, practical dresses for street wear, but arranges them in a simple, unstudied manner, so that they do not appear too elaborate for such usage.

For Spring waists he recommends bodice tops and sleeves in a contrasting color and material from the gown. Bright-colored sleeves are very smart in somber-hued dresses.

On evening gowns he has replaced his heavy court trains with light winding fish-tail trains which accentuate a woman's slenderness. He uses them with a skirt opening in front to show the ankles.

Drecoll

DRECOLL, of the Place de l'Opéra, is using short vests in waists, coats and even skirts. On dresses and suits the vest frequently furnishes the collar or revers for the waist or coat.

His afternoon dresses and dinner gowns are for the most part made with draped skirts. Many of his evening gowns are made of beaded materials—beaded chiffon, tulle, net, etc. For evening wear most of this beading is in crystal or colored *stras.* Rhinestones and pearls is a favorite combination and makes a very beautiful trimming.

Doeuillet

DŒUILLET, one of the most exclusive houses in Paris, prides itself on making dresses of a very elegant and refined type for women of the world who do not care for extreme styles. He is using draperies and is making his skirts slightly wider. Many of his dresses are made with draped overskirts plaited at the top, the plaits in both the front and back running toward the hips. This gives quite a bouffant drapery which is very graceful and sedate.

Redfern

REDFERN is making many of his new Spring suits with bo'eros or short jackets made of a different material from the skirt. Matelassés and brocades are very popular for these coatees, and white materials are frequently used with skirts in black or dark colors. Some of the new Etons are short all the way around and others are only short in front, running down below the waistline into a sort of postilion effect in back.

He is making many short, simple dresses for street wear in town. Dresses of this type will be worn quite as much as suits this Spring.

Beer

BEER, while not ignoring the importance of draperies, is making plain skirts which fall quite straight from a slightly raised waistline. Some of these skirts are plaited and some gathered, but the effect in either case is very simple and youthful. The straight skirt is more comfortable for dancing than many forms of the new draperies, and it also has certain practical advantages for Summer materials. The straight plaited skirt is excellent for the new bordered voiles and crêpes that the French manufacturers have produced in such exquisite designs this Spring.

Martial et Armand

MARTIAL ET ARMAND continue to make draped dresses with short skirts for day wear. They also use the straight narrow skirt which is still extremely popular in Paris, although most houses now give draperies the preference for their formal dresses.

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Just write for your free copy of the new "NATIONAL" Spring and Summer Style Book and see for yourself the Pleasure and the Advantage and the Saving the "NATIONAL" offers you.

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Coats	1.49 " 14.98
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Always Please the Customer

Always to please the customer—that is the "NATIONAL'S" policy. And no effort is spared which will insure your being pleased. But we take all the risk. If you are not pleased with anything purchased from the "NATIONAL," you may return it and we will cheerfully refund your money and pay all postage or express charges.

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We promise you more in a "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Suit than you have ever known—more service, more style, more absolute beauty. Each suit is cut and made to measure, and we guarantee to please you perfectly or refund your money.

"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits are shown in a special separate Suit Booklet containing fashion plates of all the new styles.

This Special Suit Booklet is sent gladly, but only when specially asked for. So if you are interested in Tailored Suits, be very sure that in writing for your "NATIONAL" Style Book you say—Send me also the Special "NATIONAL" Suit Booklet and Samples of materials.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

222 West 24th Street **New York City**

IMPORTANT: We have no agents and no Branch Stores. Beware of Concerns who assume names similar to ours with the intention of deceiving the public.

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Two Charming Dresses at $5.98

No. 35D 579

No. 35D 580

We Pay All Mail or Express Charges on anything you buy from us

Sizes of Dresses

Regular sizes 32 to 44 bust measure, skirt length 40 inches. Also in proportions to fit Misses and Small Women, 32 to 38 bust measure, skirt length 38 inches. All dresses are made with deep basted hems so that length can be adjusted by customer if necessary.

35D 579. A Beautiful Dress of richly embroidered Voile, combined with Filet lace. Front of dress trimmed as pictured with wide Filet lace with scalloped edge. Lace is applied on skirt to give a tunic effect and extends around back. The front of waist is heavily embroidered and trimmed with a band of velvet ribbon and velvet bow. Back has four clusters of tucks. Three-quarter sleeves are of plain voile trimmed with two rows of Filet insertion and a pretty lace edging. Skirt is laid in tucks from waist line to below hips and is prettily embroidered all around at bottom. A row of Filet insertion trims the bottom. On each side at lower part is a group of side plaits. Dress fastens in back. Comes in white with embroidery in combination of black and white, or in all plain white as preferred; trimming of black velvet in each case. **$5.98**
Price, Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us . .

35D 580. A Stylish, Practical, Serviceable Frock, made of fine All-silk Figured Foulard. The armholes and front of waist show a cording of self material. Front is also trimmed with loops and buttons of lustrous plain satin messaline to match color of material. Dress has a pretty turn-down collar of plain satin messaline, and the belt and the cuffs which finish the three-quarter sleeves are of the same material as collar. Back of waist is plain. The pretty Directoire vest effect is of Point d'Esprit trimmed with tiny buttons and rich Dresden flowered velvet. The skirt is a model of charming simplicity, being made perfectly plain save for a full-length stitched plait down center of front. Dress fastens invisibly in front. Comes in black, navy blue, Copenhagen blue or a pretty shade of brown, all with white figures. **Price, $5.98**
Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us . . . .

Our New Spring Fashion Catalogue is Now Ready

WRITE FOR IT TODAY

Our beautiful new Spring and Summer Catalogue, which will be sent you absolutely FREE on request, is the most authentic and reliable guide to the latest New York styles. It contains thousands of illustrations and descriptions which will tell you faithfully exactly what is to be worn by fashionable New York women for the Spring and Summer season of 1913. The values we offer will amaze you. Send today for Catalogue No. 58D.

IT IS FREE!

Our fashion Catalogue is the latest exclusive wearing apparel guide issued in New York City. It illustrates and describes everything in the way of clothing for ladies, misses, children, men, boys and infants. A postal card brings it to you. We guarantee absolute satisfaction with every article you purchase from us. Your money will be refunded immediately if you are not pleased and satisfied in every respect. We take all the risk of pleasing you. Also remember that we pay all Mail or Express charges to your town—no matter where you live—on anything you order from us.

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WE SATISFY YOU OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

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THE CLOVER CLUB

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT FOR EVERY GIRL FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY

"God gives to every bird its food,
But does not throw it in the nest."

IN OTHER words, "Help yourself and Heaven helps you." Yet to many a timid heart the starting out to help oneself seems a very hard matter, indeed, and the more one thinks about it, the harder it gets.

Once started, however, girl after girl has discovered that her fear was nothing less than a silly bugaboo.

A Kansas Cloverite in claiming her first check writes:

This is the first time I ever tried to do anything in the money-making line, and I assure you it wasn't hard once I tried. The starting was the hardest of all. It took me a year to decide to write to you.

A delightful sensation it is to feel ourselves growing bigger by *doing*. This girl from Springfield, for one, has found it so.

The Clover Club is certainly dandy. I am going to try to earn every bit of my spending-money myself this year, and it is lots of fun. Every time I earn a dollar, I feel so courageous and happy.

The Four Leaf Clover Plant

To all girls of all ages, let me extend the most cordial invitation to "venture to attempt" Clover Club work, and especially to those about to graduate from our schools and colleges.

Each year an increasing number of happy seniors turn to the Clover Club for the money for the all-important gown and its fascinating accessories, slippers, sashes, silk hosiery and all.

Does it interfere with their studies? Not at all! Read this from a 1912 senior:

I received the last salary check just in time to use it in my commencement preparations. I paid for everything myself. Every one said my dress was beautiful. But best of all was that I was "first-honor."

If *you* are to be a "sweet girl graduate" this May or June, do send at once for a free copy of our little "Guide to Moneyville" so you may use your odd moments to the best advantage.

As an extra inducement not to pass by present opportunities, I am going to give every girl who earns her first Clover Club money, this month or next, one of the famous four-leaf clover bulbs.

If you read our page last Fall, you know of this fascinating new plant. Wouldn't you like to watch one grow? Wouldn't you like to be able to pick a four-leaf clover whenever you wished to send a special message of cheer?

'Tis said a clover leaf brings luck,
And if the saying's true,
I hope the best of everything
Will come with this to you.

Plant the bulb in a tiny pot and keep in a very light place. In the course of four or five weeks the "Lucky" leaves will begin to shoot out. In the Fall, separate the bulb, and you will have enough to start quite a little bed of four-leaf clover plants in the garden another season.

The "luck of the four-leaf clover" shines continuously upon the Clover Club. It takes the form of money, and delightful gifts that frequently mean even more than jingling coin or crinkly check.

I can not begin to express my pleasure and appreciation of the dear gift. As I look at it I realize more than ever that I have become a member of the Clover Club and have really picked my first clover. You can not know how much these things mean to one who is constantly confined to a bed of pain and has her young life filled with dark places. Thank you, too, for the check that is coming.

T. B. C., Kentucky.

I want to thank you very, very much for the brooch, which came direct from Tiffany's. It is beautiful; more I can not say. I shall feel proud to wear it and know that I am a Golden Chapter Cloverite. Then, too, the motto came, and I thank you for that. It is a most cheering one, and certainly if followed with zest could not fail of success.

HARRIET W. K., Wisconsin.

Accept my thanks for the beautiful Clover napkins. Both the quality and the patterns are a delight. I rejoice in our club.

MRS. P. T., California.

During the last week I have received *five* packages from the Clover Club. I am writing with the fountain pen now, so you see it is fine. The dear little necklace came last evening. It is a beauty—just like everything is that comes from you. I was showing a friend my treasures, and she exclaimed, "My, but you are a fortunate girl!" I told her that's exactly what our club stands for.

B. R., Arizona.

I arrived home on the third and found my watch waiting for me. It is beautiful, keeps perfect time and I couldn't be better pleased. Of course I am going to get the chain, and I want the one with the pearls for my dear little watch.

A. L. A., Illinois.

Thank you for this perfectly beautiful stationery. Who wouldn't be pleased with such a lovely gift?

DOROTHY C., Philadelphia.

You can't ever know how delighted I am over my set of sterling Clover spoons. Mr. F. says I am worse than my four-year-old when he gets a much-wanted plaything. But I must say the spoons are something to be delighted about. MRS. S. F., Arkansas.

I can talk of nothing else but my beautiful watch. The monogram is perfect. Next month will be one year since I joined the Clover Club. I am most delighted with my success. I have received so many lovely gifts as well as over **thirty dollars** in money, and it is the very first time I have ever done anything for myself, for I am still a little schoolgirl. Please accept a thousand thanks.

LILLA C., Michigan.

The checks are very acceptable, indeed. The one I received this A.M. for five dollars will make a payment on my set of Stoddard Lectures.

C. P. (a high-school instructor), Maine.

Clover Club letters keep us skipping across the country. The next is from a busy little bee away off in North Dakota. Besides the money, she has earned the Tiffany diamond, the set of solid silver spoons, the Clover stencil set, the Golden Chapter motto, stationery, etc.

Well, I'm twelve years old now. My birthday was the first day of this month. I'm so glad I'm a Golden Chapter member and can earn salaries. I have put twenty-five dollars ($25.00) in the bank and have nearly four dollars ($4.00) in my pocketbook. Please send me another Clover napkin, and tell me about the bracelet.

One of our youngest members sums up the joy of the Clover Club thus: "It seems like the club had just jumped out of a fairy book." But as every Cloverite will tell you, it is no "fairy tale." Our gifts and our gold are as real as real can be—as "real as the nose on your face," as my dear old grandmother used to say.

"The proof of the pudding's in the eating," however. Take no one's word, but prove for yourself that there is "Clover" in the Clover Club for you.

The little "Guide to Moneyville" tells you all our secrets. Why waste precious time trying to guess them?

Helen Hathaway

Secretary, The Clover Club,
The Delineator, New York

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"Thought I Heard Somebody"

Bless his innocence, he needn't be afraid of getting caught. Nobody could blame him—the flakes taste so good and are so good for him.

Once you learn the fine flavor of Kellogg's, you'll discover yourself eating them once a day, maybe oftener. They're always fresh, always ready, always satisfying.

The original has this signature

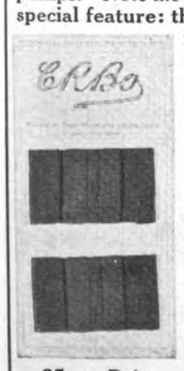
W. K. Kellogg

Latest Silk Pump Bow Cross-Piece Cannot Curl Up Only 25c

Pumps in kid, patent kid, suède or satin are most attractive when finished with a tailored bow. To **keep** them smart and trim, the bow must be of superior quality ribbon—must hold its severe tailored lines. These desirable features are found in the

C-R-Bo

Ask for C-R-Bo on this season's pumps. Note the style and quality and **this special feature: the bow design is woven into the ribbon**—no chance for the cross-piece to curl up, and the dust to gather underneath. Last as long as the shoe and always retain their original smartness and stylish appearance.



You may buy C-R-Bo separately on a card (see illustration) at all department and shoe stores, or direct from us for 25c a pair. Your choice of black, white, tan, and all colors for evening wear. State color when ordering.

25c. a Pair **The Columbia Ribbon Co.** **Paterson, N. J.**

Remoh Gems

Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliancy guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. *Guaranteed not an imitation, and to contain no glass.* Sent C. O. D. subject to examination. Write today for our 4-color catalog DeLuxe, it's free.

Remoh Jewelry Co., 602 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

WHY AND WHEREFORE

THE SOCIAL END OF IT

Conducted by

Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Editor wants you to consult Mrs. Kimberley whenever occasion arises in your social life. There will be no charge, but if you wish a personal reply enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TO R. S.—There is no form of entertainment more delightful than a dinner where all the guests are congenial, tactful, charming; and there is no more ghastly occasion than a dinner where those gathered together are not in accord. The memory of the first gives an added brightness and color to life, but those who are haunted by memories of the latter are liable to grow old and misanthropic before their time.

Therefore if you are giving a dinner simply to return your obligations to a number of people, think twice before you do it—a reception or an afternoon tea would perhaps be safer under the circumstances.

In planning a dinner your list of guests is just as important as the menu, if not more so, and you will wish to be certain that those who sit beside each other at the table will be congenial or at least on speaking terms.

Of course, nothing could be more ill-bred on the part of a guest than to air some petty, personal grievance on an occasion of this sort. Yet such things have happened, with the result that nobody has known whether they were eating French artichokes or plain turnips, and every one has gone away with acute indigestion.

When a dinner is given in honor of some particular woman the host leads the way into the dining-room with the guest of honor. At other times he takes into dinner any woman whom he especially wishes to honor. If a distinguished woman is present or one of very high social position, the host would probably pay her the compliment of taking her in to dinner. There is no especial order in which the other couples follow, but the hostess and the gentleman with whom she goes in always bring up the rear.

Except at very formal dinners, the hostess usually tells each gentleman which lady she wishes him to take into the dining-room. On ceremonious occasions every man is given a small envelope containing a card bearing the name of the lady with whom he is to go to the table. If he has never met the lady he should inform his host or hostess of the fact, so that he may be introduced beforehand and all awkwardness avoided.

Each gentleman should give his left arm to the lady whom he takes in to dinner, and when the name-cards are located he draws out her chair and waits until she is seated before taking his place. None of the guests should take their seats, however, until after the hostess has done so.

Where there is but one servant the lady on the host's right should be helped first, the lady on his left next and afterward the other guests in the order in which they come. The ladies are served before the gentlemen and the host is the last to be helped.

There is no especial time to leave, but if the dinner is at seven or seven-thirty, it would be well to leave at about ten, unless some kind of entertainment has been planned to take place after dinner.

It is needless to say that no guest should leave without bidding the hostess good night and thanking her for her hospitality. And every one invited to a dinner should call within ten days or two weeks afterward.

TO H. B.—A man is not supposed to take another man to call upon a woman friend without first asking the woman's permission, unless she is one whom he has known so long that he feels certain she would be glad to meet any acquaintance of his.

BODY—S W Gloss White
SASH—S W Gloss White
ROOF—S W Preservative Shingle Stain C 74
TRIM—S W French Crown Green

You can make your home as inviting as this with S W P

S W P is the painters' name for Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared—a name that has grown up through years of use.

S W P does more than give an attractive finish. It gives a durable finish—a tough, smooth, easily spread coat that protects the surface beneath it through the stress of the most parching sun and the coldest, wettest winter. Our

Portfolio of Plans for Home Decoration

is full of suggestions for the use of this standard outside paint, as well as for the many other Sherwin-Williams finishes for the home. It contains more than a score of plates in full color, showing color schemes for every detail of the house, both inside and out. It is a practical guide whether you are planning to do your whole house or only touch up a chair. It is free for the asking.

Visit our Decorative Departments:
116 West 32nd St., bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y. City and 1101 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago
749 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Address all inquiries to the Sherwin-Williams Co., 749 Canal Road, N.W., Cleveland, O.

You will find Woolnap Blankets not only look better but *are* better than the ordinary. Their strength and durability make Nashua Woolnap Blankets ideal for your summer "camp," as well as bungalow and home.

Nashua Woolnap Blankets

have proved themselves warm enough for Canadian Winters. They look and feel so exactly like wool—if we didn't tell you that they are made of cotton, you'd feel sure they contained more wool than so-called "part-wool" blankets costing two or three times as much. Their nap is soft and permanent. They are made in handsome patterns. They wash perfectly, and the nap stays nap (not hard kinks) after washing. They are absolutely moth proof.

Cotton blankets heretofore have been weak. You will find Woolnap Blankets three to six times as strong as others, and vastly better for wear. One glance and one feel of the fingers show their unmistakable quality. They are blankets of which any woman can well be proud. *All colors, all weights, all sizes.*

If you want to see what WOOLNAP BLANKETS are like, send 12c and get a doll's size, white, gray or tan, for the little one. Try to tear it with thumb and finger and see how well it's made.

SOLD BY LEADING SHOPS

Amory, Browne & Co. **42 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.** New York

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Hundreds of thousands of cases of SNIDER'S CATSUP are manufactured within sight of the fields where the tomatoes are growing and ripening.

We carefully select our seed a year in advance. The tomatoes are grown by farmers who are taught, under our supervision, how to cultivate and the proper time to pick them.

Our aim is to manufacture these luscious, red, ripe tomatoes into SNIDER'S CATSUP at the earliest possible hour after picking.

A large quantity of our Catsup is manufactured from tomatoes that are picked in the morning and promptly made into Catsup, which is in cars going to its destination that night.

We claim that

Snider's Tomato Catsup

is a superior table condiment. It is delicious, wholesome and pleasing to the taste. We have thousands of customers who have used our catsup exclusively for a quarter of a century. They are still our customers and are loud in their praise of its merits.

Mothers need not hesitate to allow their little ones to partake freely of SNIDER'S CATSUP. It is strictly pure and wholesome and in reasonable quantities will be beneficial to them.

You will find SNIDER'S CATSUP very useful in making your brown gravies; for adding to your soups just before removing from the stove; on your hot or cold meats; for your oyster cocktails, with the addition of a teaspoonful of finely grated horseradish and a few drops of lemon juice for each person to be served.

The good housewife knows thousands of other ways that SNIDER'S CATSUP can be used to advantage.

"It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.

CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

THESE WILL INTEREST YOU

TIPS THAT EVERY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER OUGHT TO KNOW

WE WANT news of the latest things in domestic science, of the books that will help us most, of new methods and ideas in local housewives' clubs, news of the cooking and housework world in general, and we invite all our readers to contribute. There will be no recipes nor household hints printed in this department. One dollar each will be paid for available items, but none will be acknowledged or returned.

Every Mother Should Note This

MANY of the cheap candies of the sort which children constantly buy when left to their own selection are highly deleterious. Frequently they are made of glucose, paraffin, wax and the like, colored with poisonous dyes. One especially appalling case is that of "burnt peanuts" as they are called—peanuts covered with a hard, reddish sugary substance. Analysis proves that the polished appearance of this coating is due to the use of common shellac—sometimes dissolved in wood-alcohol. The test is simplicity itself. When placed upon a hot stove the surface melts with the characteristic odor of sealing-wax.

R. A. P., N. Y.

All Honor to the Skillet!

IN ONE of the humbler suburbs of Baltimore a widower married a widow in whose house he had boarded, saying she was too good a cook to let get away. A reporter went out to the simple home with the idea of writing frivolously on the time-honored text that the road to a man's heart must be paved with food—"How she won him with a skillet," he expressed it—but the plain little woman was found so full of sane views on housekeeping and cookery that the story was turned into an informative one instead. One thing she said is worth passing on to other mothers, even those whose daughters go from colleges and professions into matrimony—without preparation:

"You ought not to blame the girls who work if they can't cook. When are they going to learn? Things have changed and girls won't stay home and help mother or go into domestic service any more. But when each of my girls became engaged I made her stay home two months before she got married and taught her everything I could in that time. It means a sacrifice of money to give up two months' work, but it is due the girls and the young men they are going to marry. We mothers call the men to account if they don't support our daughters. Then why shouldn't they call us to account if their wives can't cook a decent meal?"

M. P., Baltimore, Md.

School for Brides

A VALUABLE boon for young women who marry in haste, without having prepared for the duties connected with keeping house for two, has been announced by the Margaret Morrison Carnegie School for Women. The scientists of this institution have arranged a thorough course for brides, and Miss Dorothy B. Scott, Assistant-Registrar, gives assurance that it will include instruction in all the attributes necessary to make a husband happy so far as his purse and appetite are concerned.

An additional feature is the announcement that the course will not interfere with household duties, but may be assimilated by devoting to it the few hours a week formerly given to matinées and afternoon teas.

The subjects include cooking, from the boiling of eggs and plain frying to the making of pastry; theoretical dressmaking and practical shirt-waist making, as well as sensible sewing and millinery. The brides' entire course costs sixty-three dollars, and requires only one month.

P. T., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Housekeepers' White List

THE Housekeepers' Club of Nashville, Tennessee, have printed in their year-book a "white list." It consists of the names of those merchants whose goods and places of business measure up to the standard set by the club. There has been no boycott, and nothing disparaging has been said of those merchants not on the list, but it is an assurance that those whose names are listed are thoroughly reliable and dependable. It has had the effect of making merchants not on the list do some active cleaning up, and has revolutionized the business methods of many.

D. Y., Nashville, Tenn.

Testing Food-Stuffs

FORTY-ODD members of the Chemistry classes in the Rockford, Illinois, High School, under the direction of A. C. Norris, Instructor in Chemistry and City Milk Inspector, have been putting in their spare time out of regular school hours this Winter testing foodstuffs which are sold to their parents by grocers, butchers and dairymen. Special attention is directed to milk and cream, candies, vinegar and sausages, but nothing is neglected by the enthusiastic students.

The press of the city are cooperating with Mr. Norris and the students, and are publishing the exact findings, whether good or bad. It is expected that during the school term something will be done in this way toward stopping the sale of impure and adulterated foods in Rockford.

L. G. P., Rockford, Ill.

New Part-Time School for Girls

DOWN in the heart of the North End of Boston factory-girls are receiving practical and specific training for home-making. They are attending a public part-time school established jointly by the city and State for the training of girls in home-making. These girls are employed during the day in wage-earning occupations, which offer them no opportunity to secure helpful training that will make them the intelligent home-makers which the community must have if our civilization is to be sound at the core. This pioneer school has been made possible through the cooperation of broad-minded employers, who have been willing to allow a certain number, in turn, to attend the school four hours each week without loss of pay.

Simply and inexpensively, but in such taste that it is in itself an education to the girls, a suite of rooms has been furnished as a model apartment, with its kitchen, dining-room, bedroom and living-room. Here the girls learn how to prepare simple but nourishing meals, to spread beds properly, and to make the home orderly and attractive. They are given instruction in the simple principles of personal hygiene and of house sanitation, economy and good taste in the furnishing of the home.

The school stands as the result of a far-sighted plan of the State Board of Education and the Boston school committee to educate to good citizenship a mass of young girl workers in unskilled occupations. It differs from other part-time school experiments not only in recognizing home-making as a vocation, but in relating itself to the girl's future life rather than to the occupation in which she happens for the present to be engaged.

B. H., Boston.

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You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should Weigh

You can be sound in body and mind; efficient, well poised, and

You Can Be Well

I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can give me a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your individual needs. I have **Reduced the Weight** of 30,000 women and have **Increased the Weight** of as many more.

No Drugs—No Medicines

My work has grown in favor because results are quick natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense.* You can

Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit; your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Judge what I **can do** for you by what **I have done for others:** By teaching **deep breathing** and **correct poise,** so that each vital organ is in its proper place, and by **strengthening the nerves and muscles** to these vital organs, I have enabled each to do the work Nature intended, thus building up the strength and vitality by Nature's own means.

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupils—the medical magazines advertise my work.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can

Improve Your Figure—in other words be your *best self.*

I want to help every woman to realize that her health lies, to a degree, in her own hands, and that she can reach her ideal in figure and poise.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman. Call on me when in Chicago. I am at my desk from 8 to 5 o'clock.

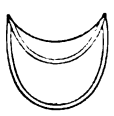
Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.

I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 53 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

"IN my very low, short-sleeved gowns, I wear Kleinert's Full Dress shape dress shield. It has such a short flap it doesn't show.



"With other frocks I need other shapes of Kleinert's Shields.

"So I always consult

Kleinert's

Dress Shields
CHART

"It shows just the Kleinert's Shield I need for each garment.

"Do as I do.

"Consult Kleinert's Dress Shields chart at the Notion Counter."

AMAMI SHAMPOO
OF EGYPTIAN HENNA

A delightful shampoo which, while **it does not change the color of any shade of hair,** imparts a beautiful lustre. Stimulates healthy growth. A dainty Prichard & Constance product for fastidious women. 60c a box at first class Toilet Counters. A sample for five 2-cent stamps.

PRICHARD & CONSTANCE
49-51 West 23rd Street, New York

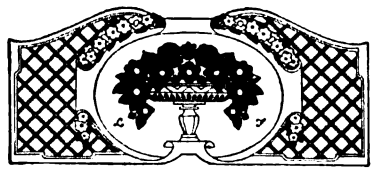
Maternity Dress

Made in one piece, self-adjusting. Expands through changing proportions and fits snugly after confinement.

Dresses, suits, coats, skirts, waists, negligees, corsets, underwear and infants' layettes.

Illustrated book of models "O" mailed free upon request

LANE BRYANT, 25 West 38th St., NEW YORK



THE MUSICAL VILLAGE

[*Continued from page 265*]

"YOU didn't need to. I want to know —*why?*"

He had not come nearer. But Miss Mattie put out a hand, warding something off.

Jim smiled at the gesture quietly, where he stood. "You'll tell me, you know." He was watching her—"You *have* told me."

Miss Mattie flushed fast—a deep flush, with tears behind it. She forgot the months of coquetting, and stood aggrieved.

But Jim did not forget. He moved a step nearer, looking at her. She might have been a bird and he the eager-eyed boy coming nearer with outstretched hand—a moment and she would lift wing. He had never touched the smooth plumage, the bird, shy-eyed and winged—that his hand would close about—this time. There was a swift stroke.

"Oh!" said Miss Mattie. The note trilled a little and then laughed. "Oh!"

Jim stood off and surveyed her proudly. "There!" he said, "now!"

She turned her head, a bird again, listening. "It's Ella," she said, "Come."

THEY found Solomon at work on his lathe, whirring in a cloud of dust. He looked up as they approached, with grim face.

"Heard the news?" demanded Jim.

"No." Solomon's wrinkles drew together. They waited, intent.

"Westcott's got through."

"'Through'?" Solomon's tongue moistened his lips.

"Through working—through Culver. He's going away for good." Jim's voice was masterful.

Miss Ella stole a swift glance at his face—and Miss Mattie's.

"You don't say so!" The words came slowly. Solomon's face was joyous and meditative. His fingers were fumbling at the strings of his big, grimy apron. "You don't say so! When's he going?"

"Right off—" Jim glanced at Miss Mattie.

She nodded. "He went last night."

Solomon's face expressed mild curiosity. "Is that so? That's why he wa'nt to work to-day." The face lightened with discovery.

"Perhaps." Jim's tone was dry. "We want you back, Sol. We've come as a committee—got to have you."

Solomon eyed them approvingly—as a committee. Then he shook his head. He was looking for his hat. "I'm an old man," he said. It sounded indifferent.

"Nonsense!"

"We really *need* you, Solomon." It was Miss Mattie's voice, sweet and gentle.

"Do ye?" He looked at her. The stolid look in his face gave a little. "I suppose ye do," he said thoughtfully.

He stood a minute, fingering the hatbrim. "I'll tell ye what it is," he said at last. "I've always wanted a little pay for it. They've never paid me a cent, you know—not for forty years. I've always thought I'd like suthin'—a little suthin'—just enough to say so—" He hesitated, looking at them.

"That's fair," said Jim. "How much?"

Solomon waited a moment; screwing his eyes into the years. "Well, I should reckon," he said slowly, "that fifteen dollar a year would be about right—you wouldn't think that was too much?" He looked at Jim a little anxiously. "There's rehearsals, you know, and funerals—and weddings."

"And weddings," assented Jim. "I should think it was just about right." He spoke as chairman of the committee, and he looked at the others. Miss Ella nodded assent. Miss Mattie's face was turned away, but in the silence that followed, the color in it trembled—like low singing, among the wheels and belts and dusty spindles—and flooded the room.

Solomon surveyed it gently. He placed his hat on his head. "I'm glad you think it's all right," he said. "I think it's about right myself, and I shall do my best for you—the way I've always done."

New Styles For Spring

Four of the advance ideas in Dorothy Dodd footwear are shown herewith. The snap and go that attracts young women is a dominant note in every one.

Dorothy Dodd
SHOES

This alluring style is combined with faultless fit and durability.

The Dorothy Dodd dealer has the full line. Ask for them and look for the trade mark.

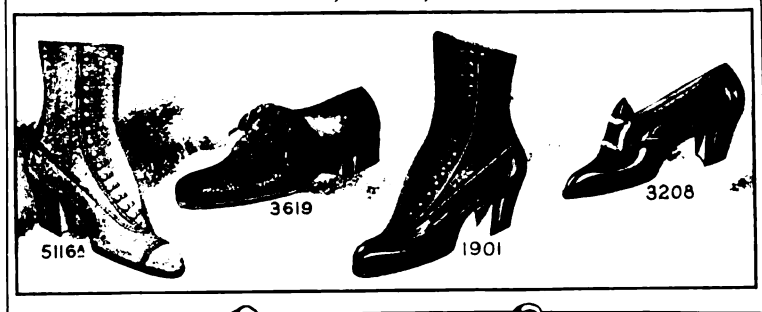
Description of shoes illustrated below.

5116a	White Washable Buck, Button, Welt.
3619	Gun Metal, English Oxford, Welt.
1901	Patent Button, Black Cloth Top, Welt.
3208	Patent Colonial Tie, Welt.

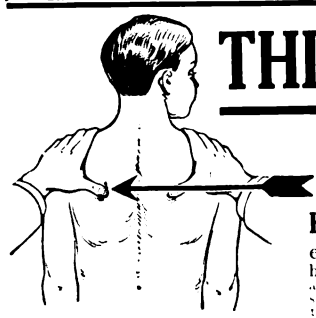
Prices range $3.50 to $5.00
A few $5.50 and $6.00

Dorothy Dodd dealers can supply you through Parcels Post Service

DOROTHY DODD SHOE CO.
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.



THIS IS THE WAY



KAZOO

Hose Supporter and Body Brace

encourages your boy to keep his shoulders back and his chest out—at the same time they hold his trousers and stockings snug. The KAZOO is the suspender that lively boys like because it frees them from binding and strain, yet makes them feel as tough and strong as little Indians. They slip on in a jiffy and off in a jiffy.

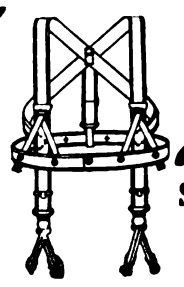
Easy to Get the KAZOO

Almost every clothing, department, furnishing or notion store can supply you at once with KAZOO suspenders. They are made for both boys and girls—and every growing youngster *deserves* them. If your dealer does not have them, write us and we will gladly tell you just where to get them.

Only 50c and 75c a pair

Belts exert a pressure at the pit of the stomach that encourages the boy or girl to stoop forward. Ordinary suspenders pull the chest in. KAZOO Suspenders keep the figure straight. Send today for free booklet "How to Dress Boys and Girls."

The Kazoo Suspender Co.
Kalamazoo, Michigan



AND THIS IS THE KAZOO Suspender Waist For *Smaller Boys*

HERE is a little KAZOO just like big brother's, only it has the sliding waist in addition. Made especially for boys from 4 to 10 years.

Only 50 Cents

Hinds Cream

HONEY AND ALMOND

Improves the Complexion

50c. 25c.

A toilet cream that is particularly agreeable and refreshing; that keeps the skin so pure and so clean that it never looks unwholesome, but always fair, fresh and attractive. It is not greasy and cannot grow hair.

You should try **HINDS** Honey and Almond **CREAM**—sold by all dealers, Hinds Cream in bottles 50c, and Hinds Cold Cream in tubes 25c.

Write for Free Samples

A. S. HINDS, 49 West St., Portland, Maine

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Bake Less Often —Save Work and Fuel

If you use OCCIDENT Flour you can bake a double batch of bread at one time and bake less often.

For OCCIDENT Bread keeps fresh, and retains its sweetness and flavor much longer than other bread.

This saves the work and fuel cost of several baking days each month. The reason

The Guaranteed Flour

OCCIDENT

makes bread with better keeping qualities than other bread is because OCCIDENT is an absolutely clean flour.

Every kernel of wheat used for OCCIDENT Flour is washed and scoured by special machinery; and OCCIDENT goes through more purifying processes than any other flour.

Then we use for OCCIDENT Flour only the choicest selection of the most valuable bread wheat produced—the hard, glutinous Spring wheat of North Dakota.

Costs More —Worth It Costs only a few cents more per sack and every sack is guaranteed to suit you better for all baking—bread, biscuit, cake and pastry—than any other flour, or we will pay back the price of the flour.

It will pay you to try OCCIDENT Bread in your family. Test it on our Guarantee.

Send for our Free Booklet, "Better Baking"

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Disks of Delight

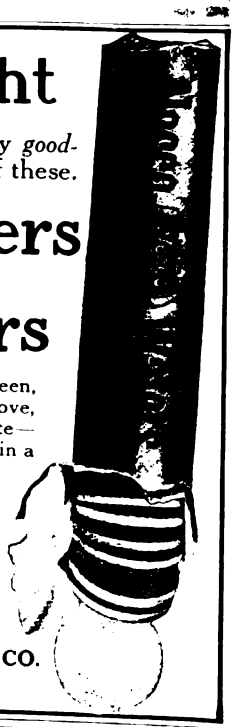
You can know the delights of real candy *goodness* if you just pop into your mouth one of these.

Necco Wafers
and
Hub Wafers

Every one of the nine flavors—Wintergreen, Peppermint, Sassafras, Chocolate, Licorice, Clove, Lime, Lemon or Cinnamon—is an old favorite—you'll like them all. **Necco Wafers** are rolled in a heavy wrapper—**Hub Wafers** in a transparent wrapper—that's the only difference between them. The *Necco Seal* of guaranteed purity and deliciousness is on both.

Necco Sweets—Over 500 varieties of pure, delicious candy, made in the cleanest, most modern confectionery factory in the country. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.



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At all Dealers—$1 to $5

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GENERAL FEDERATION NOTES

[*Continued from page 302*]

"The Home of the Future"

MEETING 2.
HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.
HOME-MAKING AS A PROFESSION.
THE HOME AS THE CENTER OF LIFE.

MEETING 3.
DIVISION OF INCOMES (Household Accounts and how to keep them).
SCIENTIFIC BUYING (Knowing different brands, etc.)—CUTS OF MEATS.
BARGAINS—REAL AND FICTITIOUS.

MEETING 4.
DEBATE: RESOLVED THAT ORGANIZED LABOR IN THE HOME IS SUPERIOR TO UNORGANIZED.

MEETING 5.
THE PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.
THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY IN HOUSEKEEPING.
THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF HELP BY THE HOUR.

MEETING 6.
THE IDEAL KITCHEN.
CONVENIENCES IN HOMES.
MUNICIPAL HOUSEKEEPING.

Principles of Cookery

MEETING 1.
THE FOOD PROBLEM. (Cost of food, etc.)
IS HOSPITALITY A LOST ART?
ECONOMY OF TIME AND STRENGTH IN COOKING.

MEETING 2.
THE FOOD AND ITS APPEAL TO THE SENSES.
FOOD AND THE BODY.

MEETING 3.
FUELS AND APPLIANCES FOR THEIR USE.
THE FIRELESS COOKER. (Have some member loan fireless cooker and demonstrate at meeting.)

MEETING 4.
DRINKING-WATER AND ICE SUPPLIES.
SOURING OF MILK AND OTHER CHANGES IN MILK PRODUCTS.
BUTTER AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

MEETING 5.
METHODS OF COOKING MEAT.
METHODS OF COOKING CHEAP CUTS OF MEAT IN PALATABLE FORM. (Bring in samples, if possible.)
MEAT SUBSTITUTES.

MEETING 6.
THE SCIENTIFIC ART OF BREAD-MAKING.
THE STORY OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.
QUOTATIONS ON BREAD BY MEMBERS.

MEETING 7.
MENU-MAKING. (The advantage of planning Menus from day to day.)
THE USE AND ABUSE OF GARNISHES.

"Home Care of the Sick"

MEETING 1.
LECTURE BY LOCAL PHYSICIAN ON NEED OF VENTILATION.

MEETING 2.
PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ONE'S OWN HEALTH.
THE PUBLIC HEALTH.
SURROUNDINGS—CELLARS, PLUMBING—NECESSITY OF DISINFECTION.

MEETING 3.
SYMPTOMS OF DISEASE.
CHOICE AND FURNISHINGS OF SICK-ROOM.
CARE OF SICK-ROOM.

MEETING 4.
CARE OF PATIENT. (Lifting and handling etc.)
BATHS AND BATHING.
CARE OF CONVALESCENTS.

MEETING 5.
THE GIVING OF MEDICINE.
NURSING IN CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.
EMERGENCIES.

(Obstetrics may be studied if desired.)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Household Administration in the Education of Women—Ravenhill & Schiff.
Increasing Home Efficiency—Bruere.
Making the Farm Pay—St. Maur.
Air, Water and Food—Richards & Woodman.
Home Sanitation—Richards & Talbot.
Disinfection and Disinfectants—Rosenan.
The Care of a House—Clark.
Household Science—Youman.
Household Hygiene—Bissell.
La Maison Salubre—Borre.
Healthy Foundations for Houses—Brown.
Healthy Houses—Eassil.
Our Homes—Hartshorne.
Soil in Relation to Health—Miers & Crosskey.
Art of Right Living—Richards.
Domestic Service—Salmon.
Household Economics—Helen Campbell.
Hostess of To-day—Larned.
Cost of Living—Ellen R Richards.
Cost of Food—Ellen R. Richards.
Cost of Cleanness—Ellen R. Richards.
Cost of Shelter—Ellen R. Richards.
The Story of Germ Life—Conn.
Dust and its Dangers—Pradden.
Bacteria, Yeasts and Molds in the Home—Conn.
Our Secret Friends and Foes—Frankland.
Food and Food Adulterations—Richards.
U. S. Government Bulletins—Department of Agriculture.

Along the same line, and owing also to a popular demand, we quote the following:

Child-Study Program

Prepared by Frances H. McLean for the Centennial Club of Nashville

THE CHILD.

1. THE CHILD AND HEALTH:
   (*a*) School Inspection.
   (*b*) Proper nutrition and how may the mothers be reached.
   (*c*) The Summer and the baby (milk supply and summer homes for the sick).
2. THE CHILD AND EDUCATION:
   With especial reference to Industrial Training. (*October and November*).
3. THE DELINQUENT CHILD:
   (*a*) Juvenile Court and Probation System.
   (*b*) When the Institution must be used. Rank of Our Institutions for Delinquent Children. (*Dec.*)
4. THE DEPENDENT CHILD:
   (*a*) Helping the Family and when should it be broken up?
   (*b*) When broken up, what next? Institutional care vs. Placing out. (*Jan.*)
   (*c*) Pensions for Widowed Mothers; how far have they been a success? Can we get them in this State? How?
5. THE DEFICIENT CHILD:
   (*a*) What provision in this State for Feeble-minded, Epileptic, Blind, Deaf and Dumb.
   (*b*) Provision in neighboring States. (*Feb.*)
6. THE CHILD AT WORK:
   Status of Child-Labor Movement in this State. (*March.*)
7. THE CHILD AND RECREATION:
   (*a*) Ordinary Amusements Available.
   (*b*) Supervised Play.
   (*c*) The Social Settlement. (*April.*)

FROM THE ABOVE EXAMINATION—

8. WHAT IS NEEDED FOR THE CHILD IN THE STATE?
9. WHAT IS NEEDED FOR THE CHILD IN THE CITY?
10. WHAT SHOULD BE THE IMMEDIATE PROGRAM? (*May.*)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Healthy Baby and How to Keep Him So, Roger H. Dennett, M.D.
Life of Froebel, Denton J. Snyder.
Children's Rights, Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Love and Law in Child Training, Emilie Poulsson.
Beckonings from Little Hands, Patterson Du Bois.
Conscious Motherhood, Emma Marwedel.
Bits of Talk about Home Matters, H. H.
From the Child's Standpoint, Florence Hull Winterburn.
Lectures to Kindergartners, Elizabeth Peabody.
Hints on Child Training, Henry Clay Trumbull.
A Mother's Ideal, Andrea Hofer Proudfoot.
The Children of the Future, Norah Archibald Smith.
Home Occupations, Katherine Beebe.
A Study of Child Nature, Elizabeth Harrison.
Reminiscences of Froebel, Frau Louis Froebel.
Child Study, Mrs. J. G. Allen.
The Worth of a Child, A. Harris.
Handbook for Mothers, Mary Louise Butler.
Topical Outline for Mothers' Meetings, Mary Louise Butler.
Motherhood; How Shall My Child ... Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

Also, pamphlets relating to ... Your Own State House, may be had ...

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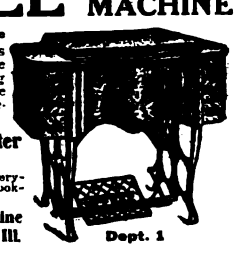

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OUR BOOK DEPARTMENT

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By James Shelley Hamilton

The Happy Warrior A ROMANTIC tale, of which a bare synopsis would inevitably give a false impression. If it had been written with less art it would have been tawdry and theatrical. But as it is, one must go back to Meredith to find a style among English writers with which there is fairness in comparing it. A most winning humor, a most touching skill in characterization and a most vividly emotional movement in the narrative quite drive out the thought that such a story is pure make-believe and never in the world could have really happened. It is a good book for any one, but most of all for one who takes joy in something carefully and finely written by a man with an artist's respect for literature.

The Happy Warrior, by A. M. S. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.35.

Back Home A COLLECTION of the stories about Judge Priest — that lovable old-time Kentuckian whom Irvin Cobb has made so popular. They are the kind of stories that will sometime be a part of the best history of our country—the kind that faithfully and sympathetically picture a bit of life which no professional historian ever touches upon.

Back Home, by Irvin S. Cobb. (George H. Doran Company.) $1.30.

Salve THE second volume of Moore's trilogy—"Hail and Farewell," the record of his renaturalization as an Irishman. Herein he goes back to Ireland to ally himself with the revival of the Gaelic language. Like the other volume it is extremely personal, utterly unreserved in all its comment on the people and things that come under Moore's attention. Like it, too, it makes a fascinating narrative out of the most trivial happenings and thoughts.

Hail and Farewell—Salve, by George Moore. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.75.

The Story of a Round-House PEOPLE are talking more about John Masefield just now than about any other present-day poet. This volume contains all of his early short poems, and "Dauber" and "Biography"—the last two long poems that he has published. The early ones are simple, not particularly individual, but rising sometimes to a poignancy of mood that stays in one's memory. The long story of the roundhouse—"Dauber"—is thoroughly Masefield's own, full of the blunt realism and dogged cramping of the material to the form that make so many critics protest that Masefield is no poet at all. But it is one of the most stirring poems of the sea ever written, with a sweep and splendor of descriptive power that no one but a true poet could achieve.

The Story of a Round-House, by John Masefield. (Macmillan & Co.) $1.25.

Why Women Are So A SANE and extremely readable attempt to find out why women are the way they are—to trace the influences that have made them feminine, and to judge as far as possible just how much the qualities we describe as "feminine" are the product of social conditions, and therefore changeable by changed conditions. The author arrives at the conclusion that "sex traditions rather than innate sex character have produced what is called 'feminine' as distinguished from womanly behavior." Her survey of the history of American womanhood will interest any one who wants to get beneath the surface of one of the interesting developments of our time.

Why Women Are So, by Mary Roberts Coolidge. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.50.

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These are not selected cases, neither are the results unusual.

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Baby's Safety Sleeping Belt

Mothers may rest at night

Knowing **baby cannot get uncovered—get up or down,** or **out of bed,** but may **roll from side to side** without bumping against the sides of the bed—**kick his legs, wave his arms**—and **breathe freely** when he wears **Baby's Safety Sleeping Belt.** Sent to any address for $1.00, and name of your dealer. Sizes 1, 2 and 3.
THE HYGIENIC SAFETY SLEEPING BELT CO., Inc.
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FINANCING MOTHERHOOD

[Continued from page 263]

factory work at that time. What about the home woman, the millions of her, who totters to her feet and stands at the wash-tub and the stove and the sink when she ought still to be kept in bed and hardly allowed to turn over without help?

In Hamburg they have "Visiting Housekeepers."

It is a neighborly sort of arrangement, really nothing more than an organized, scientific version of the old habit of the kindly neighbor women who welcome the baby by cooking and cleaning for the mother in grateful recollection of the time when she performed that same service in the same circumstances for each of them.

The "visiting housekeepers" employed by the authorities of Hamburg are specially trained. They can perhaps be called nurses as well as housekeepers. They are more efficient than the kindly neighbor women, both because they are specially trained and because they have no conflicting duties.

A Hamburg "visiting housekeeper" will be sent by the authorities to keep house for nine days in the home where there is a new baby. So the mother can rest, even if, because of not being a wage-earner, she is not a member of any official sickness-insurance society.

That Scary Word, "Charity"

IS THE "visiting housekeeper" a charity?

One good question deserves another. Is the public-school teacher a charity? She used to be called so. Her services are "free."

People used to be filled with hauteur at the thought of sending their children to a public school. Even now some people are too swagger to do it. Most people, though, have forgotten all about the foolish "charity" argument, and they send their children to the public school in perfect self-respect.

Most people, some day, are going to avail themselves of the services of public doctors, public nurses, public lawyers, and public "visiting housekeepers," as sensibly and as unthinkingly as they now avail themselves of the services of public-school teachers.

The "visiting housekeeper," in that part of her work which we have mentioned, is doing public service for the little future citizen just as much as the teacher is doing it in her schoolroom.

We are going to educate the body and the mind of that future little citizen during the first seven years of his life, as well as during the second seven. The first seven are at least a hundred times more important.

Education Under Seven

THAT is why, in the city of Milan, the public authorities grant a monthly pension to "needy" mothers with small children, but do so only on condition that these mothers attend "consultations" at which they receive instruction as to the care of small children.

Professor Charles R. Henderson of the University of Chicago reports that this Milan system now extends to 2000 children who are under the supervision of five "sanitary inspectors."

Is this "education"? Yes, after our definition of "education" has been taken out of the schoolroom into the open air and given a chance to get natural.

Education is anything that helps a child to make the most of his body and of his mind.

Getting the right food at six months of age will help him. It is hard to think of anything that will help him more.

In Milan other devices can be seen for accomplishing this same great educational purpose—right food for children.

The Italian Government has provided by law that every employer who has as many as fifty women in his working force must provide a room in which those of them who are recent mothers may nurse their babies.

No. 814. This dainty waist is of white cotton voile, fine and sheer; neatly tucked, fastening in center of front with pretty crochet waist buttons through stitched box plait; medium short sleeves with turn-back cuffs; Dutch collar and cuffs exquisitely embroidered in floral design and finished with scalloped embroidery edge; color, white, with embroidery design in pink, blue or lavender, with velvet neck bow to match. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust measure; also misses' sizes, 16, 18 and 20 years. Postage prepaid, $1.00.

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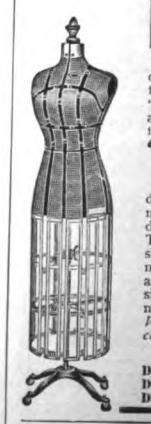

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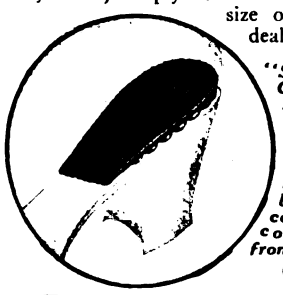
"Soft Spots"

Pneumatic

Heel Cushions

"She is so light on her feet!"

YOU can be, if you wear "Soft Spots". They take up the jar when walking, rest the body when standing, relieve the nervous system and give an easy, graceful spring to your step. If your dealer does not carry them, simply send us **25c,** stating size of shoe and dealer's name.



"Soft Spots" Combined Heel and Arch Cushions take the place of the old steel arches-weigh but half—self-conforming—comfortable from the start.

Only $1.00

Essex Rubber Company

New York Office 258 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Exclusive patented features

There are six definite reasons why you should use the

Wood Handles—do not burn fingers

GRISWOLD

Waffle Iron

Base ring keeps grease or batter from spilling on stove. Waffles can be turned without lifting pan.

Send for Free Recipe Book.

Styles for coal or gas range

THE GRISWOLD MFG. CO. Erie, Pa.

Holds and distributes heat evenly

FINANCING MOTHERHOOD

In a Government tobacco-factory in Milan the manager has installed a day-nursery, occupying several rooms on the ground floor. It opens on an inner court, in which are gravel walks and flower-beds. There are trained nurses in charge. The mothers come from the work-rooms to nurse their babies at fixed times.

It seems monstrous that women should be working in a tobacco-factory when their babies are so small as to need nursing. On the other hand, if we were not accustomed to it, it would seem monstrous to us that women should be as overworked as multitudes of them are in their own kitchens when their babies are still at breast.

Some day some crafty factory-owner will suggest to the United States Government that it investigate the American kitchen. When that report comes out, and when the inconveniences, the inefficiencies, the bad sanitary conditions and the overwork of the average American kitchen have been thoroughly exploited by a sensational press, the factory girl will be given a little well-earned rest while we turn to weep over the housewife.

We need a raising of the level of human work in the kitchen as much as in the factory.

The Insurance of Motherhood, with its constant use of visiting nurses and of visiting housekeepers, of doctors and of sanitarians, will become incidentally a large continuation school in Domestic Science and Art. It will be one of the chief avenues through which scientific management will be carried into the home.

Most clearly Henriette Fuerth is right when she says that any system of Motherhood Insurance which considers only the woman who is the wage-earner, is no system at all. It is just a fragment.

The home-keeping wife, who under the burden of motherhood sinks deeper and deeper into exhaustion and ill-health and incapacity, is enormously more numerous than the mother who has to leave her children in the day nursery or in the asylum and go daily to a money-getting job.

In other words, Motherhood Insurance is ultimately for all mothers.

From Germany to England

THE new English National Insurance Act grants a maternity benefit not only to insured women, but to the wives of insured men.

It is a benefit of thirty shillings—about seven and a half dollars—important principally as a recognition of a principle.

Thirty shillings will not keep a woman independent very long. Particularly not when the Act is careful to give the thirty shillings (unless the wife is herself a wage-earner) to the husband.

After doing this, the Act goes on to threaten the husband ferociously with an extreme penalty, to be visited on him in case he fails to give her what care he can during her confinement. If he takes the thirty shillings and leaves her in childbirth without medical attention, he is to be imprisoned "for not more than one month."

If he should go into some one else's house and take thirty shillings he could be imprisoned for several years.

When you reflect that the object of the National Insurance Act is to take care of sickness, and when you reflect further that the most important, the most socially important, "sickness" that happens to the human race is the one that issues in the birth of a child; and when you reflect, finally, that the method selected for taking care of this particular sickness is to give thirty shillings to the man who happens to be married to the sick person, though there is no guarantee that he may not be a drunkard or a thief or both; when you have accomplished these reflections, you will easily perceive that the Government which passed the National Insurance Act was not exactly under the thumb of the "indirect" in-

MB Ware

Coffee Percolators
(Pot and Urn Style)
Chafing Dishes
(Ivory Enameled Food Pan)
Tea Ball Tea Pots
Toasters
Water Heaters
Alcohol Gas Stoves
Chafing Dish Accessories
Bread Makers, etc.

Any cooking or heating device for use with alcohol, electricity or on ordinary coal or gas range can be most satisfactorily selected from the famous Manning-Bowman Ware, which is to be seen at hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.

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Coffee Percolators

MB Means Best

The most advanced ideas of the percolation principle of making coffee will be found in all the various styles of pot and urn percolators bearing the name Manning-Bowman. Made in over 100 styles and sizes.

Let this name be your guide when buying—it assures you of the highest quality, and identifies the product of the manufacturer who developed the principle of percolation in coffee making. Further, it guarantees you a better, more healthful and more delicious cup of coffee in less time and at less cost than can be obtained by any other process.

Special literature will be sent upon request, describing any article of the famous Manning-Bowman Ware in which you may be interested.

For free book of chafing-dish recipes write for Catalogue D-2. Address

MANNING-BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

REPUBLIC LAWN FENCES

You will save money and get the strongest, most attractive wire fence ever built when you buy **Republic Lawn Fence,** besides adding to the value of your home.

Extra heavy weight, thoroughly galvanized wire, close, even spacing of pickets and cables, self-adjustment to uneven ground, and **sag-proof construction,** are distinctive features of superiority.

Made in many styles. Easily put up—wood or iron posts.

REPUBLIC HERCULES FARM GATES have no equal for quality and price. Heavy, high-carbon, tubular steel frames, free from holes. Automatic, stock-proof lock, adjustable raise bar.

Heavy rust-proof fabric. Big catalog and information FREE. Write today.

Republic Fence & Gate Co.,
38 Republic Street,
North Chicago, Ill.

Don't Keep Food in Germ Incubator

Keep it in a **Rhinelander One-Piece X-Y-NO Stone-Lined** *Refrigerator!*

The lining of this refrigerator, made by a secret process out of X-Y-NO Stone, is one of the most sensational food, labor and ice saving inventions ever offered housewives. Don't fail to investigate it!

The X-Y-NO Lining

Sanitary! Everlasting! Economical!

X-Y-NO Stone closely resembles porcelain, but, unlike this costly material, it can never check, crack, break nor discolor. It is everlasting—as tough as steel, yet little heavier than hardwood. Corners rounded. Shelves, ice tank, drip pan—everything slides out, making it easily cleanable and *sanitary.* **$31 up!**

The Rhinelander *circulation* means a material saving of the ice. In many cases it reduces ice bills *one-third!* No dead air spaces. No unrefrigerated food. No odors, no dampness and moisture, no filth and an end of *microbes.* A value that is astounding housewives everywhere. You are protected by a *sweeping guarantee.* 10 days on approval. Freight allowed. Get our big, liberal offer.

FREE
This book tells all. In writing, please send your dealer's name.

Rhinelander Refrigerator Co., 104 Kemp Street, **Rhinelander, Wis.** (24)

American Beauties $1.25 Charges paid

Hat Cluster

This No. 1009 cluster is 3 beautiful French lawn roses, 1 imported bud, 18 imported leaves and natural-looking rubber stems. Pink, white, tea, old rose, and genuine two-toned American Beauty shade. **Sent prepaid for $1.25. Buy** from us and save money. *Shipments made promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed.* **Order today.** Write for Spring catalog No. 22.

Royal Flower & Feather Company
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Cooks Better

Saves Fuel, Costs Less

Queen Range

Splendid Kalamazoo range—latest model—wonderful fuel-saver—at bottom prices. 360 days' trial—freight prepaid—cash or credit.

We ship the day your order comes.

Write For Prices

and illustrated book of 400 stoves—FREE. Ask for Catalog No. 115. We make furnaces and gas stoves too—ask for catalogs.

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Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan

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YOUR COPY OF OUR COPYRIGHTED SPRING & SUMMER CATALOG OF EXCLUSIVE SHOE STYLES IS READY FOR YOU. IT SHOWS SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN RANGING IN PRICE FROM $3 TO $8, AND SHOES FOR CHILDREN AT PROPORTIONATELY LOWER PRICES ALL TAN SHOES IN NATURAL COLORS YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL WILL BRING SAME TO YOU POST PAID. ADDRESS DEPT. 80 N.Y. CITY

CAMMEYER New York
AMERICA'S LARGEST SHOE STORE

Think How Long You've Bothered with That

Same Old Corn

Perhaps you have pared it an hundred times and seen it grow again.

You have daubed it with liquids, maybe. Or used old-time plasters.

And the corn remains as bothersome as ever. It will remain until you treat it in a scientific way.

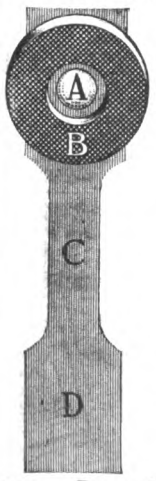
Other folks do this:

They apply a Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly. Then, for 48 hours, they forget the corn.

In two days the corn is loosened, and they lift it out.

No pain, no soreness, no discomfort. And no more bother with that corn.

A million corns monthly are now being removed in this gentle, modern way. Try it on that old corn.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(290) **Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.**

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We **ship on approval** without a cent deposit, **freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT** if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires* from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **art catalogs** illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous new offers.*

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you **free postpaid** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do not wait,** write it **now. TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels,** lamps, sundries at *half usual prices.*

Mead Cycle Co., Dept. G-21, ***Chicago***

ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCE

Strong, durable and cheaper than wood. Hundreds of patterns for lawns, churches, cemeteries, public grounds. Write for free catalogue and special offer. Complete line of Farm Fence, Gates, etc.

WARD FENCE CO., 245 Main St., Decatur, Ind.

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For Society or Lodge—College or School

FACTORY TO YOU

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Any style or material. Made to order. Special offer: Either of the styles here illustrated, enameled in one or two colors, and showing any letters or numerals, but not more than shown in illustration. Order by number.

SILVER PLATE $1.00 DOZ. SAMPLE 10c.
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Satisfaction guaranteed. We also make highest grade gold and silver Pins, Badges, Seals, Rings, Fobs, etc., at moderate prices. Send for FREE catalogue of new designs. Special designs and estimates free. **BASTIAN BROS. CO., 1 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

CHOICE DESIGNS FOR NEW SUMMER EMBROIDERY

and ***dainty ideas*** for all kinds of needlework, are found in the ***Kaumagraph Annual.*** You cannot realize the beauty and convenience of a ***Kaumagraph*** design until you have used one. New book, shirtwaist design and alphabet sent for 15 cents. ***Agents wanted.***

Dept. B-4, KAUMAGRAPH CO. 209 W. 38th St., New York

KAUMAGRAPH DESIGNS WON'T BREAK OFF

FINANCING MOTHERHOOD

fluence of the home-loving British matron and that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world only at afternoon tea.

Insurance Must Be Compulsory

NEVERTHELESS the National Insurance Act will always be one of the great events in English history, like the execution of Charles the First.

That execution proved that in England a king had to reign by the rules of the kingdom and not by his own wishes.

The National Insurance Act proves that the subjects of the Crown have to manage their personal affairs, such as being sick and getting well, in accordance with a plan devised to promote the general public welfare.

The man who doesn't care whether or not there is money in the house when his wife is brought to bed with child must pay his fourpence a week into the sickness insurance fund just the same. When the child arrives, the child-money arrives. The father is coerced into thrift.

Further, the English system includes, as the German does not, the woman who is a mother but not a wage-earning one. That is, it includes her in case her husband is a wage-earner within the operation of the Act.

The newspaper dispatches indicate that the system proposed in Australia likewise includes the home-keeping mother.

The Labor Party (which is the dominant party) in Australia is reported to have adopted a Motherhood Insurance policy as follows:

First. A payment of twenty-five dollars, in a lump sum, at the birth of a child.

Second. A weekly allowance of two and a half dollars for six weeks preceding the birth and for six weeks following it.

"Subsidies" During School Age

IT WILL be remembered that the fourth point in Henriette Fuerth's "Insurance of Motherhood" scheme was "general subsidiary aid until the child leaves school."

We give a great deal of such aid already.

First, we give the school itself. Along with the school we now often give textbooks and other school materials. Often we give free medical attention and advice. The school doctor examines the child, and the school nurse tells the mother what the trouble is and how to remedy it.

If anybody should call this "socialism," we wouldn't do it; but as long as nobody gives it that name, we do it very happily.

We even joke about it.

"And what did Tommy learn at school to-day?" says father, coming home.

"Why," says mother, "he learned that his method of breathing was all wrong."

It does sound strange. If he had learned how many pounds of asafetida are exported annually from Persia, it wouldn't sound strange at all.

In spite of our sense of humor, however, we are working toward giving free medical care to our whole population of school age.

This is an indirect but a genuine "subsidy" to the parents, because it tends to relieve them of the expense of doctors, dentists and nurses.

They pay for this "subsidy" when they pay taxes, or when they pay rent to a landlord who pays taxes, or when they do work for an employer who makes profits and pays taxes.

Through taxation, just as through compulsory insurance, an indifferent man may be coerced into paying money year by year into a fund which will be used to give his children care which he himself personally would never have given them.

The central point is that the child shall have care, *and that part of that care is a home.*

Insurance Against All Emergencies

FOR fear that the child may lose his home if his father gets sick and can not work, we insure his father against

"How in the world do you keep that skirt so fresh looking?"

"Oh, this is Indian Head. It looks like linen, doesn't it? It irons beautifully and doesn't wrinkle."

Indian Head is as serviceable as linen and costs much less. The finest thing for out-door dresses—children's clothes and nurses' uniforms—men's shirts and shirt-waists for women. Widths 27, 33, 36 and 45 inches. Soft finish and stiffened shrunk finish.

Indian Head

is also splendid for embroidery, drawn work, table covers, etc.

For twelve cents we will send you a pattern and sufficient cloth for an attractive collar and cuff set or for a 20-in. centerpiece. In writing, state whether you prefer the collar and cuff set or the centerpiece.

Don't make any mistakes about getting genuine Indian Head which now has the trade mark Indian Head printed on every yard of selvage.

Amory, Browne & Co.
42 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Do you want to educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, dress better than you can now afford? Why not do as thousands of other women are doing—make a good income selling the world famous **Fibre-Silk** Hosiery and Underwear in your home town? No experience necessary—we show you how. **Fibre-Silk** goods cost less, wear better and last longer.

The World's Star Knitting Mills, established in 1895, are the largest in the world manufacturing and selling knit-goods direct to the consumer. Thousands of customers, all over the U.S., buying **Fibre-Silk** hosiery and underwear direct by mail or through our special agents, are getting far better value at a lower cost than can be secured in any other way.

Fibre Silk REGISTERED

Fibre-Silk stockings for Men, Women and Children have a soft, silky, beautiful lustre; feel delightfully comfortable and pleasing; **wear three times as long as ordinary silk;** fit snug on ankle and are absolutely free from seams and lumps of every sort. The famous **exclusive** PEARL TOP insures perfect fit and comfort to stout and slim alike.

50c per pair

Style No. 206 Extra light weight gauze, with high spliced heel and double sole and extra long pearl top. The ideal stocking for summer wear—adorns and beautifies any foot. Made in black, white, tan, slate, helio, royal blue, wine, pink and light blue—Sizes 8 to 10½. Sent postpaid.

FREE BOOKLET containing sample of raw material and showing all the latest creations in hosiery and underwear at money-saving prices sent upon request. If goods are not satisfactory, money refunded. Send 50 cents for style No. 206 described herewith. We fill orders direct where we have no representative. Where represented our agent will call on you.

AGENTS WANTED In every town in the United States to sell **Fibre-Silk** goods, a permanent, pleasant and profitable business. **Fibre-Silk** agent in Texas made $2,275 last fall. Our sales instructor tells you **how.** Get our free book. Write to-day. Address

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Makes the Complexion Beautiful

Soft and Velvety

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The soft, velvety appearance remains until powder is washed off. Purified by a new process. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. The increasing popularity is wonderful.

White, Flesh, Pink, Brunette. By leading toilet counters or mail. Price 50 cents. Address Dept. T.

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HOWEVER old or shabby your floors may be, they are not hopeless. JAP-A-LAC will make them new and beautiful, whether they are soft or hardwood floors.

JAP-A-LAC literally works wonders—not on old floors only, but on everything from cellar to garret.

JAP-A-LAC
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Our booklet, "The Home Beautifier," will be sent by us upon request. JAP-A-LAC is made in 21 colors and Natural (Clear) in all sizes from 10c cans up. For sale in every city and town in the United States and Canada in Paint, Hardware, Drug and Department Stores.

The Glidden Varnish Co. Cleveland, Ohio

Factories: Cleveland, Ohio—Toronto, Canada
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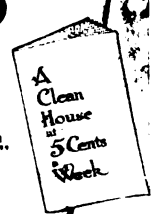
Makers of Glidden's Green Label Varnishes, White Enamels, Endurance (Mission) Wood Stains, Waterproof Flat Wall Finishes and Cement Coatings.

Take it easy and have a Spotless House

I never had so clean a house at so little expense; or so little worry and so much leisure as I have had since I kept house with the

ABSORBO
Dri-Mop and Dusters

So says the housewife who has *tried* them. We want you to know *why* and *how* the **Absorbo Dri-Mop and Dusters** clean so easily, so well, and harmlessly. We have told *all* about it in this FREE BOOK: **"A Clean House at Five Cents a Week."** Send for *your* copy *today*.



TRIAL OFFER

Ask your dealer for **Absorbo Dusters** and the **Absorbo Dri-Mop.** If he does not carry **Absorbo Dusters** and **Dri-Mops** and does not care to get them for you, here is a

Special Introductory Offer

We will send a **Year's Outfit** on receipt of price:

1 Dri-Mop (handle 54 inches long)	each,	$1.50
3 Standard Dust Cloths (30x36 inches)	"	.25
1 Desk Duster (18x24 inches)	"	.15
1 Korner Kleaner with 36-in. handle (convenient for radiators and behind large furniture)	each,	.25

The total retail price of all these is $2.65; we will send ALL COMPLETE, CHARGES PREPAID, anywhere, for $2.50.

"It Absorbs The Dust."—Send for our booklet: **"A Clean House at 5 Cents a Week."** It is an interesting story. Written by a housewife. It also describes and illustrates all styles of **Absorbo Dusters.** *Absolutely* **FREE.** Drop a postal TODAY.

CHICAGO FEATHER DUSTER CO., 764 Mather St. CHICAGO

Look for the word "ABSORBO" stamped in green on every Absorbo Duster

No one can tell where your gown is fastened when you use

PEET'S PATENT Invisible Eyes and Spring Hooks

Genuine bears our trade mark, "It's in the triangle," and the name "Peet's" on every envelope. Never sold on cards.

Invisible Eyes 5c — *Hooks and Eyes* 10c — WON'T RUST

PEET BROTHERS, Dept. I, Philadelphia, Pa.

FINANCING MOTHERHOOD

sickness under the National Insurance Act.

For fear that the child may lose his home if his father loses his job and can not find a new one, we insure his father against *unemployment* under that same National Insurance Act.

In almost every part of the world we find similar compulsory insurance against *industrial accidents*.

Maternity benefits, sickness benefits, unemployment benefits, accident benefits, all break the shock of those emergencies which might otherwise wreck the child's home life. They all of them secure to the mother the opportunity to give the child that kind of life.

The German Compulsory Insurance System now goes one step farther. It will this year begin to pay "Survivors' Pensions."

There are three kinds of insurance in the German system: insurance against sickness, insurance against accidents, and insurance against "old age and invalidity."

"Survivors' Pensions" will be paid out of the "old age and invalidity" funds. Employers contribute half of the money for those funds, and employees contribute the other half.

The "Survivors' Pensions" will be of four different sorts:

First, there will be an "orphan's pension" which will be paid at regular intervals to each child of the deceased wage-earner till that child is fifteen.

Second, there will be an "orphan's settlement," a sum of money to be given to the child on his fifteenth birthday.

Third, there will be what is called "widow money," a lump payment to the widow at the time of her husband's death.

Fourth, there will be a "widow's pension" to be paid to the widow in case she is an "invalid" and to be discontinued in case she is restored to health.

These "pensions" are not related at all, apparently, to the payments which are made to the widow and to the children out of the *accident* insurance fund in case the husband and father met his death in the course of his daily work.

"Pensions" in This Country

NOW it is certainly true that if we had compulsory insurance in all its branches throughout this country, and if it applied not only to the wage-earning population but to the whole population, and if the payments made to widows and orphans were adequate, there would be less need than there is now for the American "widows' pensions," the straight allowances out of public funds, which we have discussed so often in previous issues of THE DELINEATOR.

This is the suggestion frequently made by charity society officials who do not want any more "widows' pensions" laws of the present American type.

They look at the subject more patiently than Mrs. Finger does.

The dimples in Johnny Finger's elbows will have been lost in the hard muscles of young manhood long before we have compulsory insurance of any even remotely comprehensive kind in this country.

Besides, we are not talking merely of pensions for widows. We are talking of a much broader proposition. It is that Mrs. Finger ought to have Johnny, and Johnny ought to have Mrs. Finger, whether Mrs. Finger is a widow or not.

As a matter of fact, she is not a widow.

Her husband deserted her in 1911 and has not been heard of since.

And before he deserted her, though he earned eighteen dollars a week, he had the habit of bringing home only two or three of the eighteen.

Conceivably, wives might be insured against being deserted by their husbands. But they won't be for some time yet.

It is because the problem is one of motherhood and not merely of widowhood that in America we have not usually confined "widows' pensions" to widows.

My *Free Book* Tells How

Send For It!

ONE hundred and twenty-five tested recipes to help you cut down expenses. Gives you the *secrets* of making inexpensive cuts of meat and fowl just as delicious and nourishing as the most costly. No other recipe book has ever helped the housewife do this. And this is only one of the many money-savings you will discover by looking into the merits of my *Rapid* Fireless Cooker—the fastest, best, most saving cooker possible to buy.

Complete Outfit Genuine Aluminum Cooking Utensils with Every *Rapid*

All covers and compartments aluminum lined. Absolutely odorless, rust-proof and hygienic. Roasts, bakes, steams, stews, boils and fries—all inside the cooker. No re-heating necessary. *Rapid* radiators are the most scientific made and last forever. No pads or cloth lining. Easiest to clean. Beautifully finished dust-proof top. Metal lining, no odors or heat to get out. Kitchens keep sweet and cool. Visit, sew, shop, mind baby—your dinner will cook without attention in a *Rapid*. Nothing burns, nothing spoils, all the flavors and juices kept in and everything done just right. 100,000 women now own a *Rapid*—sold on my binding Money-Back Guarantee.

Get My 1913 Special Factory Price Offer on

10,000 *Rapid* Fireless Cookers

This is a great big saving right at the start. You not only get your cooker straight from the maker, but I am making an extra special 1913 price offer to get 10,000 cookers placed in new neighborhoods at once, for every cooker I deliver is bound to bring me four or five orders from friends and neighbors of the people who buy and prove for themselves the wonderful merits of my *Rapid*.

Write Now For The 30 Days Free Trial

There's only one way to know what my *Rapid* will save you in work and worry and fuel and food. That's to try it in your own kitchen and you can do that at my risk—30 days—money back if you don't want to keep the cooker. But write today for my Special Factory Price and Free Recipe Book.

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
DEPT. 328 DETROIT, MICH.

30 Days Free Trial

Handsome Percale Dress $2.00 Post Paid

5510—While we call this smart, well-tailored Dress a Morning Dress, it has a style which makes it suitable for wear at all times of the day, and in any place. Made of Simpson's fast color Percale, with scallops and panel in front of waist embroidered in Mercerized White Floss. Has fashionable raised waist line, and becoming and comfortable Dutch neck. Materials, Workmanship and Finish are excellent. Colors, White, Blue or Heliotrope. Ladies' Sizes, 34 to 44 bust measure, 39 to 41 inches long. Misses' sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years, 35 to 39 inches long. Extraordinary value for $2.00, Post Paid. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Our *Spring and Summer Fashion Book*, showing many other exceptional values, sent Free on request. *Write today.*

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Duplicates ANY Figure
The Completely Adjustable Dress Form

Conforms to every individual feature and contour of your figure, no matter whether it is perfect or imperfect.

Adjustments range from 18 to 42 inches for waist, 30 to 56 inches for bust, 30 to 64 inches for hips, skirt any shape desired. Height, from 4 ft. 6 in. to 6 ft. 2 in.

The LADY CLAIRE
Adjustable Dress Form

is distinctive in that it gives full 100% ADJUSTABILITY. It saves you the fatigue of standing for numerous fittings, thus reducing your expenditure of time and energy simply to the final try-on. It makes it possible for you to drape and fit your own gowns PERFECTLY.

It is NOT an expensive luxury, but a money-saving and time-saving NECESSITY.

Indispensable to dressmakers

Write for free ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

PERFECT ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORM CO.
36-38 West 35th Street, New York

To PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS

A very interesting illustrated pamphlet displaying the latest and best styles of maternity garments, also babies' layette will be mailed Free on receipt of 2 cents in stamps.

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO.
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Your Wedding!

Your Wedding Invitations and Announcements must be correct and distinctive. They must represent you worthily. The styles have changed this year. Our 1913, Southern Size, engraved on 80 lb. Colonial paper, is fashion's latest word. Write for our booklet, "Distinctive Announcements." It has some very interesting and important information for you.

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The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush — Most of your friends use it and *profit* by it

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A Paint Lesson

We paint ten times for our eyes' sake to once for the sake of the building. The poorer the paint the oftener we must renew it to maintain the building's good appearance.

The beauty of a painted building lasts two or three times as long if secured by paint made of Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil.

Dutch Boy White Lead—white in the keg—any color you want to make it on the house.

Dutch Boy White Lead in steel kegs, 12½, 25, 50 and 100 lbs. Dutch Boy Linseed Oil, 1 and 5 gallon sealed cans. Ask your paint dealer.

Let us send you "Painting Helps 12," full of facts every house owner should know about painting. We will include our catalogue of 100 beautiful stencils for walls.

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New York Boston Buffalo Chicago Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco St. Louis
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FINANCING MOTHERHOOD

Of all the ten pieces of American legislation under which assistance is given out of public funds to mothers for the purpose of enabling them to maintain their family circle united and for the purpose of enabling them to keep their children in school, there are only two in which that assistance is limited strictly to widows. Those two are the school-attendance law of Oklahoma and the local municipal Board of Children's Guardians law of St. Louis.

Independent Motherhood

IF WE put the American and the European plans together, and if we carry them forward a few years into the future on the lines along which they seem to be developing we shall say to Mrs. Finger:

By maternity insurance we guarantee you rest and medical care at the time of the birth of your child.

By employing public-school teachers, public visiting nurses, public-health inspectors, public doctors, we guarantee you the mental and physical education of your child whether you individually can afford it or not.

By publicly and forcibly insuring your husband (whether he is a "good risk" or not) against death, we guarantee you a certain income if you are left a widow.

By insuring your husband during his life against sickness, against accidents and against unemployment, we guarantee you at least a little money every week in your husband's hands, no matter what misfortunes of fate he may meet.

But your husband may try to neglect you and your children. He may try to spend his money, both his regular earnings and his insurance benefits, on himself alone. In order to protect you at this point, we will when necessary (and we are doing it already in many cities) compel him to pay a certain sum every week to a public official, who in turn will pay it to you.

But your husband may commit a crime and get sent to jail. We will not punish his children for this any more than we can help. The jail authorities (as in Detroit) will set your husband to work and will give you part of what he earns.

But, finally, your husband may never have belonged to any of the classes of people falling within the compulsory-insurance acts. Or he may have deserted you, and the utmost efforts of the police authorities may have failed to locate him. For such emergencies we have a last remedy in reserve—a frank, straight "allowance to mothers" law. With state funds, directly, we will pay you to keep your children out of asylums and off the streets in a home.

For our purpose with you, Mrs. Finger, is to permit you no escape from your task, which we have already defined, of arousing life, intense and abundant, in Johnny Finger and his brothers.

Within the next generation we may even punish you for not supporting the home with your time and your personality and your housekeeping skill, even as we now often punish men for not supporting the home with their money.

You are going to be an agent of the state; and the state is going to set a standard for you, even as it sets a standard for your husband.

The "tour" in the wall of the "hospice," Mrs. Finger, turns no longer. You can not lay Johnny in it. He is "the child of the nation," but the nation chooses you as his nurse.

Mrs. Schoenig is a good nurse. But the nation chooses you.

The poetic ages have hymned Motherhood. This practical age will finance Motherhood. It may not write poems. But it will make them.

(Our second and concluding article on husbands who resign was crowded out by the recent developments in the campaign for "Widows' Pensions" but will appear in some soon forthcoming issue.)

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CREX—the original and genuine—now has the name woven (almost invisibly) in the side binding on the rounded edge, as shown in illustration.

Before you buy, look closely for CREX on rug or runner—it's your protection and stands for HIGHEST QUALITY.

CREX coverings are sanitary and durable—do not hold dust or dirt—are reversible and easy to keep clean.

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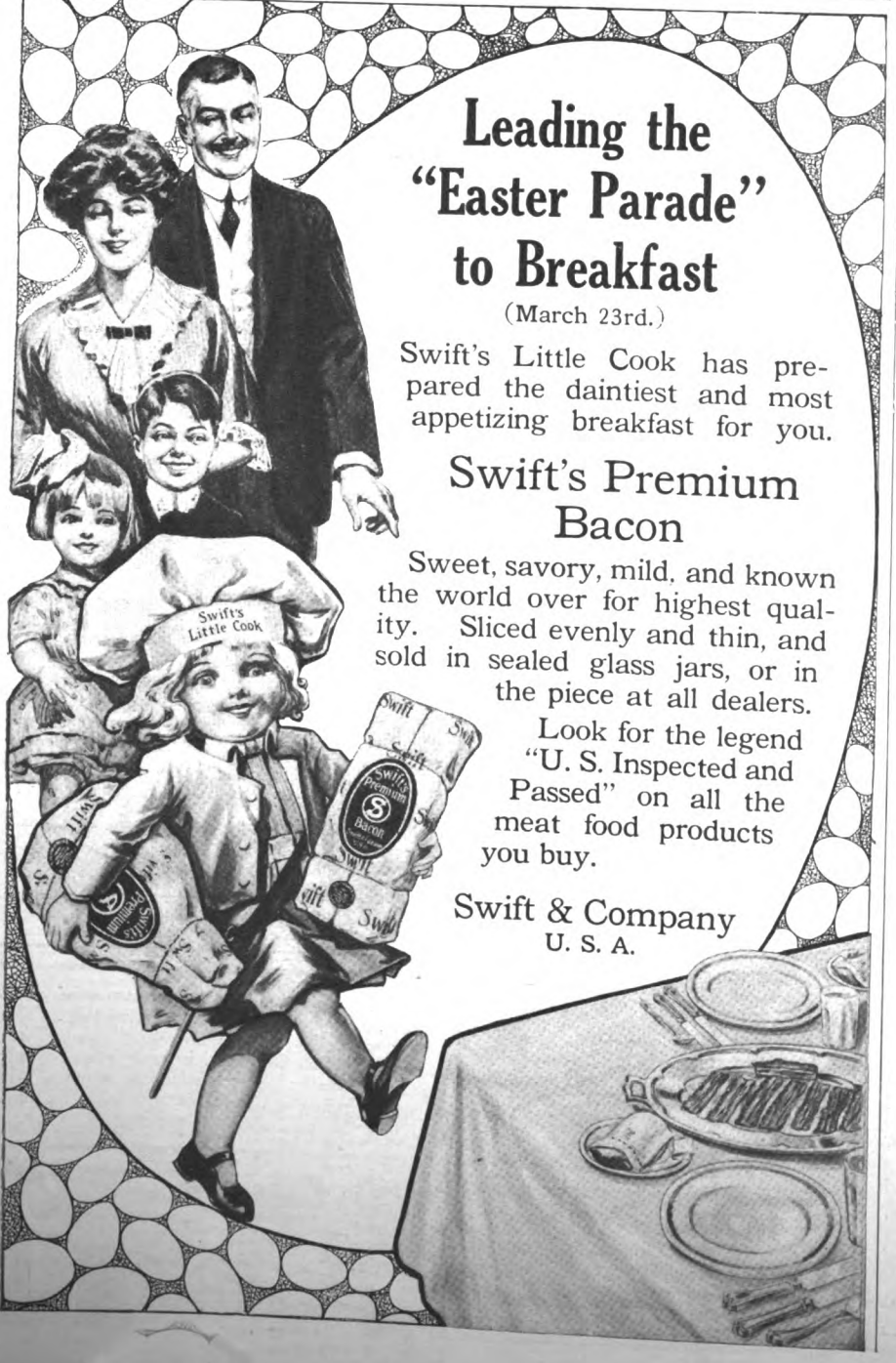

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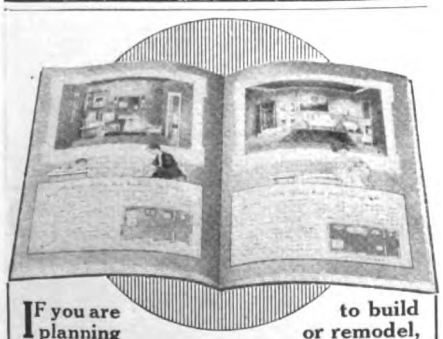

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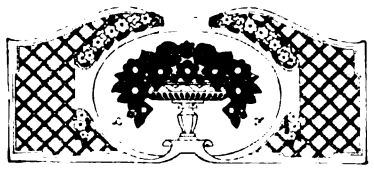

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

[*Continued from page 262*]

ful, in a still, deep way. Hermie began to get out lumber for a house of his own in the Spring, and Ellen said to him:

"What makes you hurry? I feel's if you'd just come."

She had exactly the air of detaining them for an afternoon visit with a cordial hand.

"Well," said Hermie, "mebbe I'd better let it lay an' season. I can build another year full better'n I can this."

But he pitched into work on Ellen's wood-lot, too, and thinned out marauding trees about the old pines, and cut enough wood for her to burn all through the year. And Ellen and Hattie, sitting together of an afternoon and gossiping over their seams, had abundance of housewifely content.

Ellen hardly saw Melvin all that Winter. He looked thin and peaked, she thought, when she did see him at church, and his sister, who bowed to her very coldly now, told her he had a good many colds.

And the Spring came, and the lilac broke into bloom and the bluebird sang, and suddenly Ellen discovered things were different. She was well. She had never been so well in her life. Her cheeks were rosy red and so round that she laughed at them. They looked like chipmunk's cheeks, she told Hattie, stuffed full of nuts. There had been happy days and calm secure nights. She was, she told herself delightedly, all made over. The first time she realized that things were different was the night she sat on the doorstep by herself and heard the whippoorwill begin his full, mysterious plaint. Hattie came out while the milk was cooling, and Ellen said to her:

"I hate that bird, don't you?"

"Why, no," said Hattie, "I dunno's I do. Some say it's bad luck, but I never give no heed to that."

Ellen was smitten to the heart, because, after all, she didn't hate the whippoorwill. It almost seemed as if she had wished some harm to him.

"Why, no," she said, "I dunno's I hate him. He sounds kinder lonesome, that's all. I guess I'll walk down the road a piece."

Ellen took up her dress about her and walked down the path and out into the road. She did not know where she was going, but the night was full of warmth and odors, and the freedom of it beguiled her after the long imprisonment of the snow. At the pasture bars she stopped, for this was Melvin's pasture and there were his "young critters" just put out, their pretty heads alertly lifted at the bars. Melvin always made such pets of his critters that they unthriftily spent a good deal of time, when they were not with him, in seeking to go where he might be. Ellen stopped a minute before them, and then she softly dropped the bars.

"Co! co!" said Ellen, and the two foremost came. Before the others could step over, she had the bars up again, and the two that were released were careering down the road. Ellen didn't stop them. She even gave her skirts a little flutter, and they ran the more. Then Ellen went on at a quick trot, the other way, laughing a little, though she had scanty breath from the haste of her going. And when she reached Melvin's house, gleaming whitely behind its elms, she ran up the pathway and there, as if he awaited her, stood Melvin, just risen from the doorstep where he was prolonging his hour of twilight ease.

"Oh, Melvin," said Ellen. There was a little catch in her voice, and her breath came fast. "Some o' your young critters have got out. I see 'em down the road."

Melvin seemed to have as hurried speech as she.

"Did you come to tell me, Ellen?" he said. "Well, I'm much obliged."

Then Ellen began to laugh. She did it under her breath, for fear the Widow Lowell should hear, but it got the better of her and she let it free.

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Cawston Plumes will make you look your best because of their soft individual grace. They will give the special fashion touch to your new or old hat. Cawston Plumes are backed by a complete ostrich farm and a year's guarantee against defects of workmanship or material.

Let Us Make Your Old Plumes New Ones.

Your old feathers are valuable when our experts take them in hand. We re-dye, re-curl or re-make them or perhaps combine them with new stock or convert them into one of the new, smart, upright effects. Send us your old plumes and we will write you what repairs we advise and the cost. We pay return charges whether we do work on them or not.

Send for the Cawston Fashion Portfolio

showing six of the latest Parisian hats trimmed with Cawston Plumes and feather novelties. It illustrates Cawston Plumes, also collarettes, etc. We are holding one for you. With this Portfolio you can easily trim your own hat, just like these smart French models, using Cawston Plumes.

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It tells you just what are the correct 1913 styles, in which laces are the dominant note. It shows you how to use lace in gowns, coats, waists, lingerie, neckwear, dress accessories, baby's and children's wear, bridal costumes; and in household articles such as sofa pillows, curtains, table linen, etc. It contains instructions as to the cleaning and care of lace. Fully illustrated. 32 pages. Mailed free on request.

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Quaker Laces are a highly specialized line, designed to accord with predominating fashion requirements. The designs are original and distinctive, and they come in a wide range.

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QUAKER LACE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

"Oh, Melvin," said she. Then she took hold of herself enough to whisper, "She at home, Melvin?"

"Why, no," said Melvin. "She driv' over to the street to pass the evenin'. You want to see her?"

"No, no," said Ellen, "no, I don't. Melvin, I let the critters out."

"You let 'em out?" said Melvin. "What'd you do it for?"

"Because," said Ellen. She was crying hard now, with laughter, she thought. "Because I wanted to see you, an' that's the only way I could think of."

The blood flew up into Melvin's face. He felt it there, hot and throbbing. It even seemed to beat into his voice.

"Why, Ellen," said he, "you could see me any hour in the day. You've only to say the word. What'd you want to see me for?"

"Why," said Ellen, "because I ain't seen you all Winter."

"Well," said Melvin, "I thought that's what you wanted. You turned me off."

"Oh," said Ellen, "I thought 'twas what I wanted. But I've tried it, an' I guess I don't. There never's anybody in this town so lonesome as I be—unless it's the whippoorwill."

Melvin's hands were on her shoulders, but she slipped away from them. She was as shy as the whippoorwill.

"Ellen," said Melvin, in a tone she hadn't heard from him, "you know how 'tis with me, an' how it's goin' to be, long as you an' me walk this earth. I never lived through such a Winter as this, an' if I've got to live without you, I never want to see another."

"Me neither," said Ellen meekly. But she walked away from him as she said it, and though Melvin went beside her, his arm about her waist, she would give him no encouragement.

"Tell you that?" said Ellen, "why, I guess I sha'n't. You'll have to come over to my house an' ask me. I couldn't talk over anything like that except when I'm at home. It'd look as if I came to get you. To-morrer night you could come over. Well, to-night, if you want to—but I couldn't say it here."

Ellen was an absurd person.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"

[*Continued from page 253*]

The three stanzas following were added by a Mrs. Townsend in 1829:

Then it ran to her, and laid
Its head upon her arm,
As if it said "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

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ECONOMICAL
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STRAIGHT SWITCHES		WAVY SWITCHES	
1¾ oz. 18 in.	$0.85	20 in.	$1.65
2 oz. 20 in.	1.25	22 in.	2.90
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Featherweight Stemless Switch. 22 in. Natural Wavy $4.95

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BREHM BROS., Erie, Pa., Dept. 13

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"THE LIVE MODEL CORSET"

never needs any argument to induce her to buy the same make ever afterwards. Kabo is the corset that's always right.

Fitted and fashioned on the perfect figures of living models.

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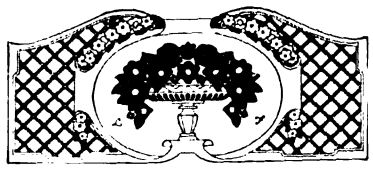
OUR GARDEN DEPARTMENT



WHY NOT HAVE A WINDOW GARDEN?

By Kate V. Saint-Maur

FOR one dollar any woman who has a room, no matter how small, can have the brightness of a tiny garden.

Begin by getting from a grocery store two boxes about a foot square and three inches deep. These are for your nursery. Two small boxes are easier to handle than one three feet long would be, but they are to stand end to end, so as to appear like one, right across the window.

Cover the stand, box or boxes with a piece of matting, burlap, chintz or anything pretty. The top boxes must have a coat of stain; five cents will provide plenty at any paint-store. A couple of bracket stands for the sides of the window will cost twenty cents; two flower-pots for them, ten cents; a hanging pot for the center, twenty-five cents.

For the mold to fill all these, take a car-ride into the country. Here in the shaded woods you can dig soil enriched with leaf-mold.

Naturally the wall-paper and furnishings of the room must control the choosing of plants, for all beauty would be destroyed if the window were out of harmony with the room coloring.

If blue predominates, imagine the effect of dark gold narcissus at one side of the window, the rest of the box filled with portulaca (a deep orange); in one side-pot Tom Thumb nasturtiums (Crystal Palace [illegible] a lovely pale yellow with maroon [illegible]; in the other side-pot, yellow climbing nasturtiums; in the hanging basket, canary-bird flower, a very pretty creeper, and some of the portulaca. This combination gives you every shade of yellow from corn to saffron, as well as a charming variety of foliage.

The cost of the three narcissus bulbs is fifteen cents; the four packages of seed for the nasturtiums, portulaca and canary-bird flower will cost five cents each; total, including pots and brackets, ninety-five cents.

IF YOUR walls should be yellow or yellowish, try blue hyacinths for the side grouping; the groundwork of the box could be love-in-a-mist, so named because the foliage is so feathery it forms a mist. The hanging basket and bracket pots would be lovely if planted with balloon-vine and some of the love-in-a-mist.

The cost of this window decoration would be ten cents each for hyacinth bulbs and ten cents each for two packets of seed; total cost, forty cents.

Whatever you decide on to plant start the seeds in the two little nursery-boxes, being sure the earth is very finely pulverized. Fine seeds, like mignonette, love-in-a-mist, wallflowers, pansies, etc., must be scattered on the smoothed earth, and then have a light covering of earth; not more than enough to hide them.

Press down gently, sprinkle with water, and set in a partly shady place, or rather not in the direct rays of the sun, for they must never become quite dry until germinated. The larger seeds, such as sweet peas, nasturtiums, balsams, etc., should be put in one inch apart, and deep.

When the seedings are about an inch and a half high, transplant them to the window-boxes, pots, etc. Bulbs, however, may be put into the box or pot they are to remain in, kept in the dark and quite moist for six weeks. At the end of that time let them have all the light and sun possible.

When your window-garden is in bloom, once a week remove all your growing things into the bath-tub and give everything a thorough drenching. Keep a pan of water on the stove, or whatever heating apparatus you warm the room with.

Remember, at night, when very cold, or if the heat is likely to go down, to put newspapers between the window and your garden, so the plants will be safe from frost.

A.W. Co WASHINGTON CRASH

Style Fabrics for Spring

FABRICS that have style woven into their very warp and woof. Made by the American Woolen Company—approved and recommended by authoritative fashion creators

One of the most charming is Washington Crash 500, a smart new weave of exceptional tailoring qualities. All fashionable colors, 54-56 inches wide. Look on the reverse for the trademark as shown above.

Other style fabrics made by this company are **1915 Broadcloth, 90-45-71 Serge, Arden Diagonal 700, and Arden Serge 1044.** All pure wool and dependable quality.

Ask for American Woolen Company Fabrics

They are sold at good dry goods and department stores everywhere and may be had in high-grade ready-to-wear garments. If you do not find them, please write to us. Spring Style Booklet mailed Free on Request.

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President

Selling Agents: American Woolen Company of New York, 15th to 16th St. on 4th Ave., New York

The Right Width and all Wool

Caught in the Act!

Mistress: "Why, Lizette, isn't that my Pompeian?"

Maid (in confusion): "Y-e-s—but I-I-I just couldn't help trying it. You-you praised it to Mrs. Miller, and you praised it to Mrs. Johnson and to Mrs. Brown, and to every woman who came to the house—and-and then I did so want a nice complexion like yours."

Mistress (laughing): "Now, how can I scold you for that! You surely have followed the advice, 'Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one.'"

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

You can't blame a person for using an article after hearing it praised as often as Pompeian is praised. Users of Pompeian Massage Cream are enthusiastic because Pompeian gives a clear, fresh, youthful skin. In short, it "youth-i-fies." It does. Pompeian gives honest, youthful beauty.

Remember, Pompeian "youth-i-fies." It does.

A Shopping Hint. Do you realize why a cheaply-made imitation or substitute is offered at some stores? Because it costs the substitutor less, and he makes more—at your expense. You can't be too careful what you put on your face. Get Pompeian. At all dealers, 50c, 75c and $1.

GET TRIAL JAR

Sent for 6c (coin or stamps). For years you have heard about Pompeian. You have meant to try it, but delayed. Each day that you delay you make it just so much harder to preserve or regain your youthful beauty. Clip coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.

99 Prospect Street Cleveland, Ohio

Cut off, sign and send—Stamps accepted but coin preferred

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.

99 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 6c (coin or stamps) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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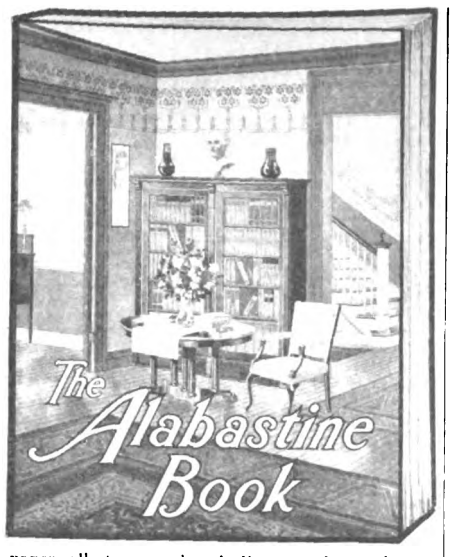
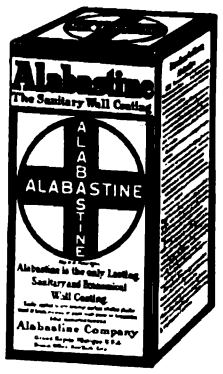
40 New Plans in Color Free

For Your Spring Decorating

Our New Spring Book of Interior Decorating shows 40 plans in charming new tints with the latest stencil patterns. Explains our special offer to furnish Color Plans for your Decorator to work from, *made to your order*, absolutely Free.



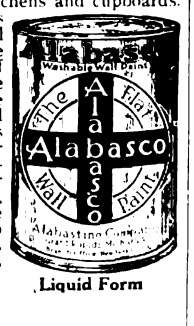
Alabastine
The Beautiful Wall Tint



Full 5 Lbs.

Alabastine is entirely different from any other tinting ever produced. Its wonderful soft watercolor tints have never been equalled for wall decorating. Beautiful pictures have been painted with Alabastine colors, so soft and velvet-like are the tones and so wide the variety of pastel shades and rich deep hues. It gives the walls of the home a finished, exclusive appearance. Do not think of Alabastine in connection with kalsomine. Alabastine tints are applied with a regular wall brush, mixed simply with cold water, no expensive oils or hot water muss—as different from kalsomine of any kind as calico is different from finest muslin. Architects choose Alabastine for their *own* homes because it permits the most individual color schemes and stencils and the most artistic, smooth and lovely walls—a different tint in each room and all in perfect accord with the best taste. Alabastine is absolutely sanitary. Wall paper collects germs, breeds disease and spreads contagion. It is a menace to health. Moreover, cheap wall paper is ugly, while the exclusive patterns are very expensive as well as unhealthful. Alabastine is most economical for it neither chips, peels nor rubs off and keeps in good condition. Pound for pound Alabastine covers more wall surface than any other decorating material you can buy.

There are certain parts of walls in the home that the housewife would like to wash. Therefore we recommend our washable wall paint, Alabasco, for the walls below the chair rail in dining room and hall, along the stairs where children put their hands, in bathroom, nursery and for kitchens and cupboards. Alabasco like Alabastine comes in a great variety of beautiful soft tints, and like Alabastine it does not chip, peel or rub off when put on properly. Some manufacturers have advised the use of washable paint on all walls. We have proven this is not practical or economical for the home. The housewife cannot wash her ceilings and upper walls—it requires an expert, but she can easily wash the lower wall spaces exposed to extra wear and keep these as fresh as the Alabastine walls above.



Liquid Form

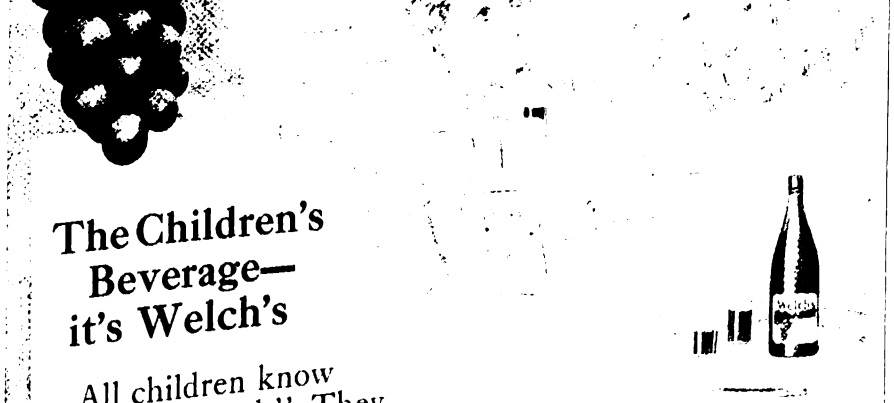
Alabasco
The Flat Wall Paint

Let Us Help You and Your Decorator Our designers are experts and they will carry out your taste in the most correct way, sending samples from which your decorator can work—*all free of expense.* The Alabastine Book explains all. Write for it today.

If your regular dealer does not handle Alabastine or Alabasco, write us for the name of a dealer near you who does.

ALABASTINE COMPANY 826 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Desk 26, 105 Water Street New York City



The Children's Beverage—it's Welch's

All children know "what's good." They all love Welch's, and older folk know that Welch's is not only a delicious treat, but being fruit nutrition in fluid form, is helpful and health.

Welch's
"The National Drink"

The schoolboy or girl needs flesh and bone-making foods, such as may be supplied in palatable form by giving a raw egg or olive oil in Welch's. Try it yourself and see how *good* it makes them taste.

Welch's is ideal for children's parties. You can make punch, grape lemonade, sherbet, ice cream, cakes and icings, candies, etc., with it. We will send you our booklet of recipes free on request.

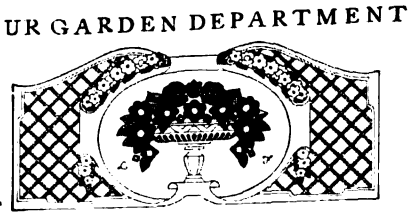
Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—say "Welch's" and GET IT.

Order a case today. If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-ounce bottle mailed for 10 cents. When ordering, give your dealer's name.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N. Y.

Welch's, the National Drink, is recommended in the Westfield (Mass.) Book of Pure Foods

OUR GARDEN DEPARTMENT



THE REJUVENESCENCE OF A BACK YARD

By Walter A. Dyer

WHEN we first made the acquaintance of our back yard the outlook was discouraging enough. It was a neglected back yard. Weeds, weeds, and more weeds, rubbish and litter, and a forlorn stretch of uneven sod that defied the ministrations of a lawn-mower and succumbed only reluctantly to the onslaught of hoe and rake.

It was like adopting a child from the slums, whose heredity was doubtful and whose present condition was obviously degraded. As to the heredity of our back yard, we later found a large portion of it to be the child of an ash-heap. But that is another story.

My first duties were those of general cleaning up, and that was work enough. It was astonishing how many undesirable things had grown up that needed to be cut down and burned, and what a litter of dull-brown leaves one unlovely old-pear-tree could make.

The yard's chief evidence of a past gentility lay in a row of tall lilac bushes along the fence, and I soon discovered that here my first great battle was to be fought—my Austerlitz or my Waterloo.

Four or five of these lilacs in the middle of the noble old row were overgrown with a dense mass of gnarled honeysuckle—overgrown, undergrown, choked almost to death, and in places quite hidden.

Now honeysuckle is a beautiful thing in its place, and if you are given to moralizing you will find a text in that.

THEY told me that these lilacs were doomed; that no man could possibly disentangle that mass of honeysuckle, and root out the persistent vine; that lilacs and all must be cut down and the earth plowed up. I insisted that it could be done; whereat, being an acknowledged novice, I received the superior smile.

Well, I have done it! All Winter it took me and some part of Spring, working at odd hours when the weather permitted. Every strand was cut, painfully unwound with blistered hands, and pulled down from the tops of the shrubs, and every root was grubbed up or hacked to death beneath the surface of the earth.

And when Spring was fully awake and every shrub bloomed—albeit some weakly—the pride of victory warmed my heart. I think I would rather have conquered that honeysuckle than have made a thousand dollars by foreclosing a mortgage. Yes—there is no doubt about it—I am quite sure I would.

But that isn't the moral of the tale. What has filled me with wonder and admiration is the vigor and hopefulness of these old lilacs. When I pulled out the honeysuckle I discovered shoots springing up from the bent and groaning stock, and reaching up sturdily toward the light through the mass of stifling growth.

BOWED down by oppressive influences, smothered by circumstances over which they had no control, poor, deprived of human assistance, with no apparent hope for better days, how tenaciously these old Spartans clung to life; with what faith they reached upward toward the sun, with what devotion they struggled to fulfil their destiny.

Noble lilacs, you are honored friends of mine to-day. I hurt you cruelly in my bungling efforts to help, but you opposed me not, neither complained, but rewarded me in due season with the fragrant gift that it is your mission to bestow on man.

Never more shall you suffer from neglect and lack of appreciation and friendship, but shall spend your latter days in peace and fruition, the honorable patriarchs of our back yard.

See that they are made of

Everlastik

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The garter web that out-lasts the corset
(Patent applied for)

When you cut the rubber strands in sewing the supporters on the corset they will not slip back and leave the fabric lifeless—that is why EVERLASTIK will give several times the service you can get from any other garter elastic.

If you will see to it that the corsets you buy are made with garters of EVERLASTIK, you will never have to buy extra garters, for EVERLASTIK will out-last any corset.

And when you buy elastic by the yard, call for EVERLASTIK—it means better quality.

If not at your dealer's, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Adopted by Benjamin & Johnes—Oppenheimer and Weil Co., and other large corset manufacturers.

HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.
Established 1884

6 Hardy Everblooming ROSES Postpaid For Only 25¢

All Sure to Bloom and Bloom All Summer

My Maryland, handsome salmon-pink. Clothilde Soupert, delicately variegated. White Hermosa, pure white, very double. Marechal Niel, a deep yellow. La France, beautiful rosy pink. Red La France, a rich crimson.

Our 25c Collections

6 Chrysanthemums	25c
6 Fuchsias	25c
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Any 5 collections for $1.00; the above 9 collections and the six Roses, making the above

72 Plants for $2.00

We pay postage and guarantee safe arrival [illegible]

Our 1913 catalog, "Floral Gems," showing over 200 flowers in natural colors, sent **FREE**

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Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. It leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. It is prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price 50c per jar and sold by all druggists. Write today for full particulars. Also our free booklet,

"Would'st Thou be Fair?"

This booklet contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations, which are indispensable to the toilet. Address *today.*

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. D, Aurora, Ill.

DINGEE ROSES

Sturdy as Oaks. *Founded 1850*

Dingee roses are always grown on their own roots—and are absolutely *the best for the amateur planter.* Write for our "New Guide to Rose Culture" for 1913—it's free. It isn't a catalog—it's an educational work on rose growing. Profusely illustrated—the cover pictures the new Charles Dingee rose—best, hardiest free-blooming rose in America. We have plan to prepay all express charges and guarantee safe delivery. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses.

The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 429, West Grove, Pa.

GET America's Star Roses GUARANTEED. Catalog sent free.

360 of the Best Roses for America. Vigorous own-root plants. 11 leaders shown in natural colors. Full information how to select, plant, prune and grow. Write today for this valuable book, with FREE DELIVERY OFFER.

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Rose Specialists—30 years' experience.

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Violet Mac Millan

Be Fair to Your Face

Sample Free

and your face will always be fair. Bring out your beauty now hidden under waste matter which soap and water will not remove. Women of refinement, society leaders and stage beauties know that the right way to do this is to

Use Sempre

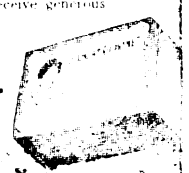
A dainty, fragrant little cake most convenient for direct application. Simply rub it on, then rub it off—and the pleasing result will amaze you.

Sempre Giovine

An exquisite blend of purest oils, that reaches down deep, absorbs and removes *all* the dust, dirt, impurities and waste matter; opens the clogged pores permitting them to "*breathe*"; and promotes healthy circulation. Thereby *Keeping the Skin Young, revealing* its natural beauty—the soft, smooth, velvety tone and tint of youth.

Be fair to your face and *try* "Sempre" today. At your dealer's 50c. or send us his name and receive generous

FREE SAMPLE



Marietta Stanley Co.
42 Turner Ave.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

IRONCLAD
DRESS GALATEA
It Pays To Make It Up

IRONCLAD GALATEA CLOTH

Write For 67 Samples

IRONCLAD is a neat and stylish fabric for charming house and street dresses. You will be pleased with the new and pretty Ironclad patterns—modest in price and to your liking. Write at once for samples and the name of your dealer. We will be glad to send you the name of a dealer in your town if you have none. Address Dept. D.

FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING CO.
115 West Fayette St
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We Want the Woman
Answering the Following Description:

She has an instinctive sense of beauty.
She is a good judge of the style and fit of clothes.
Other women value her opinion in matters of dress.

This is a talent, and the woman possessing it can earn a good income by learning to fit the flexible new guaranteed corsets demanded by fashion, and taking orders for them in the home. Exclusive territory given. A sincere, high class, liberal proposition.
Address application to
NU-BONE CORSET CO
Corry, Pa

Here is the only conveyance designed for the baby that will permit the mother to take her child everywhere

Oriole Go-Basket

If not at your Dealer's Write us for Catalogue and Great Trial Offer.

A combined wheeler, carrier, bassinet and jumper. Can be pushed or pulled, carried on the arm or will stand alone. Changed instantly. Endorsed by physicians. Great convenience to mother—comfort for the baby. Be sure to get the Oriole—avoid imitations.

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LOW FACTORY PRICES
on Invalid Chairs and Tricycles. Send 10c in stamps for illustrated catalog.
GORDON MFG. CO.
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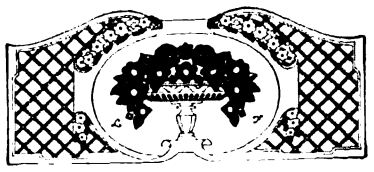
YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN



HOW TO CUT OUT YOUR FRENCH DOLLS

ISN'T a French doll the most beautiful sort of doll in the world, dears, and haven't you always wanted, oh so much, to have a French doll to be your very own?

Of course this was your wish, and now the wish has come true, and THE DELINEATOR is giving you, not *one* French doll, but *three* French dolls wearing the lovely dresses that pretty ladies wore across the sea in France when Butterick fashions went 'way over to Paris.

Find your sharp scissors and your most sticky paste. Now we will cut out and make the French dolly ladies.

Each doll is in two parts, a back and a front section. To make these sections fit together *very* neatly, and have the doll *very* well made when she is finished, you will guide your scissors *so* carefully, cutting on the edge of the figure—never outside and never inside. Be quite careful, too, about not cutting off any of the white flaps, because these flaps are very important when you are ready to make the dolls stand.

As soon as all the six doll sections are cut out, look for the little black lines that you will find on the dolls' dresses. Laying the sections down on a cutting-board or on a piece of quite thick cardboard, cut slits with a sharp penknife as these black lines show you how.

The paste fun comes now. Paste each back doll-section to its proper front section, oh, so carefully. Only fancy, if you were to put the back of the lady in green upon the back of the lady in yellow! You see you will need to think very hard indeed when you back your dolls. And paste them only as far as their slender waists. The part of the dress that comes below the waistline in each back section is to bend out and make the dolls' overskirt very full.

When the paste is dry, bend the doll's skirt back in a circle, slip the flaps into their proper slits, and your three little French Butterick ladies will stand up very nicely and play with you.

What shall they play?

Oh, wouldn't you like to have your French Butterick dolls play come-to-visit your paper-doll Sterling children, and your paper-doll Sterling bride and groom? Of course you have saved these Sterling dollies very carefully. They will have a great deal to tell each other, for they lived so many years apart.

MARKETING

By Ethellyn Brewer DeFoe

WHEN mother goes to market she
Quite often takes me, too,
And we buy nuts and go and feed
The squirrels when she's through.

I do not like the meat store much.
I wonder how it feels
To have your feathers all pulled off
And hang up by your heels.

The groc'ry store is nice and clean,
With fruit all in a row,
And all the pretty, greeny things
That in the country grow.

And then there is the fish place where
You must be careful, for—
If you don't watch—the lobster he
Will bite you with his claw.

And oh! I 'most forgot the best!
The lovely cooky store!
We don't go there so very much,
I wish we might go more.

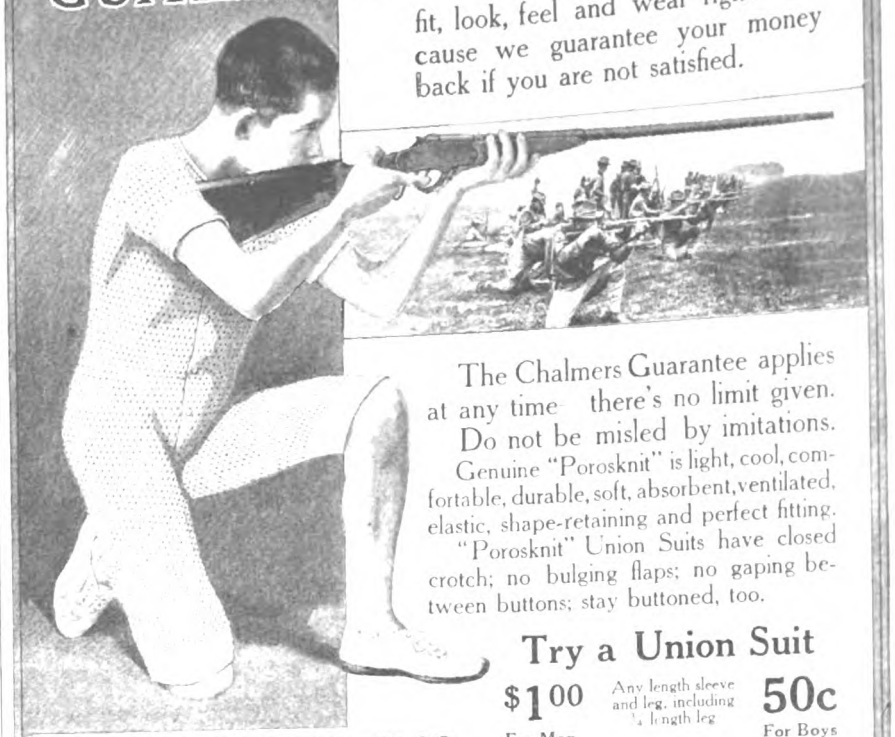
Mama says I must never ask
For anything I see;
And I don't ever, but somehow
They all give things to me.

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905 DESIGN PAT. DEC. 3, 1907
GUARANTEED

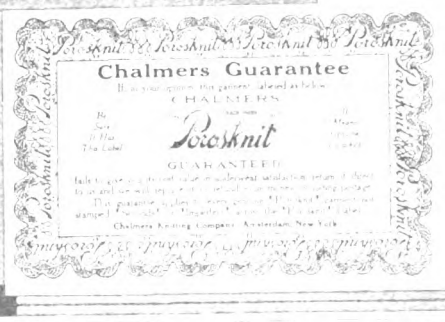
The Genuine has this Label and is Guaranteed

There can be no doubt

about the genuine "Porosknit." It *has* to be right—made right—fit, look, feel and wear right—because we guarantee your money back if you are not satisfied.



The Chalmers Guarantee applies at any time—there's no limit given. Do not be misled by imitations. Genuine "Porosknit" is light, cool, comfortable, durable, soft, absorbent, ventilated, elastic, shape-retaining and perfect fitting. "Porosknit" Union Suits have closed crotch; no bulging flaps; no gaping between buttons; stay buttoned, too.



Try a Union Suit

$1.00 For Men — Any length sleeve and leg, including ¾ length leg — 50c For Boys

For Men 50c — Any Style Shirt and Drawers per garment — 25c For Boys

Men's Mercerized "Porosknit" (looks like silk) $1.00 garment, $2.00 Union Suit.

Write for Illustrated Style Booklet showing 13 styles "Porosknit" garments

Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
38 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

We have been making soaps for very many years, and

Fairy Soap

is the best product our chemists can produce. It answers every requirement of the toilet and bath. ¶Fairy Soap is white because it is pure; it floats and is always easy to get at; it is made in an oval cake that just fits the hand; its price is but 5c. ¶When you want the highest quality in soap get Fairy Soap.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

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This laundress does thousands of washings just like yours

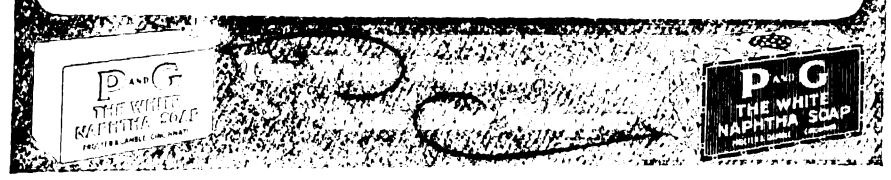
Over a million women use P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap. Among them are thousands whose washings are the same as yours.

These women, with the same kind of clothes to wash as you have, use P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap because it washes their clothes clean without hard rubbing or boiling; because it relieves them of the work for which they would wish to have a laundress if they had to use ordinary soap.

If these women find P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap so helpful and satisfactory, is it not evident that you who have a similar washing are overlooking something worth while as long as you do not use this modern method?

Try P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap and you will see that you have been doing a great deal of work which you need not have done. For P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap *will* wash all your clothes without your doing any hard, disagreeable work—will wash them *safely* no matter how delicate they may be—will wash them *clean* no matter how badly soiled.

Get a cake—5 cents—and what P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap is to a million others it will be to you—*a laundress!*



KNOX GELATINE

KNOX GELATINE comes in two packages—Plain and Acidulated—both alike, except the latter contains an envelope of concentrated lemon juice, taking the place of lemons in flavoring. Each package contains a tablet for coloring.

A package makes two quarts (one-half gallon) of delicious jelly.

Try this sample Recipe

Chicken in Jelly

1 envelope **Knox** Gelatine
½ cup cold water
A chicken
A bay leaf
6 peppercorns
3 stalks of celery
A slice of onion

Soften the gelatine five minutes in the cold water; cook the chicken in boiling water until tender, then remove the skin and bones and return to the same pot with the vegetables and spices and a little salt; reduce to a quart; then add the softened gelatine and strain over the chicken in a mold. Set aside in a cold place. Serve in thin slices. Garnish with celery leaves or parsley.

Knox Recipe Book Free

More than 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc., have been reproduced in our illustrated recipe book sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
66 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.

DEPARTMENT OF CHILD-TRAINING

THE HOME KINDERGARTEN

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

NOTE: THE DELINEATOR wishes to help its readers in giving children kindergarten training at home as a help in preparing them for school work. Miss Bailey will be glad to answer any questions on this subject. Write her, care of THE DELINEATOR, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Talk to Mothers

Earth Mothering the Baby

SHE believes that her baby has *two* mothers. She knows that she, alone, is not capable of dealing with all the problems of child discipline that come up every day in connection with her eager, impulsive, naughty, adorable four-year-old.

"When Brother says, 'I won't,' when he ruthlessly breaks his playthings and interferes with the play of his little sister, I know that he doesn't need me to help him to be good," she assures me. "I realize that he needs his Earth Mother.

"So I put on his rompers and his oldest coat and give him a shovel to dig with and a barrow or a cart to hold the results of his honest labor. Then I turn him loose in the corner of the garden where the apple-tree whispers to him and the sun smiles on him and the earth is so brown and soft that you can get the 'feel' of it into your very soul. Here my boy's Earth Mother lives, and she takes him into her world-wide arms and tells him the secrets of life as I never could, and she makes him good.

"If I were to try and talk him into goodness when he is, perhaps, irritated into naughtiness by the confinement of our four house-walls, or when his finely tuned nervous organism is strung with discordant notes that I know nothing of, my words would avail nothing in untying his kinks of naughtiness.

"What a difficult-to-manage child needs is to learn how to manage himself. If I, or his father, or his teacher, or any one control Brother, we are doing nothing *live* for him, morally. He must learn to control himself. This he learns, I believe, through a close companionship with Nature."

Have you introduced *your* child to his Earth Mother?

Out-of-doors, a child *feels* goodness. The winds of heaven blowing in his face cool the fever of his temper. The odor of fresh loam and flowering trees and pungent green things; the rippling of a brook and the calling of wild birds stimulate his senses and drive from his emotions all evil impulses.

At every hand he sees examples of good growing things: the harebell that has pushed its way through a crevice in the rock and lifted its cluster of blue blossoms in spite of handicaps; the bare tree of yesterday that covers itself, courageously, with a new flowering; the bare spot in the old wall suddenly draped with the festoons of a regal wild grape-vine.

Every child of kindergarten age should have a strong set of garden tools suited in size to his size, and including a shovel, rake and hoe. A child should have a sturdy wagon or a wheelbarrow as well.

One of the deepest-rooted activity instincts of childhood is to carry. The baby wants to "tote" his playthings from one end of the house to the other and then back again—just because of the keen physical pleasure which is his in the act of carrying. The child out-of-doors with his small cart finds joy in filling it with stones, dirt, sticks and leaves, unloading and reloading a dozen times. It isn't an aimless development. Rightly directed, too, it may be turned into play that makes for neatness and orderliness.

We are going back to some of the good old playthings of our grandmothers' days: the hoop, the battledore and shuttlecock, and the grace-hoop. Every child should have a large rubber ball for outdoor use, and a round bean-bag. All of these toys mean such strenuous physical exercise in the open for a child that ozone is pumped into the lungs by the gallon, and health results.

As stimulating to child development as this use of outdoor playthings, though, is the way a child is helped to use his mind's eye, his imagination, in secret with his Earth Mother. Just a glimpse through the open window at morning and evening, an afternoon's walk with you to a park, a near-by farm or a strip of woods—these are opportunities for helping your child to see the wonder-working and the eternal goodness of Nature.

Handicraft

Silhouette-Picture Cutting

IT IS a kindergarten occupation that meets a child's natural desire to cut and tear paper. Left to his own devices, he is quite apt to destroy home objects if he is not guided in his scissor-work. The kindergarten way is to take a child's instinctive destructive desires and turn them into educative, constructive play. So the baby may make pictures with his scissors instead of destroying with them.

The materials for silhouette-cutting are a small, blunt-pointed pair of kindergarten scissors, a few sheets of fairly thick black paper—tailor's paper is tough and easy for small hands to manage—and some stiffer paper or bristol-board mounts, in white or light gray, upon which to paste finished pictures. Black paper is best for the child's first cutting because his finished work is in such contrast to the lighter background on which he mounts it that he is able to see his untrue outlines and improve in his next cutting. The paper and mount may be reversed, using black for the mount and white for the cutting.

To give the child eye-training in form, help him to cut a few geometric forms first: a square, an oblong, a circle or a triangle. The child of only three or four will be able to cut paper strips of the same length and width, a splendid exercise for helping fingers and eyes to work together. Then suggest cutting larger and smaller squares, oblongs, circles, triangles and strips, contrasting and comparing them.

When a child has learned some proficiency in guiding his scissors in this first free-hand cutting, show him how he can combine the various pictures. Each of these pictures may be connected with some interest of the child's play life, helping him to express his play instinct in a really tangible way.

A black paper oblong carefully cut and pasted in the center of one of the child's mounting sheets makes the body for a little cart like his own. Two circles are pasted on for wheels, and a narrow strip of the black paper pasted to the front makes the handle of the cart. Another sheet of mounting-paper has a picture in silhouette of the child's set of tools. A long black paper strip and a square pasted at the end make a very realistic reproduction of the child's shovel. A second black paper strip pasted to an oblong, two corners of which have been slightly curved, makes the hoe; and a rake is made by combining a long strip for the handle, a shorter strip at the end, and pasting on a number of rather tiny strips to be the teeth.

Save the paper-cutting play for certain happy, unexpected occasions so that the children may not tire of it.

Insist that all the scraps that remain after the cutting play be picked up and thus instill a sense of orderliness.

List of Books for Mothers' Reading

"The Story-Teller's Book."—O'Grady and Throop.

"Little Talks to Mothers of Little Children."—Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

"Tell Me a True Story."—Mary Stuart.

"Story-Telling with the Scissors."—Helen Beckwith.

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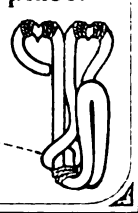

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DEPARTMENT OF CHILD-TRAINING

OUR COUNCILING MOTHERS

GLIMPSES INTO OUR CHILD HOMES

Who shall be Responsible for the Baby?

DON'T think, please, that I do not love and reverence grandmothers. I do. I love and reverence my baby's grandmother, but I believe, from my own experience, that every mother must be herself responsible for her child's upbringing.

For two years after my baby was born we lived in the house with our baby's grandmother. She loved the baby, of course, and took as much interest in its welfare as I did. I was inexperienced in child-training, having been just a business girl before my marriage.

It was business training that I brought to my home and to my baby. But just as soon as I knew the baby was coming, I studied the best authorities I could find on pure air, pure water, pure food, sanitation. I read all the books I could that had to do with the health and care of children, and I tried to prepare myself in every way to take the very best care of *my* child.

When baby came her grandmother did not think as I did about her upbringing. To her notion a bath every day for baby after she was six months old was not necessary.

Baby must not sleep alone, nor ought she to sleep all night long without being fed. At night grandmother insisted that the windows of my bedroom be all closed lest baby should take cold. She should not take an outing in cold weather.

If I told baby a fairy story, she must not believe it. She was told never to let other children play with her toys for fear of their being broken. I believe that a broken toy is nothing compared to a broken disposition.

We have been by ourselves for eight months now, and I can hardly realize that there has been time for such a change in my baby. She eats regularly well-prepared food. She sleeps regularly, stays a great deal out-of-doors and is in perfect health. She has kindly feelings toward others and is so very considerate of me. She never misses an opportunity to do something for me or to save me a step, if she possibly can. She is not afraid of the dark and firmly believes in fairies.

How did I do this?

I have been simply another child with my child—a nice, well-behaved child, full of fun and always ready to have a good time. I tried to introduce the spirit of play into my housework. When I cooked, baby played at cooking. When I cleaned house, she helped; when I sewed she sewed; and when she played, I played.

Now I am going to begin kindergarten work with baby, and I want to thank you and THE DELINEATOR for the splendid work you are doing along these lines. It has helped me. I don't know whether you care to publish this letter or not, but I am so glad to tell some one about my problem—just for the comfort of talking it over. MRS. T., Texas.

That is what THE DELINEATOR stands for—a comfortable place for any one to come with any problem and "talk it over." We believe in the baby's grandmother. We, too, love and reverence her, and we think that in some instances the grandmother may know more about babies than the mother does; but love that divides isn't love. Anything that separates a mother from her child is a warring influence in a child's development. It's a pretty safe rule to make that a mother must *do* everything for her child, *be* everything to her child, in spite of well-meaning friends and relatives.

Making Children's Books at Home

I HAVE cut out from my DELINEATOR the stories that my little girl loves so much, and I am pasting each by itself on a piece of cardboard and am putting them in a large, shallow box that just fits the cardboard mounts. I

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OUR COUNCILING MOTHERS

have pasted a charming colored picture, also cut from a magazine, on the cover of the box.

My little daughter is so pleased to have these favorite stories of hers in this permanent form where she can have them right at hand without hunting through all the magazines for them.

I want other mothers to know how satisfactory I find this method of pasting stories or pictures or articles on pasteboard mounts instead of putting them into a scrap-book. They are convenient for handling in this form, and they are especially valuable if a child attends school and the teacher asks for extra material to illustrate the subject being studied in the class-room.

For this use, these pasteboard-mounted stories, bits of interesting nature study and information and pictures are easily handled; they may be stood against the blackboard or passed around from child to child without sustaining the wear and tear of a fine book or unmounted material.

My children have a box of Indian pictures that were very useful when they were studying Hiawatha and early New England life. Such pictures as are large and fine enough to mount alone we pasted on gray photographic mounts or on a piece of plain pasteboard. When I use old pasteboard, just to back a story or picture, I trim the mount close, leaving no margin.

We have a little box of Pilgrim pictures, too; some of Washington and of Lincoln. I try to keep my eyes open for pictures and magazine stories that can be used in this way to help stimulate the children's interest in school subjects.

MRS. G., Mass.

Let us all follow Mrs. G.'s example and help our children to make permanent collections of magazine material that interests them and which otherwise might be lost to them because it becomes scattered from one month to another. All children love to collect and cut out and "stick" things. All children find much to contribute to their happiness now in the fine stories, fine fact articles and fine pictures that fill the magazines. The present-day news-stand is a democratic art-gallery, a mine of good literature. Suppose we help the children to make their own art and story selections and give these current magazine treasures permanence.

One suggestion, though. In pulling these mounted pictures and stories from their box, the mounts are often bent and broken by little fingers. To obviate this, cut a piece of heavy cardboard that fits inside the box and glue to the center of one end of it a tape loop long enough to extend over the edge of the box. Lay the mounted material *on top* of this cardboard and lift the stories and pictures out by pulling this tape loop.

Playing into the Business of Grown-Ups

I HAVE a little girl seven, one six, and a boy four years old. They have never had any formal instruction, as we live in the country a long way from a school. Now they are beginning to want to make things. The little girls are interested in the home baking. The boy is always talking of building a farm, and he spends most of his time in driving sticks in the ground to mark out fences and gates. They are very backward for their age, I think. Can you give me some simple way of amusing as well as teaching them?

MRS. S., Canada.

We don't agree with Mrs. S. Her children are not one bit backward. Instead, they are developing in the most natural, normal way, by trying to play into the occupations of their elders. The little girl who is interested in all the every-day occupations of the home needs play tools with which she can carry on these occupations on a small scale. She needs dolls, a comfortably large work-basket, her own large set of dolls' baking things, wash-tubs for the dolls and those books which give her help in play domestic science. The boy needs building materials with which he can construct a farm. He needs a few good toy animals, a strong cart, a wheelbarrow and a large set of garden tools.

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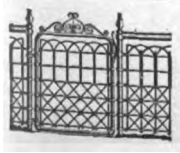

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

AUNT BETTY'S LETTER

A BUNNY PARTY AND A PRIZE CONTEST

DEAREST CHILDREN:—I want to tell you all about giving a beautiful Easter party this month, may I? It is going to be a *bunny* party; *you* are going to be bunny rabbits.

Find a big rabbit-picture in one of your books and trace the outline on thin paper to be the pattern for your party invitations. Cut big white rabbits from thin cardboard, using this pattern, and on each write:

Won't you come to my house
At three, on Saturday?
Funny Bunny Bobtail
Wants to help us play!

Put these rabbit invitations in envelopes and send one to each of your friends.

To turn yourself into Bunny Bobtail, who is the host, ask mother to make you a rabbit head-dress. It's just a close-fitting, white muslin or Canton flannel cap that covers your hair and hooks close underneath your chin. There are long, pointed ears, cut and stitched double, wired and sewed to the sides of this cap. You can help mother to make more caps just like it, one for each child who comes to your party.

As soon as the children come, ask them to run all about the house and find just as many rabbits as they can. These are little white-paper rabbits that you cut out before the party and tucked away in corners and books and under rugs with just the tips of their ears sticking out. Each rabbit is numbered; one or five or ten. At the end of ten minutes the rabbit hunt is ended. The children add the numbers on their rabbits and the child with the highest score wins a big chocolate rabbit for a prize.

An egg-rolling game comes next. Mother has boiled ever so many eggs and you have painted them in lovely colors: blue and pink and purple and gold. The children, each with an egg, choose partners and sit down on the floor facing each other. Then the partners roll the eggs to each other very fast, trying *not* to break them, and catching them *every* time. If a child breaks an egg he must pay a forfeit, and when the children tire of the fun they may keep their eggs to take home.

Now, blindfold one child and give another child a tiny bell to ring. The child with the bell plays he is a little wild hare, and the blindfolded child tries to catch him. You see this game is a kind of rabbit Blind Man's Buff and *such* a merry game.

But here is the end of my letter, dears, and I haven't told you about the last party game and the party *feast*. I will write you all about them, though, in my answers to your letters this month. Do write soon, children—*all* of you.

Your devoted
AUNT BETTY.

Aunt Betty's Prize Contest

Find these Easter flowers!

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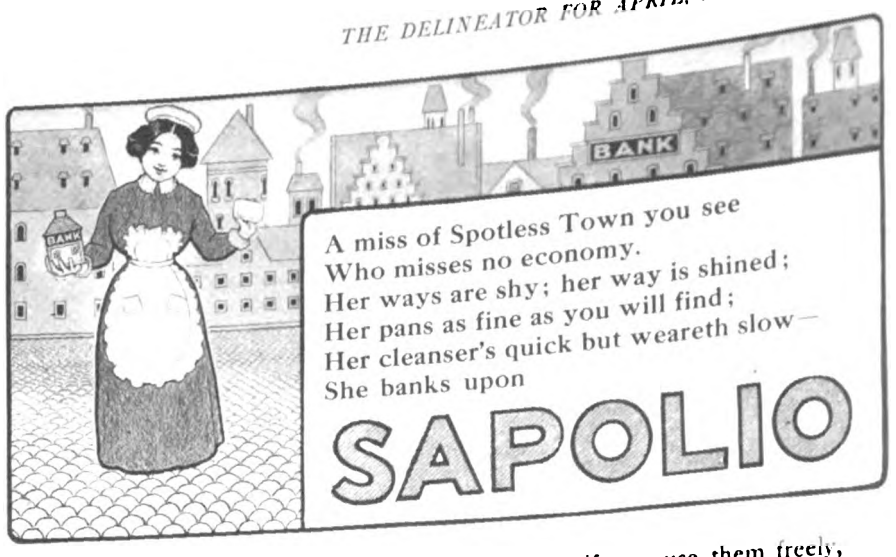
E O R S
C N I H A Y H T

For the ten best answers to this puzzle, ten cash prizes of one dollar each will be given. Send your answers to Aunt Betty, care of THE DELINEATOR, before April fifteenth.

Our January Prize-Winners

Margaret L. Atwater, Long Island
Phyllis French, Arizona
Josephine Kent, Nebraska
Betty Crawford, Canada
Mamie Baier, Michigan
Dorothy Simmons, Minnesota
Mildred Gay, Mississippi
Helen Lomas, Montana
Hilda Droll, Missouri
Hildegarde Snow, Massachusetts



A miss of Spotless Town you see
Who misses no economy.
Her ways are shy; her way is shined;
Her pans as fine as you will find;
Her cleanser's quick but weareth slow—
She banks upon
SAPOLIO

If you want to know whether a cleaner is economical, figure out what it costs you *per week.*

Never mind the cost *per package* —some packages use up very quickly.

As Sapolio works without waste, a cake lasts a surprisingly long time.

Its cost *per week*, you will find, is very low indeed.

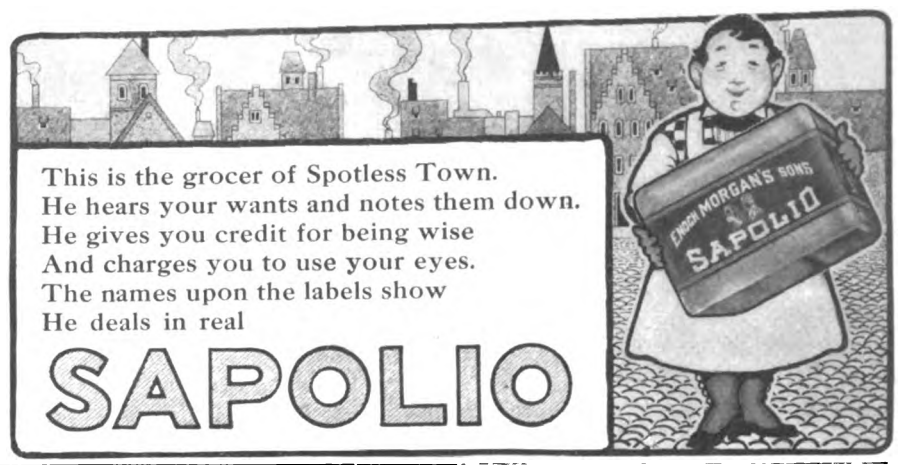
Sapolio's rich suds help to give Sapolio its remarkable cleaning powers.

Wasteful cleaners that give poor suds simply scrape off the dirt. But, even if you use them freely, scraping with strong, harsh materials cannot give your tins the delightful mirror-like glitter that you get with Sapolio.

Rub a damp cloth on a cake of Sapolio. You then have a quick, economical cleaner for tin-ware, enamel-ware, kitchen knives and forks, pots and kettles, dishes, woodwork and marble.

Our Spotless Town booklet tells more about Sapolio and more about Spotless Town. Write for it. Sent free.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company
Sole Manufacturers
New York City



This is the grocer of Spotless Town.
He hears your wants and notes them down.
He gives you credit for being wise
And charges you to use your eyes.
The names upon the labels show
He deals in real
SAPOLIO

Meat is High, but Not "Everything."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but everything's high now, and we can't sell steak any cheaper."
The butcher's statement is not quite correct.
Everything isn't high, for

JELL-O

sells at the old low price, 10 cents a package. A big and delicious Jell-O dessert costs only a dime.

That ten-cent dessert can be made in a minute and will serve six persons.

In every package there is a little book full of recipes for making the most dainty and beautiful dishes for dinner, luncheon and supper.

There are seven fine flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

At all grocers', 10 cents each.

Marion Harland, Mrs. Rorer and other famous cooks have furnished recipes for the new Jell-O Recipe Book, which is printed in splendid colors. Ask us for "The Six Cooks" book. It is free.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters.
If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

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Bates Seersucker Gingham

for over 30 years

The STANDARD AMERICAN DRESS GINGHAM

BATES SEERSUCKER GINGHAM

You'll take pride in your summer dresses if they are made of Bates Seersucker Gingham.

In service, design and color, you'll find nothing better among the most expensive imported goods. This spring there is a handsome variety of new dainty stripes, rich plaid effects, smart checks and plain ginghams in all desirable colors.

Our "Nurses' Stripe" is the recognized standard fabric for nurses' uniforms in hospitals all over the country.

Ask for Bates Seersucker Gingham by name. It's protection against substitutes and insures your getting a fabric that will repay you many times for the trouble and expense of making.

Bates Crown Bed Spreads are made to fit every possible requirement of taste and for every purse. Whatever style, pattern, or quality of spread you want you'll find in the large assortment of this line.

They come in sizes to fit all beds, in white crochet and white satin effects, with plain hemmed, fringed, and scalloped edges, also with corners cut. We also make them in white satin effects with floral designs in natural colors.

Ask for Bates Crown Crochet Spreads
Bates Crown Satin Spreads
Bates Crown Colored Satin Spreads
Bates Crown Floral Satin Spreads

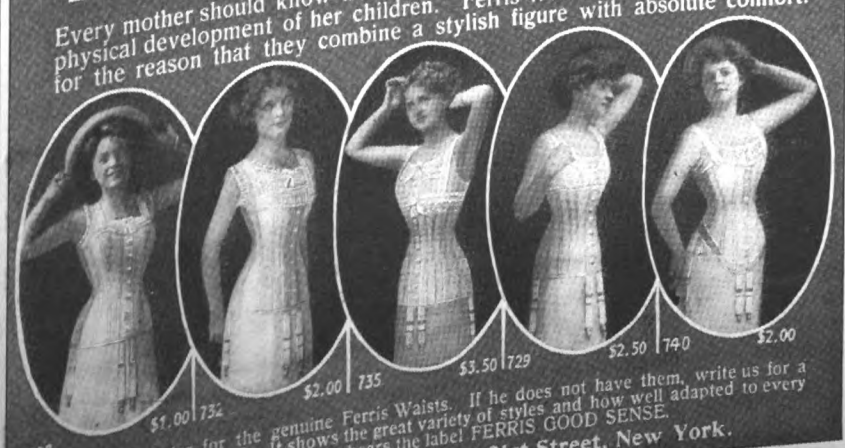
Bates Colored Table Damasks come in a variety of red and white, red and green, and yellow and white patterns. Nowadays you will not find their match in weight or finish in any domestic fabric.

BLISS, FABYAN & CO.

Dept. U 72 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Ferris Good Sense Corset Waists

Every mother should know how essential Ferris Waists are to the correct physical development of her children. Ferris Waists are worn by women for the reason that they combine a stylish figure with absolute comfort.



Ask your dealer for the genuine Ferris Waists. If he does not have them, write us for a FERRIS CATALOGUE. It shows the great variety of styles and how well adapted to every figure. Every genuine Ferris Waist bears the label FERRIS GOOD SENSE.

FERRIS BROS. CO., 48-52 East 21st Street, New York.

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

IT IS TO LAUGH!

SOME OF THE FUNNY THINGS OUR BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE SAID

"GEORGIE," said Aunt Jane, "if you go on overloading your stomach with that candy and custard-pie, you'll soon be complaining of a headache."

"No, aunty!" replied Georgie earnestly. "I know I won't have a headache. I jus' know I ain't going to have no headache, *sure!*"

Two hours later aunty inquired of Georgie, stretched limply on a couch: "Have you a headache?"

"N-no, I ain't got a—a headache," replied the young stoic, "but I feel awful bad r-right under my hair."

THE children were telling a visitor what they studied at school.

"I," said the eldest, "get reading, spelling and definitions."

"And what do you get, my little man?" said the visitor, addressing the littlest one, who had listened in a bored way while the others recited their lists.

"Oh, I dets readin', spellin' and spankin'."

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD boy on his first visit to a city saw a ferry-boat crossing the river.

Much excited he exclaimed, "Oh, mama, mama, look! There's a choo-choo car in swimming."

WILLIE and his little sister were visiting at a mountain resort where they heard a great deal of talk of the fine view. One day the sister fell over the edge of the piazza, and Willie ran screaming to his mother:

"Oh, mama! Come quick! Bessie has fallen into the view!"

JACK came walking into the house, rubbing his nose, and trying hard to keep back the tears. After he gained control of his feelings, he turned to his mother and said, "Mother, Bobby Brown is the worstest boy that ever lived."

"There is no such word as 'worstest,' my dear. You mean he is the worst boy that ever lived."

"Worst, hum! Well, he's lots badder than that."

MRS. M. left the house for a few moments one morning, telling little Hazel to answer the door-bell if necessary. Presently there was a ring. The lady caller, learning that Mrs. M. was not at home, opened her card-case, and in doing so a bit of tissue-paper fluttered to the steps. Picking it up, Hazel remarked: "Mith, you dropped one of your thigarette paperth."

AUNT MARTHA, reading from the New Thought magazine: "Whatever pleases the eye rests the mind."

Small Fannie, in fagged tone: "Then, aunty, please lemme get out my new shoes an' put 'em down where I kin look at 'em. Mebbe I kin get this ole geography lesson easier after that."

JAMIE was writing a letter when he had the misfortune to spill the ink on the new library rug. Remembering that his mother had used milk to remove an ink-spot from his blouse, he decided to try it in this case. His progress was impeded by the kitten who persisted in lapping up the milk. In the midst of his labors his mother appeared.

"James," said she sternly, "what are you doing?"

Jamie considered before answering: "Would you whip me hardest if I said I was feeding the cat on the rug, or cleaning an ink-spot?"

ON CHRISTMAS DAY Elizabeth remarked pathetically: "Why does everybody say Mary Christmas? I fink *somebody* might say Lisabus Christmas."

Something New in Rug Borders

YOU can now have rugs without costly hardwood floors, thanks to Congoleum Rug Border.

It is a new material similar to linoleum with a beautiful varnished quartered oak surface.

CONGOLEUM

When laid on the floor and partly covered with a rug, the effect is that of a real hardwood floor.

Congoleum is sold in rolls one yard wide. Buy any length you need. It has a *waterproof* base; no burlap is used. It lies flat on the floor without fastening.

It is extremely durable and can be revarnished just like real oak. Its low price is made possible by the new process of manufacture. Colors: Golden Oak, Light Oak, Extra Light Oak, Dull Finish, Parquet and Slate Gray.

None genuine without name on back.

Booklets free on request

UNITED ROOFING AND MANUFACTURING CO.

Philadelphia Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Church Workers Clear $1,000.00 Mortgage

The Congregational Church at A_____, Pa., had carried a mortgage of $1,000.00 for several years. Year by year the Deacons had planned to take it up, but each year something unforeseen had interfered.

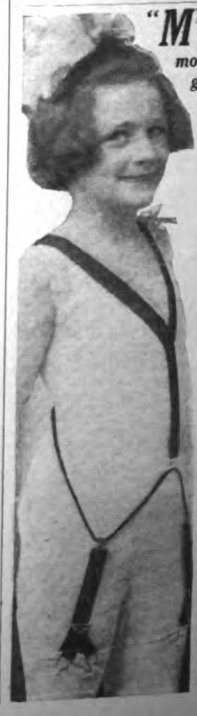
At last the women of the church determined to take a hand. They wrote to us for advice. We suggested a clean-cut business proposition; and in three months the ladies turned $500.00 over to the church treasurer.

Stirred by their example, the men of the church raised the other $500.00. Today that mortgage is a thing of the past. If the ladies of *your* church want to earn from $50.00 to $500.00 in the next month or two, we will help you to do it. Just drop a postcard to

Church Aid Bureau

The Delineator

Butterick Building, New York



"MY BOY has rolled, tumbled and jumped 10 miles a day for 14 months, and they're fairly good garters yet. They're money savers and mother savers all right."

That's what mothers write us.

Wilson Hose Supporters

are made with Cord and Slides like men's suspenders. They never *jerk, drag* or *tear*, and are so easy the child don't know it has supporters on. Shoulder style shown slips over the head—nothing to unfasten.

For Girls and Boys, 2 to 14 years, shoulder style or pin-to-waist style, black or white web, **25c.** Give age.

For Women and Misses, belt or pin-on, with cord and slides, **25c.** Women's shoulder style, like shown on little girl, extra easy, a boon for Maternity wear, **50c.**

At dealer's, or we mail postpaid at prices given. Try them a week, then if not the best you ever had, return and we'll refund money.

A. M. WILSON CO.
Dept. 9 Cherokee, Iowa.

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

THE LONG-SHOULDERED COAT

IS THE NEW THING FOR BIG AND LITTLE GIRLS. A BOY'S CAP

Rompers 6086

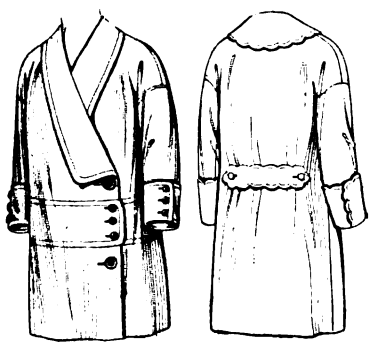
Coat 6096

DESIGN 6086 is an ideally simple design for a child's rompers. Its body is plain and its one-seam sleeves are sewed plainly into slightly deep armholes. The sleeves may be in either of two styles in full length or shorter. The neck may be high, Dutch round or square. A pocket and the belt may be used or omitted. Gingham, poplin and galatea are materials used.

For a child of four years, two yards and one-half of material twenty-seven inches wide, or one yard and seven-eighths thirty-six inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the collar, belt and bands to trim, will be required.

Design 6086 may be obtained in eight sizes, from one to eight years, price fifteen cents.

6086



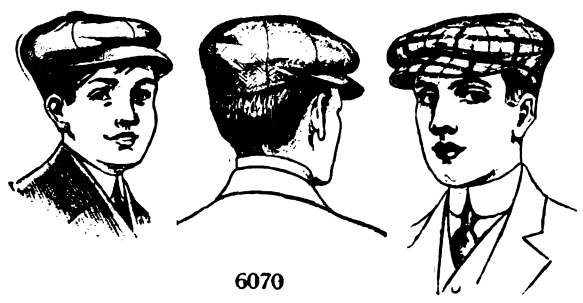
6096

YOU have the smart dropped shoulder and a new and pleasing collar in the coat for girls and little girls, design 6096. There is also a belt section at the back if you care to use it, or you may add a wide belt all the way round if you wish. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body of the coat.

For a girl of eleven years, three yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material fifty inches wide for the long collar will be required for the coat as shown on the figure.

Design 6096 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

BY MEANS of design 6070 one can make a man or boy a gored cap like his golf suit or his overcoat. It is the style of cap that most men and boys wear now and its cut is excellent. Serge, cheviot, checked and plaid worsteds, tweed, khaki and crash may be used for it.



6070

For the cap in size seven, three-eighths of a yard of material thirty-six or more inches wide, one-half yard twenty inches wide for a lining, and one-quarter yard twenty inches wide for interlining, will be required.

Design 6070 may be obtained in seven sizes, from six to seven and one-half, price fifteen cents.

De Bevoise
The perfect fitting Brassière

Look for this label — it assures a Brassière of faultless fit.

De Bevoise Brassiere

Style No. 1507—(Illustrated), all-over embroidery, $2.00. Same model in different materials and trim, $1.50, $1.00 and 50c.

Everybody admires the woman who wears the De Bevoise

She has exquisite lines and a graceful carriage. Her gowns fit with becoming distinction. She is the modern woman of style.

DeBevoise
(*Pronounced* "debb-e-voice")

Whether your figure is slender, medium or stout—among over one hundred and fifty De Bevoise styles, there is a model especially suited to you. It will fit perfectly and give your figure, from shoulder to waist, the beautiful unbroken lines and perfect contour so necessary for the Spring Styles.

As thousands of women have proved, the De Bevoise will enhance the style and beauty of your gowns. Without the De Bevoise your corset cannot do justice to your figure. There are styles for every occasion, street, afternoon and evening wear.

The De Bevoise is the original Brassière—made by the most experienced makers in the world. It is the standard of this and foreign countries.

150 De Bevoise Styles—50c to $25 each (including V-Backs, Square Backs, Open Fronts, etc.). The De Bevoise is made of Batiste, Linen, All-over Embroidery, Lace lined with Net, etc., in V-Backs, open fronts, etc., sizes 32 to 48, prices 50c to $25 each. All De Bevoise Brassières have Rust-proof Lining, Invisible Bone Pockets, Reinforced Arm Shields, Adjustable Corset Hooks and many other exclusive De Bevoise Features.

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CHARLES R. DE BEVOISE CO., 1270-C Broadway, Cor. 33d, New York City

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"FOR MINE"

Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder
keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

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THE Coward Good Sense Shoe

Fashioning the Feet of the Future

The Coward Good Sense Shoe
is made over a perfect-fitting last which follows the natural outlines of growing feet. Roomy at the toe, supports arch and ankle—safeguards against "flat-foot."

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 30 years.
For Children, Women and Men.
Send for Catalogue. Mail Orders Filled.
Sold Nowhere Else.

JAMES S. COWARD
264-274 Greenwich St., near Warren St., New York

Built to Protect Baby Sold to Protect You

Consider the baby when you buy a baby carriage and you will select the Sidway Guaranteed. The adjustable spring that gives **real** protection to baby's delicate spine, the high safety sides, the hood adjustable to any position, the roomy interior, make this the best carriage built. The

Sidway GUARANTEED **Unqualified Two-Year GUARANTEE**

makes it the safest carriage to buy.
This guarantee is made possible only by the use of a higher quality of materials than were heretofore manufactured for baby carriages. For example, the manufactured leather we use is a **special quality of Fabrikoid** made for us by the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Co., sole makers of Fabrikoid, and bears their own as well as our two year guarantee. We also use real rubber, instead of composition tires. Let us explain **all** the reasons why the Sidway is the fully guaranteed Baby Carriage. Write for name of local dealer and receive free a booklet showing the carriages in colors, and containing hints for the young mother, chart to watch baby's health by its weight, etc.

Local Dealers: Write for trade proposition on the first line of carriages that assures your profit by eliminating "come-backs."

Sidway Mercantile Co.
1024 14th Street, Elkhart, Indiana

All Sidway Guaranteed Carriages may be compactly folded.

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Good-bye Old Hook and Eye

TO-DAY'S fashions demand the Koh-i-noor Dress Fastener—you must have it or be out of style. Koh-i-noor adds to the fit and appearance of waists, dresses, skirts, collars, sleeves, etc. It can't come unfastened, always lies flat and smooth, never gaps or bulges, has no points to catch on lace or hair. It saves time, temper and eye-strain; can't rust or pull off in the wringer. *You can sew it on any way you like—no special directions necessary.*

Koh-i-noor PAT. WALDESPRING DRESS FASTENER

KOH-I-NOOR is the imported Dress Fastener that all Europe uses. Fashion masters such as Paquin, Redfern, Worth, etc., adopted it on sight. Modistes, tailors and ready-to-wear manufacturers of this country are all saying "Good-bye, old hook and eye." Get Koh-i-noor in your new garments—it means better looks, wear and satisfaction. Look for the letters K. I. N. none other contains the Waldespring, the patented part necessary for security. At the notion counter 10c a card of 12.

Write us name of your dealer and we'll send you our Premium Book, showing gifts redeemable for the coupons on each card.

Waldes & Co., Makers, 134 Fifth Av., N. Y.
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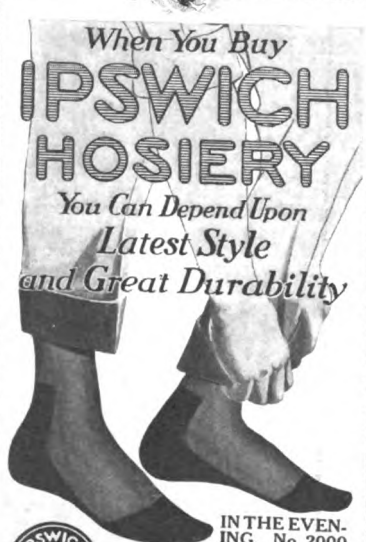
When You Buy
IPSWICH HOSIERY
You Can Depend Upon
Latest Style
and Great Durability



IN THE EVENING. No. 2000 — Silk-Plaited over Lisle. Silky comfort, reinforced at all wearing points. Black, tan, and colors, 25c. a pair. Box of 6 pairs, $1.50.

AT THE OFFICE. No. 1650.—Stout-Cotton Half-hose, reinforced with linen heel and toe. Strong, elastic, and comfortable. Black, tan, and colors. 15c. a pair. Box of 6 pairs, 75c.

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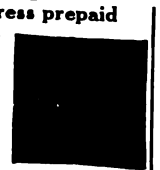
2 Front Street, Ipswich, Mass.
Many styles for Men, Women, and Children at 15c. and 25c. a pair

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50
Sent to your home express prepaid

Size and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful, new, attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily cleaned; warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Reversible. **Straight from the makers and sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.**



Send for new Catalogue showing goods in actual colors—free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 696 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

Dress 6097 Dress 6064 Dress 6061 Dress 6053

RUSSIAN BLOUSES

ARE FOUND IN ALL KINDS
THE LONG WAIST AND THE

DESIGN 6097 is a dress for girls with the long French waist and short plain three-piece skirt which are noticed in some of the smartest of the new models for girls as old as fourteen years. The waist has an attractive diagonal closing line, the much used long shoulders and a smart bloused effect which may be drawn down if preferred. Two styles of full-length sleeves and shorter sleeves and a regulation and wider belt are provided for one's choice. A Butterick transfer may be used for the scallop shown in one small view.

For a girl of eight years, two yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6097 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

THE Russian style of the design 6064 is greatly liked at present, and a dress showing it in conjunction with a dropped shoulder is unmistakably new and smart. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body of the blouse; the lower part has one seam and may be full length in either of two styles or shorter. The plaited or gathered straight skirt is attached to an underbody.

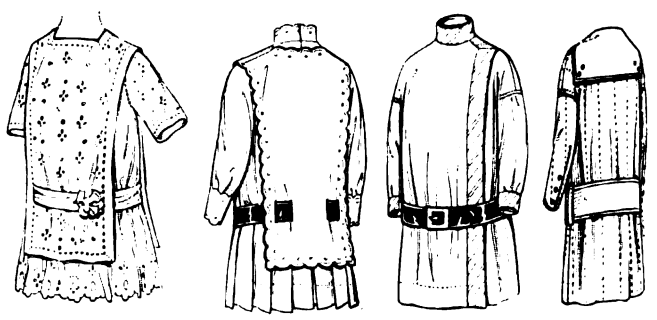
For a girl of ten years, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and one-quarter of a yard of contrasting material forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6064 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

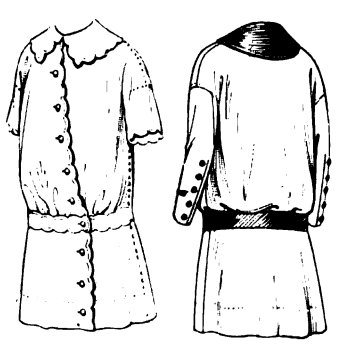
FROM design 6061 little girls can have a dress with the popular jumper which extends down below the belt like a peplum front and back. Under the jumper, which may be used, or not, is a plain little French dress with a plaited or gathered straight skirt, sleeves in full or shorter length sewed into slightly deep armholes and a high, French round or square neck. It may be made of cotton ratine, piqué, cotton crêpe or dimity with a jumper of the same or of all-over embroidery.

For a little girl of four years, one yard and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of all-over embroidery forty inches wide and three yards and seven-eighths of banding will be required as shown on the figure.

Design 6061 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.



6061 6053



6097

6064

A RUSSIAN closing in a little straight dress gives it a very modern air and relieves the plainness in an attractive, simple fashion. Design 6053 has a Russian closing and the fashionable dropped shoulder, the body being in one with the upper part of the sleeves, whose lower part may be full length, in either of two styles or shorter. The neck may be high with a standing band or slightly open with a large collar in sailor or rounding outline at the back. To reproduce the scallop design shown, a Butterick transfer may be used.

For a little girl of five years, two yards and one-half of material twenty-seven inches wide and one-half yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the large collar, cuffs and belt will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6053 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

Dress 6046 Dress 6049

AND SIDE CLOSINGS

OF DRESSES FOR GIRLS WIDE BELT ARE POPULAR

Dress 6084 Dress 6088

MANY women making French dresses for their little daughters like to use a design with a plain body which they can trim with insertion or embroidery in any design they choose. Design 6046 has excellent lines, and the possibilities of high, French round or square neck and of either of two styles of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves. The straight skirt is gathered. A design for the hand-embroidery shown may be obtained in adaptations of Butterick transfers.

For a little girl of three years, one yard and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, one yard and one-quarter of insertion and one yard and one-quarter of edging, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

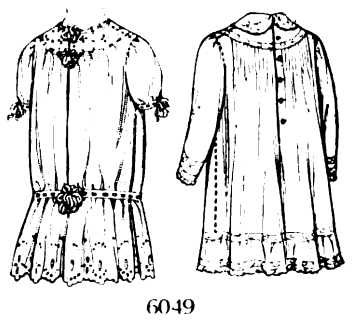
Design 6046 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to eight years, price fifteen cents.

PANELS at the front and back and an Empire waistline at the sides give charming lines to the girls' dress 6084. If, however, you do not care for the straight lines of the panels you can break them by bringing the belt over them. The short kimono sleeves and the square neck are girlish and pretty for party wear, but undersleeves and a yoke-facing with a collar may be added if desired. The skirt is straight at the sides. Cotton crêpe is one of the most attractive new materials.

For a girl of ten years, two yards and three-eighths of material forty inches wide, two yards and three-quarters of insertion and two yards and one-quarter of ball fringe, will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6084 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

6046



6049

IT IS no time at all after the first layette is completed before long dresses must be laid aside and dainty short ones substituted. The little dress pictured in design 6049 is one of the prettiest possible for the first short dress. Its fine tucks are dainty and its round yoke gives a good opportunity for trimming. Both the bishop and the long plain sleeves are used, but the short puffs are cunning. An inverted plait which keeps the edge straight or a gored seam may be used under the arm and the dress may fall free or drawn in at French depth. The fulness may be gathered if preferred.

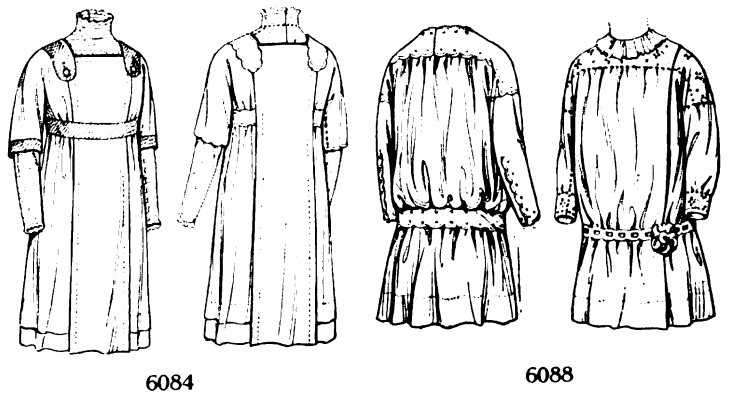
For a child of two years, one yard and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, one yard and three-eighths of edging and one yard and three-quarters of insertion, will be required for the dress trimmed as on the figure.

Design 6049 may be obtained in four sizes, from one-half to three years, price ten cents.

THE same yoke which is used now on blouses for grown-ups makes the girls' Russian dress 6088 stylish and modern. With the body of the waist it is in one with the upper part of the sleeves, which may be in full length in either of two styles or shorter. Since the waist, which may be bloused or drawn down, and the straight skirt are gathered, soft materials should be used.

For a girl of nine years, two yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide, one yard and one-eighth of wide insertion, two yards and one-quarter of narrow, and one-quarter yard of material thirty-six inches wide for frills, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6088 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



6084 6088

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Whatever style of shields you wear, be sure they are OMO—the Odorless kind. Guaranteed moisture-proof, but contain no rubber. Cool, comfortable and washable.

OMO DRESS SHIELDS are sold at good stores everywhere. If you don't find them, send us your dealer's name and 25c. for Sample Pair, Size 3. Interesting Dress Shield Booklet mailed free.

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Pants for Infants

are the perfect protection for baby's clothing. White, soft and cool, they do not chafe his tender skin nor make him warm or sweaty. OMO PANTS are guaranteed moisture-proof, *but contain no rubber.*

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Health, Style, Comfort

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The H. & W. (MARMO) MATERNITY CORSET WAIST gives a trim and stylish figure—without the slightest endangerment to the well-being of either the mother or child.

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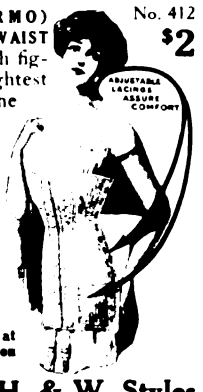

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Guaranteed Hosiery
For Men, Women & Children

25c a pair **4 pairs guaranteed for four months**

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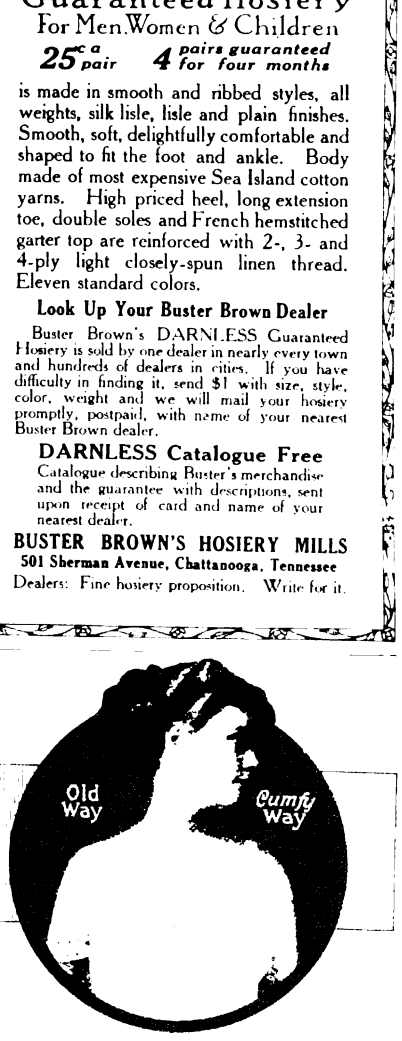

"Since I've been wearing the Cumfy-Cut Vest, I've never been bothered with slipping straps." After the ordinary kind, the

Cumfy-Cut
TRADE MARK

is a luxury. The "Can't-Slip" shoulder straps (patented January 19, 1909) is the result of the method of knitting—the straps are "set in" toward the centre, so that they always cling to the shoulder. It is *impossible* for them to slip or fall off.

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Don't be satisfied with the ordinary "strap-slipping" kind, when you can get the Cumfy-Cut for the same price. 15c, 25c, 50c upwards.

Cumfy-Cut Union Suits also have the "Can't-Slip" Straps in addition to other improved features.

Send a postcard, giving dealer's name, for illustrated folder

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Freeman's Face Powder Our Guarantee

—Buy a box of Freeman's Powder, use half. If it doesn't please you better than any other powder, return the rest to your dealer and get your money back.

Costs 25 cents, the top limit for real value in any powder. Most dealers keep it.

Send 10c and gold seal from inside the box for dainty purse puff filled with powder. Freeman Perfume Co., Dept. 58, Cincinnati, O.

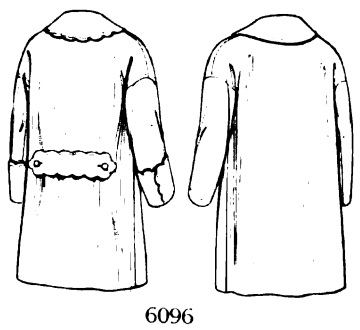
YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

Coat 6071 Dress 6078 Coat 6096 Suit 6082

THE newest thing in girls' coats is a suggestion of drapery at the closing, copied, of course, from women's wraps. The dropped shoulder is also beginning to be largely used. In design 6071 the drapery is graceful and simple, but may be dispensed with entirely if desired. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body of the coat and the lower part may be in either of two styles. A collar with becoming long shawl lines may be in either of two outlines at the back. Full and seven-eighths lengths are provided for in the design, and a removable shield is included in it. To reproduce the embroidery on one back view Butterick transfers may be obtained.

For a girl of eight years, one yard and three-quarters of material forty-four inches wide and seven-eighths of a yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide will be required for the coat as shown on the figure.

Design 6071 may be obtained in eleven sizes, four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



6096

MANY of the new coats for children are cut with the body in one with the upper part of the sleeve to give the fashionable dropped-shoulder line. They are very smart and they are also easy to make and tailor. Design 6096, a coat for little girls, has this shoulder and one of the new wide belts. It may, however, be worn without a belt, or with just a belt section at the back. Cuffs and shield may be used or not. For materials serge, Bedford cord, wool rep, Ottoman, cotton ratine, piqué and linen are suggested.

For a little girl of three years, one yard and three-quarters of material fifty inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat as shown on the figure.

Design 6096 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

A MIDDY blouse over a little plaited skirt makes an extremely practical as well as cunning frock for a little girl. A very simple type of middy blouse, which is being used quite a little in place of the regulation sailor style, is shown in design 6078, in which a plaited or gathered straight skirt attached to an underbody is included. The blouse is slipped on over the head and laced at the side and has either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes. The underbody may have high, French round or square neck.

For a little girl of four years, two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide and one-half yard of material thirty-six inches wide for the underbody will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

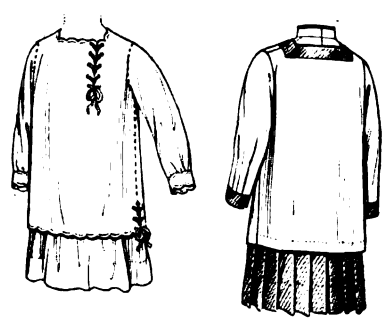
Design 6078 may be obtained in nine sizes, from two to ten years, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6082 gives what in France is called the Quartermaster suit for girls. It is very popular as a dress with French girls who wear a shield vest under the coat, but in America it will probably be more often used for a little coat suit for school or cool seashore vacations. For that purpose we have included a pretty blouse in the design. The coat has a regulation sailor collar and an extra removable sailor collar, and sleeves with the fulness at the top slightly gathered or shrunken out. The plaited or gathered straight skirt is attached to an underbody. Serge is the best material for the suit and lawn or batiste prettiest for the blouse. The removable collar may be of linen or piqué.

For a girl of ten years, three yards of material forty-four inches wide, seven-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide, one yard and seven-eighths of braid for one row, and five-eighths of a yard thirty-six inches wide for the underbody, will be required for the suit as shown above.

Design 6082 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

6071



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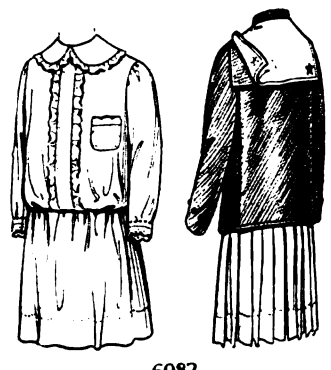

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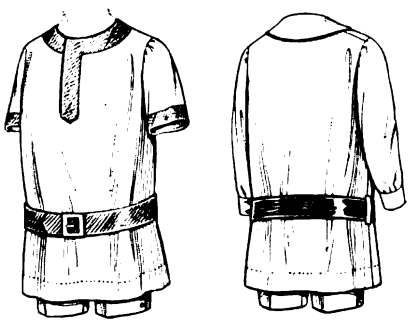
YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

Suit 6056 Suit 6089 Dress 6053 Apron 6043

THE suit for little boys in design 6056 consists of a long Russian blouse and straight trousers or knickerbockers. The blouse has the advantage of slipping over the head so that a youngster can tumble into it and fasten it himself in the morning. It may be laced at the closing or be fastened under a band trimming. The sleeves may be full length in either of two styles or shorter, and the neck high with a round collar or cut out in round or square outline. A boy will like the pockets, which can be added, I am sure. Serge, wool rep, piqué, chambray, gingham, khaki, galatea and crash are excellent materials. A contrasting color will trim it.

For a little boy of four years, two yards and one-half of material thirty-two inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty-two inches wide for the collar, cuffs and belt, will be required for the suit as shown on the figure.

Design 6056 may be obtained in five sizes, from two to six years, price fifteen cents.



6056

A RUSSIAN suit for little boys which consists of a long sailor blouse and straight trousers or knickerbockers is shown in design 6089. The sailor style is boyishly attractive and is always liked by the youngster who wears it. It also has the advantage of slipping over the head. Full-length sleeves in either of two styles and a removable shield are provided in the design, which may be made with or without the yoke-facings. It will be good-looking and serviceable in serge, cheviot, piqué, linen, denim, khaki, galatea or drill. A design for sailor emblems may be obtained in a Butterick transfer.

For a little boy of four years, two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide and two yards and three-quarters of braid for one row will be required for the suit as shown on the figure.

Design 6089 may be obtained in five sizes, from two to six years, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6053 shows the straight frock which is the favorite now with mothers who dress their daughters in the best simple taste. They use this style for their girls and very little girls for almost all their school and play dresses. The Russian closing and dropped shoulder make it smart and not less simple; the different sleeves and neck give a variety. Two styles of full-length sleeves and shorter sleeves and high and slightly open neck are provided.

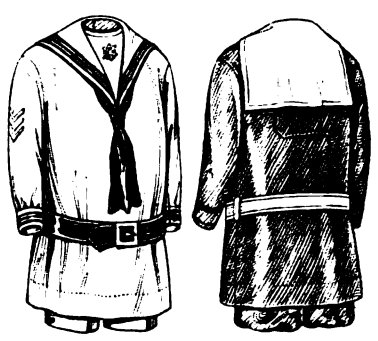
For a girl of seven years, two yards and one-quarter of material thirty-two inches wide and one-half yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the standing collar, straight cuffs and a band to trim, will be required as shown on the figure.

Design 6053 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

IT IS the Russian closing which gives a pretty air of modern style to the apron of design 6043. It makes an attractive little garment even out of the plain Mary Ann apron shown in the small front view. For the development of the design shown in the figure illustration where the square neck and cap sleeves are used, crossbar, dimity and lawn are good materials and insertion or an embroidered scallop a pretty trimming. A design for the scallop and dot shown below may be obtained in a Butterick transfer. For the apron with the high neck and full-length sleeves, gingham, chambray and percale are sensible. Sash ends at the back are pretty on the one; a belt often used on the other. Pockets are optional. The sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes.

For a little girl of five years, two yards and five-eighths of material twenty-seven inches wide and two yards and seven-eighths of insertion will be required for the apron as shown in the figure illustration.

Design 6043 may be obtained in fourteen sizes, from one to fourteen years, price ten cents.



6089

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6043

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Hydegrade means to her, better wearing quality — fast colors—more tasteful designs and quality that "makes up" better, drapes better, and looks better.

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by an unhooked, gaping dress? Why depend on unreliable hooks and fasteners? Avoid this. If you want your back to be neat, trim, correct, use

Wilson Dress-hooks

(Instead of Hooks and Eyes or Snaps)

They positively can't unhook or "pop" open accidentally. Not made of wire like ordinary hooks and eyes that are easily crushed or bent; that catch in the cloth and are bulky. Not like snap fasteners either—but entirely different. Flat, durable and never crush in washing and ironing. Try them and see for yourself—send coupon today.

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

A NEEDLE, A THREAD AND A LITTLE GIRL

A SEWING-SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN

By Marjorie May

If you want any help with your sewing, or advice on the layette for your latest doll, write to Marjorie May and she will write back again to you. But be sure to send her your name and address on a stamped envelope so that she will know where to send the letter.

LAST Fall we made a simple apron, and now we are going to make one from a pattern, using dimity, plain lawn or cross-bar, trimmed with lace edging and insertion. The pattern comes in one size only, but it can be altered.

Measure the skirt of your dress from your waistline at the center front to the lower edge and write down the length in your note book.

Measure the length of the apron pattern (piece 1) at the center front from three-eighths of an inch below the top edge, down to three-eighths of an inch above the lower edge, and write that down, too. Compare the two measurements and, if necessary, alter the pattern, making the apron about one inch shorter than your skirt. To shorten the apron, take off half the difference in measurement from the outer edge of your apron all around—top, sides and bottom. Mark your measurement with a dotted line, and cut off what you have marked. This alteration takes the same quantity from all sides and makes the apron smaller without changing its shape. Make new notches on the upper edge of the apron on a line with the old ones.

The pocket and the bib must be altered if you altered the apron, and in just the same way. Then cut out pieces 1, 2 and 3. We do not use piece 4 in this lesson.

Fold the material in a straight line between the selvedges, first measuring the widest part of your pattern to see how far over the material must be folded. Illustration No. 2 shows how to lay and cut the apron and the pocket, also where the bib comes from when the rest of the pattern is cut. Before taking piece 1 off the material, mark the large single perforations, which show where the pocket goes, with tailors' tacks. (Ill. No. 3.)

Thread your needle with colored basting thread, double it and take a stitch in each perforation through both thicknesses of the material. Leave a long loose thread on each end of the stitch. (Ill. No. 3.) Turn back one-half of the apron carefully until you come to the tailors' tacks. Do not pull the threads entirely through, but clip the tacks so that half of each stitch is left in each half of the apron. (Ill. No. 3.)

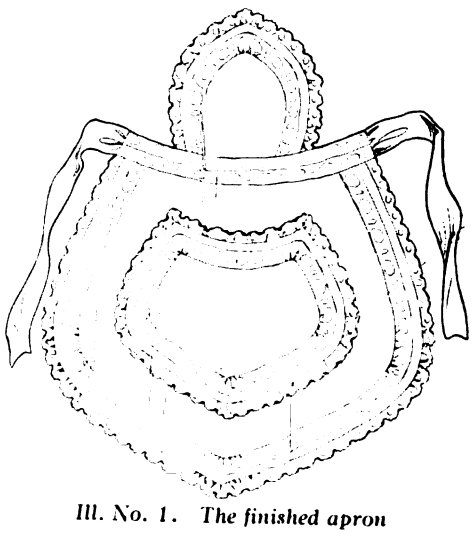
Trim off the edges of piece 1 one-eighth of an inch, measure in one-half of an inch from the edges and run a colored basting thread around to show where the outer edge of the insertion is to come.

You'll need about four yards and one-half of insertion and about five yards of edging for trimming.

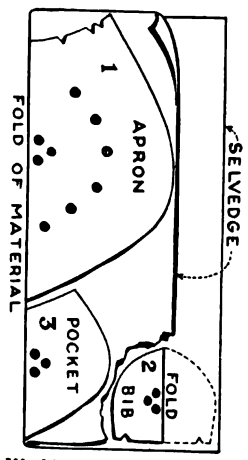
Start on the right side of the apron at the waistline and baste an edge of the insertion down on the line of the colored basting. The insertion must lie easily on the colored line so that it will not pucker when it is sewn.

The inner edge of the insertion must be fulled in to make it lie flatly on the apron. Find the heaviest thread in this edge, draw it in gradually from both ends, distribute the gathers so that most come at the rounded edges and the point at the center front, and baste the edge down flatly.

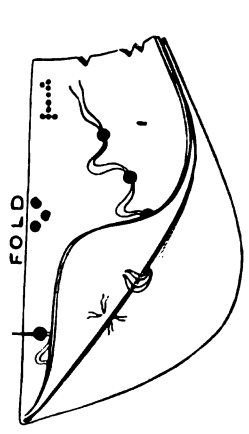
Turn the apron to the wrong side and with a small pair of round-pointed scissors cut away the material under the insertion, leaving only one-quarter of an inch inside each basted edge. (Ill. No. 4.) Turn under the cut edges twice, one-eighth of an inch each time, and baste them. Sew them with fine running stitches. (Ill. No. 4.) Every stitch should go through the insertion and material or they will come apart when the bastings are taken out. Put a tack three-eighths of an inch in from the top edge of the apron to mark the position of the notches. Turn the outer edges of the apron twice, an eighth of an inch each time, baste and hem them. Cut off two yards and one-half of the edging and put a pin in to divide it in half. Pin the centers of the edging and of the lower edge of the apron together. Draw each half of the edging up to about thirty-one inches, the ends of the edging to the sides of apron at the top. Distribute fullness evenly, baste the edging to apron with their right sides facing (Ill. No. 5), and overhand the edges. (Ill. No. 5.)



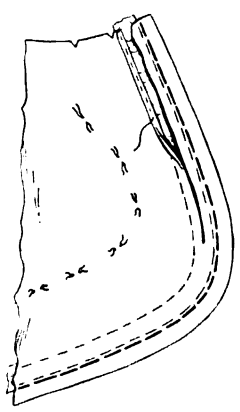
Ill. No. 1. The finished apron



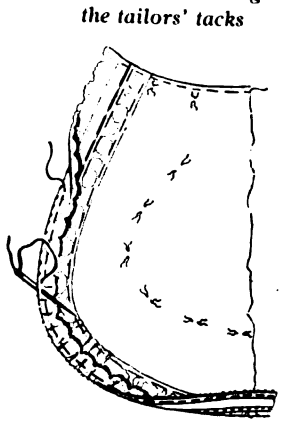
Ill. No. 2. The pattern ready for cutting



Ill. No. 3. Making the tailors' tacks



Ill. No. 4. Sewing on the insertion



Ill. No. 5. Sewing on the edging

Trim off all the edges of the pocket one-eighth of an inch, run a colored basting thread around it one-half of an inch in from the edges and sew the insertion on. Make one-eighth of an inch hems on all edges of the pocket.

Cut off one yard and three-quarters of edging for the pocket, fold it in half, put a pin in the center and draw each half up to measure about twenty-one inches. Pin the center of the edging to the center of the top of the pocket, and join the ends of the edging together with fine overhanding stitches on the right side, turn it to the wrong side and make another seam over the first one. Pin the seam to the center of the pocket at the lower edge and baste and overhand the edging on to the pocket.

In altering the pattern you made the pocket smaller, so measure in from the tailors' tacks on the apron the same quantity you took off of the pocket, and make new tailors' tacks to mark the place for your pocket.

Place the pocket inside of the tacks, baste it to position and sew it on with fine running stitches and an occasional backstitch set at the edge of the pocket itself.

Trim all the edges of the bib off one-eighth of an inch, run the colored basting thread in one-half of an inch and put your insertion on.

Turn one-eighth-inch hems on all edges of the bib (not forgetting to mark the position of the notches with little tacks) and baste and sew the remainder of the edging on the bib.

Cut off two pieces of insertion, each two inches longer than the top of your apron, and overhand them together along one of their long edges. Put a pin at the center of the strip and pin the centers of the insertion and the apron together. Baste the insertion one-eighth of an inch over the top edge of the apron on the right side, out to the end of the edging, turn under the ends one-eighth of an inch and hem them.

Baste the top edge of the insertion one-eighth of an inch over the lower edge of the bib, with the tacks which mark the position for the notches in the bib and the apron directly in line with each other. Overhand the bib and insertion together.

Cut two strips of the apron material, each two inches wide and about twenty inches long. Make one-eighth of an inch hems on the two long edges and on one of the ends of each strip. Run two draw-strings in at the unhemmed end and draw it up to the width of the band. Place the gathered edges one-quarter of an inch under the ends of the band, and sew them on with fine running stitches. (Ill. No. 1.)

Illustration No. 1 shows you how your apron is going to look when you finish it. It's quite charming, too.

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"The Fashion Helpers"

Bright, Fresh Clothes Make Bright, Happy Women

Is there a woman in this broad land of ours who does not feel brighter and happier in a fresh, stylish, up-to-the-minute gown?

Change any of your clothes that are a bit out of date into bright, stylish colors, and you will feel brighter and happier.

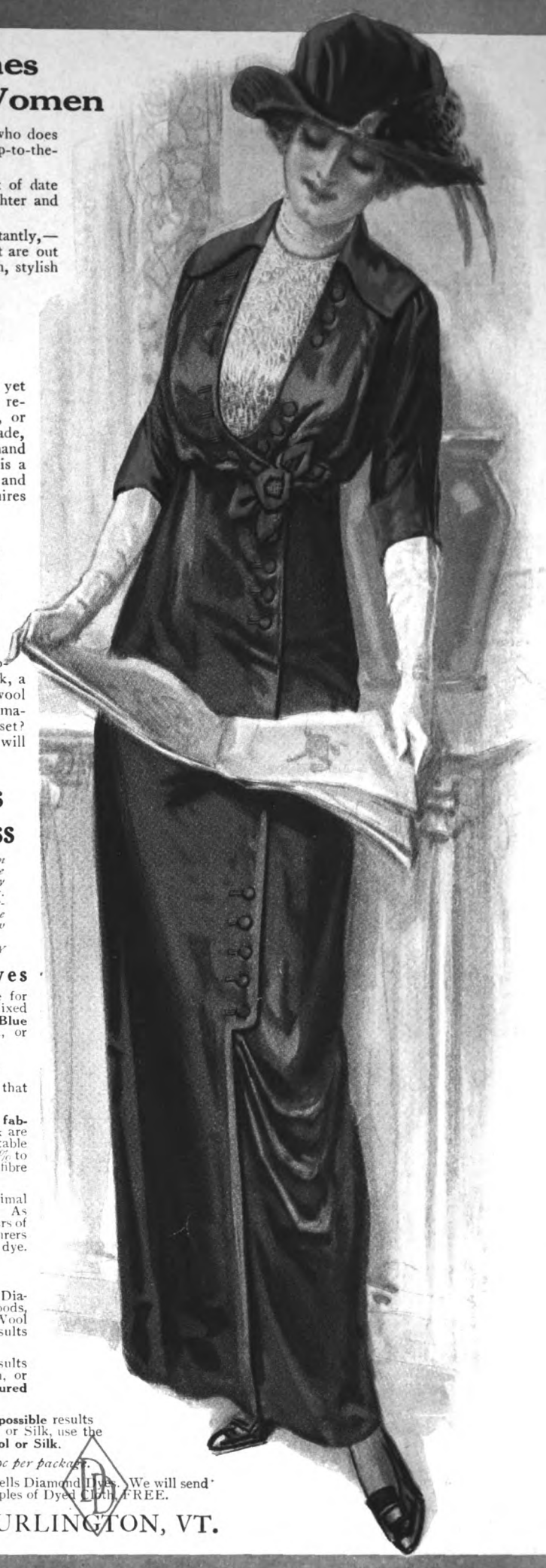
That's what Diamond Dyes are doing constantly,—transforming dresses, waists, trimmings, etc., that are out of date, soiled, faded, or spotted, into new, fresh, stylish colors and meeting Fashion's newest designs.

The New Model We Illustrate on the Left

Here is a very simple gown to make, and yet it is exceptionally attractive and adapted for reproduction in any brocade, crepe meteor, or crepe de chine. So many women have a brocade, crepe meteor, or crepe de chine dress on hand that is a little old or out of date. Here is a model that any bright woman can make and utilize these materials, and this model requires so little trimming.

The New Model We Illustrate on the Right

The original of this gown was made up in a taupe gray charmeuse, with collar, cuffs, and buttons of old blue chiffon velvet. This unusually clever design can be made in any of the appropriate spring materials, such as a soft silk, a soft wool, or a broadcloth, peau de souris, wool voile, or fine serge. Haven't you just the material for this stunning design in your closet? Your druggist has the Diamond Dyes that will give you any of the fresh spring colors.



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THE DELINEATOR

MAY 1913

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Vol. LXXXII No. 5

THE DELINEATOR

GEORGE BARR BAKER, *Managing Editor*

What Is the Use of Stories?

THERE was a time—lots of us remember it in our own lives—when people said it was a wicked waste of time to be reading novels. Lies, they were called. Things that the author just made up.

Poor stories are lies, to be sure. They are poor because they are lies. Not because the things they tell are not true to fact, but because the author did not get at what underlay his facts, and so was not able to make those facts—or they may have been only fancies—show us the human truth beneath.

Stories are the windows through which the eyes of the heart look out upon the world. There are plenty of schoolmaster definitions that call them something else, quite academic and unsentimental and useless to a person who is concerned with the soul of a thing rather than with its bones. But they don't tell us why stories are good for us to read, any more than they tell us why we like to read them.

Most of us read most stories to be amused, probably. To be taken out of ourselves. And we are—taken into the lives of people whom we could never know any other way. We may learn a lot of facts from stories that are good for us to know, but the best part of them is what we get through our feelings.

Nothing that we merely see with our eyes, or understand with our minds, means so much to us as a thing that we feel with our hearts. That is where good fiction has the advantage of everything else that we read as a widener of our outlook on life.

The one big thing THE DELINEATOR is trying to do is to build up. In its articles, its talks, its departments, its advertising—in everything that goes into its pages—it is trying to be of service.

Service is the thing one has to give these days to be any one—or even to get a living.

There isn't any bigger service we can do than to print good stories. In them the spirit of all we want to do—to help people know their fellow men better, and so get the desire, and see the way, to make the world a more just, more beautiful place to live in—becomes personified and made alive.

Take the new story we are just beginning, by William J. Locke. There isn't a writer in England to-day who has more people in this country waiting eagerly for his stories than Mr. Locke. We were lucky to get this story. You will read it just for the joy of reading. Mr. Locke's stories have to be read that way. But when you are through—whether you believe there ever was such a fellow as *Paul* or not, or whether he could have risen in the world in such a delightfully romantic fashion—you will find that you've been looking through a new window, and seen a new bit of life that couldn't have been seen anywhere else, and that it has somehow become a beautiful, intangible part of your own life.

We've another new story we are going to begin in a month or two, very different from "The Fortunate Youth" in every way but that one big way—it gives you a new outlook on your fellow men. It is by Ellis Parker Butler, and is called "The Jack-Knife Man." Every one knows Mr. Butler as a humorist. This story will make every one know him as a student of human nature, and a tender, sympathetic painter of American life.

A limited number of copies of "THE DELINEATOR Girl" may be had for ten cents

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Engraved by Wm. G. Watt

THIS remarkable engraving has a double interest to every lover of the beautiful. The execution of the woodcut is one of the finest pieces of such work it has ever been our pleasure to see, and the painting from which it was done is that of an artist new to America. Mr. William G. Watt, who made the woodcut, is one of the best known of American engravers. The picture by Nicholas Fechin, a Russian painter, had a special appeal to Mr. Watt on account of the delicate variations in texture qualities and its rich coloring. His reproduction itself speaks of Mr. Watt's appreciation of the original.

Fechin, although a young man, has shown so much talent and ability that he has been pensioned by the Russian Government. It is only men of the first rank who are granted so high an honor. Russia owns a fine example of Fechin's work which is in a museum in Moscow. Although scarcely known as yet in America, Fechin has exhibited in the Winter Academy in New York. This portrait of Mme. Lopojnikoff—a well-known Russian actress—was exhibited in the Pittsburgh annual exhibition, where Mr. George A. Hearn, the noted art connoisseur of New York, saw it and afterward bought it. It is now in his collection in New York, and is reproduced through his courtesy.

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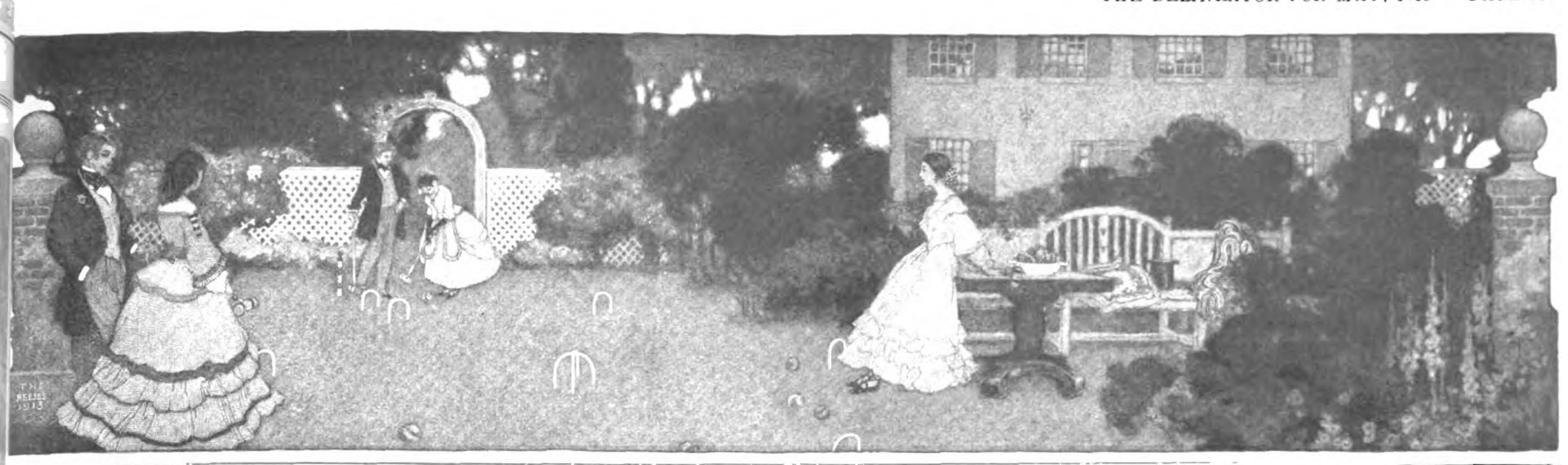

On the Art of Living

Enjoy the Spring Morning

SOME people live too much in their heads, taking in life through their thoughts, and missing the big part of life that defies mental processes. There is something about a walk in the sunshine on a Spring morning that neither thoughts nor words can translate into life. The light seems to penetrate the system and make the nerves tingle. It liberates feeling, purifies thought, opens up the fountains of the inner life, kindles new aspirations, quickens imagination and strengthens purpose. Perhaps the fresh air, and the motion of walking, and the scenery, not to mention the birds and the people you see and hear, all have their good influences. But you can not put your finger down and say it was this or that. The Spring morning defies analysis, and exerts its beneficent influence as a whole. And the way to get the benefit of it is to get out into it and walk and look and listen and sing or hum or whistle or run or talk, and give the thinking faculties a rest. What an easy way out of a great deal of mental congestion and soul starvation! And yet—well, of course you are too busy to get out this morning: there's the dishes, and the beds, and the other things! Oh, for just this once let routine work go hang! Get out and enjoy the Spring morning and live—just this once, at least.

The Love of Life

IT SHOULD be the most natural thing we can do—to love life, and if we loved it truly, and tried to learn its laws, and adjust ourselves to them, we would find a degree of happiness not otherwise possible. Some people do love life, and accept it gladly, willing to learn its lessons patiently, rejoicing when the wrong effort fails, and counting such failures as stepping-stones to a better understanding of the right way, which never fails. Others aspire to a good object, but take the wrong method to gain it, and rebel when it fails. They try again, using the same wrong method, or some other wrong method, and when failure again results from their efforts they become bitter against life. In such a state of mind they are not likely to find the true way to attain any good, and every failure makes them more rebellious. Human progress is largely an effort to replace the spirit of the latter class with that of the former. And the secret of it is found in the perception that life is based on laws of mathematical justice; that the wrong way must fail and continue to fail, no matter how good and noble the object, and that the right way, when applied with mathematical exactness, never did fail, never will fail, can not fail. When we see that this plan is best in the long run, the eternally long run, we cease to murmur, and accept life as good, no matter what our personal experiences have been. As soon as we are truly willing to let every wrong way fail, many of the most dismal words are forever blotted from our lexicon, and joy and breathing become synonymous.

Shall There Be Children?

MANY interesting letters from mothers have been received in response to our editorial, "On Accepting Maternity," in the February issue, and we shall print them at an early date. If all these letters were put into a composite letter it would read something like this: "I was a wife; I was too selfish, too stubborn, and too ignorant and fearful to welcome the coming of a child. Then love began to grow cold, my life was empty, and nothing gave me satisfaction. In my distress I thought more deeply and came to consider the privilege of motherhood. I repented of my folly, opened my heart, and there came into my life a little child. I loved it as I never supposed was possible, and it made my life over new, and I marvel that I could ever have been so blind. I wish I might give my experience and save some other women from making the mistake I did, and help them to look upon motherhood as the crowning joy of a woman's life." Every woman who is now battling with this problem in her own life will find it interesting and helpful to see what these other women learned by experience.

Talking to Oneself

ONE of the great secrets of strong and happy living is to know how to talk to yourself. Everybody does it, but many do not do it correctly, and it makes all the difference in the world. One says to himself, "I can't help it." That thought enters his mind, takes possession of his faculties, ties his hands, and renders him helpless in the face of some unfavorable tendency. Observing this helplessness which he has thus enforced upon himself he says to himself more firmly than before, "I can't help it." Another observes in himself or his environment an unfavorable tendency and he says to himself, "I can help it." If he finds that he lacks the necessary knowledge he says to himself, "I can find out." When he sees the right thing to do he says to himself, "I will do it." It is the privilege of every one to choose which sort of talk he will give to himself, and the result follows the choice as night the day. In all the art of living there is not a more important thing to learn than the art of talking to yourself. You can, by this simple means, lift yourself out of every condition that is not right into any condition that is right. Say it to yourself, subdivide it and follow out each point with one more "I can," and you will be astonished and rejoiced at the results.

The Origin of Ignorance

THERE is a habit of mind, found in some degree in all of us, and in an exaggerated form in many, which is responsible for more unhappiness than almost any other one thing that could be mentioned. It is the habit of observing a few instances that show a certain similarity, guessing at the meaning, and then multiplying that conclusion by a million and so making a generalization. A very unhappy woman writes us a letter in which she says: "The life of all women is unspeakably hard." How did she discover what "all women" feel about life? By noticing a few instances, jumping at a conclusion, and multiplying it by a million. Absurd, you say. And yet, how much of your own life philosophy is made up of just such sweeping generalizations! Such a philosophy is hard to live by, and imposes more severe burdens upon its disciples than life itself ever asked them to carry. Life is hard when we try to live it the hardest way, and what way is harder than that of blinding our own eyes to its beauty and order and goodness by admitting as true such an erroneous conclusion as that? The true order of thought and feeling is from the center outward toward an infinite variety of expressions. No error is or can be greater than that of trying to reverse this order and to reach the central law of being by observing a few of the outmost expressions and claiming that all must be like those you have observed.

Easier Than It Seems

FEW burdens seem harder to bear than that of being disappointed in oneself, and yet for even that there is an effective remedy in right thinking. A woman who had almost everything to be desired—love, home, children, friends, and plenty of money for her needs, was unhappy almost to despair. To a friend she confided that her great grief, which she managed to keep pretty well hidden, was the recognition that her will to do her best was not equal to her light, and that in spite of all her opportunities for happiness and growth she was just drifting, and not getting anywhere toward self-mastery. The friend reassured her that she was passing through a mental process which some time falls to the lot of every one, and that the very recognition of the situation was a sure sign of real growth. Later, having discovered how to bring her will into obedience to her light, she said feelingly: "I didn't know it was possible for any one to be as happy as I am." Then she made another discovery, that the process was really much easier than she had made it, because she had tried to put her problem out of her mind, instead of facing it squarely, and so had been opposed by the force of her own effort and didn't know it.

A Matrimonial Fable

HERE is a little fable that does not mean just what it says, and yet it means vastly more than it says:

A woman worked diligently to provide for her husband's comfort, keeping her home in perfect order, and cooking the best of food. But she always neglected to put salt on the food, and would not allow any to be brought into the house. When her husband remonstrated with her for this lack, she took on an injured air, and asked him if he did not appreciate all she did to make the home attractive. He said he did, and yet he must have salt on his food. She argued that it was salted, or that it didn't need salt, or that he had a foolish notion in his head. Sometimes she would almost convince him that he was in the wrong, and he would eat the saltless food and beg her forgiveness. Then he would feel again the need of salt, but she was obdurate. Finally he shut off from her everything he could, and begged her to listen to his plea for salt. She said he was cruel and that he was making her life wretched. But he knew in his heart that he was kind, but that he must have salt at all costs. Finally he brought so much pressure to bear upon her that she gave in and provided the salt, and they were happy ever afterward. Then he discovered that he had prolonged the trouble by having tried to compel her instead of having tried to melt her heart by more kindness. And in looking back at his victory he saw that the turning-point was when he resolved to win instead of coerce.

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Sometimes it is hard to make a boy get up in the morning, but if he has been "brought up" on Ivory Soap he is sure to be bright and clean when he reaches the breakfast table.

Children take to Ivory Soap. As babies, the floating cake fascinates them. Then, a little later, they realize what a pleasant bath it makes so that, while still very young, they are willing to attend to their own toilets. Thus the practice of cleanliness becomes a habit which not even the prospect of a late breakfast can alter.

It is only natural for Ivory Soap to influence its users in this way. It is so mild and pure that it feels soothing to the tenderest skin. It gives such a bubbly, copious lather that it is a delight to bathe with it. And it rinses so readily that the skin is left in its natural, healthy condition—glowingly, refreshingly clean.

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THE FORTUNATE YOUTH

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "Septimus," "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," etc.

This is the beginning of the best novel Mr. Locke has yet written. His "Beloved Vagabond" is the only thing that can be compared with it. It has the most lovable hero in all Mr. Locke's gallery of lovable characters

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

CHAPTER I

PAUL KEGWORTHY lived with his mother, Mrs. Button, his stepfather, Mr. Button, and six little Buttons, his half brothers and sisters. His was not an ideal home: it consisted of a bedroom, a kitchen and a scullery in a grimy little house in a grimy street made up of rows of exactly similar grimy little houses and forming one of a hundred similar streets in a manufacturing town. Mr. and Mrs. Button worked in a factory and took in as lodgers grimy single men who also worked in factories. They were not a model couple; they were rather, in fact, the scandal of Budge Street, which did not itself enjoy in Bludston a reputation for holiness. Neither was good to look upon. Mr. Button, who was Lancashire bred and born, divided the yearnings of his spirit between strong drink and dog-fights. Mrs. Button, a viperous Londoner, yearned for noise. When Mr. Button came home drunk he punched his wife about the head and kicked her about the body, while they both exhausted the vocabulary of vituperation of north and south, to the horror and edification of the neighborhood. When Mr. Button was sober, Mrs. Button chastised little Paul. She would have done so when Mr. Button was drunk, but she had not the time. The periods therefore of his mother's martyrdom were those of Paul's enfranchisement. If he saw his stepfather come down the street with steady gait, he fled in terror; if he saw him reeling homeward, he lingered about with a light heart.

Who and what Kegworthy had been neither Paul nor any inhabitant of Bludston knew. Once the boy inquired, and his mother broke a worn frying-pan over his head. Kegworthy, whoever he might have been, was wrapped in mystery. She had appeared in the town when Paul was a year old, giving herself out as a widow. That she was by no means destitute was obvious from the fact that she at once rented the house in Budge Street, took in lodgers, and lived at her ease. Button, who was one of the lodgers, cast upon her the eyes of desire and married her. Why she married Button she could never determine. Perhaps she had a romantic idea—and there is romance even in Budge Street—that Button would support her. He very soon shattered any such illusion by appropriating the remainder of her fortune and kicking her into the factory with hobnailed boots. It would be wrong to say that Mrs. Button did not complain: she did. She rent the air of Budge Street with horrible execration; but she went to the factory, where, save for the intervals of retirement rendered necessary by the births of the little Buttons, she was contented enough to stay.

If Paul Kegworthy had been of the same fiber as the little Buttons, he would have felt, thought and acted as they, and this history would never have been written. But he differed greatly from the little Buttons. They, children of the gray cap and the red shawl, resembled hundreds of thousands of little human rabbits similarly parented. For the most part they were dingily fair, with snub noses, coarse mouths and eyes of an indeterminate blue. But Paul wandered, a changeling, about the Bludston streets. In the rows of urchins in the crowded Board School class-room he sat as conspicuous as any little Martian who might have been bundled down to earth. He had wavy hair of raven black, a dark olive complexion flushed, in spite of haphazard nourishment and nights spent on the stone floor of the reeking scullery, with the warm blood of health, great liquid black eyes, and the exquisitely delicate features of a young Praxitelean god. It was this preposterous perfection which, while redeeming him from ridiculous beauty by giving his childish face a certain rigidity, differentiated him outwardly from his fellows.

UNTIL a wonderful and illuminating happening in his eleventh year, little Paul Kegworthy had taken existence with the fatalism of a child. Of his stepfather, who smelled lustily of sour beer, bad tobacco and incidentally of other things undetected by Paul's nostrils, and whom he saw rarely, he dwelt in mortal terror. As regards his mother, he had a confused idea that he was a living blight on her existence. He was not sorry, because it was not his fault, but in his childish way he coldly excused her, and more from a queer consciousness of blighterdom than from dread of her hand and tongue, he avoided her as much as possible. In the little Buttons his experience as scapegoat taught him to take but little interest. From his earliest memories they were the first to be fed, clothed and bedded; to his own share fell the exiguous scraps. As they were much younger than himself, he found no pleasure in their companionship. For society he sought such of the youth of Budge Street as would admit him into their raucous fellowship. But for some reason which his immature mind could not fathom, he felt a pariah even among his coevals.

He could run as fast as Billy Goodge, the undisputed leader of the gang; he could dribble the rag football past him any time he desired; once he had sent him home to his mother with a bleeding nose, and even in that hour of triumph popular sympathy had been with Billy, not with him. It was the only problem in existence to which his fatalism did not supply the key. He knew himself to be a better man than Billy Goodge. There was no doubt about it. At school, where Billy was the woodenest blockhead, he was top of his class. He knew things about troy weight and geography and Isaac and the Mariners of England of which Billy did not dream. To Billy the football news in the Saturday afternoon edition of *The Bludston Herald* was a cryptogram; to him it was an open book. He would stand, acknowledged scholar, at the street corner and read out from the soiled copy retrieved by Chunky, the newsboy, the enthralling story of the football day, never stumbling over a syllable, athrill with the joy of being the umbilicus of a tense world, and when the recital was over, he would have the mortification of seeing the throng pass away from him with the remorselessness of a cloud scudding from the moon. In any sphere of human effort, so he dimly and childishly realized, he could wipe out Billy Goodge. He had a soul-reaching contempt for Billy Goodge, a passionate envy of him. Why did Billy hold his position instead of crumbling into dust before him?

Assuredly he was a better man than Billy. When, Billy *duce et auspice*, the gang played at Pirates or Red Indians, it was pitiful to watch their ignorant endeavors. Paul, deeply read in the subject, gave them chapter and verse for his suggestions. But they heeded him so little that he would turn away contemptuously, disdaining the travesty of the noble game, and dream of a gang of brighter spirits whom he could lead to glory. Paul had many such dreams wherewith he sought to cheat the realities of existence; but until the Great Happening the dream was not better than the drink: after it came the Vision Splendid.

The wonderful thing happened all because Maisie Shepherd, a slip of a girl of nineteen, staying at St. Luke's Vicarage, spilled a bottle of scent over her frock.

It was the morning of the St. Luke's Annual Sunday-school Treat. In the hard-featured yard of the schoolhouse the children were assembled: the girls on one

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side, the boys on the other. Curates and teachers hovered about the intervening space. Almost every child wore its Sunday best. Even the shabbiest little girl had a clean white pinafore to hide deficiencies beneath, and the untidiest little boy showed a scrubbed face. The majority of the boys wore clean collars; some grinned over gaudy neckties. The only one who appeared in his week-day grime and tatterdemalion outfit was little Paul Kegworthy. He had not changed his clothes, because he had no others; and he had not washed his face, because it had not occurred to him to do so. Moreover, Mrs. Button had made no attempt to improve his forlorn aspect, for the simple reason that she had never heard of the Sunday-school Treat. It was part of Paul's philosophy to dispense, as far as he could, with parental control. On Sunday afternoons the little Buttons played in the streets, where Paul, had he so chosen, might have played also; but he put himself, so to speak, to Sunday-school, where besides learning lots of queer things about God and Jesus Christ which interested him keenly, he could shine above his fellows by recitations of collects and bits of catechism, which did not interest him at all. Then he won scores of good-conduct cards, gaudy treasures, with pictures of Daniel in the Lion's Den and the Marriage at Cana and such like, which he secreted preciously beneath a loose slab in the scullery floor. So Paul, vagabond and self-reliant from his babyhood, turned up at the Sunday-school Treat hatless and coatless, his dirty little toes visible through the holes in his boots, and his shapeless and tattered breeches secured to his person by a single brace. The better-

while in the still air above the ignoble town hung the heavy pall of smoke. Presently there was the sound of wheels and the sight of the head of the Vicar's coachman above the coping of the school-yard wall. Then the gates opened and the Vicar and his wife and Miss Merewether, her daughter, and Maisie Shepherd appeared and were immediately greeted by curates and teachers.

Maisie Shepherd, a stranger in a strange land, pretty, pink, blushing, hatefully self-conscious after the accident with the bottle of scent, detached herself from the group and looked with timid curiosity on the children. She was a London girl, her head still dancing with the delights of her first season, and she had never been to a Sunday-school Treat in her life. Madge Merewether, her old schoolfellow, had told her she was to help amuse the little girls. Heaven knew how she was to do it. Already the unintelligibility of Lancashire speech had filled her with dismay. The array of hard-faced little girls daunted her; she turned to the boys, but she only saw one—the little hatless, coatless scarecrow with the perfect features and arresting grace, who stood out among his smug companions with the singularly vivid incongruity of a Greek Hermes in the central hall of Madame Tussaud's waxwork exhibition. Fascinated, she strayed down the line toward him. She halted, looked for a second or two into a pair of liquid black eyes and then blushed in agonized shyness. She stared at the beautiful boy and the beautiful boy stared at her, and not a word could she find in her head to speak. She turned abruptly and moved away. The boy broke rank and slowly followed her.

He got up and stared at her. "Yo' told me to win!"

dressed urchins moved away from him and made rude remarks, after the generous manner of their kind; but Paul did not care. Pariahdom was his accustomed portion. He was there for his own pleasure. They were going to ride in a train. They were going to have a wonderful afternoon in a nobleman's park, a place all grass and trees elusive to the imagination. There was a stupefying prospect of wondrous things in profusion to eat and drink—jam—ginger-beer—cake! So rumor had it; and to unsophisticated Paul, rumor was gospel truth. With all these unexperienced joys before him, what cared he for those who gibed at him?

The Sunday-school marshaled by curates and teachers awaited the party from the Vicarage. The thick and darkened sunshine of Bludston flooded the asphalt of the yard, which sent up a reek of heat, causing curates to fan themselves with their black straw hats and little boys in clean collars to wriggle in sticky discomfort,

For little Paul Kegworthy the heavens had opened and flooded his senses, till he nearly fainted, with the perfume of celestial lands. The intoxicating sweetness of it bewildered his young brain. It was nothing delicate, evanescent like the smell of a flower. It was thick, pungent, cloying, compelling. Mouth agape and nostril wide, he followed the exquisite source of the emanation like one in a dream, half across the yard. A curate laughingly and unsuspectingly brought him back to earth, by laying hands on him and bundling him back into his place. There he remained, being a docile urchin; but his eyes remained fixed on Maisie Shepherd.

In a few minutes the children were marched to the railway station, and marshaled into the waiting train. Paul's companions in the railway carriage crowded at the windows, fighting vigorously for right of place; but he sat alone in the middle of the seat, unmoved by the new sensation of speed and by the glimpses of blue sky and waving trees above the others' heads. The glory of the day was blotted out until he should see and smell the goddess again. At the wayside station where they descended he saw her in the distance, and the glory came once more. She caught his eye, smiled and nodded. He felt a queer thrill run through him. He had been singled out from among all the boys. He knew her.

Brakes took them from the station down a country road, and after a mile or so, through stone gates to a stately park, where wonder after wonder was set out before Paul's unaccustomed eyes. Once the long pile of the Tudor house came into view, flashing white in the sunshine. The teacher in charge of the brake explained that it was the Marquis of Chudley's residence. It was more beautiful than anything Paul had ever seen. It was bigger than many churches put together; the word "palace" came into his head—it transcended all his preconceived ideas of palaces; yet in such a palace as this could dwell the radiant and sweet-smelling lady of his dream. The certainty gave him a curious satisfaction.

They arrived at the spot where the marquees were erected and at once began the traditional routine of the School Treat—games for the girls, manlier sports for the boys. Lord Chudley, patron of the living of St. Luke's, Bludston, and Lord Bountiful of the feast, had provided swing-boats and a merry-go-round which discoursed infernal music to enraptured ears. Paul stood aloof for a while from these delights, his eye on the section of the girls among whom his goddess moved. As soon as she became detached and he could approach her without attracting notice, he crept within the magic circle of the scent and lay down prone, drinking in intoxication, and as she moved, he wriggled toward her on his stomach, like a young snake.

After a time she came near him.

"Why aren't you playing with the other boys?" she asked.

Paul sat on his heels.

"Dunno, miss," he said shyly.

She glanced at his rapscallion attire, blushed and blamed herself for the tactless question.

"This is a beautiful place, isn't it?"

"It's heavenly," said Paul, with his eyes on her.

"One scarcely wants to do anything but just—well, just be here," she smiled.

He nodded and said "Ay!" Then he grew bolder. "I like being alone," he declared defiantly.

"Then I'll leave you," she laughed.

The blood flushed deep under his unwashed olive skin and he leaped to his feet.

"Aw didn't mean that!" he protested hotly. "It was them other boys."

She was touched by his beauty and quick sensitiveness.

"I was only teasing. I'm sure you like being with me."

Paul had never heard such exquisite tones from human lips. To his ears accustomed to the harsh Lancashire burr, her low, accentless voice was music. So another of his senses was caught in the enchantment.

"Yo' speak so pretty," said he.

At that moment a spruce but perspiring young teacher came up.

"We're going to have some boys' races, miss, and we want the ladies to look on. His lordship has offered prizes. The first is a boys' race—under eleven."

"You can join in that, anyhow," she said to Paul. "Go along and let me see you win."

Paul scudded off, his heart aflame, his hand tucking in, as he ran, the shirt whose evasion from the breeches was beyond the control of the single brace. Besides, crawling on your stomach is dislocating even to the most neatly secured attire. But his action was mechanical. His thoughts were with his goddess. In his inarticulate mind, he knew himself to be her champion. He sped under her consecration. He knew he could run. He could run like a young deer. Though despised, could he not outrun any of the youth in Budge Street?

He took his place in the line of competing children. The word was given. The urchins started. Paul, his little elbows squared behind him and his eyes fixed vacantly in space, ran with his soul in the toes that protruded through the ragged old boots. He knew not who was in front or who was behind. It was the madness of battle. He ran and ran, until somebody put their arms round him and stopped him.

"Steady on, my boy, steady on."

Paul looked round in a dazed way.

"Have A' won th' race?"

"I'm afraid not, my lad."

With a great effort he screwed his mind to another question:

"Wheer did A' come in?"

"About sixth, but you ran awfully well."

Sixth! He had come in sixth! He staggered away and threw himself down under a beech-tree, and after a few moments' vivid realization of what had happened, sobbed out the agony of his little soul's despair. She had sent him forth to win. He had lost. He had come in a sickening sixth. The disgrace devastated him.

Maisie Shepherd, interested in her child champion, sought him out and easily found him under the beech-tree.

"Why, what is the matter?"

As he did not answer, she knelt by his side and put her hand on his lean shoulder.

"Tell me what has happened."

Again the celestial fragrance overspread his senses. He checked his sobs and wiped his eyes with the back of his grubby hand.

"Aw didn't win," he moaned.

"Poor little chap!" she said comfortingly; "did you want to win so very much?"

He got up and stared at her. "Yo' told me to win!"

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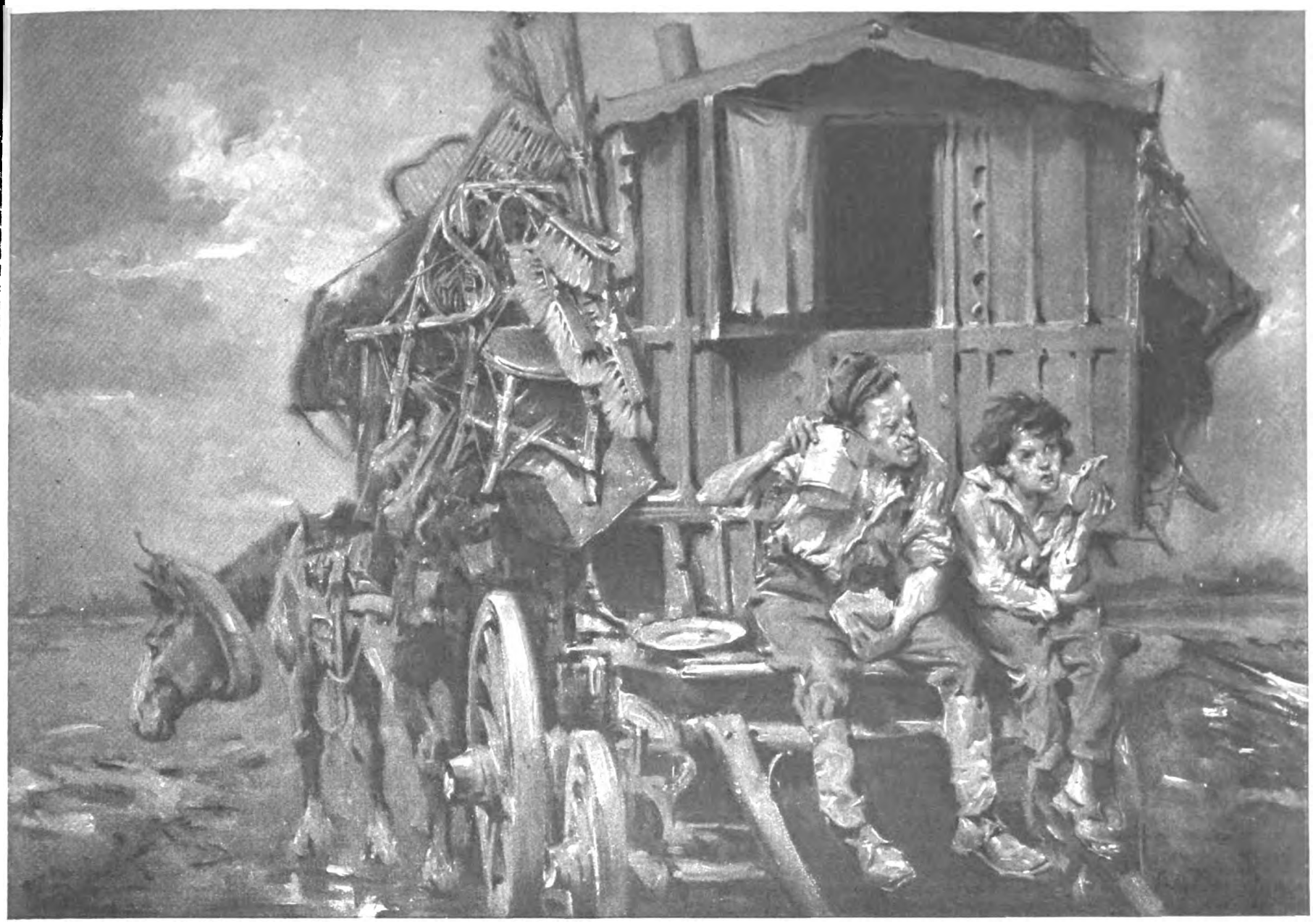

They both ate for a long while in silence, dangling their legs

"So you ran for me—you ran for me?" she said.

"Ay."

She rose to her feet and looked down upon him somewhat overwhelmed by her responsibility. So in ancient days might a fair maiden have regarded her knight who underwent entirely unnecessary batterings for her sake.

"Then for me you've won," she said. "I wish I could give you a prize."

But what in the nature of a prize for a gutter imp of eleven does a pocketless young woman attired for the serious business of a School Treat carry upon her person? She laughed in pretty embarrassment.

"If I gave you something quite useless, what would you do with it?"

"I 'ud hide it safe, so 'ut nobody should see it," said Paul, thinking of his precious cards.

"Wouldn't you show it to anybody?"

"By gum—" he checked himself suddenly. Such, he had learned, was not Sunday-school language. "I wouldno' show it to a dog," said he.

Maisie Shepherd, aware of romantic foolishness, slipped a cornelian heart from a thin gold chain round her neck.

"It's all I can give you for a prize, if you will have it."

If he would have it? The Koh-i-noor in his clutch (and a knowledge of its value) could not have given him more thrilling rapture. The bauble was a bit of the warm wonder that was she.

"How are you going to keep it?" she asked.

He hoicked a bit of his shirt-tail from his breeches and proceeded to knot the Cornelian heart secure therein. Maisie fled rapidly on the verge of hysterics.

The day sank into late afternoon. The children had been fed. The weary elders had their tea. The Vicarage party took a few moments' rest in the shade of a clump of firs some distance away from the marquee. Behind the screen lay Paul, his eyes on his goddess, his heels in the air, a buttercup stalk between his teeth. He felt the comforting knot beneath his thigh. For the first time, perhaps, in his life he knew utter happiness. He heard the talk, but did not listen. Suddenly, however, the sound of his own name caused him to prick his ears. Paul Kegworthy! They were talking about him. There could be no mistake. He slithered a foot or two nearer.

"No matter whether his people are drunkards or murderers," said the beloved voice, "he is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life. Have you ever spoken to him, Winifred?"

"No," said the Vicar's daughter. "Of course I've noticed him. Every one does. He is remarkable."

"I don't believe he's a child of these people at all," Maisie declared. "He's of a different clay. He's as sensitive as—as a sensitive-plant. You ought to keep your eye on him, Mr. Merewether. I believe he's a poor little prince in a fairy tale."

"A freak—a *lusus naturæ*," said the Vicar.

Paul did not know what a *lusus naturæ* was, but it sounded mighty grand.

"He's a fairy prince, and one day he'll come into his kingdom."

"My dear, if you saw his mother."

"But I'm sure no one but a princess could be Paul Kegworthy's mother," laughed Maisie.

"And his father?"

"A prince too!"

And Paul listened and drank in his goddess's words greedily. Truth clear as crystal fell from her lips. A wild wonder racked his little soul. She had said that his mother was not his mother and that his father was a prince. The tidings capped the glory of an effulgent day.

CHAPTER II

PAUL longed for books. The fragmentary glimpses of history and geography in the Board School standards whetted without satisfying his imagination. There was not a book in the house in Budge Street, and he had never a penny to buy one. Sometimes Button would bring home a dirty newspaper which Paul would steal and read in secret, but its contents seemed to lack continuity. He thirsted for a story. Once a generous boy—since dead: he was too good to live—had given him a handful of penny dreadfuls, whence he had derived his knowledge of pirates and Red Indians. Too careless and confident, he had left them about the kitchen and his indignant mother had used them to light the fire. The burning of his library was an enduring tragedy. He realized that it must be reconstituted; but how? His nimble wit hit on a plan. Vagrant as an unowned dog he could roam the streets at pleasure. Why should he not sell newspapers—in a quarter of the town, be it understood, remote from both factory and Budge Street? He sold newspapers for several weeks before he was found out; but he had amassed a sufficient hoard of pennies for the purchase of books in gaudy paper covers exposed for sale in the little stationer's shop round the corner. So a goodly library of amazing rubbish had been stored by degrees under the scullery slab, until it outgrew safe accommodation; whereupon Paul transferred the bulk of it to a hole in a bit of waste ground, a deserted brick-field on the ragged outskirts of the town.

Greater leisure for reading, however, compensated the loss of his income. He read dazzling tales of dukes with palaces (like Chudley Court) and countesses with ropes of diamonds in their hair, who all bore a resemblance to the fragrant one. And dukes and countesses lived the most resplendent lives and spoke such beautiful language, and had such a way with them! He felt a curious pride in being able to enter into all their haughty emotions. Then, one day, he began a story about a poor little outcast boy in a slum. At first he did not care for it. His soaring spirit disdained boys in slums. It had its being on higher planes. But he read on, and reading on grew interested until interest was intensified into absorption. For the outcast boy in the slums, you must know, was really the kidnapped child of a prince and a princess, and after the most romantic adventures was enfolded in his parents' arms, married a duke's beauteous daughter, whom in his poverty he had worshiped from afar, and drove away with his bride in a coach-and-six.

To little Paul Kegworthy the clotted nonsense was a revelation from on high. He was that outcast boy. The memorable pronouncement of the goddess received confirmation in some kind of holy writ. The Vision Splendid, hitherto confused, crystallized into focus. He realized vividly how he differed in feature and form and intellect and character from the low crowd with whom he was associated. His unpopularity was derived from envy. His manifest superiority was gall to their base natures. Yes, he had got to the heart of the mystery. Mrs. Button was not his mother. For reasons unknown he had been kidnapped. Aware of his high lineage, she hated him and beat him and despitefully used him. She never gushed, it is true, over her offspring; but the little Buttons flourished under genuine motherment. They, inconsiderable brats, were her veritable children. Whereas, he, Paul . . . It was as plain as daylight. Somewhere, far away in the great world, an august and grief-stricken pair at that very moment were mourning the loss of their only son. There they were, in their marble palace, surrounded by flunkies all crimson and gold (men-servants were always "gorgeously appareled flunkies" in Paul's books), sitting at a table loaded with pineapples on golden dishes, and eating out their hearts with longing.

He could hear their talk. Paul felt very sorry for them, and wiped away a tear.

For many years he remembered that day. He was alone in his brick-field, on a gusty March morning—the Easter holidays had released him from school—squatting by his hole under the lee of a mass of earth and rubbish. It was a mean expanse, blackened by soot and defiled by refuse. Here and there bramble and stunted gorse struggled for an existence; but the flora mainly consisted of bits of old boots and foul raiment protruding grotesquely from the soil, half-buried cans, rusty bits of iron, and broken bottles. On one side the backs of grimy little houses, their yards full of fluttering drab underwear, marked the edge of the hopeless town which rose above them in forbidding buildings, belching chimney-shafts and the spikes of a couple of spires. On the other sides it was bounded by the brick walls of factories, the municipal gas-works, and the approach to the railway station indicated by signal-posts standing out against the sky like gallows, and a tram-line bordered by a row of skeleton cottages. Golgotha was a prim garden compared with Paul's brick-field. But it was his own domain. He felt in it a certain pride of possession. The hollow under the lee of the rubbish heap, by the side of the hole where he kept his paper library, was the most homelike place he knew.

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WHAT JUDGE FRESCHI SAID TO THE NEW YORK MOTHERS' CLUB

The Magistrate Discusses "Should a Mother Become Acquainted With the Home Life of Her Children's Associates?"

Judge Freschi's plain talks on his experiences in court, which have been appearing in The Delineator, have attracted such wide attention that he was called upon to deliver the following lecture on April fourteenth at the Hotel Astor, New York. We reprint his talk in full because it is the summary of a series of important works.

OUR daughters are in danger even before they have given up their dolls. It is then that the mental and moral stamina, the girl's true fortress against evil, is in the making. Whatever influences or examples undermine the foundations of this fortress pave the way for the sinister influence of the bad girl chums who later on will come into her life.

The most conscientious of parents are prone to devote so much attention to the physical welfare of their daughters at this tender age that they entirely overlook their more important duty—that of guarding the openings through which the child's forming character may be warped.

Most people conduct themselves with scrupulous care before their children, and consider their moral duty done. Actually, all their personal effort goes for naught if they permit their children to go into other homes where the parents are not similarly careful, or permit close association with the children of those homes.

Few, indeed, are the parents who take the trouble to assure themselves on this point. Frequently, they do not even become acquainted with the parents of the neighborhood children with whom their daughters play constantly. Those people pay their bills, dress well, seem prosperous, do not outwardly offend decency; ergo, they are unquestionably respectable.

All mothers will tell you how careful they are in selecting their child's playmates. Their gage is the outward appearance, manners, demeanor, of those playmates. This is all very necessary so far as it goes. But these things are an index of the home life of a child only in so far as politeness, breeding, culture and the like are concerned. Outward signs fail most signally in showing the bad influences and examples that may make an imprint upon the moral stamina of the daughter.

The child of bad home environment will not enlighten you. Either she disapproves of certain actions of her parents, and is ashamed; or—what is more often the case—she conceals the facts innocently, with no thought of deceit. When this child's parents do or permit things that are baneful as examples, they do not tell the child so—often do not admit it to themselves. But they do impress upon their children that the actions must be hidden from outsiders, not because they are wrong, but because they are private family matters. The child is duly convinced. She does not tell that mother smokes cigarettes or that papa is profane or drinks heavily, from the same spirit of loyalty that makes her conceal that papa snores or mother wears false hair.

Your Daughter Imitates That Other Mother

YOUR daughter associating with that child in that home will acquire that same attitude of mind. Children are imitative—particularly of their elders. Presently they will imitate those actions, and, what is more, imitate the secrecy with which they are enshrouded. Let me cite a case that illustrates the danger thus entailed.

A young man had been arrested for annoying two girls of about twelve in Central Park. The young man did not seem vicious. In a dazed manner he explained that he had seen one of the girls smoking a cigarette in a secluded spot and this had inspired him to approach. Girls that smoke, he explained, usually welcome advances even though they may pretend not to.

There was nothing flippant about these girls, and their general demeanor, as well as the refined appearance of their mothers, seemed to indicate careful breeding.

Those women were highly indignant, though on significantly different scores. One was shocked that her daughter had smoked cigarettes; she saw readily that this transgression had invited the insults. The other woman was apparently incensed only at the man and the trouble he had caused.

It came out, eventually, that this woman frequently smoked cigarettes before her daughter and the chum. Indeed, the cigarette smoked by the girl had been "cribbed" from her.

This woman was deeply resentful when it was suggested that her example was at the bottom of the trouble. Her fault, indeed! she snapped. It was no more harm for a woman to smoke than a man.

She had preached this sophism to her daughter and her chum, and the argument had convinced them. She utterly failed to see that an action not inherently wrong in itself could possibly bring young girls into dire danger.

She had a final argument with which to exculpate herself. If her example was at fault, how was it that her own daughter was *not* the one that smoked.

An unanswerable argument, you may say at first glance. And yet, give thought! That reasoning, more than anything else, emphasizes the insidiousness of the dangers I am trying to point out. First, it shows the futility of accepting the character of your daughter's chum as an unfailing index of how her home life will affect your daughter; secondly, that the bad example, always glossing wrong as right—the baneful as harmless—impresses upon the young mind that such sophistries are truths.

Vice Is Really a Disease

IN MANY a case I have observed that a girl constantly under evil home influences escaped, while her chum, the daughter of careful parents, but occasionally under those influences, was contaminated. Vice, particularly to the young, receptive mind, is what disease is to the body—an ailment, infectious and contagious. And neither in mind nor body are all equally susceptible to infection. Expose your daughter and another girl to smallpox, say, and who will argue that the other girl could not escape while your daughter succumbed?

Singularly, Nature selects its immunes, moral as well as physical, from the veritable hotbeds of contagion. Consider the so-called "flowers of the slums," who from the most baneful environment emerge spotless.

The nature of any child may be such that instinctively it repels coarseness or indelicacy. That one little girl did not smoke, though, logically, she was the one of whom it might have been expected. It happened that the fumes of tobacco were distasteful to her. She might rise superior to any form of evil on precisely similar grounds.

Can you say that your daughter is likewise immune? Remember this in your parental vanity, that your young daughter is untried clay, and that the power of resistance to vice or disease is an unknown quantity until infection shows—and then it is too late!

Even if your daughter does not visit her chum's home, it is your duty to know something of that home. The child of evil environment, immune herself, may be a "carrier" of disease.

This world is full of thoughtless parents who freely permit their daughters to frequent homes of chums of whose parents they indefinitely disapprove. These parents are more culpable than those who would allow a daughter to visit a house where a virulent disease was suspected. The physical ill may be cured: the moral contamination, although it may be controlled, is rarely if ever eradicated.

Those parents who set a bad example never do it intentionally. Usually you will find them sincerely well-intentioned—who would spare no trouble to shield children from the very vices they have. They "salve" their consciences with the thought that the children are too young, too innocent, to understand.

The children do not understand, it is true; and therein lies a terrible menace of the thing. The age of innocence and ignorance is the curious age, and, above all, it is the plastic age when imprints on the character sink deepest, and expand rapidly with the mental growth of the child.

When a normal girl does not understand a thing, she is going to inquire. The very reticence of these adults tells her she must be cautious. And so she inquires of other girls and eventually finds the more sophisticated, older girl, who gives her the information in a greatly exaggerated form, and painted in alluring colors. That innocent girl might eventually fall under the influence of bad companions; but even so, that is no reason why she should be exposed to influences that will hurry her there before she has the slightest mental balance to strengthen her.

Not that the intervention of the corrupt girl chum is always necessary to complete the harm begun by bad parental examples.

A case in mind concerned two girls, mere children. The mother of one, it appeared later, was given over to coarse jesting and acts of thinly veiled suggestiveness, before her husband. The children had noticed that, invariably, it evoked much laughter.

In a secluded spot, one afternoon, they came upon three laborers in a trench. They paused to watch; there was a merry salutation, and the girls replied in kind. They were exhuberant, exhilarated by romping, and they would have some merry jesting. What was the most effective form of jesting? Why, the sort that the culpable mother always employed. And so those children began to imitate that woman's speech and actions, innocently, without a thought of what it meant. They were rewarded with bursts of laughter, and it spurred them on.

Nothing happened to those children because a watchful detective interfered; but one need only survey the voluminous records of a certain variety of crime to picture what might have happened!

A troubled mother sought advice about her young daughter who had been pilfering money. Bad associations? Presumably not. She had two little girl chums, both refined, polite, and of cultured families.

It developed presently that the father of one of those chums was stingy and that his harebrained wife made a practise of rifling his pockets. This woman argued that "what was his was hers," and this method saved wrangling. She thought the matter amusing—in fact, boasted before the children of her cleverness.

The young pilferer had advanced the same arguments to herself. Her parents were "stingy" because they would not give her all the spending money she wanted. She had merely solved the problem as did the "thieving" mother.

Once Begin and the Game's Up

THE first transgression, undetected, inspires or necessitates other transgressions differing entirely from the first. It is particularly so with the young. They are like pliant reeds inclined by the general current of the downward stream. Vice is progressive and all-embracing, widening out from whatever beginning like a funnel, each successive step making the next step less difficult. The varied manifestations of evil seem to be interdependent, interwoven into a general attitude of mind. The vicious are not born vicious, they become vicious. Dishonesty, lying, immorality, all offenses, seem to seize upon all the victims alike, although the starting-point in almost every case was different, and often but a trifling infraction.

Let me instance the cases of two different girls before the court not long ago. One was charged with immorality, the other with dishonesty.

The first transgression of the former had been stealing from her mother to gain amusements. She must spend the money surreptitiously, and this involved lying and took her to obscure places, where she fell in with bad companions. She had yielded finally to the great evil.

The downward start of the other had been marked by her surrender of virtue as a mere child. To avoid public shame she had sought aid from a degraded woman whom she knew through her coming to the store where she was employed. The girl was grateful; made friends of the woman. She was a creature who found her greatest pleasure in display. Pride spurred the girl to make an equal appearance with her. She finally stole from her employer to buy clothes.

Each of these girls had started where the other ended; and in their downward progress each had acquired the same array of vices as the other.

There came before me a girl, just past sixteen, in the direst trouble that can befall womankind. She was refined, pretty, and her parents who sought help toward the only loophole—marriage—were eminently respectable. Her home environment had been ideal.

This case was doubly pitiful. The youth responsible was scarcely out of his teens, a freshman in college, and of good parentage. They were both of them children mentally. Let us trace back to the beginning. This girl numbered among her chums one whose mother was a dashing young widow, frivolous and thoughtless, although in no sense bad. This woman was fond of young people. Nothing pleased her more than to have the boy and girl friends of her daughter gather at her home, whenever they wished. The young visitors were much more at liberty than in their own homes, and cut up and romp to their heart's desire.

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THE CLASSIC POETS AND MOVING DAY

Perverted by Constance and Burges Johnson

Illustrated by Peter Newell

THE CHAMBERED HAUGHTY-CUSS

After OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

SEEK a more stately mansion, O my Soul!
Suited to our bank-roll.
Leave our low-vaulted flat;
Find some apartment nobler than that,
Nearer the place Society is at,
Till we achieve Success
In some duplex abode among the Haute Noblesse.

OZYMANDIAS

After PERCY B. SHELLEY

I MET a traveler in Suburban land
Who said, "Two vast and wheelless vans lie prone
Far on the highroad. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a cracked piano and a brown
And battered trunk, a statue's broken hand;
And there a swearing driver sits, whose frown
And reddened face and sneer of cold command
Tell that their owner well those passions fed
Which lead us to the wine-house." In despair
I cried, "What names upon the goods appear?"
"The name is Izzy Mendes." "Let me swear!
They are my goods—my chattels—which decay
In that colossal wreck so far away.
And we have waited, cheerlessly and bare,
Within our empty villa all the day."

THE STEAM

(The Wanderer)

After AUSTIN DOBSON

THE steam comes back to its vacant dwelling—
The same old steam we have known of yore!
We can smell the heat through the open door,
And our eyes grow moist at the pressure's swelling;
With sounds that at best can be called repelling—
A knock, a squeak, and a muffled roar—
The steam comes back to its vacant dwelling,
The same old steam of the flat before.
Ah, who shall blame us for madly yelling
The words forbidden we used of yore?—
E'en as we look at the steam-pipes welling,
The old "drip drip" can be heard once more.
The steam comes back to its vacant dwelling.

THE AGENT

(The Outlaw)

After WALTER SCOTT

O, SWAMPVILLE banks are wild and fair,
And Cowhurst woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Manor Hall
Upon the morning train,
An agent, sitting on a wall
Was singing this refrain:

"O, Swampville banks are fresh and fair,
And Cowhurst woods are swell.
I'd rather own a house-lot there,
Than the Vanderbilt Hotel."

"If, agent, thou wouldst conjure me
To leave my life in town,
Thou first must show what life lead ye
That dwell by dale and down.
If thou canst show the cost of feed
Is less than I now pay,
Then to the greenwood shall I speed
As blythe as Queen of May."

Yet sang he, "Swampville's simply great,
And Cowhurst woods are greater.
I'd rather own this here estate,
Than the Century Theáyter."

"O, agent singing on the wall
About yon villa site,
I do not scorn your siren call—
Are *you* suburbanite?"
"An agent, lady, blows his horn—
He's paid to blow it pretty.
I earn my money here each morn;
My home is in the city."

Yet sang he, "Swampville's full of view,
And Cowhurst woods of berries.
I'd rather own this lot or two,
Than Delmonico's and Sherry's."

MOVING-SONG

(Hunting-Song)

After WALTER SCOTT

WAKEN, wife and children gay;
On the woodland dawns the day.
All the moving men are here,
Burlap, vans and moving gear.
Hounds are in their kennels belling,
Cats, canaries whistling, yelling;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they;
Waken cook and handmaid, pray.

Waken, this is moving-day.
The mist still lingers, damp and gray.
Springlets from the roof are streaming.
Last night's lamps are dully gleaming;
All the week we've busy been,
Packing truck and sweeping clean.
Now at last we chant our lay—
Off to town, hooray, hooray!

Louder, louder chant the lay;
Waken, wife and children gay.
Tell the servants mirth and glee
Love to dwell in towns, as we.
Tom, stern van-man, will not balk;
Trains and cars are fleet as hawk.
Think of this and rise with day,
Sprightly cook and housemaid gay.

MOVING THE PIANO

After H. C. BUNNER

THE grand piano was set
On the tenth apartment's casement.
A queer position, and yet
The grand piano was set
As high as the thing could get,
Where it was hauled from the basement.
The grand piano was set—
And stuck—in the tenth-floor casement.

L'ENVOI

After RUDYARD KIPLING

WHEN we've got our last picture—unpacked it,
And chosen the place it's to bide;
When the carpet is laid, and we've tacked it,
And the calcimine patches have dried.
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it,—
Sit down for a bite and a chat;
Till we come to another May Day,
And hunt for another flat.

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"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"

HUSBANDS WHO RESIGN

II

They Cause Untold Suffering to Countless Women and Children Every Year; and Virtually All of It Can Be Prevented by Adopting and Enforcing the Law Described Below.

BY WILLIAM HARD

MR. MONROE M. GOLDSTEIN of the New York Jewish Desertion Bureau is the champion retriever of husbands and fathers who have fled.

They flee. They do not know Mr. Goldstein. They flee to Chicago and to Baltimore and to St. Louis and to everywhere else, abandoning their little children to charity or to starvation.

But they don't flee enough. No amount of fleeing can take a man around the corner of Mr. Goldstein's eye.

From an office on Second Avenue, that eye follows the footprints of the wife-deserter from place to place till at last he falls exhausted and is pinned down to Mr. Goldstein's office records along with the rest of his kind under the label "Husbands Located."

Mr. Goldstein has done this to 991 men during the last two years. He is this country's greatest finder and returner of lost husbands.

He is a slight, wire-built young man, carrying a current of enough volts of energy to operate several additional young men of his size. He has devised and developed a husband-locating system so efficient that if it were installed in all the cities of this country and applied to all the races of people (including native-born Gentile Americans) now living in this country, it would start a national scandal.

How Many Deserters Are There?

IF FROM an office in one city, out of one race of people and in the first two years of the experiment, the secretary of a private agency has located 991 husbands (and is still pursuing 493 others), it is easy to see that the story of wife-desertion in the whole United States would make at least one chapter in any book on "Child-Rearing as a Secure Occupation for Women."

Mr. Goldstein was once arguing before a New York judge to get him to order a man to support his wife and child. At last the judge ordered. He ordered the man to pay over the sum of one dollar a week!

Mr. Goldstein, recovering, began to mention some of the difficulties which lie in the way of living on one dollar a week in New York. The judge was indignant. Mr. Goldstein's conduct seemed to him to be outrageous. The husband was being persecuted, hounded, plundered. The order for one dollar a week, and no more, would stand.

The child died shortly afterward, too feeble to survive the hardships to which its mother's extreme poverty exposed it.

Between that incident and the following one there was some progress.

Mr. Goldstein recently brought back to New York a man who had been devoting himself to some distant scene for a considerable period of time, during which two of his children had been maintained in an asylum.

Ingenious Justice

MR. GOLDSTEIN determined to clear that man's conscience thoroughly. He started him back, of course, at the job of supporting his whole family (there were four other children and a wife); but he also forced on him the spiritual satisfaction of refunding to the city of New York the money which that city had spent on the maintenance of his two "committed" children during his absence, *together with the money which it had spent on extraditing him by due and expensive process of law from the State to which he had fled.*

They calculated that the cost of these two efforts on the part of the city had reached the sum of nine hundred dollars. It is now coming back to the city at the rate of six dollars a week. Accordingly, in the course of just about three years the city will have been totally reimbursed and the man will have made complete restitution.

He might have been sent to prison and kept there for a couple of years. He was treated, instead, in the modern way. The modern way is not so much to punish the past as to fortify the future; not so much to make a man *feel worse* as to make him *do better.*

That is what our friend Mr. William H. Baldwin of Washington, D. C., has had in mind during all his unpaid, uninteresting, desperately dismal and enormously useful work of reading all the non-support laws of the United States, then arranging them, then rearranging them, then splitting them into their parts and finally putting the best of those parts together again (along with some new parts of his own finding) into the one best standard model law on the subject.

Thanking Mr. Baldwin

MR. BALDWIN might have done what many philanthropic gentlemen do in their mature years. Devoting himself to good works, he might have become a member of all the committees that exist on all the good works that there are.

He might have uplifted the negro, stopped the white-slave traffic, reduced infant mortality, promoted the practise of putting warm blankets on horses in Winter-time, and checked the spread of divorce, all by traveling rapidly from dinner to dinner and listening to speeches on why those things had *not* been uplifted, stopped, reduced, promoted or checked, giving the rest of his time to being indignant at the prevalence of wife-desertion as recounted by the secretary of the local charity society at the annual meeting of the board of trustees.

Mr. Baldwin was peculiar.

He had known about steel. Not about sugar and looms and ostrich feathers and steel. Just about steel.

The habit stuck.

He Had to Be a Specialist

HE PICKED "Non-Support Laws" out of the thirty thousand troubles of the world and started to know about it. He succeeded.

This business man has no rival to-day, even among lawyers, as an expert on the legal details of non-support legislation in the United States. He is the authority on what the non-support laws are and on what they ought to be.

I sent him a letter I had received from a lady in a small town in Maine who had been deserted by her husband and who was left with four children to look after. She said that the local authorities did not know what to do to help her.

That was easy for Mr. Baldwin. He wrote to her telling her what the laws of Maine provided and what steps to take under these laws. Within a short time I received a copy of a letter which the lady had written to Mr. Baldwin, after following his instructions. It ended:

"The court allowed ten dollars to be paid to me on the first of each month, and if I fail to receive it I am to notify the judge, and my husband will be rearrested and tried over again. I wish to thank you for your help *and to tell you that the town officials did not know that what I did could be done.* I am very grateful to you, even more than I can find words to express, and God will reward you for your work in helping for better laws."

Using Mr. Baldwin's Information

WHAT Mr. Baldwin knows about Maine he knows also about every other State; and he laid it all before the Commissioners on Uniform State Laws.

To them, in this matter, came the results of the experiences of many persons besides Mr. Baldwin.

The non-support law which they drafted is "right." It "works." Every provision in it has been tried out somewhere. Why don't we adopt it, with all of its provisions, everywhere? If adopted *and operated* everywhere, it would put food on the tables of a great multitude of women and children who otherwise will starve or beg.

If you would like to know that children will not be starving or begging in your town because of non-support by their fathers; if you would like to know that throughout your State the anxiety, the humiliation, the fear, the physical wretchedness caused by non-support and desertion have been abated so far as human skill can do so—write to Mr. Baldwin (1415 21st St., Washington, D. C.) for his pamphlet on "The Present Status of Family Desertion and Non-Support Laws;" show it to your club; show it to your prosecuting district attorney; show it to your representative in your legislature.

Really Getting the Money

IN PRACTISE, in Washington, D. C., the spirit of part of the Uniform Law is illustrated thus:

The man is ordered to pay a certain sum each week. He pays it to an officer of the court. The court knows, each week, whether he has paid it or not. If he doesn't pay it, he goes to jail. But as long as he does pay it, he is out of jail. In these circumstances almost all men pay.

You see, it's not merely law. It's system. It's business. It's using human nature.

From June 30, 1911, to June 30, 1912, the Juvenile Court in Washington collected in this way almost $42,000 for wives and children.

The idea is to get the money, not to "get" the man.

It's a principle that can be applied to other offenses.

If a man steals my purse and spends the money, I'd much rather have him sent back to his daily job and condemned to return me part of the money each week than know that he is sitting in a cell thinking up new crimes or writing one of these poems about convict life.

Of course, if he won't work, he must go to jail. There, however, as Mr. Baldwin's law provides, and as is to-day provided by several existing laws, work awaits him, "hard labor," *and the jail authorities begin to pay over a certain sum of money regularly to his bereaved family.*

The big point is, that there shall be protection, all the time, for the children.

One Last Question. Why?

REMEMBER that the instrument by which children can be protected against the consequences of non-support has been designed, and forged, and hangs on the wall ready for use. Remember that in most communities it is not really being used at all. Remember that what Mr. Joseph C. Logan of the Associated Charities of Atlanta, Georgia, says in the following paragraph is merely about the non-support that follows on desertion and not about that much greater evil—the non-support which exists while the husband and father is still living at home, but is spending most of his money on himself while his wife and his children suffer:

"It is blighting the lives of thousands of children every year. Carry out in your imagination how many thousands are being thus affected in America, with its population of upwards of ninety millions, if *in the one community from which I come [Atlanta] there are 333 such cases out of a population of a hundred and fifty thousand.* It makes no difference, however, from the standpoint of the character of the offense, whether it is affecting *one* hundred thousand American children all at a given time or *four* hundred thousand. Were it consistent with spiritual law, many of them had better be brained by their fathers at one blow than left to recruit the army of evil with dependence and disease and crime."

We see the evil. There it is. We see the cure. There it is. Why don't we bring the two together faster?

I end this subject, as I began it, with remarking that in the halls of legislation the smallest problem of the masculine part of the world looks big, and the biggest problem of the feminine part of the world looks small.

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THE MATCHMAKING OF EZRA LULL

BY RENE MANSFIELD

Illustrated by Denman Fink

AN UNDISCRIMINATING spider had spun his web from the end of her flattened nose to the chiseled curls that hung, like marble shavings, beside her plump little face. Withered leaves clung to the spray of lilies that she held and drifted across her pudgy toes beneath the frugal garment that ended at her round, round knees.

Anne Murdock brushed aside the cobwebs, flicked away the withered leaves with her handkerchief and stooped to read the inscription that was graven upon the stone.

LAURA LULL. DIED AUG. 15, 1891
AGED 3 YRS. 8 MOS. 22 DAYS.

Laura Lull—Laura Lull. There was a crooning melody in the name—a vague sweetness, like the plaintive cooing of the mourning doves in the trees above her. For twenty years the little figure must have stood there in the hush of the cemetery beside the Coyote River.

For twenty years some heart, perhaps——

"Purty piece o' work, now ain't it?"

Anne Murdock swung about, startled. The man who had spoken had evidently been working about one of the graves near by. In one hand he held a trowel crusted with moist earth, in the other a trailing shoot of ivy. There was something so pervasively virile in the lean length of him—in the keen blue eyes, wide as a boy's, and in the thin, nervous lips, twitched into a pucker of approval—that it occurred to Anne Murdock he might have been a spark struck off from the stern monuments about him, as from flint. His face was wrinkled and brown as a withered apple and his cheeks were sunken from the loss of teeth, those which remained leaning one against the other crazily.

His head was roofed by one of those Japanese tourist hats like an inverted gravy-boat, and through a ragged hole in the straw on top rose inadvertently a lock of sparse white hair, to be tossed frivolously about by the breeze.

"Purty piece o' work?" he repeated, his eyes roving affectionately over the little figure.

"Indeed it is," agreed the girl with reservations and prayer.

"D'you notice them curls? An' them there toes? Ever see anythin' natchraler?' Cost a purty penny, too. But I ses they was nothin' too good for Laurer. *No, sir!*"

The sudden transition from a quiet monotony of tone to the shout of the "No, sir!" startled his listener somewhat, but she soon discovered it was a way of his thus to color his remarks with splashes of emphasis, promiscuously applied.

"Oh! so Laura Lull was your——"

"Daughter. Yep. Only girl. Dead somethin' like twenty years. Got a bla'guard son in the mills up North. *All the good college education done him.* That's my wife's grave just beyont. Lookin' kind o' seedy 'round here, ain't it? 'Bout time I red things up some, I guess.

"But my wife she ses to me a spell before she died, 'Ezry Lull, now don't you go to everlastin'ly hangin' 'round my tombstun. It's nothin' more'n a notice to show I've vacated my earthly house for better lodgin's up above.' An' I ses, '*Woman, you got some sense.*' Say, an' she did have, too. Never see her eq'al. Don't live here in town, do you?" He had sensed the urban tilt of her rose-laden hat and the cut of her pink linen suit.

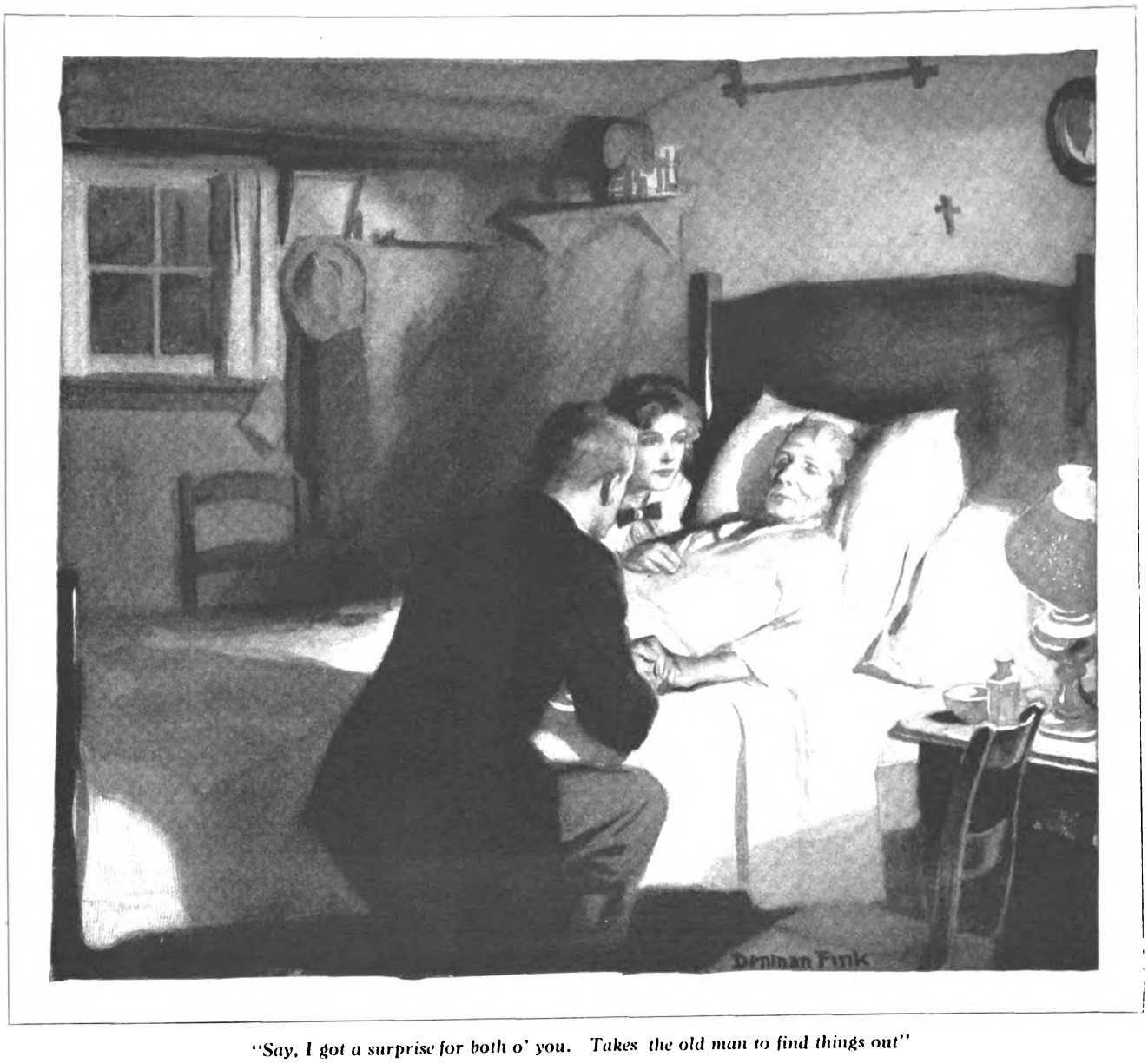
"Oh, no, I'm just visiting here," returned Anne Murdock.

"That so? Who you visiting?"

"Why—er—well, you see, I'm just visiting the whole town. I'm staying down at the hotel. Has your wife been dead long, Mr. Lull?"

The gentle evasiveness of the reply was quite lost on Ezra Lull.

"You don't say! Folks with you?"



"Say, I got a surprise for both o' you. Takes the old man to find things out"

"No. I'm alone. I—I haven't any folks."

He drew his lips together in a soundless whistle of sympathy. "Well, now! Got to work for your livin', mebbe?"

Anne Murdock laughed. "Indeed I do! And you—do you take care of all the lots here?"

"Why, you don't look no more fitter to rustle fer yourself 'n *them three roses on your bunnit.* What d'you do, now—if I ain't too curious?"

The girl hesitated. "Well, I use a typewriter a good deal," she said. "But I've had a glorious vacation for two whole weeks, so you see work and I are scarcely on speaking terms. To-day ends it, though. I go back to Chicago to-morrow."

"Chicago? *Chicago?* Where they goin' to have all them air-ships next week? You goin' back to Chicago?"

When she had nodded assent he heaved a sigh so profound it stirred the leaves of the lilac-bush near by. Then he turned to her fiercely.

"By goll, girl, do you know *what I want?*"

"Goodness no! What?" cried she.

"Want an air-ship! That's what. Want to scoot off up there among the clouds"—the trowel rained dirt and the ivy-leaves with the fling of his arms heavenward—"higher an' higher an' higher till I bump plumb into the pearly gates—er come whizzin' down head first! Lord!"

A silk-gloved hand grasped his. "Oh, I'm perfectly crazy about air-ships, too. It's going to be a wonderful meet in Chicago next week. If you could only get there!"

The mere suggestion robbed him of speech. "Lord," he murmured softly, "Lord, if I could! But—" forlornly, after a moment's silence—"they wouldn't be nobody to water—nor to set out them geranyums neither. I got a little greenhouse over yonder, y' know. Nope. It ain't fer your Uncle Ezry. Now, if that bla'guard son o' mine 'd stayed to hum, mebbe—Don't it beat all how *blood'll tell?* Give that boy a A1 eddication. Me bein' turned out of a trunk-cover into a saw-mill, so to say—only drifted into flowerin' late years. I was plum set on Nat bein' a druggist, er a undertaker, er some such cap'n o' industry. An' there he is castin' his collidge brains before the lumber-jacks up North there—Say, do them air-ships rilly go *right up out o' sight*—honest, now?"

Anne Murdock, with her hand on her heart, assured him that they did. Then in the dim peace of the old cemetery, with only the cry of the doves and the dull hum of the busy river in their ears, they discussed monoplane and biplane, petrol engines and propellers—the old tender of graves and the girl with the rose-laden hat. He had picked up, with the comprehension of the born mechanic, a practical knowledge of the principles of aviation, while the girl appeared to be familiar, not only with the technicalities of flight, but with the personalities of the air-men. Had this fact struck Ezra Lull as at all unusual he would no doubt simply have considered it as all of a piece with the amazing adventure of sitting down on the rusty iron bench that indicated one of the boundaries of his lot beside a young girl as freshly crisp and fragrant as one of his own new-blown roses, who talked with him as a kindred soul.

When, come twilight, she arose reluctantly to go, the old man removed his battered headgear and ran his knotty fingers through his hair in an excess of anxiety to devise means of detaining her.

"*Say,*" he shouted presently, "Say, like a bunch o' posies to cart back to town with you? *Like 'em, would you?*"

"I'd love 'em," returned the girl.

So together they ambled along the narrow paths of the little cemetery and through its arched entrance, to the right of which a great green iron frog spouted a meager stream of water with commendable diligence, and across the dusty road to the greenhouse.

It was a most dilapidated greenhouse. It had somehow the toothless look of its keeper, with its gaping holes where the squares of glass were missing. And the house just beyond was a ramshackle old place with sagging blinds and a dejected stoop. All this Anne Murdock observed while she sat on a bench outside the greenhouse waiting for the posies Ezra Lull had gone to pluck.

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They might have been grown in the hothouse of a king—the roses which he presently brought to her—a great armful of them, straight-stemmed and the color of dawn.

"D'you think," he asked with elaborate carelessness as he handed them to her, "d'you think you're ever likely to git roun' these parts agin?"

Anne Murdock looked up into the sharp, shy eyes under the ridiculous old hat. "Somehow," she said seriously, "somehow, I think I shall."

"Lord!" breathed Ezra Lull as he followed her figure with his eyes to the turn of the road. Then "*Lord, what a girl!*" he shouted to the twilight skies as he turned to reenter the greenhouse.

THE first snow lay lightly on the grave of Laura Lull and nestled snugly in the crevices of the little marble figure when the bla'guard son returned.

Nathaniel Lull, with his clean, strong face, his big, straight frame, his air of negligent good grooming, looked in no way the traditional prodigal. Nor was either his demeanor or his welcome exactly along traditional lines.

"Dad! Dad!" he called as he rattled impatiently the front door with its fringe of draft-defying rags. "You old rascal, is this any way to welcome——"

There was a fumbling of shaking old hands at the bolt—then the door flew wide.

"You young bla'guard! *You young bla'guard!*" cried Ezra Lull in a mighty voice.

With which exchange of scurrility the two stood for a long minute with hands upon each other's shoulders in that quiet embrace that knits up the raveled ends of separation and weaves new bonds of understanding.

"By goll, Nat," sniffed his father presently, "smell somethin'? It's that consarned stew burnin'!" Into the kitchen they rushed, but too late to do aught but remove a charred, smoking mass from the stove.

Nat glanced around the cluttered, dirty kitchen, that served as sitting-room as well, with its hair-cloth sofa near the stove, its rickety, splint-bottom chairs and its window-sills filled up with anemic, scraggly plants.

"If you'd just let me get a woman to come in here, dad—" he began.

"Tut, tut, my boy. Not a word outen you. Are you forgettin' our 'greement? D'you think I'd have any female a-settin' me to rights 'roun' here and tidyin' up till I couldn't lay my hand on nothin'? Not while I got the gumption to stew up a mess o' vittles. *No, sir!*"

His son smote him soundly on the shoulder.

"Have it your own way, dad. Have it your own way."

He regretted having brought the matter up, but each time he returned home it was with the hope that he might induce his father either to accompany him back to the town where he worked and where he would be able to surround him with comparative comforts or to get his permission to fix up the old house and find some trustworthy woman who would look after his needs. When he realized that the old man's happiness lay in pottering around the little graveyard, in caring for his flowers, in brewing his own wonderful and original concoctions, he had tried to reconcile himself to his father's living thus alone, but the covert disapproval of the village was not a pleasant thing to bear.

"Well, you lumber-jack dude, an' how you comin' on with the foreman up to Chippeway, eh?" asked the old man as they sat beside the stove that evening.

"Standing ace high, just now," laughed Nat. "I *am* the foreman."

"Well, you young—you young—*You don't say!*"

"So, you see, dad, it wasn't such a bad idea to start right down on the ground floor, now, was it? I'm on my way down to Chicago, now, on important business for the company. Next year will see me manager of the Bartlett Lumber Company—or back here hoeing potatoes in the back yard."

"You don't say!" After several minutes of awed silence the old man burst out suddenly: "S'pose you'll be thinkin' *'bout gettin' married* one of these days, Nat?"

"The idea hasn't struck me with any force yet, dad."

"Well, lemme know when it does. I got your girl." Ezra Lull started to prod up the fire deliberately.

"You—what did you say?"

"I say I got your girl. Yep. Got her pitcher. Got a consid'able volume o' letters from her. Ain't got her consent. Fix that yourself. Best girl that's trod the earth since your ma's time. Reach back o' you there to the Bible—'long about the middle. Take them letters an' that pitcher an' look 'em over when you go up to bed—if they's any oil in that blue chiny lamp. Oh, your dad's goin' to see you through this here matter-monial business, all right!"

By the light of the blue china lamp that filtered faintly through the grimy chimney, in the room that had been his mother's, Nathaniel Lull later on looked through the little package of letters and gazed for a long time at the picture that he had removed from the Bible. The

son thought of him sitting by the kitchen stove through the long evenings reading them over and over again, he felt very grateful to this unknown girl who had taken the trouble to write thus to an illiterate old man.

In the later letters there had crept a friendly solicitude for his health; here was a reference to a knitted muffler she had sent him; there another to a box of cakes and cookies she said she herself had made for him. Tucked in among the sheets of one of these was a grimy sheet of paper which was doubtless the original painstaking draft of Ezra Lull's response, wherein he persisted in addressing her as Rose because he affirmed she was the only female he ever saw that the name suited, and thanked her "100 folds" for all her kindness.

Of herself and of her life the girl wrote nothing. But for all that when Nat Lull had read the last of the letters, so vivid was the impress of her personality that he felt he knew her better than any woman of his acquaintance. Long after the gasping light of the blue china lamp had quite expired he sat in the dark holding the little packet of letters in his hand.

"Well, you likely knight-errunt, you," his father said to him in the morning when he returned the photograph and the letters, "what do you think o' your pa's taste What say? *'Tain't all in his mouth, hey?*"

"I should judge Miss Murdock was a very nice girl," returned Nathaniel, a bit stiffly.

Ezra Lull's fond hopes fell with as soggy a thud as the flap-jack he flopped over with melancholy precision. "I thought mebbe you might like to call on her when you're up to Chicago this time, Nat. Drop in casual like, y' know, to tell her I like to kilt myself eatin' them A number one home-cooking products o' hers. Shucks! I ain't *no hand to write letters*. I got some slips thought she might coax up in her kitchen windy if you was minded to take 'em——"

Nat's unexpectedly hearty "Why, sure, dad," brought sly wrinkles of satisfaction about his father's crooked mouth and a wistful light of dreams to his unfaded eyes.

Thus it happened that a couple of days later a well-set-up young man with a good profile deposited carefully beside his seat in the train a good-sized wooden box, to a corner of which still clung a moist lump of earth. One might have supposed the young man to be absorbed in the beauties of the passing landscape so persistently did he gaze out of the window throughout the long trip. As a matter of fact the whole countryside was a blur—the car was a blur—life was a blur—because in his eyes, too, was the dawning light of dreams.

NATHANIEL LULL had resolutely put away from him all thoughts of love and marriage because of the long and arduous climb to success that he had mapped out for himself, and because of his loyalty and devotion to his father. He felt it to be quite unlikely that he should ever find a girl who would divine beneath his father's eccentricities and uncouth exterior the buoyant, ever-young spirit of the man—his bigness of heart, his quickness of sympathy. And any other, he knew, would bring pain to them both.

It was certainly singular that just when success was beginning to smile upon him with unmistakable preference, making many things possible, he should be hunting up a girl who had won his father's heart and who, in her turn, must have been won by the simple, kindly nature of Ezra Lull. He felt an overpowering sense of gratitude to her. He planned pleasant things to do for her to prove it. He dreamed daring dreams of a little cottage somewhere, some day, with a winsome, sweet face at the table—a contented old man by the fireside——

As he stood at the door of Miss Murdock's apartment that evening it occurred to Nathaniel Lull that he cut a ridiculous figure with his dirt-dripping box of scrawny slips hugged under his arm and his hat and umbrella clutched in one hand. Then the door was flung wide, a pair of clear eyes smiled up at him, a heart-warming voice was in his ears and a cordial little hand drew him into the living-room.

"And you are Mr. Lull? I'm delighted to know you. Your father and I are regular old cronies. Indeed we are. And he went to the trouble of boxing these up—" she was on her knees before the box of slips——

"And you carried them all the way? Oh, you are both so good! Take this chair here by the grate. And now tell me—how *is* your father?"

As he sank back in the big chair she had indicated, Nat Lull knew at once that it would not be he who would present any obstacle to his father's matrimonial schemes. He was in a daze of dreams come true. He let his eyes rove about the room, in order to keep a firm grip on the tangible. On the desk in one corner he noticed a typewriter; upon the walls were many photographs, some of actresses whom he recognized; some of aeroplanes in flight; several of noted men.

"I think your father is a wonderful man," the girl

The flood of the girl's embarrassing gar[rulity] not to be stayed.

"Of course you know Anne is a struggli[ng] Mr. Lull—special writer about aviation [stories] Oh, terribly smart! She came back from some [place] town up there on the Coyote River last S[ummer] fectly loony about a series of aviation stori[es] going to write about that weird old man. [It] would have been a scream, all right. He must [be] rich. D'you ever hear of him, I wonder—ke[pt] house didn't he, Anne, next to a funny little ce[me]

"I—I—you mustn't. Oh, you mustn't [go]" Anne's hand went out impulsively—imploring, [but] to be drawn back sharply before the look in [Mr.] Lull's eyes.

"Yes, I know him very well," he said quietly [to] who stood stupidly staring from one to the other [in] ened concern. "He is my father. And now that [I've] delivered his message to you, Miss Murdock, [and] absurd little gift," the smile was not a pleasant [one] must be going on."

"Oh, but Mr. Lull, you must let me—I can't [let] —I—" Anne's voice went dry in her throat.

"It is very disagreeable out this evening," Nathaniel Lull as he shrugged into his overcoat [in] the little hall. "The air feels like snow again. [Good] evening, Miss Murdock—Miss Atkins. This [is] door, I believe? Oh, yes. Thank you. Good night."

Down in the lower hall Nat Lull paused with the [feel]ing that he should never have strength enough to [push] open the heavy doors. The tremendous revulsion of feeling he had just experienced had stunned him like a blow. What a pitiful, guileless ass it was that had [hur]ried into this vestibule only ten, fifteen minutes [before]!

Dolt—fool—bumpkin—to have fancied that a [young] girl would waste her time writing to a queer old [man] from no motive but simple kindness! It was sickenin[gly] clear to him now that she had regarded him only [as] valuable material. She had held up his eccentri[cities] for her friends to riddle with laughter. She had [written] to him only to get in return his laborious, misspe[lled] scrawls. She meant to write smart stories about [him] thick-studded with his freaks and phrases like squirm[ing] specimens pinned to every page.

He himself might figure in these amusing tales—[the] simple rustic—the backwoods boor!

Violently Nathaniel Lull pulled open the door and strode out into the street.

SPRING rains were laving gently the tranquil face of the little marble image in the cemetery beside the Coyote. They were painting into brighter hues the quickening grass, the green iron frog, and the budding tulips that bordered the rickety sidewalk leading to Ezra Lull's house, when one day between the red and yellow rows a young woman walked briskly up to the house and knocked upon the sagging door.

"Come right in, whoever ye be!"

The girl opened the door and stood hesitant in the hall for a moment.

"Out here in the back bedroom," the voice called again. "Not purtyed up much fer comp'ny, but always *ready to gas awhile*." Weakened though it was, there was a brave effort at the odd little trick of emphasis.

"No!" cried Ezra Lull from his bed, when the girl stood smiling on the threshold, "No! 'Tain't Rose! 'Tain't rilly Rose?"

"Sure as shooting!" she assured him, going swiftly to his bedside to grasp his shaking old hands. "And I've a good mind—I've a good mind to kiss you!"

"You got me completely at your mercy, young lady," said he, closing his eyes seraphically.

Smoothing back the straggling hair with her two hands she kissed very tenderly his brown, wrinkled brow. Then removing her coat and tossing her hat onto the table in the corner she sat down beside him.

"How ever d'you happen to be in this neck of the woods, girl?" He unscrewed his eyes reluctantly.

"Didn't happen at all. Came 'specially to see you."

"No!"

"Yes, sir! When I got your letter—the first in long months, you shiftless correspondent!—saying you were here alone sick in bed and that—that—your son was in New York, well, I just thought I'd come up and see if you were eating the right sort of things and had enough covers on—you men are so helpless!"

"Lord, now! Honest? But say, you mustn't lay it up agin me for not writin' to you. When Nat come from Chicago last Winter he said as how he thought it prob'ly pestered you some, hearin' from me, feelin' in duty bound to answer back, y' know, and you bein' very busy an' all. So I quit. Nat seemed real set on it, so I quit. By goll, it certainly was first class of you to write to a' old feller sometimes anyhow—*first class*."

The girl had lowered the shade so that the sunlight no [longer] shone directly into his eyes, and was tucking in the

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FROM THE PAINTING BY C. ALLAN GILBERT. THIS IS THE FIFTH OF OUR HISTORICAL SERIES, "FIFTY YEARS OF DELINEATOR GIRLS," DEPICTING THE CHANGING FASHIONS DURING THE HALF-CENTURY SINCE EBENEZER BUTTERICK CUT HIS FIRST PAPER PATTERN IN 1863. THE SIXTH PICTURE, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN THE JULY DELINEATOR, IS NOW BEING MADE BY THE CELEBRATED PORTRAIT-PAINTER J. H. GARDNER SOPER.

"THE SOFA CORNER"—1903

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AN OPERA SINGER WHOSE FAVORITE ROLE IS MOTHER

IN THE first place she fell in love, which is something that no self-seeking opera-singer can afford to do. In the next place she fell in love with a man who is so well known that she is as likely to be known as his wife as he is to be known as her husband, the fate which usually befalls the man who marries an opera-singer. But the husband of Madame Gerville-Reache is not at all a usual man in any way. He is Dr. Rambaud, an American, and the head of the Pasteur Institute as well as the head of his own house. So that is how it happened that "the woman with the cello voice" loves best the part of "mother."

And Mme. Gerville-Reache *has* a cello voice, as every musical critic from Paris to San Francisco and back well knows.

A powerful contralto voice like hers stands to a soprano or mezzo soprano voice as a cello's tone compares with the tone of a viola or of a violin. While it excludes the vocal gymnastics which soloists indulge in whether they play variations on the string of a violin or sing florid arias at the top of the scale, it is capable of effects which lighter voices can not attain.

It was Emma Calvé who first found it out. And that is why for a long time the name of Emma Calvé was never mentioned without some disagreeable adjective by members of Madame Gerville-Reache's family. For they didn't want their little Jeanne to become an opera-singer. The traditions of their family, with its distinguished line of statesmen and soldiers, would not countenance an opera-singer career. But little Jeanne had a mind of her own and then came along Emma Calvé and put the opera bee in her bonnet.

It was at a pupils' recital that the two women, one a famous star, the other a slip of a girl seventeen years old, met for the first time. Little Jeanne sang, and at the end of the aria Calvé, instead of complimenting her, crossed the room to where Jeanne's father, then a Colonial Governor, sat, kissed him with Bohemian effusion, and to his deep disgust added, "We will make an opera-singer out of that child."

He did his level best to prevent this prophecy from coming true; but when, three years after, little Jeanne made her début in Paris, Emma Calvé did enjoy saying to the proud though reluctant father: "I told you so."

But it had meant a long struggle with that same obdurate father to accomplish that same début. He was a very distinguished man, a diplomat, and in times past had held fine posts as governor of various French colonies.

After stormy discussions she entered the Grivot School of Opera, then studied under Madame Viardot Garcia, and at the age of twenty made her début at the Opéra Comique in the title rôle of *Orpheus*. So successful was she in the part that "Orpheus," that apparently worn-out

Madame Gerville-Reache and her son Paul

old classic, was repeated twenty-seven times that season.

She really recreated the part, and gave it a new life in her interpretation. After that her fame was secure. *Dalila*, *Carmen*, *La Navarraise* each in turn gave her a triumph. And each of them she loves. You wouldn't think when she sings any one of them that there is another part that supersedes every one of them in her affections.

But visitors to her handsome town house in New York know. For the first thing that greets their eyes is a baby-carriage standing in the front garden padlocked to a ring in the wall, and in which her son is asleep. You can see this sight on the coldest day in Winter, for little Rambaud, although only two, seldom sleeps indoors. If the weather does not permit of his being left in the garden or on an open balcony, his crib is placed in front of an open window. The result is that the baby has the complexion of a young Indian.

The great singer takes up her favorite rôle in the most natural manner imaginable. She has "theories," and so has her husband, and they work them out together.

Every morning after his warm bath the baby is placed under an ice-cold shower which he by this time has learned to accept with a smile and is then taken to his mother's bedroom where he is made to exercise physically. He lifts his little weights, swings short clubs and turns about a dozen somersaults on the bed, then his father and mother, two athletic persons, pass him to each other like a medicine-ball.

Young Rambaud is going to be an athlete or his parents will have to know the reason why! And he'll have to be a good shot too, for both his parents are experts at that game.

And when you wonder how the opera star can possibly run her great establishment, pursue all her wifely accomplishments and at the same time be able at any moment to sing in four German operas, three Italian and three French, she answers your amazement with a most captivating smile.

"It is my greatest relaxation," she explains. "I love all the home work. I forget the cares and woes of the opera heroines, and lose myself in cooking. I am keenly interested and do not alone dabble, but regard it as a science. My cakes are *delicious*, and when nerves are tense and frazzled my kitchen is my resort, for there I know attention *must* be diverted from professional cares by my cooking to which I myself attend."

But even as she talks you realize what really is her favorite rôle. A little cry in the next room, and she hurries to her son's side. "His food—it isn't quite right—she has tried this, and that, and the other"—and from that moment she forgets the opera, forgets the footlights and can only speak of the youngster. And she is a wonderfully beautiful mother.

She is distinguished in presence, you feel the blood of her ancestors in every graceful motion, for she comes of a line of Castilian grandees and fine old south-of-France families.

Madame Gerville-Reache's courteous manner is like soft yet tropical warmth. Her speaking voice is as wonderful as when she sings. Her face is crowned by soft, smoke-like coils of blue-black hair, growing low over a smooth broad brow. Her eyes are soft and gleam gently from the creamy, satin-like olive complexion, which holds contour softly alluring as a child's.

There is a bit of Oriental mysticism about her nature which finds expression in her belief in signs and portents.

She has a carved jade elephant presented to her at a gala performance by the late King of Siam, which is treasured and always held near—generally suspended from her neck by a string of pearls. Madame Gerville-Reache is superstitious to a degree except about thirteen and Friday. On either day or date, or preferably the combination, she would defy the Fates, start anywhere, attempt anything! And why? The jade elephant is the mascot to which she looks for protection.

MUSICAL NOTES

OLIVE FREMSTAD, the great Wagnerian singer, is a fatalist. "If it is intended that you'll die on a certain day, you will," she says, "whether you sail on a *Titanic* or stay at home."

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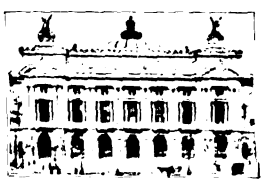
SAINT-SAËNS, the oldest living French composer, could play complicated scores at five. When he was eleven, he made his début as a concert pianist. In 1896, his golden jubilee as an artist was celebrated publicly in Paris. He is seventy-seven years of age, and is still composing, even on his travels, of which he is very fond. Last year he covered sixteen thousand miles in seven months.

BIZET, the composer of "Carmen," which perhaps is now the most generally popular opera extant after "Faust" and "Aïda," died heartbroken over its apparent failure. The Paris critics declared that it "absolutely lacked melody," and that the libretto was "hopelessly uninteresting." It made its first great success in London.



The Paris Opera House

WOMEN IN PARIS are allowed to study at the Conservatoire, but by a singular fatality most of the prizes go to the men students. But one Frenchwoman has shown that talent can triumph over tradition. Madame Gabrielle Ferrari, who has written three operas, has had her last, "Le Cobzar," produced at the Paris Opera—an unprecedented triumph for a woman composer.

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TERESA CARRENO is a woman pianist whose physical and mental equipment have given her rank equal to that of any man now playing. She is a native of Venezuela, South America, but lives now in Berlin.

WHEN Richard Wagner died, in Venice, in 1883, his body was removed to his villa "Wahnfried" at Baireuth, and buried in the grounds. An indignant American tourist recently declared he couldn't see why the composer of the "Nibelungen Ring" should be "buried like a cat in his own back yard!"

THE late Jules Massenet, the composer of "Thaïs," wrote "The Juggler of Notre Dame" to prove to his friends that he could compose a beautiful and successful opera without introducing a woman principal into it. Women appear only in the chorus of "The Juggler." But, strangely enough, the part of the *Juggler* was rewritten for a woman—and has only been sung in America by a woman. When a man was substituted once in New York, the house was nearly empty.

THE voices of Lillian Nordica, Caruso and Tetrazzini were buried, on records, in the basement of the Paris Opera House last Summer to remain for a hundred years.

MARY GARDEN, whose work in both Europe and America gives her a chance to judge, says that "our children's children will live in a wonderful musical atmosphere in America."

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WHEN YOUR BABY WONT GO TO SLEEP

BY B. WALLACE HAMILTON, M.D.

Photos by Grace Cook

It's nearly time for the Sandman to come

DR. HAMILTON is connected with several New York hospitals, and is doing a fine work for children. He has no fads and comes to us as a practitioner of authority and common sense. THE DELINEATOR has its arms full of DELINEATOR babies. Dr. Hamilton is going to be our consulting physician and will talk to mothers every month about all the matters that have to do with baby hygiene.

We want you to write us about your baby and ask the advice of our physician. Please feel that THE DELINEATOR is your Baby Clinic.

Address your letters care of THE DELINEATOR, and Dr. Hamilton will answer them.

THERE is something the matter with a baby who resists the sandman. Sleep in infancy is the most accurate guide we have to baby's physical condition. Normal, well-fed babies always sleep well. Any prolonged restlessness is a sign of trouble and in the vast majority of cases it is due to indigestion.

A normal baby is a true Rip Van Winkle during his first week of life. He sleeps almost continuously; his only waking intervals being for food and bathing. In fact, for the entire first month of his interesting existence, baby needs twenty hours' sleep each day in order to be in the pink of condition. As he grows older he needs less and less sleep, so that at six months the time spent in sleep is sixteen hours, consisting of a twelve-hour night rest, from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M., and of a two-hour morning and two-hour afternoon nap. The twelve-hour night rest should continue until the child is six years of age, the day naps of course being gradually shortened. At the age of one year, a two-hour nap in the forenoon and a one-hour nap in the afternoon is sufficient; while from the eighteenth month to the second year the afternoon nap may be omitted.

Regular sleep is largely a matter of habit with babies, and what usually is needed in forming this valuable habit is a little common-sense regulation and judicious supervision, with suitable feedings at regular and definite times.

When sleep is disturbed and broken there is some good reason for it and this should be found and remedied.

To prepare the baby for sleep he should be undressed, hastily sponged and the diaper changed before giving a nursing or bottle. Lay baby down immediately after feeding, darken the room and open the window.

A hasty sponge bath helps soothe him

BABIES should be trained to go to sleep themselves, and under no circumstances should they be rocked, patted, handled or given a pacifier or finger to suck. All these are bad habits, readily formed and leading to future trouble and loss of sleep on the part of parents and neighbors.

Infants and children should invariably sleep alone. Babies sleeping with the mother lead to irregularities in nursing. There is also a danger—which is real and not imaginary—of the mother rolling over on her baby and suffocating it. When children are older, separate beds or cribs lessen the chance of transmitting undiscovered contagious disease and also ensure a quiet and peaceful sleep for one child in the event of the other's being restless or ill.

Remember that early regularity in feeding establishes regular hours for sleep. Keeping this rule will often solve the problem with a baby who is inclined to sleep almost unbrokenly during the day and lie awake, keeping every one else awake, all night.

No attention should be given to a few minutes' crying on baby's part before going to sleep, unless, of course, the crying is prolonged. This crying is good exercise for baby's lungs, and if it is repeated during the night do not pick him up. In the majority of instances he will go to sleep again the more readily if he is not disturbed. If he continues to cry, turn him over. This may bring the desired peace.

Soothing sirups or drugs must never be administered under any circumstances to quiet a baby or make him sleep. When a baby is restless and refuses to sleep, it generally means bad habits, unsuitable food, indigestion or a positive illness of some kind. In the last case a physician should be consulted.

These are factors which make for sleep. We must look to other factors which make for sleeplessness. These apply to older children as well as to babies.

[*Continued on page* 406]

Don't let the baby get too wide awake in his bath before the nap

Let him go to sleep outdoors

Keeping the feedings regular establishes regular hours for sleep

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Aids to Intelligent Conversation

THE UPSIDE-DOWN COUNTRY

Australia, where the rivers run underground and it's Summer at Christmas time

BY DONALD MURRAY

OF COURSE everybody knows that Australia is literally, from where we are, upside down.

But how many of us have stopped to think that the children down there never waste any time wondering whether there will be skating at Christmas?

Because they know that the holiday season will bring swimming instead—that is, to those who live at the seashore or in some equally favored place.

They don't look to rivers for swimming, for so many of the rivers run underground that ordinarily there is no chance for water sports.

A great area of artesian country extends right across the continent, from Queensland, through the interior of New South Wales, to Victoria and South Australia. It is probably the largest artesian area yet discovered in the world, extending over at least three hundred million acres. The general idea is that there is a great *underground sea* of fresh water in Australia.

The water often comes out of the wells under pressure sufficient to furnish power enough to light the future villages that will cluster round these wonderful wells. Date-palms have been planted and are doing well at some of the big bores. And speaking of date-palms reminds one of camels, of which there are more than ten thousand in Australia, and they are most useful in the dry districts, because they do the work of horses with very little water.

THERE are other less well-kown aspects, however, in regard to which Australia is very much upside down compared with the rest of the world. For example, with the exception of a certain amount of tuberculosis and leprosy, there are only two really serious diseases in Australia—hunger and thirst. There is not a solitary smallpox microbe in all Australia, nor a single hydrophobia microbe. There is no bubonic plague, no yellow fever, no malaria, no glanders; in fact there are scores of infectious and contagious diseases, both of man and the lower animals, that simply don't exist in Australia.

Such microbe diseases as have been allowed to secure a foothold in Australia through carelessness in the early

The platypus lays eggs yet suckles its young, has webbed feet and a duck's bill, also a furry coat

days will be stamped out in due course, because Australians have discovered that that is the cheapest thing to do.

When Sells's circus reached Sydney from America somewhere about fifteen years ago, a case of glanders was discovered among the horses. The Government at once quarantined the circus, bought it and burned it; killed the animals and burned them—burned even the soil where the circus stood.

Australia being absolutely free from hydrophobia, the quarantine against hydrophobia is drastic. Imported dogs have to spend six months in strict isolation in the dog quarantine before they are allowed to land.

Many things that are harmless in other countries develop into pests in Australia. The rabbit plague is the best-known instance. Residents in other countries, when they hear about the rabbit pest in Australia, say, "Why don't they kill them and use them for food?" The reason is that the continent of Australia is slightly larger than the United States, while the population is barely five millions.

In 1864 some sporting landowners imported a few pairs of rabbits into Victoria. They were carefully protected for a few years, and before the danger was realized they had spread far and wide. In sixteen years they had overrun the greater portion of Victoria, and the devastation they caused was so great that the Victorian State government became uneasy, and began to spend money to stamp out the nuisance; but in vain.

The various State governments took alarm and began to build great rabbit-proof fences of wire netting hundreds of miles long. One such fence alone extends over five hundred miles, and there are now many thousands of miles of rabbit-proof fences in Australia.

The fences delayed but did not stop the onward march, and rabbits have now spread over a country two thousand miles north and west of the point where they were first introduced. They not only devour the grass, but also gnaw the bark off trees and thus destroy the small trees and shrubs, especially the salt-bush, on which the sheep feed during seasons of drought.

During drought the rabbits die by countless millions. The wretched creatures start migrating when they feel the pinch of hunger, and then slowly drift up against the rabbit-proof fences, where they die miserably of hunger and thirst. The corpses are often heaped up so high that the survivors can cross over the fence.

FOR hundreds of miles along the rabbit-proof fences one sees nothing but sand mixed with bits of fur and bones. The country as if by magic is swept seemingly free from rabbits; but here and there a little oasis exists round a spring or water-hole in the drought-stricken country, and there a few rabbits survive, forming pest centers from which to multiply once more by incredible millions as soon as good seasons come again.

The writer has traveled by train through rabbit-infested country in Australia, and for a whole day has seen the rabbits scampering away from the advancing train, like the two waves at the bow of a boat.

The law forbids, under heavy penalties, the keeping of tame rabbits. The savage dislike and resentment is so great in Australia that people will not eat rabbits. They are regarded as horrible vermin, but are trapped and frozen and sent in cold-storage steamers in immense numbers to be eaten in Europe, chiefly in London. There is also a great industry in collecting and exporting rabbit-skins. The skin is literally pulled off the rabbit like a glove in two or three seconds, and is then dried and sent to Europe. There is enormous demand in Europe for the fur, which is felted into hats, chiefly in France.

[*Continued on page* 404]

GET AFTER YOUR ROADS THIS SPRING

"A GOOD road is never built, but always building." The maker of this phrase summed up the whole secret of good roads, and most especially the secret of the good country road, the old-fashioned dirt road—the kind of road that passes in front of your house and mine. So that, although the Spring is the time to begin work on the roads, with scraping and grading, you can only buy a really good highway at the price of eternal vigilance.

And don't scold and complain and do nothing if your roads are bad. Get the neighbors together and do something—or, better still, see that your highway commissioner is continually on his job. Remember, too, that the best-built highway in the world will not last forever. It must be maintained by proper repairs every season.

It is important for women to be interested in highways. They mean more than most women realize to their happiness. How the woman in the town suffers from the dust of the badly kept street! How completely the woman in the country place is shut in by bad roads in Winter and Spring! What hours of loneliness she could avoid by a little intelligent cooperation with the "men-folks" in solving the road problem!

In the first place, write to your State highway superintendent and get to know the best ways of caring for the kind of roads in your neighborhood.

A home-made road-scraper that can do splendid service

This road looked like this, one Spring

Note how the edges of this road add to its neglected appearance

But the following year it looked this way, as a result of some good work on the part of a few men

The Department of Agriculture at Washington is another source of information. Its list of publications includes pamphlets which have to do with various States and their highway problems.

A. W. Campbell, formerly Deputy Minister of Public Works of Ontario, Canada, said before the first American Congress of Road-Builders at Seattle in 1909, that the principles of road-building were three in number: first, drainage; second, drainage; and third, drainage. The best way to secure this important quality is by the continual use of a road drag—which can easily be made out of materials at the disposal of any farmer. Plans for the making of them can be furnished by the State or national departments of road construction.

ANOTHER thing to remember is not to let a road get too high in the middle—and *never* let the sod from the roadside be put in the middle of the road. It only takes a little while for the grass and roots to rot, when a hole appears which fills at every rain and finally wears away the road.

There is a big national movement on foot to-day concerning this matter of roads. The importance of these great arteries of commerce and travel to the solidarity of the country and to its ultimate welfare is getting to be realized by public-spirited people all over the country.

It's up to the women to get behind the men in this matter of roads. Let every woman do her share.

This is a later picture of the road on the opposite side of the page. Now it is a credit to the neighborhood

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THEIR EXCELLENCIES

Wives of Great Men (Almost) All Remind Us that the American Woman Marries into Every Government

BY KATHERINE GRAVES BUSBY

Madame Jusserand, wife of the French Ambassador

Madame Loudon, wife of the Dutch Minister

Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the Ex-Ambassador from Great Britain

Madame Coromilas, wife of the Greek Minister

Madame Bakhmetieff of the Russian Embassy

Countess von Bernstorff, wife of the German Ambassador

Madame Havenith, wife of the Belgian Minister — *Madame Ibrahim Zia, of the Turkish Embassy* — *Countess Moltke, wife of the Danish Minister*

IN THE diplomatic corps as everywhere else, it is the hostess who is the power behind the policy of the household, and every one acknowledges that the most successful promoter of friendship and a better understanding between Washington officialdom and foreign representatives here has been "Her Excellency," the chatelaine of the embassy.

The fact that during the past Winter in four embassies of the first magnitude in Washington—the British, the French, the German and the Russian—the chatelaine is either American-born or of American parentage, awakens enlightening reflections. The majority of the homes of those diplomatists under ambassadorial rank—the minor "His Excellencies"—are presided over by women all-the-way-through American.

The successor of Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the recently retired British Ambassador, has doubtless not been conscious of the torrent of apprehensive speculation regarding her course of action. All Washington dreaded a change from the simple, gracious and dignified character of that embassy's former mistress.

Mrs. Bryce was not born in America, but her mother was a Massachusetts woman and Mrs. Bryce therefore calls herself "a granddaughter of Uncle Sam."

Mrs. Bryce dresses with sense and propriety, but not elaborately, and one would judge comfort was consulted to an unusual degree in this age of torturing style. She is of medium height and inclining to be stout; her chin is well developed, the face as a whole thoughtful, and the clarity of her blue eyes and her fine color are the result of much walking. Even when the social calendar must be interwritten with engagements, it was a familiar sight to Washingtonians to see the alert, spare figure of the British Ambassador, accompanied by Mrs. Bryce, swing through the embassy gates just at dusk and start out at a smart pace for a walk through the city's suburbs.

In decided contrast to Mrs. Bryce in personality and appearance is Countess von Bernstorff, the American "Her Excellency" at the German Embassy. Tall, clear-cut of feature, and with a wonderfully youthful slenderness of figure for all she is in her fiftieth year, Countess Bernstorff has a fascinating and vivid presence and a positive talent for entertaining talk. As Jeanne Luckemeyer, the daughter of Edward Luckemeyer of New York, she was educated as an American girl, reared in American environment, and developed the cordial American way.

Her dinners are famous, and no diplomat can claim a more varied and useful acquaintanceship than the German Ambassador; for Countess Bernstorff and her tall blond athletic husband accomplish a tremendous amount of calling. They make notable figures in Washington's Vanity Fair of a calling afternoon, whirling about the broad avenues, the top of their automobile thrown back, the countess smiling on passing friends over her wonderful furs, and the count, his broad shoulders held straight, doffing his high silk hat gravely.

SUAVE, graceful, devoted to the fine arts, clever in the art of diplomacy, first living authority on English literature, and especially renowned as a student of the English poet Spenser—all this talent is embodied in Ambassador Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand, representative of the French Republic in Washington; and yet Ambassador Jusserand has publicly attributed his position in diplomacy to his wife. Madame Jusserand was Miss Elsie Richards, an American girl, whose ancestry includes a long line of Southerners distinguished in political life, and an equally long line of New Englanders distinguished in every field.

Quietness is the "note" in the entertaining at the French Embassy. When Madame Jusserand came to Washington, her reserve made her appear less popular than aristocratic, an impression furthered by her exclusive and bewildering Paris frocks and her delicate, patrician head, held high above a jeweled dog-collar of most unusual pearls. Gradually, however, Madame Jusserand has acquired a reputation for cleverness among her little coterie of intimate daily companions; and it is beginning to be appreciated that while Ambassador Jusserand owes his popularity to the originality of his ideas and the versatility of his talent, much of his material success is attributable to the counsel of a clever wife.

Perhaps, however, the best proof of how much aid an intelligent helpmeet can be to a diplomatist lies in the Russian Embassy. The present ambassador, Mr. George Bakhmetieff, was filling a minor post in Washington during the administration of President Arthur, when he met and captured the heart of Mary Beale, a daughter of General Edward Fitzgerald Beale. The courtship was brief but ardent, and the American girl and the titleless attaché were married within a year.

It was a brave thing for the American girl to do, for in those days it meant practical exile from her own country, since the foreign office at St. Petersburg had an iron-clad rule that no diplomat marrying a foreigner should ever be sent to the capital of his wife's country. But the old order changeth, and when, after a phenomenally brilliant career in which the young diplomat stepped up from one post to another with a rapidity hitherto unknown in the graded foreign service of Russia, there was a vacancy in the American mission, Madame Bakhmetieff's nationality was considered no bar to the appointment of her husband.

SEÑORA RIANO, returning here as wife of the Spanish minister, stepped happily back into the surroundings of her early belleship, when as Alice Ward she made her début, a companion "bud" with Helen Hay, now Mrs. Payne Whitney, and Edith Root, now Mrs. U. S. Grant, third.

A still younger minister's wife is Madame Havenith, the charming American wife of the representative from Belgium, who has turned the Washington home of her father, the late Charles M. Ffoulke, into the Belgian Legation.

The official chatelaine at the Dutch Legation, Madame Loudon, was Miss Lydia Eustis of New Orleans. Even the distinguished, white-haired scholar representing the ancient land of the Greeks has taken an American bride, the tall, ruddy, beautiful daughter of Ex-Senator Cockrell of Missouri.

Presiding at the Turkish Embassy is a young American girl, formerly Miss Carey Fellows of Brooklyn, now wife of the Ambassador's son, who is also the First Secretary.

The little kingdom of Sweden has sent as minister here Mr. Wilhelm Ekengren. Mrs. Ekengren was Miss Laura Jackson, and in her childhood she romped among the flower-beds of Washington's parks where her own children, born in Sweden, are now sent to play.

There has always been an air of mystery about the Persian Legation. Now, however, there is a drawing-room in Washington where Persia is openly and gracefully represented, where cakes of honey and nuts are passed with ice-cold beverages which recall the rhapsodies of poets on Persian fruit; and the presiding genius of this is an American woman, Madame Ali Khan, wife of the chargé d'affaires of Persia, who looks back on a Yankee girlhood as Miss Florence Breed of Boston.

At the head of the ménage of the Chinese Legation is the one Occidental attached to the legation, an American, and a woman, Mrs. Yung Kwei, formerly Miss May Burnham of Springfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Kwei married her husband when he was an interpreter in our State Department, and through her experiences in Washington, as well as by right of an unusually fine mind, she is qualified for her unselfish task of steering distinguished Orientals among the pitfalls of public life in Washington. Her four children, and the two boys in the legation, sons of the First Secretary, go to the public schools in good democratic fashion.

So has the American girl smiled her way into success—into the diplomatic corps. In spite of the fact that we stand charged with the sin of breezy and assertive girlhood, America really produces a vast preponderance of right-minded women; and because right-minded women generally try to adapt themselves to circumstances as they find them, these international marriages with foreign diplomatists have been successful. There may be even some soundness in the contention made recently in an after-dinner speech that "the American woman in foreign diplomacy is the first great leavening touch of Nature in her provision for the kinship of all mankind."

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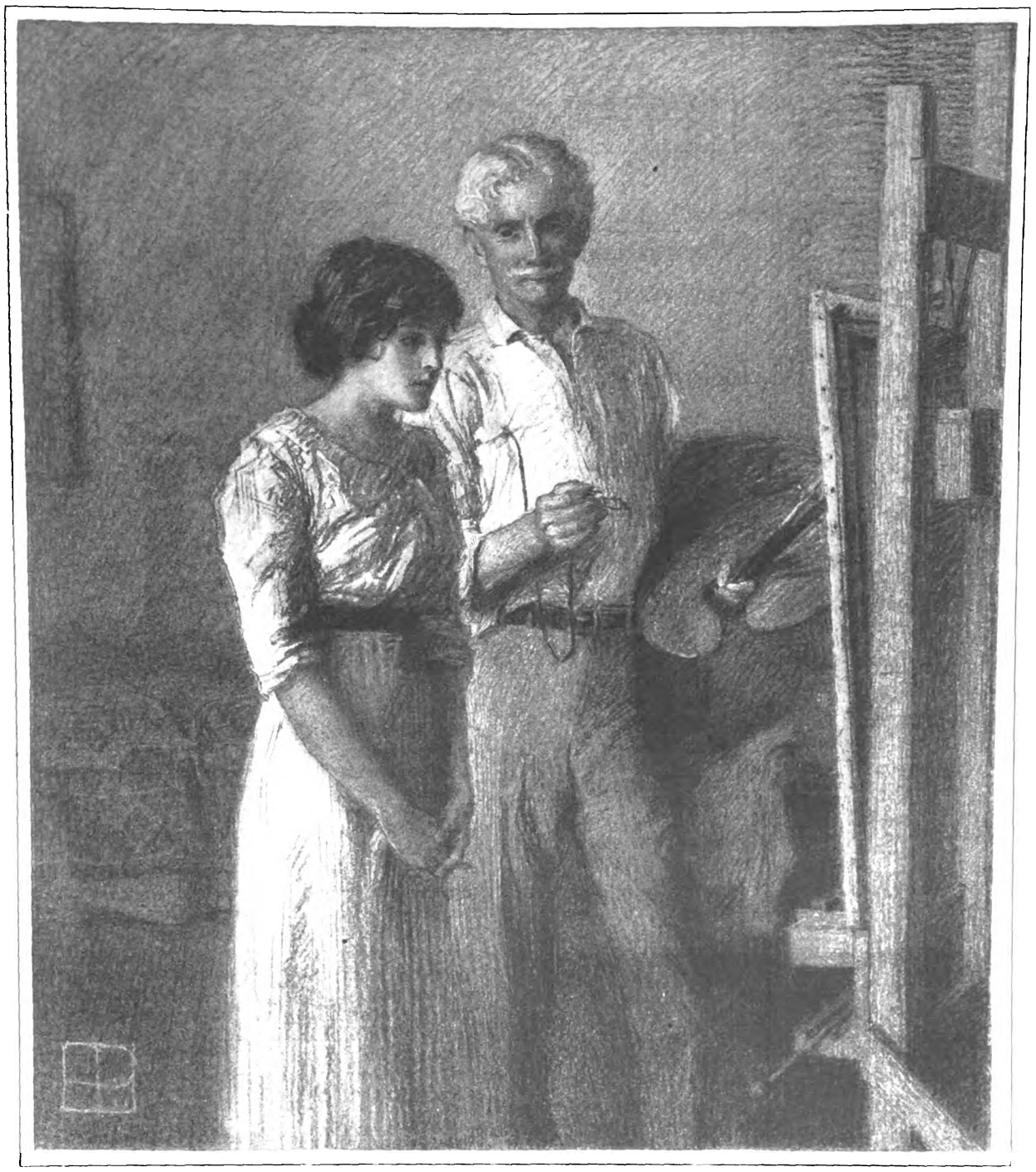

"Is it any one I know? She looks so familiar."

WHEN ONE IS YOUNG

BY HELEN BAKER PARKER

Illustrated by Herman Pfeifer

ANNIE ALDEN came down-stairs in a faded last year's dress. Her clothing was packed, ready for the morrow's departure. The dresses in the trunk were longer than the pink gingham she wore, garments fashioned by her own swift hands and the rheumatic fingers of her mother, who, although an invalid, was one of the multitude of women who are kept about by the miracle of necessary toil.

As the girl came down the steep, closed-in stair she was thinking, and smiling at the thought, that within another twenty-four hours the long-dreamed-of would have happened. She would be on her way to the city, to college, and life! The going away hung like a cloud over the little home.

"You're going out?" Mrs. Alden asked, smiling wistfully, and trying to photograph in her memory for future comfort the curling yellow hair, the cheeks like the lining of a sea-shell, the blue, black-lashed eyes. Just so, with startling likeness, she had looked once—she was different now, worn and faded.

"Yes, only to the store for another half yard of lace for my petticoat. And what do you think of my getting something for a sort of negligee to study in, evenings? I could make it to-night."

"I guess there'd be time. I thought we'd get the tomatoes put up to-night," suggested Mrs. Alden, gently. "You know, Annie, I can't do much extra work when you're gone, and it is so hard to get help here, even—if we had the money."

"The money" was the skeleton in the Alden closet, the ghost of what was not and had never been. Annie drew her new pointed shoe back and forth over the worn ingrain carpet.

"I don't believe," she said, thinking aloud, "that I ever in my life did anything without counting the cost! When I get cloth for a dress I wonder whether I can do with a half yard less of goods. I couldn't go to the city last Summer to visit because I was going this Fall. It's always been that way with everything, and half the pleasure of things is not thinking or worrying. I'm not even happy about going to-morrow—I know you don't want me to——"

"Annie! Annie, dear!"

"I'm needed here—to do things, common things like washing dishes and setting the table—things Lettie Johnson might just as well do for her board! And I feel as though you'll be skimping every hour! I can just see you this Winter wearing that coat with the sleeves too full—and father not having his weekly papers. Oh, mother, *I hate to be poor!*"

"Why, Annie, it's all arranged—we'll be all right! You're young, and you've got to have your opportunity. We've skimped before, dear," soothed the woman, and laughed softly at her joke. "If only I can keep as strong as I am now we shall be comfortable as can be! And I won't try to get out any, the Winters are hard on me somehow, lately."

Annie hesitated at the threshhold. "I'll help with the tomatoes to-night," she said in an expressionless voice. "You'd better lie down. I'll get supper when I come back—you look all worn out!"

There was almost anger in her young voice, an ill-defined protest at the fate that had set her people among the obscure, the unsuccessful. The girl often wondered at their colorless lives. They seemed to her to have so little to live for; to be spurred eternally by the motive of self-preservation—not the absorbing, consuming fight as it is waged in the crowded city, but the slow, dull, lonely struggle in the small town. It seemed to Annie that her mother and father had never been young. She felt at times a certain aloofness, sure that they could not understand the ambitions, the dreams, that kept her awake at night, that made her sit up in her narrow white bed when the night train with its many lighted windows went through on its way to the longed-for city.

She walked along the gray, dusty street. The women Annie passed seemed to her very tired, unspeakably plain and uninteresting, and she reflected critically how unfashionable their clothes were, how their skirts sagged, how straight their faded hair lay over their tem... above all, how unromantic were their lives.

Mr. Slocum, known locally as M. J., stood idly i... doorway of his general store where, with friendly g... he dispensed anything from bone buttons to p... Annie was accustomed to bearded, coatless mer... M. J., but she remembered with a throb of joy that ... to-morrow she would see a different sort—shaven, ha... some college fellows, with straight Gibsonesque l... and the square chins and astonishing height show... illustrated stories.

After she had bought the lace she walked on, ... with her thoughts of the prosaic little village where ... had bestowed her, looking a farewell that had in it so... of pity but more of a glad sense of release—at the ... white houses set far back from the street, the fence... grass-plots, the round flower-beds bordered with sh...

Old Lady Dodd rose stiffly from her geraniums s... always took them in at the first hint of frost, for they w... her only companions during the long Winter months.

"Annie!" she quavered asthmatically. "O Ann... Wait a minute! Be you goin' to-morrow? M. J. w... tellin' me——"

"To-morrow, grandma," smiled Annie, and blush... faintly, for she had been caught thinking of a particular... handsome Freshman—she hoped he was dark and ta...

"My land sakes, yer ma'll miss ye! I don't know how... ever she'll get along! But there! I guess she can do ... same's me an' all of us. Seems no longer ago than ye... terday since my Mary went to the city. . . . It'll be... hard on yer ma fer a few days! But you're young... You've got to have yer chance! I'll send things in to ye... ma baking-days now'n' then, she's so fond o' them li... cinnamon cakes."

Annie passed the square, box-like schoolhouse where she had gone through the grades and high school. She worried a little about examinations, for the high scho... was not of the first rank—a fact which added to her critical mood.

Old man Ames stood in the post-office door reading a letter. Annie knew that it was from his son Andrew. All the town would know it before the week was over. It would be chronicled in the village paper: "Samu... Ames heard from his son Andrew this week. Andrew writes that he is doing well. Congratulations, Andrew!"

The strange old gentleman who had come out from the city in the Summer and who, it was rumored, painted real pictures, stood at the open door of the Ashton place and smiled as though he had been looking for Annie. The two had never spoken save with the slow understanding gaze of those who pass daily in the village street.

"Come in," he invited, with a courtly bow, "and see my new picture! I have finished it only this hour."

Annie entered the room timidly and saw several canvases. She remembered them all afterward, but at the time she saw only the woman on the easel, the painter's latest picture.

"Is it any one I know?" she asked after a long time, "she looks so familiar."

"Does she?" cried the painter joyfully. "That is well. You have made me most happy! I wanted her to."

"Wanted her to?"

"I wanted every one who saw her to feel that way. Tell me what you see there, what kind of a woman she seems to you—would you mind?"

The joy of creation had not died out of the old man's eyes. He still held palette and brush. "Think, and tell me!"

"It is a very sad face," said Annie. "It—somehow—it has a strange effect upon me——"

"Yes?" the old man interrupted eagerly.

"I don't believe she ever had any good times. She doesn't seem to have ever been young——"

"Go on!" begged the painter, exultantly.

"—and she has been disappointed often—always, I think—and she has gone without——"

"You see that? You see the sacrifice?"

"Yes, that is it—the sacrifice and patience! The lips—I think the mouth is most familiar."

"Now, would you mind standing over in the other corner?"

"Why—isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed Annie, from her new position. "There's a sort of light there I didn't notice, a soft yet bright light about the head; and in the eyes. Why, she doesn't look sad any more! Only so very wise——"

"You see that?"

"Yes! And I feel that she must have learned a great many things and never forgotten. Who—who is it?"

"I call the picture 'Mother.'"

"Oh! You had a model—you've seen——"

"It is my own mother."

"Your mother?" Annie looked wonderingly at the painter, for he was already an old man.

"It was painted from the memory of my own—and the faces I see of other mothers. It is surprising how much alike they are. It is fifty years to-day since I saw her. I did not know it was to be the last time——

"You see— Shall I tell you? Sit down. I hope you'll excuse the clutter. I've painted all day. One does that way, you know, working with a sort of frenzy of joy, not stopping to eat or rest."

"Yes, tell me! I don't mind the clutter, I really like it."

"I went away from home when I was nineteen. I thought then that the world needed me. That is the way with youth, eager for the market-place! I was restless and I couldn't wait. Another year would have done as well; two would have been still better—I made some sad mistakes in those first two years, but never mind that now.

"My mother and father needed me. I was their oldest, and my going meant great sacrifice for them, but it seemed to me natural for them to go without that I

[Continued on page 413]

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"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"

HATS OFF TO OUR OPPONENTS

We Pay Our Respects to Them, and Also, Quite Differently, to Men Like Bejach, Vaughan and Wilbur

BY WILLIAM HARD

THE women belonging to a church became interested in a little boy who used to attend the Sunday-school. He was poor, and he didn't have the right clothes for church attendance. They gave him the clothes.

Later on, they thought that he ought to go to high school. They raised the money for it. If they hadn't raised it, he would have had to go to work rolling barrels in a grocery. He was grateful.

He turned out to be a very religious youth and it occurred to the ladies at last that he would make an excellent minister.

Behold him, then, in a theological school, a divinity student. At Christmas he gets consignments of fruit-cake from the kind ladies at home. And they pay his tuition and his board for him.

Three years later came the grand day when he returned home to his little town to preach his first sermon. The church was full. All the ladies were present.

The young minister arose in the pulpit and announced his text. The sermon that followed was worthy of the text. It carried out the meaning of the text logically and completely and uncompromisingly. The text was:

"Let the women keep silence in the churches."

THAT text has been a favorite one for many centuries. The notion behind it persists even into the discussions now going on with regard to the legal property rights of women. It is felt that if women have a right to speak, if they have a right to have their say about their own property affairs, much destruction will result.

For instance, Mr. Bagby of the upper house of the Texas Legislature is reported to have said in a recent debate that the bill giving married women control of their property would "tend to sever the sacred ties that exist between man and wife."

Now Senator Bagby was, in a way, right. He is an eloquent man, and a man of discernment.

It is certainly true that if a woman's property is entirely in the control of her husband, if everything that she owns is in his hands, why, then, he may be disagreeable to her, he may be brutal to her, he may make her life in his home almost intolerable, and yet the prospect of life outside his home will be even more intolerable. If she leaves, she will go out into the world destitute.

On the other hand, if her property is really hers, and if she can take it with her when she goes, it is possible for her to resent cruelty and to make her escape from it.

To that extent it is undeniable that the giving of property rights to women tends to disrupt the family.

IT IS also undeniable that the giving of education to women tends, in just about the same way, to disrupt the family. The wife who can read, who can acquire knowledge, is better able to earn her own living, and she can turn more easily from her husband's home to self-support.

Education, therefore, is a "menace" to the home.

Suffrage also is a "menace" to the home.

If a woman has her say about the tariff, her chances of differing with her husband are increased.

It is plain, though, that suffrage is not so much a "menace" as the other two rights that have been mentioned. A controversy about the tariff might indeed cause the lady to want to leave home. But it is the right to own property and the right to have education and to learn how to earn her living that makes it *really possible* to leave home.

I am inclined to think, therefore, that the argument against education and against property rights is very much stronger than the argument against suffrage.

The man would be utterly dishonest who would deny that education and property rights together have disrupted many homes in all modern countries. The women who have gone out from them would have stayed in them if they had been mentally and financially helpless.

Let us face the fact and let us ask ourselves the question which is, after all, the real question in the whole woman movement:

Is it better that all women should be mentally and financially helpless, or that some homes, intolerable to women who are mentally and financially capable, should be disrupted?

I speak here of separation, and not of divorce and remarriage, which is another question altogether.

THE arguments for and against the extension of property rights to married women are being polished up and brandished this year principally in the South—especially in Texas and Tennessee.

In the North there are no States which have proceeded so cautiously as Texas and Tennessee toward property independence for wives and mothers.

One might conclude that the South was more conservative at this point than the North. Such, however, is not historically the case.

The very first moves toward property security for married women were made in the South. This fact is not usually known in the North and is not put down in the Northern text-books on the subject.

The very first legislative act in any part of the English-speaking world for the genuine enlargement of the property rights of married women was passed by the State of Mississippi in the year 1839.

Representative L. D. Bejach of the Tennessee Legislature, author of the Tennessee "Married Women's Property Bill."

Senator Horace W. Vaughan, who championed the "Married Women's Property Bill" in the Texas Legislature.

Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of California. His new law (mentioned below) is the most extraordinary of the year.

It provided that all slaves owned by a woman before her marriage or acquired by her after her marriage should be her own separate property and should not become the property of her husband.

This was the real beginning of matrimonial property rights, in the modern statutory sense, for the women of the English-speaking race.

In that very same year, in the State of Texas, there came into existence the first law (it has now had successors in virtually all of the States of the Union) protecting a certain amount of a man's land against being seized for his debts.

This law, the homestead law, has now grown into a nation-wide institution. It is one of the most admired and one of the most admirable of all of our institutions. It secures the home, which is the shelter of the wife and the children, against the financial misfortunes of the husband. It was passed not merely for his benefit, but for the benefit of his wife and children.

In both these innovations, therefore, (in matrimonial property-rights laws and in homestead laws), we must acknowledge the priority of the South.

If now the South returns to its work and gives complete property rights to married women in all its States, it will be concluding the movement which it itself originated.

The "mothers' pension" movement, though it seems very different from the movements toward education and toward property rights, is an outgrowth from them. It makes married women more independent.

Incidentally, therefore, it can not but "tend to sever the sacred ties that exist between man and wife," in certain cases.

For instance, a woman has been deserted by her husband. He drank or he gambled or he fell in love with another woman, or he was simply by instinct a wanderer. He has left her, and she and her children are in extreme destitution.

The State steps in and gives her an allowance on which to rear those children.

It is clear that she will then have escaped from a great deal of the pressure which otherwise would be likely to force her to desire, and to try to accomplish, a reunion with her husband.

If she can continue to bring up her present children without submitting herself again to a drunken or dissolute husband, she is likely, unless her love for him is overpowering, to be satisfied with the existing situation and to rear her children on the allowance furnished her by the State without making any further effort to discover her husband and to secure his return.

This must be admitted. We come then to the question: Is it, or is it not, better that such a home should be disrupted and should remain disrupted? In our answer to that question will be disclosed our view of the whole development toward independent motherhood that has been happening in this country ever since the enactment of the Mississippi statute of 1839.

MANY charity experts look with disfavor on the "mothers' pensions" movement because they are afraid that the State will not succeed in the philanthropy business.

There is one man who clearly is not afraid. He looks at State philanthropy in all its forms with an unterrified eye. He is the most courageous person whose labors have been sighted by this department. He lives, naturally, in California; and his name is Curtis D. Wilbur.

Mr. Wilbur is also known as Judge Wilbur. He judges in the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles.

In the year 1907 he drafted an amendment to the Juvenile Court law which permitted Juvenile Court judges to extend to mothers certain periodical payments of money constituting an unrecognized and unheralded "mothers' pensions" system. He has a place, therefore, pretty close to the spring of the recent torrent of "mothers' pensions" laws in this country, and we have, accordingly, a special interest in the stunning piece of legislation which he has suggested to the present California Legislature.

It will stun almost anybody who will expose himself to it. It is the most complete attempt we have ever seen to abolish all kinds of poverty and to secure all kinds of education for the youth of a community.

IN JUDGE WILBUR'S bill (Assembly Bill Number 15) we observe two sorts of funds: "relief funds" and "scholarship funds." Each county in the State is to have both kinds of funds; and the State itself will have both kinds, too. They are to be supported by taxation; but there is also to be an organized effort to secure support for them from private philanthropy.

Legislation has often laid it down that private officials should spend public money. Judge Wilbur reverses this, and has public officials administering private money.

In order to bring private money into his funds Judge Wilbur uses an expert knowledge of human nature. He provides, for instance, that if anybody will donate a sum exceeding $5,000, it shall be carried on the books of the County Treasurer or on the books of the State Treasurer, with the name of the giver tied up to the name of the fund, thus: "The John Wilson Children's Relief Fund," or "The John Wilson Scholarship Fund."

This is certainly very much nicer than just paying your taxes and seeing your money mixed up with other people's and separated from your family name forever.

Further, the man who donates *a million dollars or more* to any of Judge Wilbur's funds will not only get a chance to attach his name for all time to his donation, but will have that name "permanently displayed in a conspicuous place in every public-school building in the State of California."

Having secured the money in this way, Judge Wilbur proposes, in his bill, to use it for the two purposes which the names of his funds indicate.

For instance:

An allowance may be granted to any child between twelve and fifteen years of age, "where those charged with the support of said child are unable to keep said child in the public school without assistance."

And, again:

Any "poor and worthy graduate of a High School" who wishes to go to the State University or to Leland Stanford Jr. University may approach the "State Scholarship Fund" and, having shown that he (or she) would "be benefited by a university education" but is unable financially to secure it, may be granted an allowance of twenty-five dollars a month, which must be repaid to the treasurer of the State of California within ten years after graduation.

Putting all its provisions together, we may say that Judge Wilbur has produced the bill of the year. It proposes that all young people shall be given a chance to get enough physical food and enough mental food to satisfy their needs and to fit them fully and competently for adult life. A simple idea. But millions more of children will perish physically and mentally before the world reaches it.

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MR. WALKER

BY FLORIDA PIER

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Out of the confused mass of sound the words "reception gown" separated themselves and Mrs. Walker nodded solemnly

MRS. WALKER not only wanted more butter, but she insisted that she knew how to ask for it. Her daughter doubted it, and her husband begged in a gruff panic not to risk the exposure of an encounter with the waiter. Mrs. Walker was so self-confident as to catch the man's eye, but on his approaching and asking if madame wished anything, she submitted to family influence, and bowing her head over her plate shook a flustered negative. Mr. Walker was relieved but rendered testy by the narrowness of their escape.

"There's no use in your speaking French if you can't. It only makes them laugh at us." Mr. Walker poked the inadequate entrée on his plate and scowled unhappily.

"But, father, they aren't laughing at us! It's—it's provincial of us to think they are!" Miss Walker's attempts to prod her parents into a cosmopolitan ease were wearing her into a settled querulousness.

"They are laughing at us. Ever since I got to France I've felt I was being laughed at. They didn't like us in England, but that didn't matter, because I didn't like them. But these Paris people are laughing at us!"

Mrs. Walker looked longingly at some butter on the next table and said savagely, "Well, they needn't laugh! They're immoral, and we're not."

"But, mother, they're not immoral! It's prudish of us to say they are. I'll ask for some butter for you if you want me to; it's perfectly simple to say."

"No, you won't. If I can't ask for butter myself, I won't have it. It's ridiculous of your father to act so."

The Walker family ate in silence. They were not enjoying themselves. It was almost three weeks since their departure from America, and the task of behaving as though they were happy was telling on all of them. This was their first night in Paris and there had been a difficult family scene before they descended to the dining-room. Mr. Walker had refused to appear at dinner in anything but the gray suit which he had worn since they left home, and the ladies of his family, not feeling sure that their preference for evening dress was justified by custom, had not insisted enough to carry their point. They had scolded, and worried, and delayed the evening meal, but they were not sufficiently courageous to do themselves what they felt would be exciting even if not strictly correct, and allow the obstreperous male to do as he wished. The discussion had ended by their donning hats, veils and coats as though they had come in late without time to go to their rooms. The appearance of several of the other diners caused them to feel that their subterfuge was unconvincing, and, ill at ease, they blamed France! Even Miss Walker remembered a little yearningly that she had never felt ill at ease in America.

A TALL, jaunty young man in a gray suit much like Mr. Walker's approached their table. He had the impossibly broad and astonishingly eavelike shoulders of all his countrymen, as well as their slightly emasculate and agreeable homeliness of voice and manner. He stopped by Miss Walker's chair and remarked cheerily, "Haven't you finished yet? I was in such a hurry to begin that I bolted everything." His hurry had a pause, however, as he dropped into the vacant chair at their table and smiled at Miss Walker with open satisfaction.

"We were late." Mr. Walker avidly took possession of the young man's attention. "Say, do you like Paris?"

"Yes, I think it's fine. Don't you?"

"No, I don't like anything I've seen since I've been away. I didn't mind England much, but I didn't like it. It's about the same as America, only it makes you mad. I thought that when things got really foreign I'd get interested, but now we've seen Holland and France, and the first was foolish and the last is crooked. I haven't had a vacation before in twenty years and I've felt tireder ever since I started than I did all the time I was working. When there's no reason for hurrying there doesn't seem any use in doing anything, and I'm hanged if I want to run to do most of the things they've made me do." He always spoke of his wife and daughter as "they." "I can't respect myself when I pay to get in another man's garden and stand looking at the outside of his house. I wouldn't like him to see me there."

"I thought those houses were terribly interesting; some one famous had spent a night in almost all of them." The young man's enthusiasms were inclusive and warm.

"Maybe," grunted Mr. Walker, "but if Oliver Cromwell and some more of those fellows had slept oftener in their own beds it would be easier for us Americans."

"You'll like Paris better; everybody says it's fine. I'm going to the Louvre the first thing to-morrow. You'll enjoy the art in Paris."

"Do you think I will?" Mr. Walker seemed doubtful and gloomy. The ladies, who had been uneasy and oppressed at the unusualness of his monopolizing the conversation, now burst forth with vivaciously verbal intentions for the morrow. The young man was invited to accompany them on their rounds. The invitation was hardly necessary, as there was an instinct in most of the members of the ship's passenger list to feel a deep thankfulness when they reencountered each other on land and to stand close, much as though they expected an attack from the menacing foreigners about them.

During the conversation of the others, Mr. Walker retired into an abstraction which seemed a cavern of comfort to him. It gave shelter, yet permitted a mistrustful peering forth at surrounding objects. He fingered his pursed lips and gazed at a Frenchwoman wearing a gown without sleeves, but with a collar curling to the tip of her extended chin. He shook his head dubiously as the voices of Germans at the next table rose above the other sounds. The Frenchwoman's black hair covered her ears, and she had an air of gloating sleepily over some secret knowledge that he felt he should never be able to divine. It all troubled him, and agitated the something that was going on inside him.

This something had been going on ever since the third day at sea, and Mr. Walker was not accustomed to having his inner life make any claim on his attention. The first day out had been like Sunday and made him think well of travel. The second idle day had seemed like a holiday that follows Sunday. This, though a disconcerting experience, had happened to him once or twice before and he was not entirely unable to cope with it. The third day brought him face to face with himself, and the strangeness and embarrassment of the encounter had become augmented on landing, until now he was as uncomfortable with sights to be seen as he was uneasy when by himself. It was a predicament that resulted in furtiveness and gloom. He had thought to avoid an inquiry into what this was which lay so disturbingly on his heart, but he now felt that the inquiry would have to be faced soon. Paris had already proved so strong a dose that he recognized something would have to be done about it, and his state was nearing desperation.

The next morning the little party of four left the hotel and straggled a few steps along the pavement. Then they stopped. Mr. Walker had interrupted his daughter as she was about to signal a cab, and while she protested indignantly, three shabby victorias answered her incipient gesture.

"Father, what is the matter? You surely don't think we're going to walk to the Louvre?"

"Well, don't take a cab." Mr. Walker tried to walk on, but his daughter stood firm.

"But why not? It's what we all want to do."

"Take a car."

"We can't. I don't know how to tell a car to stop; besides, we didn't ask at the hotel which bus went by the Louvre. Don't stand here and argue, father; get in one of these cabs, please."

Mr. Walker took an uncertain step toward the curb, but was stopped by the eagerness with which the cabmen greeted him. "I won't." His balk was complete. "You take a cab if you want to—I'm going to walk!"

"Father!" His daughter's impatience rang loud.

"It's all right, Mr. Walker, come along." Her young man was more soothing in his manner.

"Jim Walker, I should think you'd been told often enough that the thing to do is to give them a franc when you're well out of the cab and then hide in the nearest shop. I guess you've got sense enough to do that." The small party were now so self-conscious that with a concerted move they piled into the nearest cab more because it would carry them away than because it would carry them to any place in particular.

ON REACHING the Louvre they made first for the Salon Carré, pausing half-way up the stairs to gaze at the Winged Victory. They stood looking up at the great figure while descending tourists bumped into them. Mr. Walker gazed for what he felt to be the requisite amount of time, then turned and looked at his family. His daughter's eyes were partially closed as though she wished the Victory to feel that these first moments were merely probationary, and that it would be some few seconds before Miss Walker would give her entire approbation to the enthusiastic judgment of those who had come before her. Mrs. Walker stood with open mouth and blank eyes, her face a little puckered with effort. As Mr. Walker looked at his wife he flushed dully and touched her on the arm. "Come along, Emily," he said, glancing about to see if any one had seen her in what he could not feel to be one of her best moments.

They entered the famous room, huddled together and uncertain as to what had better be looked at first. Mr. Walker separated himself from the others and slowly made the tour of the four sides. Then he sat down on the bench in the center and was breathing heavily when the young man joined him.

"It's wonderful to think that this one room contains many of what generations of the greatest minds have pronounced finest in art, isn't it?" He spoke glibly but in a voice made flat by his desire to impress favorably Miss Walker's father.

Mr. Walker raised his head quickly—"Have they? The big fellows said it was the best, did they?" His eyes swept the adjacent walls, then he rose—"In that case I guess I'd better walk round it again." He went more slowly this time, and before two or three canvases he stopped, stared fixedly and even gripped his hands. While he was thus engaged his wife came to him.

"We're going on into the next room, Jim; come along."

Mr. Walker stood his ground. "You go on if you want to; I'm going to stay in this room until I can see

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ese pictures differently. I've looked at them all twice, nd they don't look great to me yet."

He sat down again and watched the other people as hey made the round of the room. They acted in divers ays, so that he had no means of knowing what were heir methods of communication with the pictures or he degree of their success. Presently he rose and went fter his family. They had made great progress and vere at the far end of the gallery. Mrs. Walker was eated, gripping her large patent-leather hand-bag. The wo others were examining minutely a small *genre* picure. Mr. Walker collapsed by his wife's side and for a ew minutes nothing was said.

"How's this gallery?" he finally asked.

"All right. My egs got tired." His wife did not cease watching the people.

"So did mine." There was a little silence and Mr. Walker grinned slowly. Aching legs seemed to be the result they had both arrived at.

Mrs. Walker leaned toward him: "Young Mr. Hutchinson proposed to Helen last evening while they were driving in the Bois, and I guess she accepted him. Anyway he's crazy about her."

"He is? But they only met on the ship, didn't they?"

"Yes, but she says they have so much in common. You see they're both awfully fond of art and nature and travel and all that."

"No!" Mr. Walker turned quickly around and peered at the two young tailored backs as though desirous of surprising them into a display of some of the qualities they claimed to have in so strong a degree as to base a life companionship on. Disappointed in what he searched for, he withdrew his gaze and asked interestedly: "Ought I to congratulate them or say anything? Who is he, anyway?"

"He's all right. Helen knows all about his prospects and everything. You must pretend I haven't told you until she admits that she has made up her mind. Hush! they're coming now."

THEY approached, and Mr. Walker wore the abashed air of a father who does not wish to appear to intrude.

"Perfectly exquisite things!" breathed the young woman weightily as she sank on to the bench beside her parents.

"It's just the beginning, Mr. Walker," announced her companion cheerily; "the best things in Europe are right here in Paris. What are you going to see this afternoon?"

Mr. Walker tried to laugh, but there was a pathos in his attempt. With his legs sticking straight out in front of him and his hat swinging in his limp hand he shook his head and sighed out, "I don't know."

"There's Napoleon's tomb." It was Mrs. Walker who spoke.

Her husband wilted a shade more. "I always meant to read a life of Napoleon," he sighed, "but I never got at it, somehow. I don't see what's the use of my seeing his tomb."

"Why not go to Versailles, then?" Young Hutchinson was taking his turn.

"Where all the kings lived? I don't know anything about them either. If any history's stuck in my head I've fastened it to the wrong date by this time. The lot of them were no good—that's all I can remember; and if you haven't got any more than that to say about a man, I don't believe in going to see his house."

His wife gave a little flounce and ejaculated quickly: "Well, I think it's awful to come all this way and feel like that." Her worry seemed to be much the same as though eatables had suddenly spoiled on her hands after trouble taken with them.

"I know it's awful, and I don't say that I won't find something yet in Europe that I'll like well enough; only I haven't had a good time so far, and I've tried. I keep thinking that I'd like to know if the new furnace works all right."

His daughter's raw preciousness caused her to demand explosively, "Then you think it more necessary to warm our bodies than to nourish our souls?"

Mr. Walker waited a moment before answering, then remarked with flat tenacity, "I don't know." An embarrassed pause followed, which was broken by Mrs. Walker's rising brusquely and marching back the way they had come, the others trailing silently after her.

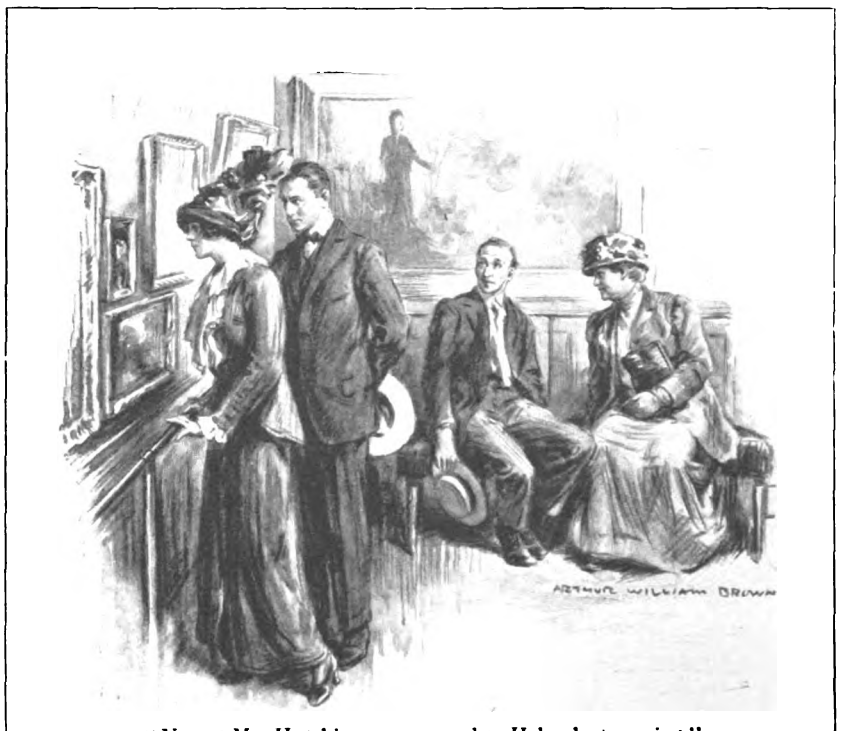
At luncheon Mr. Walker said little. He ate what was placed before him with a meekness that was half dejection and half an earnest desire to escape notice of any kind. When the meal was over, Mrs. and Miss Walker asked him what he was going to do. He returned the question, and his wife announced with a firmness that perhaps implied an expectation of attempts to dissuade her, that she was going to a dressmaker's, one of the best in Paris. A dismayed contraction of Mr. Walker's eyes was his only answer, and turning to his daughter he asked, "What chu' doin', Helen?"

"I'm going to the Luxembourg Galleries and after that to Notre Dame. You ought to see the cathedral, father."

Mr. Walker shook his head. "Nope, I'll go with your mother. I can't stand any more pictures to-day, and I'm not going to shuffle around any more churches and gawk up at the roofs. I've always gone to service in a church, and I haven't the training to know what else it is people go to a church for."

"You take a cab if you want to—I'm going to walk!"

The two women exchanged glances at this oddly perverse assumption of humility on the part of Mr. Walker. In their opinion he was acting queerly, and they were uncomfortable and impatient. Their eyes parted on a mutual flicker of martyrdom, and Mrs. Walker carried off her husband as one who bore a prickly burden. By the time they reached the dressmaker her brave self-confidence had weakened and the belligerent stiffness of her spine had turned to an abashed bend. In the vestibule of the building they were confronted by an untrustworthy elevator without attendant, which was suspended in a shaft much too big for it. From the size of the small cage, whoever entered was sure to be squeezed, while from its general tricky air there seemed an added likelihood of being dropped. The elevator and its officious little buttons were on the point of vanquishing Mrs. Walker when her husband suddenly assumed command. He in some way contrived to make it carry them to the third floor, which happened to be their destination, so that by the time they arrived it was Mr. Walker who had the upper hand.



"Young Mr. Hutchinson proposed to Helen last evening"

The large and frivolously furnished salon which they now entered was not made to appear less formidable by the approach of a disreputably elegant woman who purred a few incomprehensible remarks in a soothing, insulting tone. She seated them, not in a corner as they would have preferred, but in the center of the room so that their sensation was that of being marooned in a sea of conspicuousness. As the elegant woman left them their eyes followed her amazedly. She was dressed in brown linen stays which turned into a petticoat at the bottom and a bodice at the top. The effect of this curious costume was to display her figure so entirely as to have been indecent had her figure been any less inhuman than it was. Saved from indecency she had been abandoned to weirdness, and the elaboration of her coiffure caused her to appear undressed though her strange garb covered her completely. Mr. Walker made his face into an immobile mask, not only managing to ignore this young woman, but the four or five others as well who strolled about the room. Mrs. Walker's condition was a much more serious one. Her jaw dropped and her breast heaved with suddenly summoned respectability. There was an incorruptible rigor about her dilated nostrils which implied that nothing but the cause of clothes could induce her to endure such things.

In a few minutes they were approached by two young women, while a wave of languorous activity passed over those more distant, and one of them disappeared with meaning. Out of the confused mass of sound that reached Mrs. Walker's ears the words "reception gown" separated themselves and she nodded solemnly. The young ladies now scattered in all directions and the maze of their movements presently simplified itself into the entry of one of them gowned in brown velvet accompanied by another who explained the beauty of the thing worn. The four blameless American eyes moved from right to left as the dreamy creature glided back and forth before them.

MRS. WALKER was keenly conscious of her husband's being beside her. She felt the force of his silent presence and said through dry lips, "Something simpler; yes, simpler, more simple." She took in her husband's face with the tail of her eye and added, "And fuller, fuller, more material."

At this Mr. Walker threw her a comic eye, but refused to break his silence. He seemed more comfortable, however, and looked at his wife as though he unexpectedly found something familiar in her appearance.

The entrance of two young women in flesh-colored cloth and cherry satin, veiled in black, caused Mrs. Walker to feel that neither her request for something simpler nor for something fuller had been understood. She was baffled, and did not let her gaze rise above the neckbands of the gowns. She had no desire to see the thoughts of the perambulators as depicted in their faces. More gowns appeared and the bilingual chatter increased in complexity. She heard desires and tastes attributed to her of which she knew herself to be wholly innocent. Helpless, speechless, she was uncertain as to whether she had not already purchased one of those things, but entirely unaware which it might be. She felt numbed and incapable of leaving or acting in any way decisively.

It was awful, but it could go on forever if it depended on her to dispel the haze that surrounded them. The group of feminine personages were now leaning toward her with obsequious expectancy. They apparently thought it high time for her to say something of a definite financial character. She looked at the garish, exaggerated gown, she gazed appealingly into the circle of faces. Inarticulate murmurs rose to her lips, but they made nothing of themselves and she was powerless to aid them. The pause was becoming slightly hostile when Mr. Walker rose, thrust his hand into his pocket, and quickly, as though he were dealing out cards, put a coin into the hand of each of the young women. One American and five pairs of French mouths opened in amazement, but Mr. Walker was unmoved. He closed his purse with a snap and said loudly, "I've taken up your time and I'll pay for it. You've all done your best, but my wife isn't going to wear any of those things. She couldn't. Good morning." And grasping his wife by the elbow he walked from the place, honest and unashamed. His wife clattered down the stairs after him, thankful but protesting.

"Oh, Jim!" she whimpered, "I feel utterly disgraced. I don't know how you could do such a thing. I'd rather have bought something and not worn it. I don't know what the lady that gave me the address will think of me if she should hear of what you did! It was awful! I——"

On the bottom step Mr. Walker paused for a moment. "Emily, stop talking. I know what I'm about. You come along with me." She followed at his heels while he masterfully took a cab. Silently she sat by his side as they drove, watching him as he gave a gold piece to the cabman, and only when they entered the writing-room of the American Express Company, did she touch his arm and say, "Jim, what are you going to do here?"

He marched to a corner seat and taking off his hat wiped reflectively the leather facing. For a protracted moment he gazed at his wife and then slowly and solemnly he winked. This demonstration was emphasized by a deliberate wag of the head, and on that he spoke: "I've come here because it's the only place in Paris where I can talk comfortably, and I'm going to talk,

[Continued on page 411]

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Paris Modistes and Spring Hats from Virot, Georgette,

Photographs by

1. *Hat of dark blue straw trimmed with a blue ribbon and a bunch of dark roses. Heitz-Boyer.*
2. *Hat of white crêpe draped on black straw brim and trimmed with white osprey. Heitz-Boyer.*
3. *Hat of red Belgian straw trimmed with crimson wings. Marie-Crozet.*
4. *Hat of black satin with draped crown tied with moiré ribbon and trimmed with fawn ostrich Amazone feather. Heitz-Boyer.*
5. *Hat of black straw faced with satin and trimmed with a bunch of ostrich feathers. Georgette.*
6. *Hat of black picot with brown ostrich feather fringe and feathers. Fashionable silhouette long at the back. Georgette.*

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Their New Millinery

Marie-Crozet and Heitz-Boyer

l'Atelier Taponier

1. *Hat of black English picot with gathered crown of blue silk and blue quill and feather tuft. Marie-Crozet.*
2. *Hat of black English picot with osprey of suède-colored ostrich feather. Virot.*
3. *Hat of brown straw with beige velvet shirred border and drapery and vautour bunch at the side of front. Georgette.*
4. *Hat of black English picot with head and feather of uncurled beige ostrich feather. Marie-Crozet.*
5. *Hat of dark blue straw with dark blue ribbon draped round the crown and black "numidie" osprey at the back. Georgette.*
6. *Hat of black tulle shirred on wire with bands of tulle at the edge, around the crown and tied in a bow at the side. Trimming of paradise ospreys at the side. Virot.*

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Waist 6136

[*Described on page 366*]

When this waist is combined with a plain two-piece skirt as in the illustration, one yard and five-eighths of striped éponge forty inches wide, with three yards and one-half of plain thirty-six inches wide, will be required for the medium size. Other materials which will make up effectively in this fashion are plain and striped cotton voile, plain and figured crêpe, all-over embroidery with linen, charmeuse and faille silks.

Waist 6130; skirt 6131

[*Described on page 366*]

Three yards and one-quarter of plain cotton crêpe thirty-two inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the pointed collar will be required for the Russian blouse as it is illustrated in medium size. Three yards of figured crêpe thirty-two inches wide will be required for the skirt. The contrasting blouse idea is found in a great number of the Spring gowns which have appeared.

Dress 6159

[*Described on page 366*]

Three yards of cotton ratine forty inches wide, one yard and three-quarters of figured crêpe thirty-two inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of net forty inches wide and two yards and five-eighths of insertion will be required for the dress in medium size as shown above. The ratine and the crêpe weaves predominate in Summer fabrics, though the corded cottons are in favor also. They are equally suitable to this design.

Coat 6112; skirt 6151

[*Coat 6112 described on page 395; skirt 6151 on page 362*]

The coat in medium size will require one yard and seven-eighths of chiffon forty-five inches wide and four yards and one-half of ribbon. The skirt with a waist having long kimono sleeves will require three yards and one-half of dimity thirty-two inches wide for the skirt and center portions of waist, one yard and seven-eighths forty inches wide for the side bodies and sleeves and one yard and one-quarter of insertion.

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Waist 6104; skirt 6105
[Described on page 367]

When these designs are combined as in the illustration above, four yards and three-quarters of charmeuse forty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar will be required for the dress in medium size. Only very soft materials such as this or crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, voile, chiffon or lace net should be used for the shirred waist. The skirt is suitable for heavier fabrics.

Dress 6135
[Described on page 395]

Six yards and one-quarter of figured crêpe thirty-two inches wide, one-half yard of plain of the same width for the collar, one yard and one-quarter of insertion and three yards and one-half of ball fringe will be required for the dress in medium size as illustrated above. It will be charming also in cotton voile or dimity, with insertion edging the peplum, collar and closing, and in linen or silk.

Waist 6120; skirt 6121
[Described on page 367]

When these designs are combined as illustrated, four yards and three-quarters of colored ratine forty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of white twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required for the dress in medium size. A design for the embroidery on the collar and cuffs may be obtained in an adaptation of a Butterick transfer design. Wool embroidery done in Bulgarian colors is a fashionable trimming.

Waist 6109; skirt 6110
[Described on page 395]

As these designs both use straight edges with good effect and without waste, they are recommended for bordered materials. The dress made from the medium size will require five yards and one-quarter of bordered cotton voile forty-two inches wide and one-half yard of material eighteen inches wide for a yoke-facing. Bordered crêpes, printed silks, printed muslins and flouncing and plain, soft materials may also be used.

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THE BALKAN BLOUSE COAT

IT TURNS OUT TO BE VERY TAKING AND IS BECOMING POPULAR

A COAT which is beginning to be seen a good deal now in the shops and on well-dressed women is shown in design 6125. When it first appeared its long blouse and belt resting on the hips seemed somewhat revolutionary after the raised waistlines we were accustomed to, but it took for all that, and is now become one of the accepted Spring styles. This design may be used for either of two favorite versions of the style, that with the blouse gathered into a peplum or that gathered into a wide belt, and may be in either of two lengths. The body is in one with the upper part of either of two styles of full-length sleeves. A design for scalloping the closing as in the small view may be obtained in a Butterick transfer. This is an excellent idea for trimming a linen coat.

For a woman of medium size two yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat with the wide belt.

Design 6125 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

WHETHER it can be referred to the influence of the Balkan war or not, the bolero has certainly come back. There are bolero jackets shown as part of Summer suits, and boléros making the trimming of new gowns and waists. One used as part of a waist is shown in design 6150 which consists of outside portions, a French lining and a bolero. The lining may be in high or open neck; the bolero, which is cut with body in one with the upper part of the one-seam sleeves, may have full-length or shorter sleeves and be with or without the collar and cuffs. The waist is closed at the front and may be made separately or attached to a skirt.

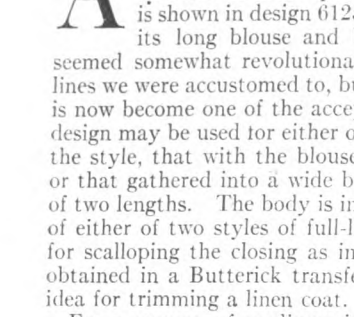
For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-quarter of material forty inches wide, with one yard and three-quarters of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the outside portions and girdle, will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6150 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

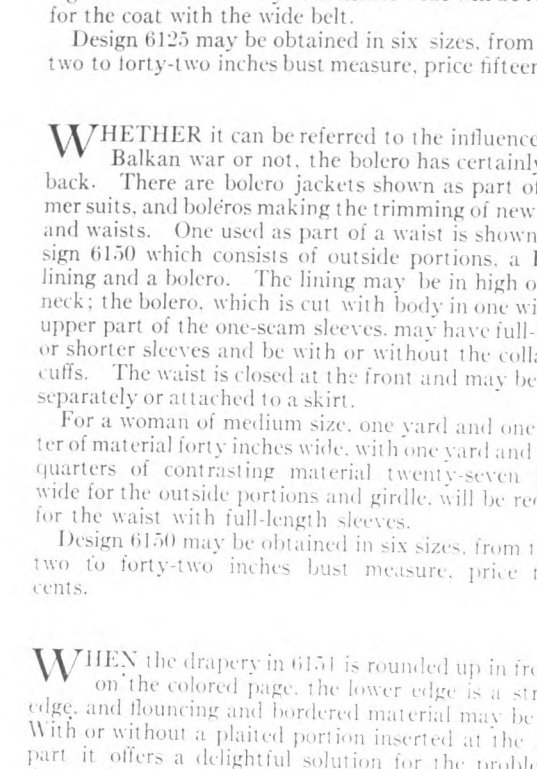
WHEN the drapery in 6151 is rounded up in front as on the colored page, the lower edge is a straight edge, and flouncing and bordered material may be used. With or without a plaited portion inserted at the lower part it offers a delightful solution for the problem of draping borders. If you wish to cut the drapery in even clearing length or just rounded slightly at the front corners you loose the straight edge, but you have a graceful skirt for other soft materials. You can then dispense with the three-piece foundation skirt. This has a regulation waistline while the one or two piece drapery has a slightly raised waistline where it is plaited at the sides and back. It measures at the lower edge about one yard and three-eighths in medium size. The design may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, three yards of material thirty-six or more inches wide will be required for the two-piece drapery.

Design 6151 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

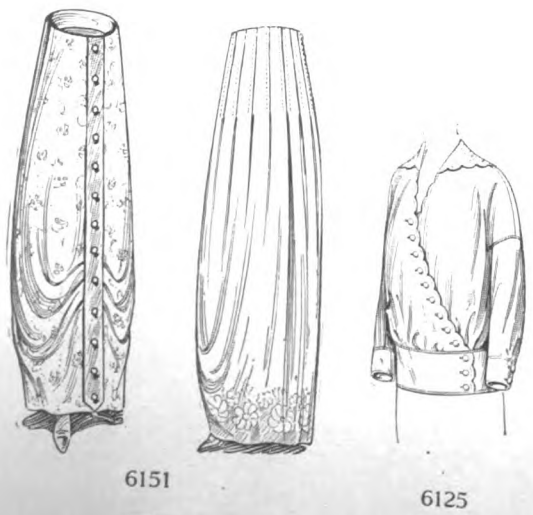


6150



Coat 6125

These long-waisted Russian or Balkan blouse-coats are usually shown with plain skirts, though some good examples are seen in silk with draped skirts. When design 6125 is combined with a plain two-piece skirt as in the illustration, four yards and one-half of ratine forty inches wide and one yard of satin twenty inches wide for the collar and girdle will be required for the suit in medium size. A design for the embroidery, which is done in colored wools, may be obtained in a Butterick transfer. Wool rep, broadcloth, crêpe de Chine, moiré, linen and cotton cords are other materials used for these coats.



6151

6125

ONE does not have to hesitate long this season over the question of how to make a simple but smart afternoon dress. The answer is almost immediate, with a Russian blouse and a draped skirt. A new and very good-looking Russian blouse-waist is shown in design 6114. It is cut with body in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves, may have either of two styles of collar and may be bloused or drawn down. The three-piece peplum is attached at a slightly raised waistline. A body lining may be used or omitted. Almost any material from broadcloth through chiffon to chambray may be made in this way. The round collar may be of lace or Bulgarian embroidery.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide and one-quarter of a yard of contrasting material eighteen or more inches wide for the round collar will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6114 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

IN DESIGN 6115 the drapery is caught up at the left side of the front and the right side of the back of a two-piece skirt, having a tuck seam at those points and a dart or gathers on the hips when made with a slightly raised waistline. In back there is always a little gathered fulness and with a regulation waistline there are always gathers at the sides too. Though the folds almost shake out between the two points of drapery they cause a slightly bouffant effect on that side at about the knee which with the narrow lower edge gives the new tapering silhouette. You remember one of the French dressmakers said recently, "Skirts are wider but not at the bottom." In medium size the lower edge of this skirt measures about one yard and one-half around. It may be in either of two outlines at the front, that is, have a straight line or the under corner rounded up to show a glimpse of hosiery. Almost all the French models have such an opening at the bottom. The design is in clearing length, may be closed at the front or back and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material forty or more inches wide will be required.

Design 6115 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

6114

6125

6115

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Dress 6117

When the ladies' dress 6117 *is made as it is illustrated above, three yards and one-half of linen forty-four inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of batiste twenty or more inches wide for the dainty collar is required for a woman of medium size. For the motifs which are carried out in wool embroidery, a Butterick transfer design may be obtained. This is an excellent model for the fashionable cotton ratine and éponge, and also for a frock of faille or poplin.*

Dress 6107

When the ladies' dress 6107 *is made as it is illustrated above, four yards and one-quarter of flowered silk forty inches wide and one-half yard of cream net also forty inches wide, for the yoke, are required for a woman of medium size. The flowered designs in silks are most fashionable and will increase their vogue. Several new schools of designing are creating a variety of these flowered effects in most original conceptions. They require, in fact, allow only simple decoration*

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THE RULING RUSSIAN IDEA

APPEARS IN NEW BLOUSES IN VARIOUS ADAPTATIONS

SILK CUTAWAY COATS ARE WORN WITH LIGHT DRESSES

MANY dressy three-piece costumes sent out by the great Paris couturiers have a loose wrap of contrasting color trimmed with the color of the dress. These wraps are also worn with quite separate silk or lingerie dresses and fill a long-felt need in the Summer wardrobe. The wrap shown here on the figure, for which design 6129 may be obtained, has body in one with the upper part of the sleeves and a long collar in hood effect or in round outline at the back. It is sharply cut away in front and may be in any of three outlines at the lower edge at the back, where its length is thirty-nine inches.

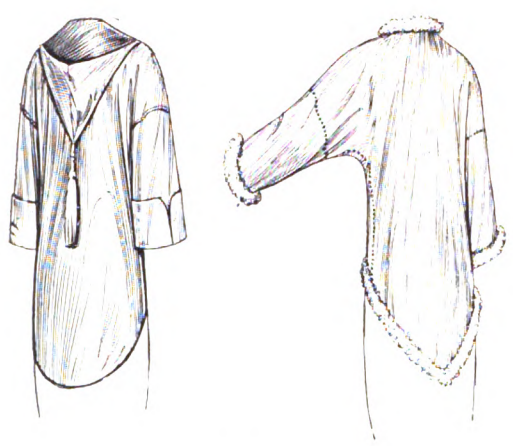
For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide and four yards and one-half of marabou trimming will be required for the wrap as shown in one small back view.

Design 6129 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6130 is for a Russian blouse-waist with a front closing and dropped shoulders. It has body in one with the upper part of either of two styles of full-length one-seam sleeves or shorter sleeves, high or slightly open neck and may be bloused or drawn down. For the three-piece peplum which is attached at a slightly raised waistline and is in either of two outlines at the front a skirt extension may be substituted if preferred. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material forty inches wide will be required for the waist with the peplum.

Design 6130 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6129

THE two-piece skirt shown in design 6131 is a popular model for a tailored suit skirt. Yes, for a cloth suit skirt even though it is draped, for it is given a tailored air by the wide tuck at the center of the front and back. It may be fitted with darts or gathers at the sides when made with a slightly raised waistline, or with gathers in regulation waistline, but has always some fulness at the top of the back. The closing may be at the front or back. The length is clearing and the width at the lower edge about one yard and five-eighths in medium size. For the design made as a separate skirt, or as part of a dress, wool rep, foulard and cotton ratine are suitable.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material forty inches wide will be required.

Design 6131 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

6131 6130 6131

Wrap 6129; skirt 6162

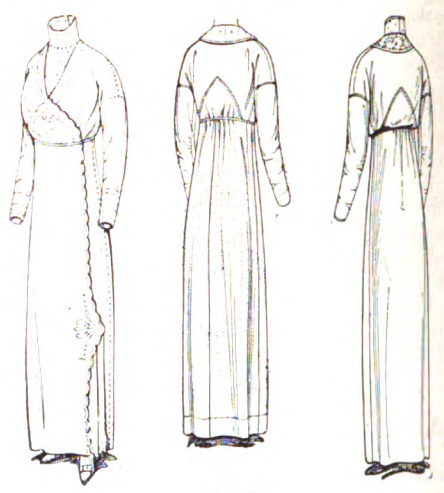
[*Skirt 6162 described on page 368*]

Two yards and one-half of moiré silk forty-four inches wide for the coat and three yards and one-quarter of white moiré forty-four inches wide for the skirt, collar and cuffs will be required for the designs in medium size as they are illustrated above. The separate cutaway coat is also made of broché satin, corded silks, taffeta, charmeuse, embroidered chiffon, voile, all-over lace, cotton velours and cotton broché. It forms an ideal wrap for wearing over light dresses on the street and at the beach. The hooded collar is very chic.

DESIGN 6159 contains an interesting suggestion for the combination of two materials. And the use of two materials is one of the features of this year's fashions which has great practical value. It allows one to make a street dress with a lighter material on the body and arm and it permits of effective making-over. From design 6159, for instance, a dress of cotton ratine, linen or the heavy corded cottons can be made with the waist practically all of all-over embroidery, or one of broadcloth or wool éponge can have the upper part of silk, or one of silk can have a chiffon body and sleeves. And an old dress can have a practically all new waist. The dress consists of a blouse-waist which may be bloused or drawn down, with body in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves, high or French neck, with or without the long collar, cuffs or a body lining and a three or four piece skirt attached at a slightly raised waistline in clearing length with plaits at the lower part of the front and slight fulness at the top of the back, measuring with plaits drawn out about two yards at the lower edge.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and three-quarters of material thirty-two inches wide with one yard and one-half thirty-six inches wide for the body and sleeves will be required for the dress with the four-piece skirt.

Design 6159 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6159

IN DESIGN 6136 for a ladies' waist, the overblouse with the peplum is in line with the ruling Russian idea. Without the peplum it is of the fashionable jumper order. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and be made in high, French round or square neck. The overblouse is sleeveless, but full-length or shorter sleeves are sewed into the slightly deep armholes of the blouse-waist. A body lining is optional. The two-piece peplum may be worn at a slightly raised or regulation waistline. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and five-eighths of all-over embroidery forty inches wide, with one yard and three-eighths thirty-six inches wide for the blouse, will be required with the peplum.

Design 6136 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6136

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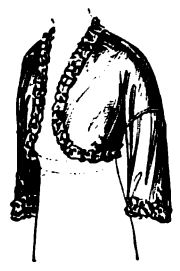
MORE AND MORE DRAPERY

IS USED IN SKIRTS MADE OF SOFT SILKS AND SATINS

BLOUSES OF CRÊPE DE CHINE AND NET ARE SHIRRED

CHARMING silk and cotton ratine suits are being shown for the Summer trade having little short boleros for the jacket part. Matching the skirt they form part of two and three piece costumes, but in a contrasting material they are worn over quite separate dresses as a little extra touch of chic. With a dress with which they match or contrast they are a useful thing in Summer, as well as something new and smart. They frequently add just the amount of warmth which is needed or they give one the feeling of having a coat on without a burdensome warmth. Design 6157 is a model for a simple bolero jacket. Its body is in one with the upper part of the sleeves and it may be with or without the collar. The sleeves are three-quarter length, for that is considered the appropriate style for such a coat.



6157

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the jacket without the collar and six yards and one-quarter of ribbon two inches wide for ruchings.

Design 6157 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

SOME of the new dropped-shoulder waists of soft silks or thin materials are made with shirrings along the shoulder seam. Their soft fulness is delightfully becoming to slender women, especially so when bloused somewhat over the belt in the modern way. In design 6104 the shirrings may be tucked or corded and the waist may be bloused or drawn down. Its body is in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves, and its French lining is in high or open neck. It may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress of crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, voile, marquisette, chiffon, lace net, cotton voile and crêpe.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and three-quarters of material forty inches wide will be required for the waist with shorter sleeves, and one-half yard of net forty inches wide or lace eighteen inches wide for the straight collar and yoke-facing.

Design 6104 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

AS THE vogue of drapery becomes more and more assured, an increasing amount of it is demanded. In a dressy skirt now one wants more than a touch—one wants enough to give the new silhouette, which is wider in the middle of the figure. In design 6105 there is a good bit of drapery at the left side, but the construction of the skirt is still simple. In very wide material it may be cut in one piece, or in two in narrower. It is in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline and slight fulness at the top of the back, and may be with or without an inserted plaited section at the lower part of the left side. Without the plaited section it measures about one yard and one-quarter at the lower edge in medium size. The design may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

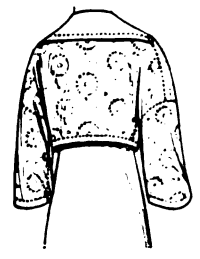
For a woman of medium size, three yards of material forty inches wide will be required for the skirt cut lengthwise.

Design 6105 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

Jacket 6157; skirt 6121

When these designs are combined to make the afternoon costume illustrated here, three yards and three-quarters of charmeuse forty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide will be required for the medium size. With a blouse of net or lace these two designs will make a costume which can be worn to any afternoon function. The jacket is, however, not limited to this use. It may be made of cotton ratine, piqué or linen as part of a jaunty morning suit; and of satin, taffeta, matelassé or novelty silk as a separate coatee for wearing with silk or lingerie dresses. One sees them of plain colored taffeta with figured cotton crêpe frocks and of Pompadour silk with one-toned silk or mull dresses.

DESIGN 6120, as it is illustrated on page 361, gains great distinction from the cutaway lines of its peplum, but if these lines are not becoming it will still make a smart blouse with the closing continued in a straight line to an even lower edge. It is then a typically Russian blouse, and a high neck with a standing collar and long sleeves will be in keeping. A slight blouse over the belt is found in nearly all waists now, Russian or not, but again if this is not becoming it may be drawn down. The neck may be high or slightly open with a pretty pointed collar, the sleeves, which are sewed into regulation armholes, may be full length in either of two styles or shorter, and the one or two piece peplum may be worn at a regulation or slightly raised waistline. A body lining is an optional part of the design, which may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress of cotton ratine, the corded cottons, linen, cotton crêpe, all-over embroidery or lace, chiffon, wool rep, broadcloth, charmeuse, broché, taffeta or moiré.



6157

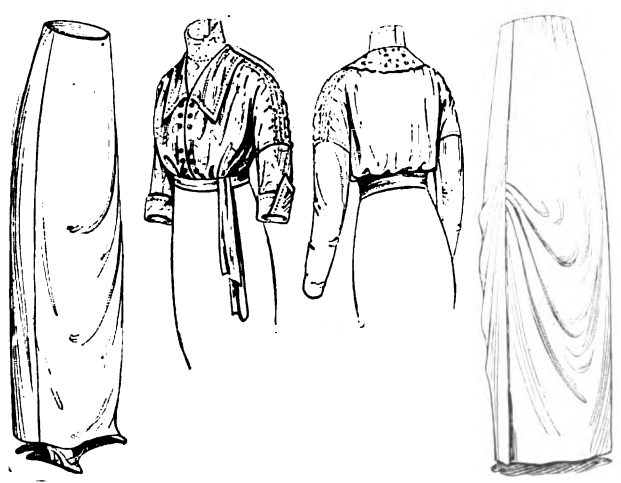
For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide, or two yards and five-eighths forty-four inches wide, or two yards and one-quarter fifty inches wide, will be required. One-quarter yard of material eighteen or more inches wide will be required for the pointed collar.

Design 6120 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

THE design 6121 shows a skirt used by one of the great French dressmakers for wool and cotton as well as silk materials. You might guess that it was French from the originality of the design and the rather daring arrangement of drapery at the waistline in front, but you will be surprised to find how simple is the construction of the skirt. It is cut in only two pieces, dart-fitted or gathered at the sides in slightly raised waistline or gathered in regulation waistline. In back there are always a few gathers which relieve the plainness becomingly. The drapery at the front is, it is true, a bit more trying than some other arrangements of it, but it is very smart. The touch at the lower part at the left of the front is admirably done. While the design is dressy, it is cut in clearing length for afternoon wear. It may be closed at the front or back and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist. The width at the lower edge is about one yard and one-half in medium size. Charmeuse, foulard, soft sponge cloth, broadcloth, and crêpe are suitable materials.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material forty or more inches wide will be required.

Design 6121 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



6105 6104 6105

6121 6120 6121

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THE outline of the closing and peplum of the Russian blouse-waist, design 6161, gives distinction to a waist which in construction is very simple. It is cut with the upper part of the one-seam sleeves in one with the body so that it has the simplicity of the kimono style with the modishness of the dropped shoulder. The lower part of the sleeves may be in full length, in either of two styles or shorter. Two styles of collar are provided. If the cutaway peplum is used, it goes with a slightly raised waistline, over which the waist may be bloused or drawn down, but the peplum may be omitted if desired. The design may be made with or without a body lining, as a separate waist or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material forty inches wide, with five-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the pointed collar and cuffs, will be required for the waist with the peplum.

Design 6161 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6162 shows how drapery may be smartly handled in a tailored skirt so that it gives the mark of the present season and the fashionable tapering silhouette without destroying the tailored look. The skirt is cut in two pieces, in clearing length and with a slightly raised waistline, and measures, with the deep plait at the left side of the back drawn out, about two yards at the lower edge. Its curving tuck seam at the front is extremely effective in combination with the drapery and is still more chic when the under edge is rounded up to meet it. The closing may be at the front or back and the design made separately or attached to a waist.

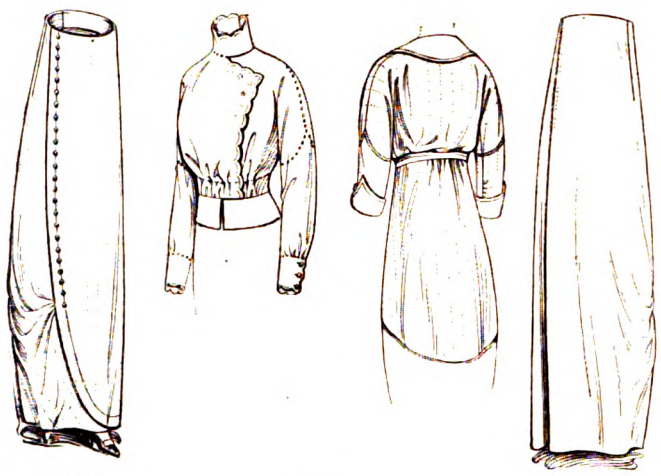
For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty inches wide will be required.

Design 6162 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

IN DESIGN 6145, for a Russian blouse, the neck opening and the shaped band trimming are novel and attractive. And they have this other advantage: they allow the blouse to be slipped over the head. It is joined to a two-piece peplum at a slightly raised waistline, but it may be drawn in with a sash or belt at a regulation waistline. When the latter waistline is used, the blouse may be bloused or drawn down; with the former it will be drawn down. The body is cut in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter two-seam sleeves; the body lining may be in high or open neck.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the blouse with full-length sleeves.

Design 6145 may be obtained in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

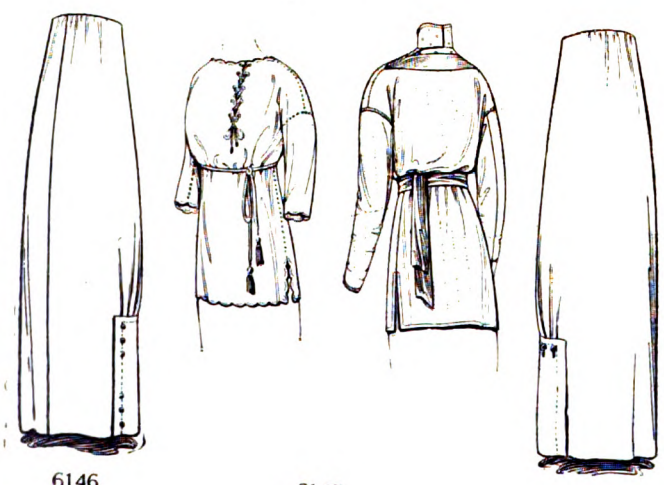


6162 6161 6162

HOWEVER the drapery in a skirt is arranged, the effect should be slightly bouffant around the middle of the figure, but constrained at the feet. Design 6146 has this fashionable silhouette with a very simple construction. The front is cut like a panel with extensions at the lower part which hold in the drapery of the one or two piece back. At the top of the back, at the slightly raised waistline, there is a little fulness, but the width at the lower edge is only about one yard and three-quarters in medium size. The length is clearing. The design may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist as a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material forty inches wide will be required for the three-piece skirt.

Design 6146 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



6146 6145 6146

SIMPLE RUSSIAN BLOUSES

FORM THE SMARTEST SPRING

Waist 6161; skirt 6162

Waist 6145; skirt 6146

When these designs are combined to form the dress illustrated, two yards and three-quarters of crêpe charmeuse forty-four inches wide for the skirt, two yards and three-eighths of plain, the same width, for the blouse, and one-quarter yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar will be required for the medium size. Russian blouses are often worn with contrasting skirts.

When these designs are combined to form the dress illustrated, four yards and one-half of éponge forty-four inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of material twenty inches wide for the trimming piece, three-quarters of a yard of silk twenty-seven inches wide for the sash, and one-quarter yard of fringe will be required for the medium size. The embroidery is an adaptation of a Butterick transfer.

WORN WITH DRAPED SKIRTS

GOWNS FOR HOUSE OR STREET

Shirt-waist 6155; skirt 6156

Shirt 6165; skirt 6166

Three yards and one-quarter of China silk twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the shirt-waist in medium size as it is illustrated above. Two yards and five-eighths of serge fifty inches wide will be required for the skirt. Washable crêpe de Chine is also pretty for these blouses; cotton crêpe is much used, and cotton voile, batiste and linen are suitable.

Two yards and three-quarters of cotton crêpe thirty-two inches wide will be required for the shirt in medium size, and two yards and five-eighths of striped ratine forty-four inches wide for the skirt. The skirt is an excellent model for a hacking suit, a tub skirt, or an outing skirt. It may be made of serge, striped and checked worsteds, piqué or linen.

THE dropped shoulder has become such a dominating style that plain shirt-waists now show it. With the yoke running down to the sleeve joining, it is the reason for the distinctly new and smart impression made by the shirt-waist shown in design 6155. This is cut with the body in one with the upper part of either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves, and may be with or without the yoke. The neck may be slightly open with a rolling collar as most of the smart blouses are made, or high with an attached turndown collar or a neckband. A plait or hem closing may be made on the design, which is suitable for a separate shirt-waist or for part of a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-half of material forty inches wide, with one-half yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide, will be required for the waist with shorter sleeves shown below.

Design 6155 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

"MORE plaited skirts are seen every day." The sentence occurred recently in one of our Paris letters and I quote it to show those who admire plaits that they are really once more in good standing. That there are uses for which their width and freedom are most valuable will not be questioned. In design 6156 they are arranged in clusters at each side and at the center of the back, and without widening the lines make the skirt in medium size measure about two yards and three-eighths at the lower edge when they are drawn out. The design is in three pieces and in clearing length, has a slightly raised waistline and may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

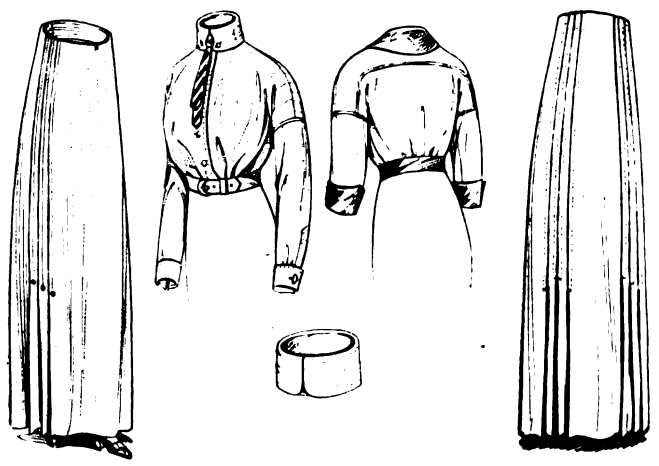
For a woman of medium size, three yards and seven-eighths of plain or striped material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 6156 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

SOME of the blouses which smart specialty shops are making a feature of are modeled after a man's Tuxedo shirt, and have an oval tucked bosom. The sleeves are mannish shirt-sleeves and there is a yoke-facing across the back. Design 6165, which is an example of the style, may be with or without the bosom and yoke-facing. It may have full-length sleeves with French or plain cuffs, or shorter sleeves, and slightly open neck with a pretty rolling collar, or high neck with an attached turned-down collar or a neck-band for wear with separate collars. Fine white materials, batiste, mull and lawn, wash silks, crêpe de Chine, cotton crêpe and cotton voile, linen and even charmeuse are made up in this way. They make extremely smart blouses to go with tailored suits.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-eighth of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the shirt with full-length sleeves and bosom.

Design 6165 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

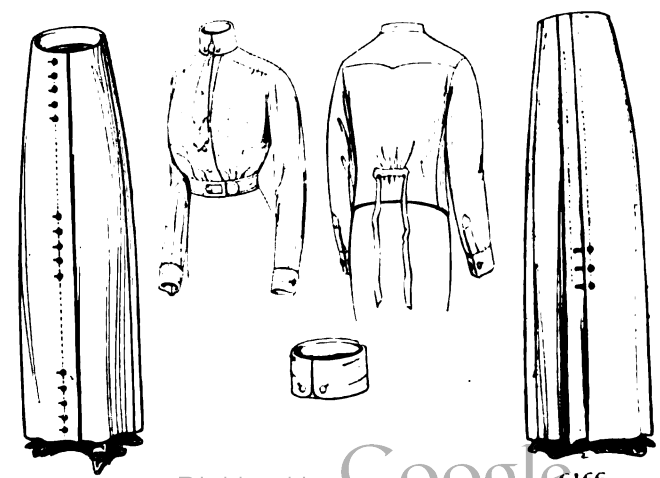


6156 6155 6156

FRONT closings are a favorite idea in plain tailored skirts, for besides being practical the line is a becoming trimming. It is especially decorative when cut with an angle as in the large view of design 6166, but the line may be straight here if one prefers it so. In back there are two plaits at the left side, which make a back as well liked as this front. When the plaits are drawn out the lower edge measures about two yards and one-eighth in medium size. The skirt is cut in four pieces, in clearing length and with a slightly raised waistline. It may be closed at the front or back, and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist. The firm woolens and heavy cottons are especially good for it.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of plain or striped material forty inches wide will be required.

Design 6166 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



6166 6165 6166

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THE SIMPLICITY OF A DESIGN

MAKES IT ALL THE MORE EFFECTIVE WHEN THE LINES AND CUT ARE GOOD

Dress 6149

When the dress is made and trimmed as in the illustration above, the medium size will require three yards and seven-eighths of linen forty-four inches wide and one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar. A design for a large scallop to use on the closing edges and cuffs may be obtained in a Butterick transfer design. If one has the time to put a little hand-embroidery on a Summer dress, the effect is well worth the work. While long sleeves are much used, short ones are found on many new blouses and dresses and will be appreciated when warm weather sets in.

DESIGN 6149 is a smart and simple model for a Spring street dress of wool rep, serge or broadcloth, or for a Summer frock of cotton ratine, piqué, linen or gingham. It has good lines and the mark of individuality in the tab extensions on the front closing, but it is very easily made and needs only a contrasting collar as a trimming. A collar of broché, bengaline or satin is pretty on a cloth dress, one of batiste or linen on a cotton one. If a straight front closing is preferred, the tabs may be cut off and the edge may be scalloped from a Butterick transfer. The one-seam sleeves which are sewed into slightly deep armholes may be in full length, dart-fitted below the elbow or shorter, and the neck may be slightly open or filled with a yoke-facing and collar. The blouse-waist in Gibson style may be bloused or drawn down and made with or without a body lining. It is attached at a slightly raised waistline to a three or four piece skirt in clearing length, with slight fulness at the waistline in back and a width of about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge in medium size.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-eighth of material thirty-two inches wide, with one-half yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide for the large collar, cuffs and belt, will be required for the dress with the four-piece skirt.

Design 6149 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

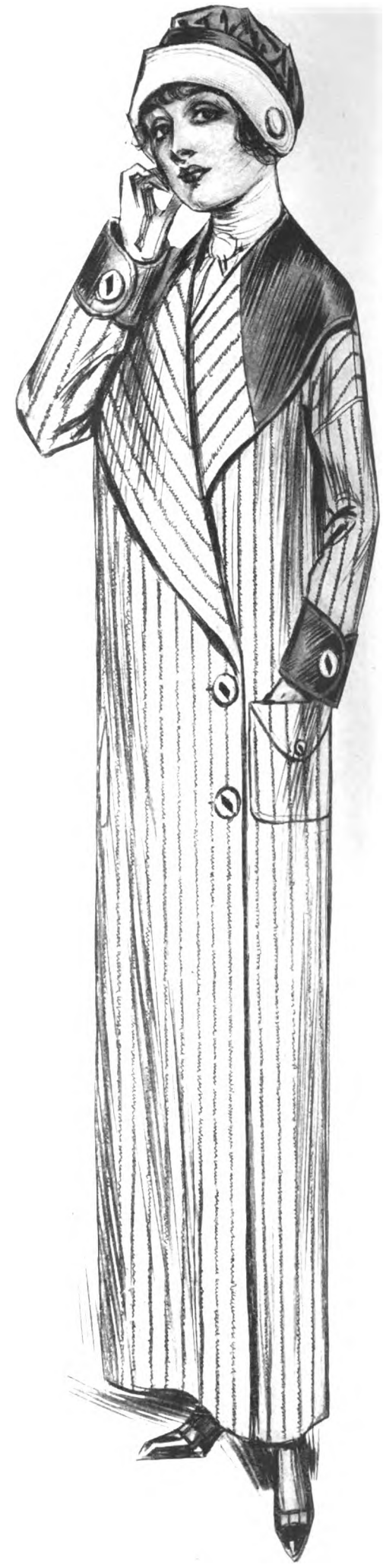
6149

A NEW motor coat, reproduced in design 6152, has long shoulders, a yoke-facing running down to where the sleeves are attached and a low-closing, large collar cut with points on the shoulders and a shallow curve at the back. It is loose and comfortable and amply protective, and also exceedingly smart. The same coat is seen in three-quarter instead of full length as a practical coat for wear with Spring street dresses and then, too, is good-looking and useful. It may be made with or without the yoke-facing, back belt, cuffs or pockets, and may be worn with the fronts closed to the neck or rolled open. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body; the lower part has one seam. Wool ratine is one of the smartest materials for a fairly heavy coat; striped worsteds are also used, and diagonals and mixtures. Cotton ratine and cotton corduroy make excellent Summer coats. Corded silk, pongee and taffeta make smart motoring coats and shed the dust better than a woolen material. Worsted coats are trimmed with broadcloth or satin, cotton ones with another color.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and three-quarters of double-faced material fifty-four inches wide or six yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs, will be required for the coat in full length without facing.

Design 6152 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6152

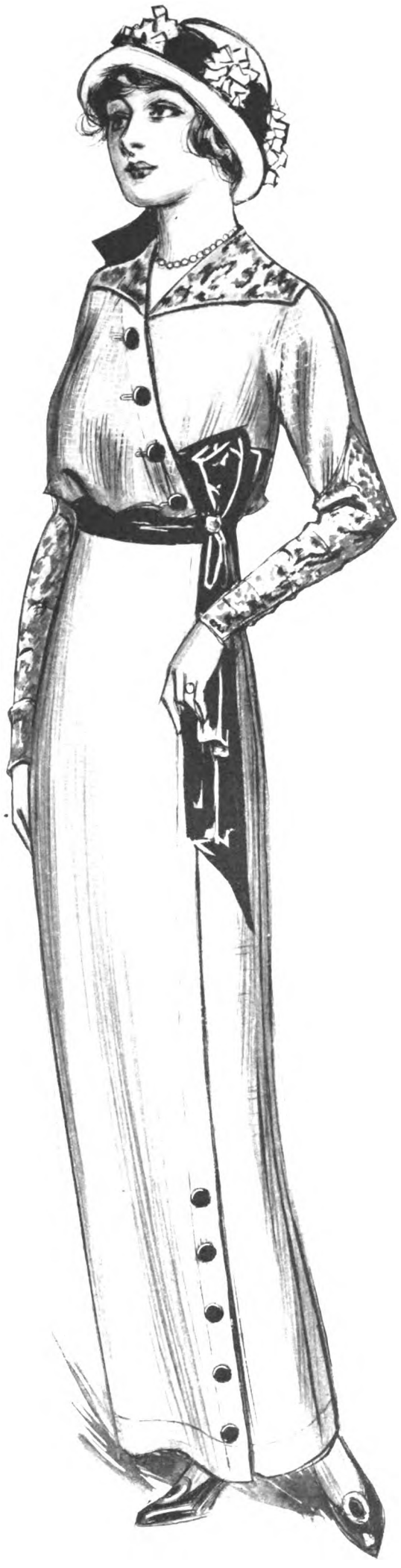


Coat 6152

When the coat is made in full length and without the yoke-facing, as it is shown in the illustration above, the medium size will require five yards and three-eighths of striped ratine forty-four inches wide and three-quarters of a yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs. If a striped cotton ratine is used, the collar may be of plain in another color. While this coat has extremely nobby lines, it is a rather easy one to copy, as the lines are straight and the dropped shoulder simplifies the problem of sewing in the sleeves.

SLEEVES OF CONTRASTING COLOR

ARE STRIKINGLY NOVEL AND SMART
MANY NEW COATS HAVE FANCY BACKS



Dress 6167

THE dress 6167 is an excellent design for a tub frock of cotton ratine, cotton corduroy or linen. It is simple, but it has such good lines that it is smart, and it is so modern in its style and cut that it does not need an expensive material to be effective. The surplice blouse-waist has the very fashionable dropped shoulder with sleeves attached in a fancy outline that helps to trim the dress. The sleeves have one seam and may be in full or shorter length. The waist is also modern in having a slight blouse over the belt, but this may be drawn down if preferred. It is open at the neck in a becoming V and has a new-shaped collar, but may be raised to a high neck by the use of a yoke-facing and collar. A body lining and the fancy collar may be used or not. In the skirt the straight plainness is attractively relieved by the tuck seams a little at one side of the front and back and by the slight fulness at the top of the back. The lines are narrow and the waistline is at the most approved place, slightly raised above the normal. The skirt is cut in four pieces, in clearing length, and measures about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge. The four-piece peplum may be used or omitted.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide and three-eighths of a yard twenty or more inches wide for the fancy collar will be required for the dress without the peplum.

Design 6167 may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

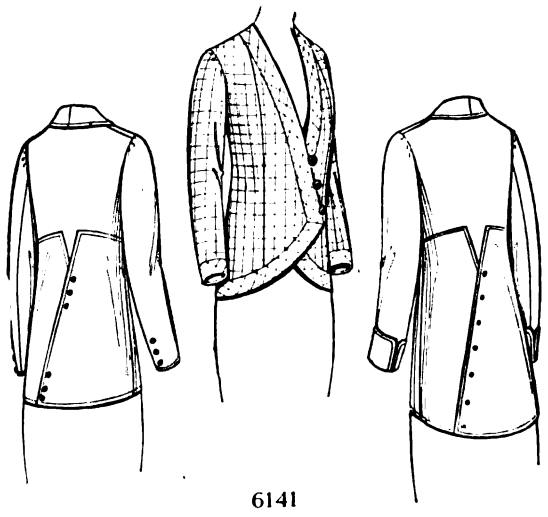
6167

When the dress is made and trimmed as in the illustration above, the medium size will require three yards and three-quarters of ratine forty inches wide and seven-eighths of a yard of Bulgarian silk thirty-six inches wide for the collar and sleeves. While the dress is simple, it is quite as appropriate for handsome materials as for simple wash fabrics. There is style in its cut, which is up-to-date in every detail. Sleeves in a contrasting material are a Frenchy touch, but are, of course, not required by the design. Serge, sponge cloth, charmeuse and moiré are suitable.

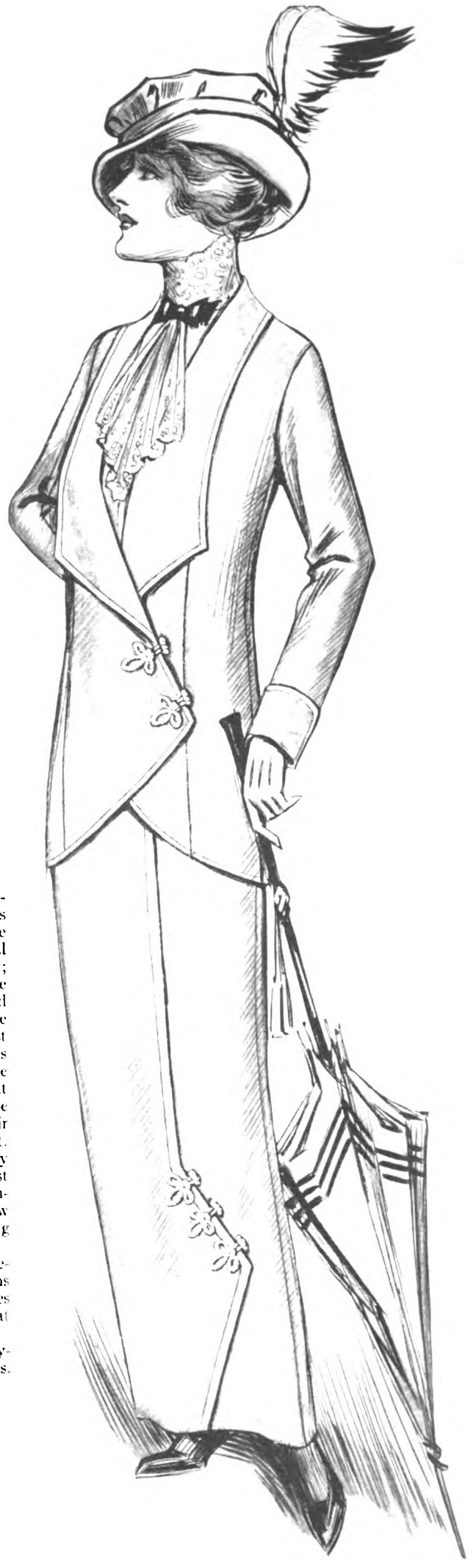
FANCY backs are a strong feature of the latest models for Spring coats. They are often used in coats with plain one-piece fronts, and while they make the model very smart, do not make it too dressy for general wear. In design 6141 the back is original and becoming; the front has the fashionable cutaway lines, a distinctive closing line having a low opening which is much liked for Spring, and a graceful long collar. With this cut the coat is of the modish semi-dressy type, which is the most useful kind a woman can possess. It is three-eighths fitting and may be thirty or thirty-four inches long at the back, this fitting and these lengths giving the lines that are accepted for Spring. The two-seam sleeves may be slightly gathered at the top or put in plain with their fulness shrunken out. The collar may be used or not. Wool rep or wool faille or faille de laine, as it is variously called, and the Ottoman cords are among the most fashionable materials for Spring suits. Plain skirts continue to have straight, very narrow lines, but use a few plaits to give freedom at the lower edge. Front closing lines trim them well.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-quarter of material fifty inches wide, with seven-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs, will be required for the coat in thirty-four-inch length.

Design 6141 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6141



Coat 6141; skirt 6166

[*Skirt* 6166 *described on page* 369]

When this coat and skirt are combined as in the illustration the medium size will require four yards and three-quarters of serge fifty inches wide and seven-eighths of a yard of moiré twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs. While the corded and éponge weaves are newer woolens, serge is still strong as a suit material. French serge in dark midnight blue is especially good. Moiré, the corded silks and a matelassé or brocade in soft, harmonizing tones are used on the collars and cuffs. The collars are usually long, fitting a low closing which cuts away sharply.

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SUMMER NEEDS

AND SIMPLE WAYS TO SATISFY THEM

IF YOU want to make an engagingly pretty, short negligee with almost no work at all, get Japanese toweling and make it like design 6119. The toweling is very inexpensive and comes in delightful bordered and all-over designs. Its edges are finished and all you have to do is to sew up the seams and finish the bottom. Its turned-back corners make, you see, a pretty finish for the neck. Any other bordered or printed crêpe, silk or muslin may, of course, also be used for the design. If you want a short wrap for wear with Summer dresses, make this of lace or chiffon and you will have something chic and charming.

For a woman of medium size, six yards and one-eighth of material eighteen or twenty-two inches wide will be required for the wrap or negligee with sleeves, in thirty-five-inch length.

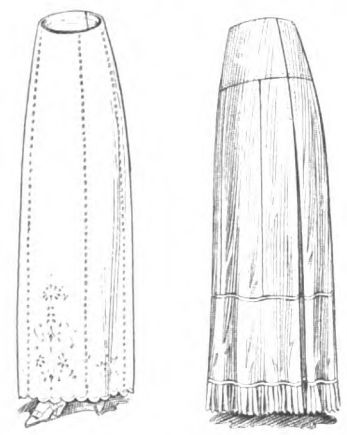
Design 6119 may be obtained in four sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6119

YOUR old favorite seven-gored petticoat with new straight and narrow lines is given in design 6139. With habit back it measures in medium size only about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge, and with an inverted plait about two yards and one-eighth. It may be closed at the front or back and be with or without a yoke or the slightly circular or straight gathered flounce, which may be sewed or buttoned on, from beneath which the gores may be cut away or not. To reproduce the embroidery shown, a Butterick transfer may be used for the scallop and an adaptation of one for the motif.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the gores in full length without a flounce.

Design 6139 may be obtained in ten sizes, from twenty-two to forty inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



6139

ONE of the most becoming costumes for a fancy-dress ball or entertainment is the Martha Washington or Colonial dress. The full skirt, the pointed neck and the dainty fichu have a delightfully flattering effect. And then the materials are so attractive: flowered lawns and organdies, silks or silkolines combined with sheer white mull or batiste. Design 6169 is a correct and simple model for the dress for ladies, misses and girls.

For a woman of medium size, eight yards and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide for the upper skirt and body, with seven yards thirty-six inches wide for the underskirt, fichu and frills, will be required.

Design 6169 may be obtained in nine sizes, for ladies, misses and girls, from twenty-six to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6169

Negligée 6119; petticoat 6139

Three yards and one-eighth of Japanese figured cotton crêpe thirty-two inches wide will be required for the sack in medium size, as it is illustrated above. Two yards and one-half of batiste forty-five inches wide, two yards and one-eighth of lace edging thirteen and one-half inches deep and two yards of insertion will be required for the petticoat. Nainsook and long-cloth are less expensive materials than batiste for white petticoats. White sateen is liked under very thin skirts.

THE Russian style, which is so popular for dresses now is appropriate and pretty for a bathing-suit, as you can see from design 6108, the blouse is becoming and the three-piece peplum is effective. But you may omit the peplum and draw down the blouse if you prefer. You may make the neck in any of three styles. The sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes. The attached skirt is in three pieces and has some fulness in back at the slightly raised waistline. Knickerbockers attached to an underbody and a cap are included in the design.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the suit as in small front view. Two yards and one-half twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the knickerbockers.

Design 6108 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust, price fifteen cents.

6108

DESIGN 6127 for a ladies' bathing-suit consists of a blouse-waist bloused or drawn down, with sleeves in either of two styles sewed into slightly deep armholes and with or without the chemisette, an attached two-piece draped skirt with a slightly raised waistline, dart-fitted or gathered at each side, knickerbockers attached to an underbody and a cap.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material forty inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the blouse and skirt as in small front view, and one yard and seven-eighths thirty-six inches wide for the knickerbockers and seven-eighths of a yard thirty-six inches wide for the underbody.

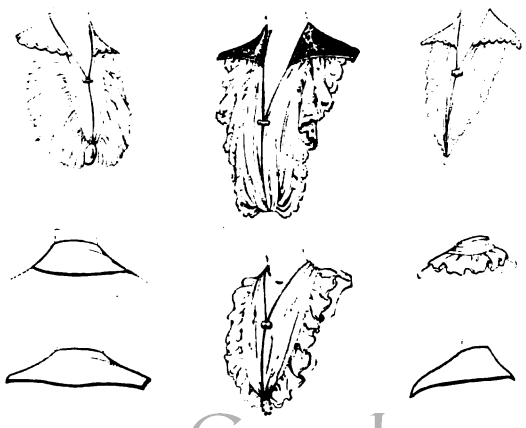
Design 6127 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust, price fifteen cents.

6127

AS SOON as a Frenchwoman discards her furs she softens the neck of her tailor-made with some kind of pretty lingerie collar or frill. This Spring the Paris shops are full of charming concoctions in that line. They are mostly draped in fichu effect and may be worn on either coats or dresses. Some are so decorative that they are the only trimming a simple dress requires. A number of these fichus and collars for ladies and misses are shown in design 6137. They may be made of sheer batiste or shadow lace edging, the collar perhaps of broché or of Bulgarian embroidery. Butterick transfers may be obtained for the scallop and spray shown.

For ladies' size, seven-eighths of a yard of material thirty-six or more inches wide will be required for the fichu and frill, and one yard and three-quarters of edging eight inches wide or three-eighths of a yard of material thirty-six inches for the pointed collar and fichu.

Design 6137 may be obtained in two sizes, for ladies and misses, price fifteen cents.



6137

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Bathing-suit 6116

Three yards and one-quarter of satin thirty-six inches wide and three-quarters of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required for the blouse, skirt and cap in medium size as they are illustrated above. One yard and seven-eighths thirty-six inches wide will be required for knickerbockers, and seven-eighths of a yard the same width for an underbody.

Bathing-suit 6153
[*Described on page 425*]

Two yards and one-eighth of brilliantine forty-four inches wide and one yard and one-eighth of dotted silk twenty-seven inches wide will be required for blouse, skirt and cap in ten-year-old size as illustrated above. One yard and one-quarter thirty-six inches wide will be required for knickerbockers, and seven-eighths of a yard the same width for an underbody.

Bathing-suit 6108

Two yards and seven-eighths of silk thirty-six inches wide and one yard of striped silk twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the blouse, skirt and cap in medium size as illustrated above. One yard and seven-eighths thirty-six inches wide will be required for knickerbockers, and seven-eighths of a yard the same width will be required for an underbody.

Bathing-suit 6127

Two yards and three-quarters of broché satin forty inches wide and three-quarters of a yard of white satin twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the blouse, skirt and cap in medium size. One-yard and seven-eighths thirty-six inches wide will be required for knickerbockers, and seven-eighths of a yard the same width for an underbody.

6116

DESIGN 6116 gives a well-cut, simple bathing-suit with a front-closing line which is both practical and smart, and with becoming Gibson tucks, knickerbockers attached to an underbody, and a pretty cap. The bloused effect of the blouse-waist is a style feature, but it may be drawn down if preferred. Short sleeves with or without cuffs are sewed into slightly deep armholes. The four-piece skirt is attached at a slightly raised waistline. Brilliantine, satin and taffeta are the materials which are most often used.

For a woman of medium size, three yards of material forty inches wide for the blouse and skirt, one-half yard twenty inches wide for bands to trim, one yard and seven-eighths thirty-six inches wide for knickerbockers, and seven-eighths of a yard thirty-six inches wide for an underbody, will be required.

Design 6116 may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust, price fifteen cents.

6116 6106

IT SEEMS just t
suit, doesn't it,
blouse style which
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Design 6106 has a l
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a cap. A chemiset

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underbody, will be

Design 6106 ma
thirty-two to fort
fifteen cents.

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

A DRAPED SKIRT SUITABLE FOR WASH MATERIALS

By Eleanor Chalmers

Mrs. Chalmers will be very glad to answer any question on dressmaking or tailoring or to advise you in regard to the new styles, materials, colors or trimmings. Explain your difficulty as fully as you can and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer.

I DARE say you have seen the new draped bathing-suits, and your small daughter is probably loud in her demands for draped dresses for her most marriageable doll, so that you have undoubtedly become accustomed to the idea of draperies in almost every type of feminine wearing apparel. In the March lesson I took up one of the new models that is being used in New York and Paris for quite simple street suits and dresses. At that time I was anxious to impress on you the fact that draperies were not restricted to formal afternoon and evening gowns, but could be used for costumes of a very simple type. Since then the use of draperies has become so general that I think most of you have seen how practical they really are. But perhaps not all of you have considered using draped skirts for cotton materials. You've perhaps felt doubtful as to whether they would drape prettily and you have unquestionably wondered if they would wash.

The model I have picked out for this lesson—and there are many others of the same type—is quite suitable for the heavy cotton materials like ratine, agaric, matelassé, sponge cloth or any of the new Turkish-toweling weaves. It is also very smart in the soft corded cottons—reps, poplins or corded crêpe—in fact, any corded material that is not stiff or wiry. The still softer cotton materials, such as crêpe, voile, marquisette or cotton broché, drape beautifully and are most attractive in a skirt of this type. In fact, I have illustrated it in cotton crêpe trimmed with cotton embroidery worked in the new Bulgarian colors.

Of course, if you want to you can make the skirt in charmeuse, satin, satin crêpe, broché, crêpe meteor, moiré, soft corded silks, foulards and printed silks or in the new woolens—poplins, reps, failles, fine serge, voile and light-weight sponge cloth. But I haven't put these materials first, not because they are not desirable, but because you already know that they are. The use of the cottons, though, is probably new to you, so I am placing the emphasis there.

Perhaps you think I'm going to avoid the weekly washing question by telling you that you can wear the skirt without washing or that you can have it cleaned. Not at all. Send it to the laundry every Monday if you want to. It won't hurt it. You used to wash your circular and plaited skirts in past years, didn't you? And these new narrow skirts are infinitely less bias than the old-time circular models, and this one has only three plaits instead of the endless numbers laundresses used to struggle with in the days gone by. On page 379 I've given full directions for washing the skirt, especially if it is made in one of the Turkish-toweling weaves.

The width of the skirt will interest you, for while it has the effect of being narrow at the bottom, its width, a yard and a half, is conservative as widths go nowadays and is perfectly comfortable for walking. Of course it *is* narrow or you wouldn't have the new silhouette, which is wider from the hips to the knees than at the feet. The drapery is not graceful on a skirt that looks wide at the bottom.

You will soon become accustomed to the width and adapt your step and your underclothes to it. With this skirt I would advise a short petticoat or princess slip if the skirt is made in cotton materials or light-weight silks or woolens. Sateen is the best petticoat material, for it is quite opaque. Ordinary lingerie materials are so sheer that unless you wear two or three petticoats people can see the whole outline of your figure if you get between them and a strong light. White sateen washes nicely and is pleasant to wear. The petticoat should be about six inches shorter than the skirt so that it won't make a lot of bunchy material around the feet. If your skirt is thin and at all transparent it should be faced with a seven-inch facing so that your legs won't show where the petticoat stops. If you make your skirt of heavy silk or soft wool material, you probably won't need a petticoat at all. All you will need will be a short chemise and drawers combination. (See our February, 1913, lesson on the new lingerie.)

Ill. No. 1. One of the new draped skirts that can be made in cotton materials and laundered ad libitum

THE PATTERN—I suppose you get tired of having me repeat my little caution about having your measurement taken before buying your pattern. You would feel much worse about it, however, if I didn't warn you, for the wrong-size pattern would waste your material. Have your hip measure taken seven inches below the normal waistline. Buy your pattern by your hip measure. If your waist is large in proportion to your hips, you can let out the darts and gathers a trifle. If your waist is small, you may need to take the darts in a little and you will have a little more fulness in the skirt at the back.

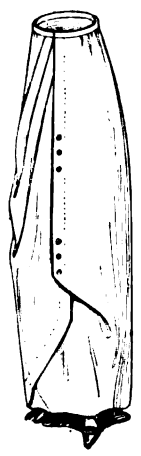
After you have gotten your pattern you can get your materials, for the quantities on the envelope will tell you just how much you'll need. The quantities do not allow for a facing, and if you want one you must buy a little more material. How much you will need will depend on the depth of your facing. *Do not attempt to hem this skirt.*

If you have bought your pattern by the correct hip size, it will be practically right for you at the hips and waist. But it may be a little long or short if you are not of average height. Measure the length of your figure from your natural waistline to within two inches of the ground, and make a note of the measurement. The pattern, just as it is, will make a skirt forty-one inches long, finished.

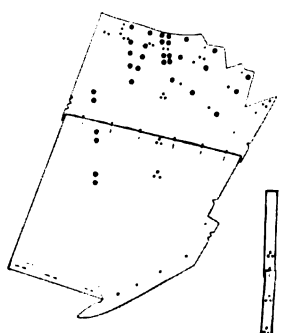
If you find that the pattern is too long or too short for you, alter it a little below the hips and at the lower edges. (Ills. Nos. 2 and 3.) If it is too long, lay a plait across the pattern below the hips and turn up the lower edge, making half the alteration at each place. (Ill. No. 2.) If it is too short, slash the pattern below the hips and add a little to the lower edge in cutting. (Ill. No. 3.) You must alter the strap an equal amount, altering it below the highest triple perforations. (Ills. Nos. 2 and 3.)

CUTTING—You must be very careful in laying your pattern on your material that you place it exactly as shown in Illustration No. 4. Unless you do you'll have the drapery coming on the wrong side of the figure. Illustration No. 4 shows a thirty-nine-inch hip pattern laid on the right side of the material forty-four inches wide. In larger sizes you will have to do a little piecing at the points of the pattern. In piecing, add an equal amount on each side and the piecing will be so slight that it will not show.

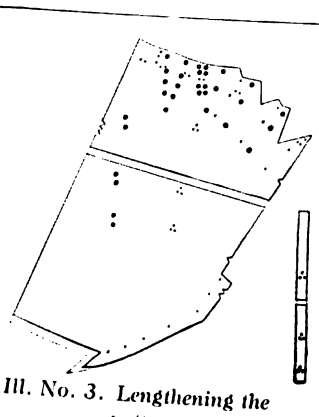
Cut out the skirt with great care, using sharp shears and following the edges of the pattern exactly, especially at the jagged edges. Mark all the working perforations with tailors' tacks in different colored cottons. There are quite a few different kinds of perforations in the top of the pattern and unless you follow some organized color scheme with your tacks you'll confuse them later. The rest of this lesson is given on pages 378 and 379.



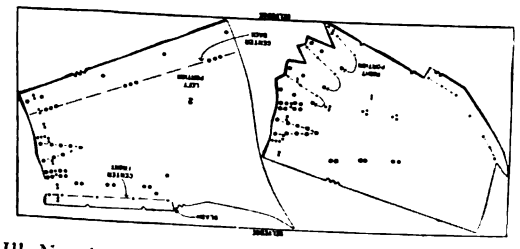
The skirt can be made with the regulation waistline



Ill. No. 2. Shortening the pattern



Ill. No. 3. Lengthening the pattern



Ill. No. 4. The pattern in the medium or thirty-nine-inch hip size laid on material forty-four inches wide. In larger sizes the corners of the skirt will have to be pieced

Back of the skirt with raised waistline

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MODELS EN FAMILLE

QUAINT ROOMS WHERE THE MANNEQUINS DRESS FOR THE EXHIBITION OF GOWNS

By Drecoll

Photographs by l'Atelier Taponier

Evening gowns are narrow at the feet with long dragging trains

IN THE Paris *argot* the room where the model gowns are kept and where the mannequins change with startling swiftness from one frock to another, is called the "*cagibée*." In our Place de l'Opéra establishment the *cagibée* is really delightful, albeit rather small and crowded. A narrow staircase of white painted wood leads to a narrow balcony on which open some tall cupboards which contain the evening dresses. It is odd and amusing—this feminine paraphrase of a library, where somber oak rails and stairways are picked out in white, and parti-colored chiffons and embroideries, frail bits of lace and gay ribbons take the place of dusty books and portfolios. The young mannequins—pretty girls with slight, almost childish, figures—are as amiable as they are attractive, and the little room is alive with ripples of laughter, snatches of broken talk and tongue-like flames of color as the bright-hued dresses flash over smooth heads and slip down on slim young bodies.

The gowns we are showing now are modifications of the models prepared for the Spring openings. We have varied the originals, but have made no radical change in lines. We continue with the new silhouette, wide below the hips and narrow at the feet, but our day dresses are always wide enough to be comfortable. Evening gowns are very narrow at the base and are cut with long, dragging trains. We use many draperies but few panniers, although we have several tunics that have a sort of pannier effect. For example, the simple evening gown in the photograph has a gathered tunic overskirt which is quite flat at the front and back, but which stands away from the figure at the left side in a faint suggestion of the pannier idea. The dress is made of pale pink chiffon trimmed with pale *minuscule* roses and green foliage used at the edges of the tunic and surplice waist. The foundation skirt of pink satin is not particularly narrow.

THE dress is belted with a sash of pink satin ribbon placed at the raised waistline which we still use in most of our models. The regulation waistline is gaining in favor and is more used this season than it was last, but the raised line still holds first place in most things except the pronounced Eastern styles. The popularity of the wide, flat sash is accountable for the increasing vogue of the low waistline, for of course these belts are not at all graceful unless they are dropped to the hip or below it. They are made in plain materials, in Balkan and Persian silks, tapestry ribbons, Jouy cretonnes and the hand-printed silks done in the new *Futuriste* block designs and colors.

Most of the new waists in day dresses blouse over the belt at the back as well as the front. We are ma materials such as c darker, heavier her practically amount jacket and skirt, th for no bodice is wo of our new models embroidered in gra dull black silk.

Most of the new waists blouse over the belt

OUR afternoon blouse descrip the jacket and sk use a great many b to show the belt. well as costumes ar figured, broché or

For classic tailo severity of aspect the strictly Englis plain or mixed m suits are used for ing and are worn plaits below a yok

Between these noon jacket and s that we make fo jackets usually ha waistline and base with a simple dra models this Spring edges of the jacket The coat has a str at the raised waist low the waistline out over the hip. tunic that begins under a plait at t the hip it flares o on the coat. Th large revers broug

The dress sketc of our simpler da and the long plain a sleeve that is also but which wrinkle sleeve stitched int and a plain sleeve acceptable at pre later in the Summ reason to discard heat, as you have temperate.

As in the dress dresses are made w ferent outlines. waist under a pla collar against the

The materials silks, brochés and anything that is Bedford and faille terials for the Su weaves, the ratin that are being w short time, with caded materials i terial in the skirt

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Dress 6122 Dress 6122 Dress 6147 Coat 6118 Dress 6132

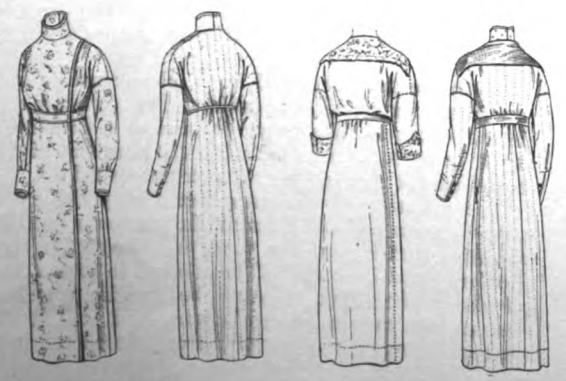
DRAPERY, RUSSIAN BLOUSES AND COATEES

THE SALIENT FEATURES OF THE MODES ARE SHOWN HERE IN DESIGNS FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN

DESIGN 6122, a dress for misses and small women, is the fashionable Russian blouse dress adapted to thin materials. It has tucks in the blouse-waist and some fulness at the back of the skirt and peplum, and it may be effectively trimmed with lace banding. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and be made with high or slightly open neck and with either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves attached below the shoulder. The skirt which is attached at a slightly raised waistline is cut in three or four pieces and measures about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge in medium size. The three-piece peplum may be used or omitted. For the scallop design illustrated a Butterick transfer may be obtained.

For a miss of sixteen years, four yards and three-eighths of material forty inches wide and six yards and one-quarter of insertion to trim as in the back figure view will be required for the dress with the three-piece skirt and peplum.

Design 6122 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6122 6147

THE dress for misses and small women shown in design 6147 is very simple, but it has excellent lines and is modern in every detail of its cut. The blouse-waist is cut in one with the upper part of the full-length or shorter one-seam dart-fitted sleeves, has the much-used surplice closing and the new wide shallow collar. It may be bloused over the belt or drawn down, as preferred. To make the open neck high, a yoke-facing with or without a body lining may be used. The attached skirt is in three or four pieces, has slight fulness in back at the slightly raised waistline and measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge in medium size. Cotton ratine is probably the smartest Summer material.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-quarter of material forty inches wide, with one-half yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6147 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

RUSSIAN-BLOUSE coats, with the belt a little below the normal waistline, the kind shown in design 6118, for misses and small women, seemed startling when they first appeared, but have become popular with remarkable rapidity. They are now a favorite style with young girls and slender women who want the new and jaunty thing. Design 6118 contains a number of the best variations of this style. It may be made with high or open neck, with the lower part gathered into a wide belt or peplum and with either of two styles of sleeves. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body. Ratine, wool rep, serge, linen and charmeuse are suitable.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the pointed collar, will be required for the coat with the peplum.

Design 6118 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

A SIMPLE waist, trimmed with a pretty collar, and a draped skirt, such is the description of the afternoon frocks which Paris and New York dressmakers are making for misses and small women. In design 6132 the waist is in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves. It may be bloused or drawn down and may have high or open neck. The drapery is gracefully arranged at the front of a three-piece skirt which is attached to the waist at a slightly raised waistline and which measures about one yard and one-half at the lower edge in medium size. It has slight fulness at the top of the back and may be in either of two outlines at the front. These dresses are made of charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, sponge cloth and cotton crêpe.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and one-half of material forty inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide and two yards of net edging for frills, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6132 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6118 6132

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Dress 6138 | Waist 6133; skirt 6134 | Dress 6126 | Coat 6143; skirt 6134

IN DESIGN 6138, a dress for misses and small women, there is an attractive example of the prevailing Russian blouse combined with a good-looking, simple skirt. The Russian blouse is individualized by the right side-closing and is trimmed very smartly by a vest, closing down the center and joined to a rolling collar. It has long one-seam dart-fitted sleeves or shorter sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes, and slightly open neck which may be made high by the use of a yoke-facing. It is more stylish bloused than drawn down, but it may be made either way. The three-piece peplum may be used or omitted. In the skirt, which is attached at a slightly raised waistline and which may be cut in three or four pieces, there is a cluster of plaits at the right side of the front for a trimming. They do not widen the lines of the skirt, but drawn out they make it measure two yards at the lower edge. Rep and éponge weaves in wool and cotton are fashionable Spring materials.

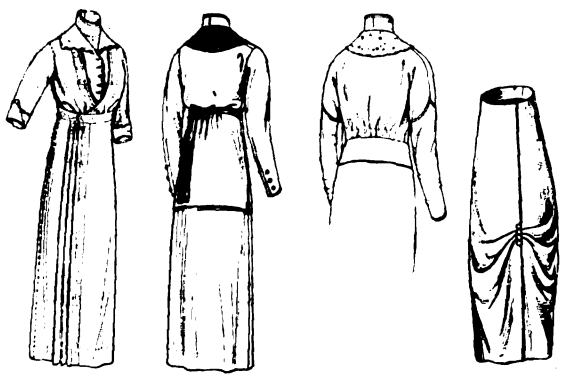
For a miss of sixteen years, four yards and one-quarter of material forty inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6138 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

ANY smart miss or small woman will of course have the skirt of her new afternoon frock draped; but has she also thought, I wonder, of introducing drapery into the waist? It is charmingly soft and becoming to a slender figure, and it makes the waist and skirt go together pleasingly. There is just a touch of it gracefully arranged at the front in design 6133 which may be effectively joined to a draped skirt or made as a separate waist. The design may be bloused or drawn down at the back, and may have high or open neck and full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves. These are joined to the waist between the shoulder and elbow. Charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, sponge cloth and cotton ratine are fashionable materials which drape well.

For a miss of sixteen years, one yard and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide and one-quarter of a yard of lace eighteen or more inches wide for the collar will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6133 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6138 | 6133 | 6134

DRAPERY arranged as simply and smartly as in design 6134 is sure to be appreciated by misses and small women. Below the drapery, which is caught up at the left side-front of a two-piece skirt, the fronts may be lapped or cut away. If the latter is done, it will be necessary to use the three-piece foundation skirt, to which a facing or plaiting may be attached. The skirt may be closed at the front or back and made separately or attached to a waist. It has a slightly raised waistline and in medium size measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge with the deep plait at the right side of the back drawn out.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and five-eighths of material forty or more inches wide will be required for the draped skirt. With waist 6133, as shown on the front-view figure, four yards forty inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide, three-quarters of a yard of lace net forty inches wide for the plaited section, and two yards and one-quarter thirty-six inches wide for a foundation skirt, will be required; or as on the back-view figure, three yards and one-half forty inches wide and one yard and one-quarter of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide.

Design 6134 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

THE lovely bordered materials displayed in the shops ravish the eye but raise the question in the mind of how they are to be made up, especially how they are to be made up with drapery. Design 6126 answers the question for misses and small women beautifully. It uses the straight edge of the material on the surplice edge of the waist and the diagonal line at the front of the skirt, and has a straight lapped seam at the back to which some of the border may be applied. The waist is cut with body in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter

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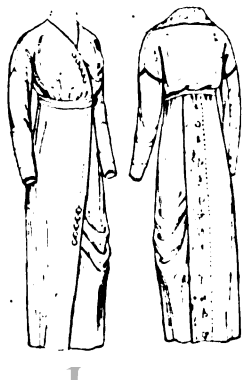

6126

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Perfect corsetting means not only looking better, but feeling better.

Three things are necessary. Select a corset properly designed; pick out the model adapted to your figure; and put it on and lace it properly.

You are insured on the first point if you make your selection from

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They are accurately designed, with the most careful consideration of hygienic principles. Every shape is thoroughly tested on individual *living* models, who must vouch for their perfect comfort before the designs can be accepted.

They are flexible. Thin *double* boning gives the suppleness so necessary for health and comfort, impossible with any single steel of equal weight.

They are light. The boning is light. The cloths are soft and fine, yet of a quality so strong as to resist the hardest wear without tearing or stretching.

They are healthful. Accurate designing; light flexible boning, rightly placed; soft cloth that keeps its shape; strong Security rubber button hose supporters that hold the corset down in its proper position—all these combine to make Warner's Corsets as *healthful* as they are fashionable and strong. Simple directions for correctly lacing and wearing Warner's Corsets are enclosed in every box.

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The Brassiere is almost an essential with the corset of today. Warner's Brassieres have displaced the old-fashioned corset cover. Ask to see them and judge for yourself how dainty and attractive they are.

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY
225 Fifth Ave. New York — 367 W. Adams St. Chicago — 28 Geary St. San Francisco

Every Pair Guaranteed

YOU AND YOUR SEWING

PUTTING THE SKIRT TOGETHER

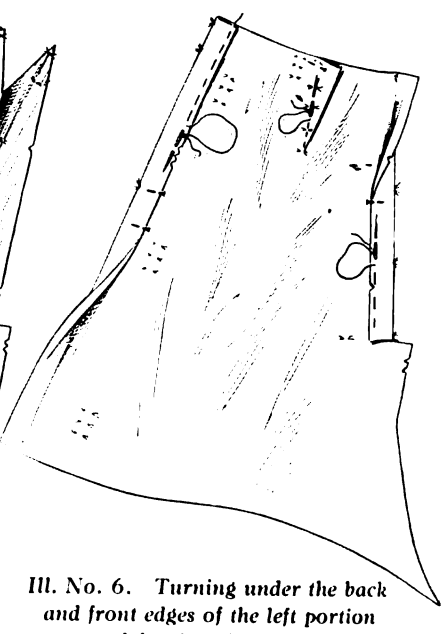
[*Continued from page 374*]

THE RIGHT PORTION—The drapery in the right half of the skirt is made by three backward-turning plaits. Crease through the small single perforations and bring the creases over to the large single perforations. (Ill. No. 5.) Pin the plaits in place and then baste them.

Turn under the front edge of the lower part of the right portion at the small single perforations and baste it. (Ill. No. 8.)

Take up the dart, bringing the V-shaped lines of dart perforations together and baste through the centers of the perforations on a slight outward curve to fit the outward curve of the hip. Begin your basting at the lowest perforation, taking up just a thread of the material, or the dart will "pout" in an ugly manner. Illustration No. 6 shows the basting of the dart in the left front. The method is the same for the right front.

Ill. No. 5. Laying the plaits that form the drapery in the right portion



Ill. No. 6. Turning under the back and front edges of the left portion and basting the darts

THE LEFT FRONT—Turn under the front edge of the upper part of the left portion at the line of small single perforations. (Ill. No. 6.) Pin and baste the turned-under edge. (Ill. No. 6.)

Turn under the back edge of piece 2 at the line of large single perforations, and pin and baste it. (Ill. No. 6.)

Take up the dart in piece 2, basting it carefully so that it will not pout at the bottom. (Ill. No. 6.)

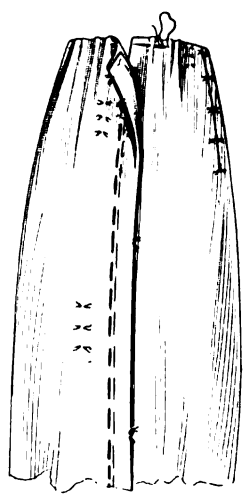
PUTTING THE RIGHT AND LEFT PORTIONS TOGETHER—Lap the back edge of the left portion (piece 2) over the back edge of the right portion with their triple notches matching, basting it carefully. (Ill. No. 7.)

Lap the front edge of piece 2 over the upper part of the front edge of piece 1, bringing the single notches together. Leave a placket opening at the top twelve inches deep, and baste from the end of the opening to the lower notches. (Ill. No. 8.) Put your basting about an inch and a half from the fold edge of piece 2.

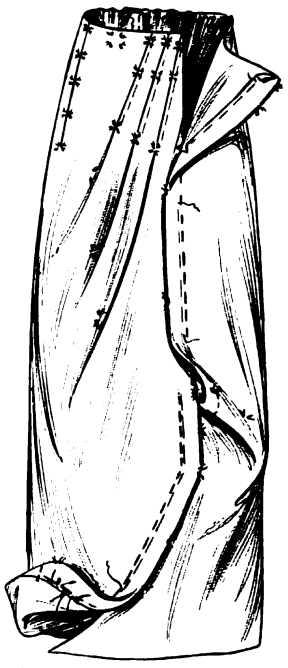
Lap the lower part of the front edge of the right portion (piece 1) over the lower part of the front edge of piece 2, with the double notches matching; baste them together an inch and a half from the fold edge of piece 1. (Ill. No. 8.) The right front is shorter than the left front, and when the two are put together the extra length in the left portion falls into a drapery. (Ills. Nos. 1 and 8.)

Gather the back of the skirt between the small triple perforations just back of the darts, placing the gathering stitches three-eighths of an inch from the upper edge of the skirt. (Ill. No. 7.)

THE INSIDE BELT—Your inside belt should be cut from a good quality silk or cotton belting two inches wide. Do not use a soft, poor quality if you can help it. If you can't get a firm, strong belting you'll have to bone it at the front, back and sides. Otherwise the weight of the skirt will pull down the belting and it will look badly in a little while.



Ill. No. 7. At the back the left portion is lapped over the right and the skirt is gathered between the small triple perforations just back of the darts



Ill. No. 8. The fronts lapped

Take up your darts on the inside of the belt, bringing together the V-shaped lines of perforations and basting through them. Turn under an inch on each end of the belt for a hem and baste it. (Ill. No. 9.) Try the belt on to be sure that it is the right size. It should be comfortable and not tight. Remember that with the new corsets which fit the figure very closely over the hips and abdomen you cannot wear a skirt that is at all tight at the waist. It would be very uncomfortable. If it is too large or small for you alter it by making the hems deeper or setting them out a little. Stitch the darts, letting the stitching end at the single perforation at the top of the dart. Fasten the ends of the thread securely so that the stitching will not rip out. Turn the darts flat against the belt and stitch them.

Turn in the raw ends of the belt three-eighths of an inch and stitch them. (Ill. No. 10.) Sew hooks on the right end and eyes on the left, placing the hooks about a quarter of an inch in from the right end, and letting the eyes extend a little beyond the left end so that the belt will fasten easily. Use three hooks and eyes (Ill. No. 10), placing them at the top, bottom and middle of the end, and sew them on very securely. Sew the hooks through the rings and under the bills, and the eyes through the rings and to the edge of the belt.

Mark the center back of the skirt with catch-stitching, and sew loops at the sides to hang the skirt up by. (Ill. No. 10.)

PUTTING THE SKIRT ON THE BELT—Turn under the upper edge of the skirt three-eighths of an inch and baste it. Put the skirt on the belt with their centre backs and center fronts meeting, and the fold edge of the skirt just above the upper edge of the belt. (Ill. No. 14.) Baste the two together and try the skirt on. It should fit easily and smoothly over the hips and should be snug but not tight at the waist.

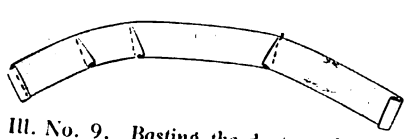
Below the hips it should fall in a soft, graceful drapery. (Ill. No. 1.) If there are any alterations baste them in and try the skirt on again. If it fits nicely take it off the belt and open the fronts so that you can stitch it easily. Stitch the backs together an inch and a half from the fold edge of the left portion. (Ill. No. 7.) Stitch the fronts separately, an inch and a half from the fold edges of the right and left portions. (Ill. No. 8.)

If you are trimming the skirt as illustrated with Bulgarian embroidery, do your embroidery now before you put the fronts together again. In a wash skirt the embroidery should be done in fine cotton or coarse silk. The wool embroidery is effective, but it will not launder. It can be used on dresses that are to be cleaned.

Lap the fronts again just as you had them before and sew them together by hand with blind-stitching just under the machine-stitching.

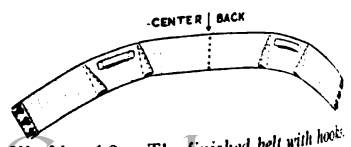
Sew the plaits by hand with blind-stitching (Ill. No. 11), taking care that the stitches do not show through on the outside of the skirt. This blind-stitching not only sews the plaits but holds them flat so that the drapery will not bulge over the abdomen.

[*Continued on page 379*]



Ill. No. 9. Basting the darts and hems in the belt

Ill. No. 11. Blind-stitching the plaits



Ill. No. 10. The finished belt with hooks, eyes and loops

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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

YOU AND YOUR SEWING

[*Continued from page 378*]

THE WEIGHTS—Now we come to what is really the most important part of the lesson—the weights. They are absolutely necessary in any material that is at all wiry and which will not fall into soft, graceful folds of its own accord. The materials that are almost sure to need them are the corded silks, woolens and cottons, such as rep, poplin, Bedford cord, etc. The cord stiffens them a little and they stand out instead of falling into a drapery. Some materials do not require the weights at all. The Turkish toweling, crêpes, voiles and marquisettes have a soft fall of their own and drape prettily without any help from you. The corded materials, however, can be made to drape just as gracefully as the softer weaves by means of the little weighted strap shown in Illustration No. 12, and the separate weights shown in Illustration No. 13. Their purpose is to control the drapery and hold it in place. These lead weights come in all sizes and can be had at any notion counter. They always must be covered with the material or the lining of the garment.

Use lead weights an inch in diameter, cover them with the skirt material and tack them to the bottom of the strap and between the groups of triple perforations. (Ill. No. 12.) Tack the top of the strap to the top of the right portion of the skirt at the cluster of four large perforations.

Tack the right portion with invisible stitches to the lower part of the strap with their triple perforations matching. This will hold the drapery in a graceful position. (Ill. No. 13.)

Tack single inch weights covered with the skirt material to the under side of the front of the left portion at the large single perforations, with invisible stitches.

FINISHING THE EDGES—Bind the raw edges of the skirt with seam-binding. (Ill. No. 13.)

Slit the darts almost to the bottom, press them open over a tailors' cushion and bind their edges with seam-binding. (Ill. No. 13.)

THE PLACKET — The placket in this skirt is a very simple matter, for it supplies its own lap and facing. The edge of the lap you have already bound with seam-binding. (Ills. Nos. 13 and 14.) The edge that supplies the facing on the left portion of the skirt must also be covered with seam-binding the full length of the placket-opening.

The placket should be fastened with patent fasteners placed about an inch apart. (Ill. No. 14.) On the left side of the placket the fasteners should be placed almost on the edge of the facing; on the other they should be almost on the edge of the lap. (Ill. No. 14.)

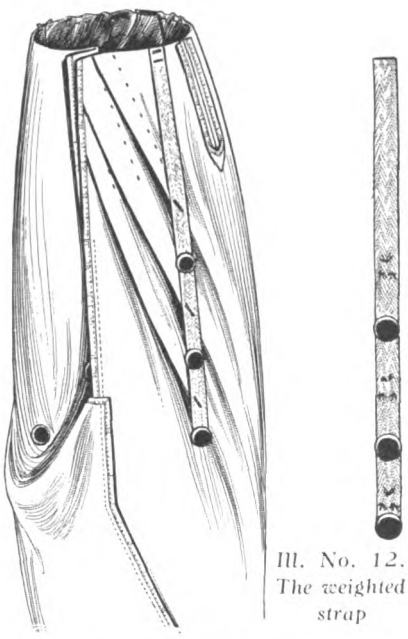
Stitch the upper edge of the skirt an eighth of an inch from the fold edge and put it back on the belt just as you had it before. Sew the belt to the skirt from the inside with blind-stitching.

THE LOWER EDGE—I find from my correspondence that a good many women think they ought to be able to put on any draped skirt and have it hang exactly right at the first fitting, regardless of their figure or the material they are using. Now you know that a great many women have uneven hips and round abdomens that will make a skirt sag or pull up at the bottom, and one must remember in handling draperies that some materials will fall more than others and so cause unevenness at the lower edge of the skirt.

Put your skirt on again, and if you have some one to help you, get her to mark the true line for the lower edge with pins, using a piece of cardboard as a marker. The cardboard should be nicked two inches from one end—that is the best length for this skirt.

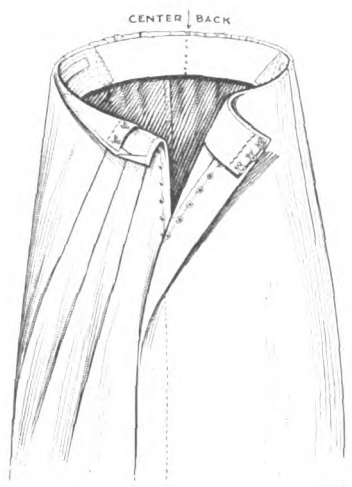
If you have no one to help you, you can easily turn up the lower edge yourself. It is very easy with the present scant styles. Stand in front of a mirror and you can do it easily.

THE FACINGS—Cut a shaped or bias facing three (or seven) inches and three-quarters wide for the lower part of the skirt. If you use shaped facings cut them with the skirt pattern as a guide.

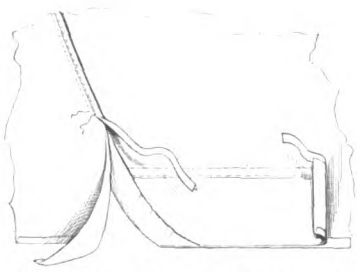


Ill. No. 12. The weighted strap

Ill. No. 13. The bound seams and darts and the weighted strap



Ill. No. 14. The skirt on the belt



Ill. No. 15. The edges of the fronts are bound together with seam binding

Turn up the lower edge of the skirt three-eighths of an inch and baste it. (Ill. No. 15.) Press it carefully to give it a good clean edge. Turn up the lower edge of the facing three-eighths of an inch, baste and press it. Place the facing on the inside of the skirt with its edge just above the lower edge of the skirt and blind-stitch it to the skirt by hand with invisible stitches. Cover the raw edge of the facing with seam-binding, sewing the lower edge of the binding to the facing with machine or running stitches (Ill. No. 15) and hemming the upper edge to the skirt with invisible stitches. (Ill. No. 15.)

The lower edge of the right portion of the skirt ends in a queer little tooth-like point. (Ill. No. 5.) Its outer edge should be bound with seam-binding and blind-stitched to the facing. Its lower edge should be turned under three-eighths of an inch and felled to the lower edge of the skirt. (Ill. No. 15.)

The lower part of the left portion (piece 2) ends in a long narrow point. (Ill. No. 6.) The facing should be cut to fit the point, and the ends of the facing and skirt should be bound together with seam-binding.

The lower parts of the right and left portions should be sewed together with blind-stitching under the machine-stitching on the right portion. Finishing the two ends of the facing separately in this way preserves the overskirt effect of the right and left portions.

WASHING — This finishes the skirt, and it may seem a little premature to tell you how you can wash it before you've even worn it. Take out the weighted strap and weights and mark the place where they were sewed to the skirt and drapery so that you can put them back easily.

If the skirt is made of cotton rep, poplin or any of the corded cotton materials it can be washed like any tub skirt. But if it is made of any of the Turkish-toweling weaves—cotton ratine, sponge cloth or agaric—you should wash it in hot, soapy water. Do not rub any soap on the material itself, or rub the skirt in any way, or you will break the threads, which are very long, soft and easily broken in these weaves. Simply souse the skirt up and down in the soapy water and squeeze it and the dirt will come right out.

Rinse the skirt in clean water and squeeze the water out with your hands. Do not wring it with your hands or with a wringer or you'll break the threads and also spoil the shape of the skirt. Hang it up to dry and just before it is entirely dry pull out all the wrinkles gently. If it dries before you have a chance to do this, dampen it and pull them out before ironing, because wrinkles are hard to iron out of toweling.

In washing cotton crêpes and crepons have all grease stains removed with naphtha, benzine or gasoline before putting the crêpe into the water. Wash it in a soapy water, sousing it up and down and squeezing it gently with your hands. *Do not rub it at all* or the threads will separate. Squeeze the water out with your hands, but do not wring it, and hang it up to dry.

IRONING—Linen or corded cotton material can be ironed over an ordinary ironing-board. Iron along the crosswise or lengthwise threads. If you iron on the bias, in a slightly circular skirt of this type, you'll stretch it out of shape.

The Turkish-toweling weaves should be ironed after you have dampened them and pulled out the wrinkles. Iron them on a well-padded board so as not to flatten the weave, and lay a piece of clean muslin over them. Press very lightly on account of the weave until they are quite dry. Press on the lengthwise and crosswise threads, on account of stretching the skirt.

When the skirt is quite dry, brush it lightly with a whisk-broom to raise the threads. Do not brush hard or you'll break the threads.

Crêpes should not be ironed. Simply shake them well when they are dry.

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Laces for Hats

THE lace-trimmed hat is one of this Summer's prettiest fashion conceits. Its daintiness is in keeping with the season and it harmonizes beautifully with the light, airy gowns of lace, or lace-trimmed, which are the vogue.

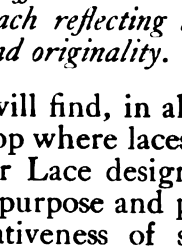
Quaker Laces embrace a wide variety of designs, from gauzy Shadow effects to heavy Macrames, each reflecting the utmost charm and originality.

You will find, in almost any good shop where laces are sold, a Quaker Lace design adapted to your purpose and possessing authoritativeness of style and richness of beauty.

Quaker Laces are wound on turquoise blue cards on which the name and trade-mark are stamped in gold. That name and that trade-mark are your assurance of lace quality and lace style.

Quaker Laces are made in the most fashionable widths of insertions, edges, flounces, bands and all-overs.

QUAKER LACES



Quaker Laces are not sold by mail. We cannot send samples, but we will gladly send you "The Quaker Lace Book," free on request. To see the great variety of Quaker Lace designs, go to the best department stores, dry goods stores and lace specialty shops. *Look for the Quaker head on the blue lace card.*

Write today for "The Quaker Lace Book." It contains illustrated suggestions for gowns, waists, lingerie and other articles of woman's apparel in which lace plays an important part. It also tells you how to care for lace. Free on request.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY

Makers of Quaker Laces, Quaker Curtains, and Quaker Craft-Lace

PHILADELPHIA

AT THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE

TRIMMINGS AND LINGERIE

By Ethel M. Harris

Miss Harris will be glad to answer any question pertaining to this department if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

EVERYWHERE you see the Bulgarian colors on hats, frocks, sashes, collars —in fact, anywhere that embroidery can possibly be used. Any number of color combinations are used, sometimes as many as five or six colors in one piece of work, and sometimes as few as two or three. Reds, blues and greens in both vivid and dull shades, orange, purple, gray, mustard brown, terra-cotta and black seem to appear most frequently.

The design should be of a decidedly conventional nature to admit of this treatment. The figure illustration shows the use of a wide Bulgarian banding as a dress trimming. The design is No. 10464, and three yards of four-and-one-quarter-inch banding come in the pattern as well as four corners to match, which are extremely serviceable oftentimes for finishing off a design or adapting it to the garment. The frock is of contrasting textures, such as satin and ratine, and the band of embroidery on the waist is placed just over the joining, while another band edges the peplum. The corners have been utilized on the waist and also as motifs on the corner of the collar. Made up in a neutral shade of blue or gray and decorated with the Bulgarian embroidery in red, blue, green and mustard color, this little street frock would be most effective.

The Bulgarian colors are usually applied in small surfaces in satin-stitch. The colors are arranged in a more or less regular sequence and each figure is outlined in black, which lends distinction to the design.

Wool, silk or mercerized thread are used for this work. The wool embroidery is newer and also has the advantage of working up more rapidly, owing to the thickness of the thread. Crewel wools or a light-weight Germantown yarn are suitable, or if a bolder effect is desired, you can procure a tapestry wool, which is in reality a four-ply yarn. Mercerized thread should be used rather coarse, as the finer threads lack significance in designs of this order. Silk floss is not so popular, although chenille embroidery is much used as dress trimming.

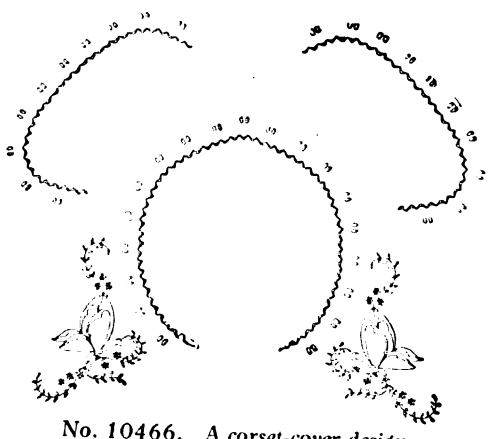
This same idea can be carried out in cotton crêpe or voile. Either material makes an exceptional background for embroidery of this character. Padding is not necessary for the wool embroidery, as it stands out sufficiently of itself. The silk or mercerized embroidery, unless the latter is of a rather coarse quality, can be padded slightly, but one sees a great deal of even silk embroidery which is not padded. A slight elevation can be secured by simply running the outlines on of figure.

The two next lingerie designs are for a corset cover and night-dress which correspond. The corset cover gives the round-neck outline and the design for the front pieces, as well as the outline for the armholes. If desired, this pattern can be stamped on the upper part of a combination suit. The drawers can be decorated at the sides with the butterfly and sprays, and a slightly larger scallop can be used at the edge. Another suggestion would be to adapt the design to a princess slip. This can be accomplished by joining the neck together at the front and cutting the back for the opening. The butterfly motifs can be used on the front of the skirt with a wide scallop at the edge, or the skirt can be finished by a wide flounce of lace with almost no fulness. The nightgown pattern can be used on a princess slip by opening the back and substituting the sleeve outlines from the corset cover.

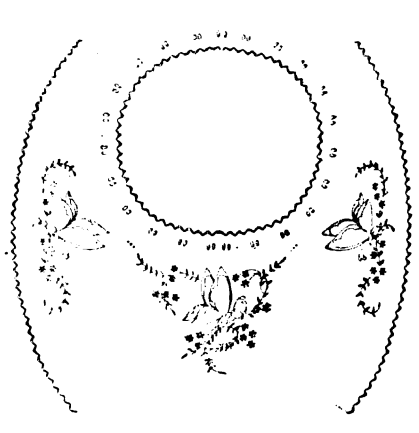
No. 10464. *Bulgarian banding for trimming. Price 15 cents*

French nainsook, handkerchief linen or batiste makes an excellent background. These materials should be embroidered in marking cotton. No. 25 or 20 is suitable. The wings of the butterfly are to be developed in punch work, for which instructions will be found on the envelope containing the pattern. This work should invariably be completed before the outlines are worked, as it would be most difficult to accomplish afterward. The double lines at the edge of the wings and the body of the insect should be developed in satin-stitch. This should be padded by means of darning stitches placed close together over the surface. The tiny leaves and flower petals can be treated in the same manner, or eyelet-work can be substituted. The eyelets for the ribbon should be run and slit. The material is then rolled back and closely overcast—with so small a scallop a high padding is scarcely necessary. The outer edge, however, should be run before buttonholing in order to prevent fraying.

These designs can be carried out in silk mull or in crêpe de Chine if a more elaborate garment is desired. Marking cotton can be used on the silk mull, but silk floss will be required for the crêpe de Chine. On this last material it is also suggested to use seeding or French knots in place of the punch work, owing to the close weave of the material.

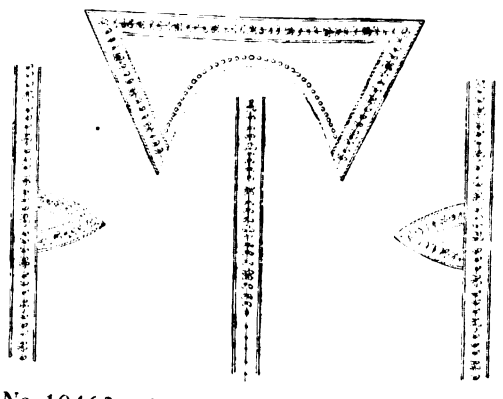


No. 10466. *A corset-cover design. Price 15 cents*



No. 10467. *A nightgown to correspond. Price 15 cents*

No. 10463 is a waist design which is particularly suited to the fashionable models. You will notice that the embroidery, which consists of a collar, wrist or elbow bands, and a strip for the front, will permit more elaborate waist patterns than the usual waist design. The newest materials for washable blouses are the cotton crêpes and voiles. These can be embroidered in mercerized thread either in white or in a color. This pattern lends itself to both satin-stitch and eyelet-work. The double lines at the edge of the banding should, however, be developed in satin-stitch. Washable silk, either plain or in a striped pattern, could be used for a waist. In that case, the embroidery should be in a washable silk floss.



No. 10463. *A waist decoration. Price 15 cents*

Wool embroidery which has been so extensively used during the last few months is not confined to dress trimmings, but is also used on pillows, runners and even centerpieces for library or living-room use.

[*Continued on page 394*]

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TALKS BY THE FIRESIDE

KITTY CHEATHAM FINDS A GIRL "BOY SCOUT"

AND GIVES SOME HINTS AS TO WHAT YOU AND YOUR GIRLS CAN DO

NOTE—*Miss Cheatham is the greatest entertainer of children in the world. She is the incarnate spirit of youth and is known and loved by boys and girls everywhere.*

I HAVE always had a clear conviction, as I have said before, that we can learn much from children, if we will only believe that we can—and seize each opportunity for such instruction as presents itself. I have just had a beautiful experience with a girl (I started to say a "little" girl, but I can not apply "little" to that person of thirteen).

I clap my hands in sheer delight when I think of it all, for I am so often forced to listen to a prevalent phrase: "Children are so precocious to-day; there are no old-fashioned children!" And I say: "Thank God there are not," if by old-fashioned is meant those childish, pathetic little creatures who are put aside when too much questioning comes along and told: "You mustn't ask questions, run along to nurse!" or, "If you are good and will go straight to bed;" or, "Say this little verse for mother, I will give you a chocolate—" all phrases I have heard recently, until I just wanted to take those babies in my arms and run away.

Respect Your Own Children

CHILDREN are intelligent individuals. The right principles of authority and of obedience are natural, necessary and fundamental, but the personality of children must be respected and not encroached upon, whether by fear or a certain idolatry—often self-love at the basis—enervating and stunting to a child's development. Do not isolate a child in what is commonly called a "child environment." I have spoken so often about the great line of demarcation between being "childish" and "childlike" that I need not say more.

These are all thoughts that keep popping up and pleading for expression on the road which is leading to my girl friend. This particular girl person, meeting her just casually in this great London town, might impress you as one of thousands of shy, low-voiced girls who are allowed to appear at certain appointed hours in the "drawing-room," and are relegated again at equally definite hours to the "schoolroom."

A while ago her lovely, wise mother wondered if I could find time for a Friday-to-Monday visit to their country home and I promptly found the time.

The Girl Who Ruled the Gardener

MY GIRL person sat immediately in front of me in the motor that brought us to their home. Occasional words that she let fall in speaking to her mother about "the boys," and how she hoped "all would go well," led me to think she had some sort of interest in "Scouts."

Five minutes after we arrived she was flying down the lawn, where she knew she would find her "boys" at work, supervised by the head gardener, whom she had trained, "not in gardening, but in knowledge of Scouts."

Her unconscious influence over this man, her mother told me, was wonderful. He was, fundamentally, a capable, fine sort of man, but had been led away by a fanatic with anarchistic ideas, who came often to the tiny village. The girl's faith in him in entrusting her "boys" to him, during her school-days in London, had entirely changed his ideas, and his own interest in what these boys were accomplishing, and in seeing how greatly he could aid them with his practical knowledge, had made him a new man!

The Scout's Law of Chivalry

THE mother and I followed a little behind my girl friend, and found five or six country boys, aged from perhaps nine to eleven or twelve, respectively, being drilled by the gardener, as he had been instructed.

When they saw their Scout Mistress approaching there was a sudden unified halt; up went their fingers for a salute and as she took her place by the gardener a general "review" took place. They were anticipating a great, stirring time when Prince Alexander of Teck, the Queen's brother, was to review all the Boy Scouts of this particular county, 1,400 in number.

Do you realize, by the way, that there are over 94,000 Boy Scouts in England alone?

The next morning we watched them start off in their two-seated wagon for the ten-mile drive to Northampton, where the review was to take place. Each boy had been taught his individual responsibility as a citizen, and in their clean uniforms, with their bright, eager faces, they made a splendid picture I shall not soon forget.

The "bugler" had sprained his ankle the day before, but we held an earnest whispered confab in which I suggested to him how necessary his work was, and that he would "bugle" all right, I was sure. I called on him next day and he appeared in the door bright and smiling and informed me he was all right, and had not missed a single march or charge.

But the gardener, who went over with them, told me that the bugler had, in a moment of respite, limped about, searching for the mother of a lost baby girl in a huge crowd in the public square until he found her! That was the fulfilment of one of his laws as a Scout: "To do at least one good turn to somebody every day."

The Village Mothers Hailed Her

ONE of the mothers of these boys, a simple village woman, who has never left her native county, told me she was so grateful to "Miss Joy," her boy's Scout Mistress. The boy had been idle and bad in many ways, she said, and no pleasure or help to her, but now all was different; he "fetched her water for cooking, and helped in a lot of ways."

All the mothers had been a little doubtful of this "new thing" at first—it takes English folks of whatever class a long time to change their ways and ideas about most things—but they were all happy over it now.

I mustn't forget to tell you that Miss Joy's father has built a little brick house, consisting of one big square room, with cupboards to hold her Scout equipments, cooking utensils, flagpoles, tents, etc. It is her duty to keep this house clean; she mops the floor, dusts and rubs up her brass fender and kettle. No one is permitted to enter this room except her brother, when he is at home on occasional holidays, those she is helping and herself.

But the work with boys is only a preliminary to telling you what my young friend did with, and for, her "Girl Guides," and just here it occurs to me that you may like to see "The Law of the Girl Guides," as she gave it to me in her own handwriting. The Boy Scouts' Laws are practically the same.

The Law of the Girl Guides

1. *A Guide's honor is to be trusted.* If a Guide says "On my honor it is so," that means that it *is* so, just as if she had taken a most solemn oath.

2. *A Guide is loyal to the King,* to her officers, her parents and employers. She must stick to them through thick and thin, against any one who is their enemy or who talks badly of them.

3. *A Guide's duty is to be useful and to help others.* She is to do her duty before anything else, even if she gives up her own pleasure, or comfort, or safety to do it. She must "Be Prepared" at any time to save life or to help the injured people. And she should do at least one good turn for somebody every day.

4. *A Guide is a friend to all and a sister to every other Guide, no matter to what social class the other belongs.* If a Guide meets another Guide, even a stranger, she may speak to her and help her in any way she can. A Guide must never be a snob. A snob is one who looks down upon another because she is poor, or who resents another because she is rich. A Guide is like "Kim," the East Indian, "*Little friend to all the world.*"

5. *A Guide is courteous.* That is, she is polite to all, especially to older people; she must not take any reward for being helpful or courteous.

6. *A Guide is a friend to animals.* She should save them as far as possible from pain, and should not kill any animal unnecessarily, not even the smallest of God's creatures.

7. *A Guide is pure in thought, word and deed.*

8. *A Guide obeys orders.*

9. *A Guide is thrifty.* She saves every penny and puts it in the bank.

10. *A Guide smiles and sings,* under all circumstances. When she gets an order she should obey it cheerily and readily, not in a slow, hang-dog sort of a way. A Guide never grumbles at hardships. She goes about with a smile on, or singing. It cheers her and cheers other people, especially in times of danger, for she keeps it up, then, all the same.

The Guide's Promise

To honor God and the King.
To help other people at all times.
To obey the Guide Law.

The Guide's Motto is "BE PREPARED."

PERHAPS these laws may tell you, without further explanation from me, what a beautiful work this girl is doing, and all so simply and without a trace of ego or self-consciousness. Her wisdom and consideration for the feelings of her boys and girls is wonderful.

On the Saturday afternoon that her boys went to their review, her mother suggested that she give a tiny present of some kind to the girls, as they might feel disappointed at not having a chance to show people what they had accomplished.

Without hesitation she said: "Mother, if you don't mind, I prefer not to—they must come and work because they love it, and not because they are going to get something for learning to help themselves and for doing good turns to others."

Each girl knew her code of signals and would rapidly spell any word she suggested. I timidly asked what use signaling was. Immediately came the reply: "Aunt Kitty, it teaches us to concentrate and study, if it doesn't do anything else."

She taught them to sing their Guide Song, and when some unpleasant local pronunciation, such as "Prize God" for "Praise God," would come up and hurt your phonetics a little, she would modestly suggest to her girls that their county had been famous for good, pure English, and so she thought it would be fine to keep it up, and would they all try and say "*Praise,*" quite clearly—that they "were just a little careless, but that they were trying to learn now not to be careless."

She taught them to cook things, how to keep the kettle clean, to wash the dishes properly, etc. She found there was only fourpence (eight cents) left in the "Scout and Guide Fund;" the boys were paying one penny a week for uniforms, but it never occurred to her to ask her father to see them through their temporary difficulties.

She spoke to several of her school friends, most of them beginning to be as interested as she, and they all served and made things and had a "bazaar," the proceeds of which helped them over. Her share went to getting a new tent for the boys to camp in during August, so they could go through every phase of the practical experience necessary. This is pretty good fruitage for one girl, don't you think?

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Baking 300,000 Meals Daily

Here's the result of baking beans such as no one else has baked.

Our chefs, on the average, daily prepare 300,000 meals of Van Camp's.

Every month in this magazine we tell you about them. And sometime a dish of Van Camp's is bound to appear on your table.

Then we are done.

Van Camp's themselves will win you and hold you if you only give them a chance.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Here are beans, Mrs. Housewife, which come to your table with all the fresh oven flavor.

Some of the ablest chefs have spent years and years in bringing the dish to perfection.

The beans we use are picked out by hand. The tomatoes are all vine-ripened.

The baking is done by superheated steam, which doesn't touch the beans.

Thus the beans come to you nutlike, mealy and whole—none crisped, none broken. And the luscious sauce, which is baked with the beans, permeates every atom.

If you served twenty kinds of baked beans, the folks at your table could, with one taste, pick Van Camp's. We have tried this.

If Van Camp's stand out that way—because of their excellence—don't you think it pays to get them?

A million women do.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by

Van Camp Packing Co.
Established 1861
Indianapolis, Indiana

(245)

OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

DO YOU EAT TOO MUCH MEAT?

TRY THESE VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTES JUST FOR A CHANGE

A vegetable diet makes a most wholesome change from the regular meat dishes. Every housekeeper knows how to serve plain boiled peas and other vegetables, so here are some recipes for less familiar and more elaborate ways of preparing vegetables.

WITH meat still so high as to make it a luxury instead of a daily necessity, various vegetable substitutes are finding their way on dinner-tables all over the land. The New Englander, loyal to tradition, finds plenty of company in his beloved beans and brown bread. In the extreme West and Southwest, the brown frijole, cooked with plenty of pepper often serves as the principal dinner dish. Green corn-cakes, fried tomatoes with cream gravy, fried eggplant, fried mush or hominy, samp, or rice, prepared after the Spanish method, are all satisfying and appropriate dishes where something rather highly seasoned is required.

Spanish Rice

HAVE ready a saucepan in which are two tablespoonfuls of nice hot drippings. Throw in a half cupful of well-washed rice and toss about until nicely browned. Add one sliced tomato, one sliced onion and a clove of garlic and brown slightly. Cover the whole with hot water, season with salt and pepper. Cover and let the rice cook thoroughly, adding more water as needed. Do not stir, as the beauty of it lies in the plump brown unbroken kernels.

Cabbage à la Créme

ONE firm white cabbage, one onion, one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of cream, one clove, salt and pepper and some toast. Trim and wash the cabbage very carefully. Put it in a saucepan of fast boiling salted water, add the onion with the clove stuck in it, and let it boil quickly until the cabbage is tender. Then take out the onion, drain the cabbage in a colander, pressing it well. Next chop it fine, melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the cabbage, stir well, add the cream very gradually, salt and pepper to taste. Make the mixture thoroughly hot, pile it up in a hot dish, and garnish it with neat croutons of toast.

Stewed Endive

THIS is most wholesome, but not very well known. Six heads of endive, three-quarters of a pint of stock, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, lemon-juice, salt and pepper, and croutons of toast or fried bread. Cut off the stalks, outer leaves, and green portions of the leaves, leaving only the white part. Wash the white leaves very thoroughly in several waters and make sure they are free from insects. Being very curly, it is rather difficult to make sure of this. Rinse the leaves in clean cold water, then cook them for ten minutes in plenty of boiling salted water. Drain well and chop them. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, add the stock very gradually and stir until it boils, and cook for five minutes; then put in the endive, about two teaspoonfuls of lemon-juice, salt and pepper to taste. Let all simmer until the endive is tender; heap it in a hot dish, and garnish with the croutons of toast or fried bread.

Peas à la Tartare

COLD cooked peas, tartare sauce, and one head of lettuce. Put the peas in a dish and add enough tartare sauce to moisten them well and arrange a border of lettuce leaves around them. For the tartare sauce, take one cupful of mayonnaise sauce, one tablespoonful of chopped gherkins, one teaspoonful each of chopped tarragon and chervil, and a pinch of sugar. Mix all the ingredients throughly and keep them on ice or in a very cool place. If you do not require all this sauce for the peas, it will keep for a few days if bottled and well corked, and is delicious with salmon and other fish.

Sautéd String-Beans

COLD cooked beans may be recooked this way, though freshly cooked ones are, of course, nicer. To each pound of beans allow one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, salt and pepper. Cut the beans into fairly thin shreds and cook them in fast boiling salted water. When the beans are tender, drain off the water and dry lightly in a cloth. Put them in a clean frying-pan and toss them gently in it over the fire until they are dry and very hot; then add the butter, parsley, lemon-juice, and a seasoning of salt and pepper.

A Cake of Cooked Vegetables

ANY kind of cooked vegetables can be used for this, but if beet is included it will, of course, color the whole. One cupful of cooked vegetables, such as carrots, cabbage, peas, beans, one cupful of cooked potatoes, one cooked onion, two tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping, salt and pepper. Mash the potatoes and chop the other vegetables, except the peas. Mix them all well together, and season well. Melt the dripping or butter in a frying-pan and when it is hot, put in the vegetable mixture. Spread evenly over the pan. Fry for five minutes, then raise up a corner with a knife to see if it is nicely browned. If so, put a plate over the pan and turn the cake on to it, then slip it back into the pan, brown side uppermost, and fry the other side. It may be necessary to add more dripping. Cut into four pieces, and serve very hot.

Cauliflower and Bean Salad

THIS is a French salad, and most delicious. Cold cooked vegetables can be used, but if you are cooking string-beans for it do not cut them into strips; merely trim them. For the dressing take six tablespoonfuls of olive-oil, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of white vinegar, salt and pepper, the yolk of one egg, a little chopped parsley. Trim the beans, throw them into a saucepan of fast boiling salted water, and, with the lid off the pan, boil them until tender. Drain off the water and put the beans in a dish of cold water for ten minutes, then drain them well. Break a nicely boiled cauliflower into sprigs when cold, and pile them up in the center of a salad-bowl. If the flavor of onion is liked, first rub the inside of the bowl with a slice of onion or garlic. Mix the oil, vinegar, salt and pepper; pour half of this dressing over the cauliflower; beat up the yolk of an egg, add the rest of the dressing gradually to it, then toss the beans about in this mixture and arrange around the cauliflower. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve.

Stewed Mushrooms

THIS is by far the most economical way of cooking mushrooms, for all the stalks can be used, and, in addition, the sauce makes them go further. Remember, mushrooms must never be reheated—they are not wholesome if cooked twice. Half a pound of mushrooms, three-quarters of a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper, and lemon-juice. Peel and stalk the mushrooms, wash them quickly, and examine them carefully. Put them in a saucepan with the milk and let them cook gently until tender. Mix the flour smoothly and thinly with a little cold milk, then add this thickening to the mushrooms and milk, and stir gently over the fire until it boils well and thickens. Season to taste with salt, pepper, butter and lemon-juice. Serve on a hot dish, garnished with fried bread.

Curried Cauliflower

ONE good cauliflower, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, two teaspoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of curry-powder, one tablespoonful of chopped apple, one gill of milk, one gill of water, one teaspoonful of chutney, and salt and pepper. Boil the cauliflower until tender, but not broken, in boiling salted water. Lift it out, drain thoroughly, and lightly press into a neat, compact shape with a soft cloth. While it is cooking prepare the curry sauce. Melt the curry in a saucepan, add the onion and apple and fry them a good brown. When they are nearly dark enough stir in the curry-powder, and fry that also. This improves its flavor. Pour in the milk and water, and stir the sauce until it boils. Add the chutney and seasoning, and let the sauce simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Place the cauliflower in a hot dish, and strain the sauce over. Brown bread and butter is excellent to accompany this dish.

Parsnips à la Française

THREE or four parsnips, a little lemon-juice, one egg, some bread-crums, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Peel and wash the parsnips, and if large, cut in half; cook in plenty of boiling water, containing a little salt and lemon-juice. When tender, lift out and drain well, brush over with well-beaten egg, roll in crums and put on a greased baking-pan in a hot oven to brown quickly, sprinkling with the parsley. Dish in a pyramid, and serve with melted-butter sauce. For the sauce, melt one heaping tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, stir in one tablespoonful of flour until smooth, then add gradually a quarter of a pint of milk, a quarter of a pint of cream, stir until boiling, then add a dust of pepper, a few drops of lemon-juice and a little salt. Rub through a fine sieve.

Cucumber Salad

PEEL two cucumbers, and place them in cold water to become crisp. Do not use salt in the water, as is sometimes recommended, as it wilts them and makes them indigestible. Slice and arrange them in a bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Wash one large cucumber, cut two slices from it, and remove the centers to form rings. Cut down the skin of the cucumber to form petals, place one ring outside and the other ring inside the peel. Put it in the center of the sliced cucumbers and serve with French dressing.

Carrot and Lentil Soup

ONE quart and a half of milk and water, half a pint of lentils, half a pound of raw carrot (red part only, if possible), one head of lettuce, one onion, two heaping tablespoonfuls of cooked rice, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and salt and pepper. Soak the lentils overnight. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the carrots, the onion cut in thin shreds, and the lentils, and toss them about in the butter until it is absorbed, but do not let the vegetables color. Add the stock, and boil the soup gently till both carrots and lentils are soft. This will probably take about an hour. Rub the soup through a sieve, rinse out the saucepan, pour back the purée, and let it boil. Then add the cooked rice and the lettuce, washed and shredded. Season carefully and serve in a hot tureen.

Orange and Celery Salad

MIX together an equal quantity of diced celery and oranges divided into sections, mix with a good mayonnaise dressing, and serve in dainty dishes lined with crisp lettuce leaves. Decorate with large raisins.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

SIXTEEN WAYS TO COOK EGGS

THEY'RE NOT SO EXPENSIVE NOW AND COME IN VERY HANDY FOR SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

By Emma Paddock Telford and Helen H. Hale

Italian Easter Eggs BOIL as many eggs as will be required, for twenty minutes. Drop into cold water and when cold remove the shells. Cut a slice from the bottom of each egg so it will stand. Then cut the eggs in halves, remove the yolks, season with salt, pepper, butter and a little onion-juice. Mash together, add a little milk to the mixture, beat until light and smooth, fill the hollow whites, and heap up in mounds. Place in a fire-proof dish and set in the oven for eight minutes. Pour a tomato sauce around them, garnish with parsley or watercress and send to the table.

Spanish Omelet TAKE six eggs, a medium-sized tomato or a half-cupful of canned tomatoes, a small onion minced fine, a dash of black pepper, three tablespoonfuls of milk, four or five mushrooms, a quarter of a pound of bacon chopped fine, a saltspoonful of salt and a green pepper also minced. Cut the bacon into small pieces and fry until brown. Add the tomato, mushrooms, onion and green pepper, and stir and cook fifteen minutes. Beat the eggs vigorously and season with salt and pepper. Put a half-tablespoonful of butter in the omelet pan and let it melt, tipping the pan so that the sides will be well greased. Pour in the eggs, stirred with the milk and shake over a quick fire until set. Now pour the mixture quickly from the other frying-pan over the omelet, fold over once and turn into the center of a heated platter. Sprinkle with a little minced parsley and serve at once.

Asparagus Omelet BREAK four eggs into a bowl and beat until light and foamy. Add four tablespoonfuls of cream, a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Have a clean, smooth omelet pan ready and melt a tablespoonful of butter in it, letting it run all over the pan to grease the sides as well as the bottom. When hissing hot, pour in the egg mixture. As it cooks, prick with a fork in several places to allow the uncooked portion to run under. Lift with the fork until the whole is of a creamy consistency. Have in readiness several tablespoonfuls of cooked asparagus points, mixed with a little melted butter, a few drops of lemon-juice, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Spread quickly and evenly over the top of the omelet and shake out of the pan on to a hot platter.

Eggs à la Caracas PUT one tablespoonful of oil or butter in a frying-pan, and when hot add a quarter of a pound of finely shaved dried beef and a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Toss lightly until the beef is frizzled slightly, then add one cupful of stewed tomatoes, a seasoning of salt and pepper, a few drops of onion-juice, and four eggs, yolks and whites, beaten light. Stir and cook gently until of a creamy consistency and serve.

Eggs à la Peggy Thurston PLACE a frying-pan over the fire and partly fill it with hot water made quite acid with vinegar. When boiling, break the eggs one by one into the pan, being careful not to break the yolks. Toss the water lightly over the eggs with a fork so as to cook the tops. As soon as the whites are set, lift out carefully with a skimmer, and place on a flat well-buttered earthen dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with grated cheese and set in the oven long enough for the cheese to melt.

Egg Fondue ALLOW two fresh eggs for each person to be served, grated Swiss cheese a third as much in quantity as the eggs, and butter half the weight of the cheese. Put the butter and grated cheese into a saucepan and set over the fire. As they begin to melt, break the eggs over them and stir briskly until well scrambled and incorporated with the cheese. A wooden spatula is best for this, but a fork or spoon will answer. Season with salt and pepper and serve hot.

Omelet à la Soyer BREAK four eggs into a bowl, add half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, and beat them up well with a fork. Put one ounce and one-half of butter, lard or oil in the frying-pan, place it on the fire and when hot pour in the eggs, and keep on mixing them quickly with a spoon till they are delicately set. Then let them slip to the edge of the pan, laying hold by the handle and raising it slantwise, which will give an elongated form to the omelet. Fold in the edges, let it rest a moment to set, turn it over on a dish and serve. It ought to be of a rich yellow color and as light and delicate as possible. Two tablespoonfuls of milk and one ounce of bread-crums may be added.

Eggs and Artichokes STEAM or cook in lightly salted water as many artichoke bottoms as there are guests to serve. Place each on a round of bread a little larger in diameter than the artichoke, that has been delicately browned in butter, and over the artichoke drop a poached egg trimmed to just the size of the foundation. Pour over the egg a generous quantity of sauce Hollandaise or brown tarragon sauce, add a dash of paprika and serve hot. A variation is to use hard-boiled eggs instead of poached ones. In this case cut hard-boiled eggs in halves, place an artichoke bottom on each round of toasted bread, then half an egg, cut side downward.

American Plain Omelet FOUR eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of pepper, four tablespoonfuls of hot water, one cupful and one-half of cream sauce. Separate yolks and whites. Beat the yolks until thick. Add salt, pepper and hot water. Beat the whites until stiff and dry, cutting and folding them into the beaten yolks until thoroughly incorporated. Heat an omelet pan and butter sides and bottom. Turn in the egg mixture, spreading it evenly, and cook slowly. The omelet is cooked if it is firm to the touch when pressed by the finger. If it clings like beaten white of egg it needs longer cooking. Fold and turn on a hot platter and pour the cream sauce around it.

Bread Omelet MIX equal quantities of fine bread-crums and cream, a teaspoonful of each. Break one ounce of butter into small bits and add to it a saltspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a dash of nutmeg. When the bread is thoroughly moistened, beat it with a fork until smooth, then mix three well-beaten eggs. Fry like an ordinary omelet.

Omelet with Apples PEEL and core one quart of tart apples and cut them lengthwise one-quarter of an inch thick; put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of good butter, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water. Cover the saucepan and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Stir the apples, but do not break them, and cook for ten minutes more. Remove the nicest pieces to place around the omelet. Break six fresh eggs in a bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Beat for one minute. Put in a frying-pan one tablespoonful of butter, and when the butter is hot pour in the eggs. Let them cook for half a minute and turn with a fork until the omelet is set. Pour in the hot apples. Fold the omelet carefully so as to hold its shape and slip on a platter.

Potato Omelet TAKE a large freshly baked potato and scoop out the inside with a spoon. Beat this until smooth and mix with it half a saltspoonful of paprika or white pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice and the yolks of four eggs. A minute or two before the omelet is to be fried fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Fry in a well greased, very hot pan and serve immediately on a hot dish.

Omelet Soufflé THE yolks of two eggs, one-quarter of a cupful of powdered sugar, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, the whites of four eggs and salt to season. Beat the yolks until light. Add sugar, salt and vanilla. Cut and fold in the whites, beaten until stiff. Butter a baking-dish, heap the mixture in it, sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake ten minutes in a moderate oven. Serve immediately. A fruit sauce made from raspberry, cherry, peach, pineapple, apricot or the juice of any fruit served with it adds to its daintiness.

Creamed Eggs TAKE two tablespoonfuls of butter; two tablespoonfuls (scant) of flour, one pint of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, half a small onion, six slices of toast. Boil the eggs twenty minutes, and lay them in cold water; when cold, remove the shells and cut each egg into six pieces. Cut the onion fine. Place the butter in a small frying-pan, and when it is hot slowly cook the onion in it until of a light yellow hue, taking care, however, not to brown either the butter or the onion at all. Remove the onion, add the flour and stir until the paste is smooth and frothy, but do not let it brown in the least. Draw the pan back, gradually add the milk, return to the heat, and when the sauce boils, put in the salt, pepper and eggs. As soon as the eggs are well heated, turn all out upon slices of buttered toast, and serve at once. A few drops of onion-juice may be used instead of the cooked onion, thus facilitating the work somewhat.

Goldenrod Eggs BOIL three eggs for fifteen minutes. Separate yolks from whites, chop whites very fine, and stir them into a white sauce made of one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and a cupful of milk. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Cover the bottom of a platter with slices of toast, from which the crust has been trimmed. Pour over the toast the sauce and chopped whites of eggs, and then force the yolks through a potato ricer and sprinkle over the top. Cut two extra slices of toast into small triangles or "points" and on each lay a sprig of parsley.

Lyonnaise Eggs PUT into a frying-pan or the chafing-dish blazer two tablespoonfuls of butter or olive-oil. When hot add two tablespoonfuls of minced onion and one tablespoonful of parsley and fry until the onion is light yellow. Add a tablespoonful of flour and one cupful of milk or good broth. When smooth and creamy add four sliced hard-boiled eggs, and serve on toast as soon as the eggs are heated through. A change in serving is simply to chop the whites of the eggs and add to the sauce; boil up once and garnish with the yolks of the eggs.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

THE GOOD GREEN THINGS

"BETTER TO SEARCH THE FIELDS FOR HEALTH UNBOUGHT THAN PAY THE DOCTOR FOR A NAUSEOUS DRAUGHT"

By Emma Paddock Telford

The Dandelion

IT IS a pity that the rank and file of modern American housewives have never learned to appreciate the medicinal and dietetic properties of the star-eyed dandelion. From the tip of its slender root to its golden aureole-crowned stem, it is full charged with alkaline salts whose therapeutic properties are well understood and liberally employed by the manufacturers of the various sarsaparilla preparations that come out with the Spring.

In grandmother's roster of vegetable "cure-alls" dandelion tea, made from the roots and leaves, and administered by the wineglassful three or four times a day was listed as benefiting the liver, and unexcelled for stopping any internal hemorrhage.

A Fine Spring Tonic

FOR a fine Spring tonic, wine of dandelion made from the flowers holds the banner. The ingredients called for are three quarts of the blossoms, four quarts of boiling water, three pounds of sugar, one yeast-cake, one orange and one lemon. In measuring the flowers press them down hard into the quart measure so as to be sure you have enough to make the wine good and bitter. If packed in loosely, it will not taste of the dandelion. Cover with the boiling water and stand aside overnight. In the morning boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, strain, add the sugar and fruit sliced, boil a few moments longer, then remove from the fire. When cooled to lukewarm, add one yeast-cake dissolved in a little water. Let it ferment like other wine for two or three weeks, then bottle when done working.

Dandelion and Sorrel Greens

WASH thoroughly but keep separate, as the dandelion needs longer cooking than the sorrel. Put the dandelion first into a saucepan of boiling water, stew until tender, add the sorrel and simmer until the liquor disappears and the leaves are tender. Drain, pressing out all moisture. Beat with a wooden spoon, season liberally with butter, salt and pepper, and serve hot with a garnish of hard-boiled egg or fried bread points.

Dandelion and Cress Salad

TAKE equal parts young dandelion leaves and watercress, wash, chill and serve with French dressing.

To Cultivate Dandelions for Salad

IN ENGLAND, where the dandelion is comparatively uncommon, it is raised carefully in gardens as a pot-herb and salad-plant. To grow successive crops of dandelions through the Summer, the plants are not allowed to bloom, so that the roots continue sending up successive rounds of leaves until frost.

Market gardeners are now following the example of the English, and dandelions are grown through a depth of sandy soil or under earthen pots. This makes the leaves delightfully white, crisp and tender, and incidentally, less bitter.

Good Templar Root Beer

JUST here, let me give you an old recipe where roots seem thrown together hit or miss yet with surprisingly good results. "Take," says the old chronicler of "small beer," "a pint of bran, a handful of hops, some tender twigs of spruce, hemlock, or cedar, a little bark of sassafras, with roots (a handful of each) of burdock, plantain, and dock and two of dandelion. Boil up in a gallon of water, strain, add a spoonful of ginger, a quarter cupful of molasses, and a cupful of yeast. Let it work, then bottle."

Dandelion Salad

SELECT the tenderest leaves, wash thoroughly, drain, then lay on ice to crisp. Put into a salad-bowl, dress with salt, pepper, oil and lemon-juice or vinegar, and garnish with a couple of hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters.

Shepherd's Purse

THIS is another valuable little plant, that may be found along the roadside. Its green seeds stripped from the stem and strewn over lettuce or tomatoes make a piquant addition to salads, that, tried once, will always be welcome again. It has a suggestion of watercress, and on this account is sometimes known as wayside cress.

Other Good Salads of Weeds

AMONG the other piquant and wholesome "weeds" that make excellent salads are wild chicory, lamb's lettuce or rampion and sorrel. All these should be young and tender.

Pot Greens

FOR pot greens the list is still longer. Purslane, the farmer's pest, resembles beet greens in delicacy of flavor, while mustard, the young leaves of milkweed, dock, even tender young nettle greens, may all be utilized to advantage as early vegetables.

Cerfeuil or Chervil

CHERVIL is another common herb looked unto as a field pest by ninety-nine out of a hundred farmers. The hundredth man or the Summer boarder recognizes its value as a most delightful flavoring for soups and salads. The up-to-date farmer plucks the tenderest leaves and sends it to the best markets, where it is always in demand for salads to be eaten with game, while the wise woman has it fresh for the gathering as a present delight, and dries it for use later on when it can not be procured in market. Its delicate flavor is lost in cooking. It should be chopped and thrown into hot soup at the last moment. The French housewife raises it from seed each year along with her borage, pimpernel and tarragon.

Sorrel

PERHAPS no other herb serves a wider variety of purpose than the sorrel, which is much like spinach in appearance. There are several varieties of sorrel, the broad-leaved or Roman sorrel being the most succulent. It is best when gathered in moist places and continues in good condition until the end of August. Besides making a delicious soup or purée, it adds zest and flavor to vegetable stews, and furnishes a particularly fitting accompaniment to tongue, cutlets, liver, lamb or veal.

If considered too acid to be palatable for a salad when used alone, try it in combination with watercress or cooked spinach. It is an admirable anti-scorbutic and blood purifier.

Sorrel Soup

THE Germans make an excellent soup of sorrel in this wise. Put a tablespoonful of good drippings in a frying-pan and when hot, add one pint of sheep's sorrel, one onion sliced fine, and a few leaves of lettuce and parsley chopped. Toss and steam for ten minutes, then add two tablespoonfuls of flour.

As soon as cooked turn into the soup-kettle and pour in three pints of boiling water. Season with salt, pepper and a grating of nutmeg, and cook for half an hour. When ready to serve, add one cupful of milk and a beaten egg, first pouring some of the hot liquid over the egg, so that it will not curdle. Serve with croutons.

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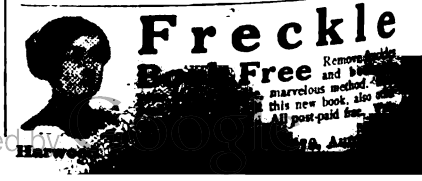

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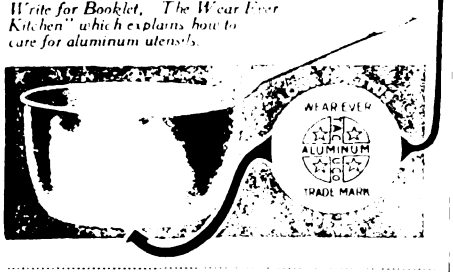

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

TO CHEER THE INNER MAN

HERE'S A MENU FOR MEMORIAL DAY, AND THE RECIPES TO GO WITH IT

By Emma Paddock Telford

Bouchées of Caviar or Clam Cocktail
Olives and Mayonnaise
Salted Nuts *Olives* *Radishes*
Onion Soup
Planked Shad or Other Fish
Cucumber Spirals *Young Onions* *Young Carrots*
New Potatoes with Parsley Butter
Grapefruit Salad on Artichoke-Hearts
Toasted Wafers and Cheese *Ice-Cream* *Strawberries* *Angel-Cake*
Demi-tasse

Bouchées of Caviar

SPREAD fried circles or fingers of bread with a thin layer of caviar. In the center place a Spanish queen-olive with its pit removed and the cavity filled with minced red peppers. Hold the olive in place with a few drops of mayonnaise and put tiny dots of the same about the bordered pepper. If preferred, anchovy and capers may be substituted for this.

Clam Cocktails

WHILE the proportions of the ingredients used for the dressing to a clam cocktail vary according to individual preference, a good working standby allows to each plate five or seven clams, one teaspoonful of horseradish, one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, four drops of tabasco sauce, and a pinch of salt. Mix all the seasonings thoroughly, add the bivalves, fill into glasses or grapefruit halves filled with ice, then set in the ice-box to become thoroughly chilled and blended before serving. Chilli sauce, grapefruit-juice or some of the clam liquid may be used in the sauce if desired. Cress may be served as a garnish. Cocktails are also often served in the half-shell, grouped about a green pepper hollowed and standing upright. This is filled with the condiments and each clam is dipped into it before eating.

Onion Soup à la Clermont

POTAGE à la Clermont, as it is called, is held in high esteem. To make it, cut a dozen small onions in rings and fry to a golden brown in a little butter or olive-oil. Remove, drain on a fine sieve, then put into two quarts of clear broth, veal or mutton, colored with a little culinary bouquet to an amber color. Season with salt and pepper and serve with toasted sippets of bread soaked in the tureen.

Planked Fish

IN PLANKING—and there is no better way of developing the distinctive flavor of any of the delicate white-meated fish—the plank itself is of first importance. It must be of hard wood—hickory, cherry, live-oak, cedar or ash, well seasoned and sawed about an inch and a half thick, rounded or tapered at one end like an ironing-board. This to accommodate the tail of the fish. It is best to get one tongued and grooved at the ends, with wire attachments to hold the fish in place. These can be purchased now at any of the hardware or department stores, and so reasonably that even the housekeeper of small means can afford to keep a plank specially for the cooking of fish. After a plank has been well charred and seasoned, it becomes a treasure well worth having. After the first scrubbing and charring, the plank should never be washed. When used afterward, scrape clean carefully, then wipe with a clean dry cloth.

Good olive-oil or vegetable oil is the best substance to use in greasing a plank, though butter or sweet drippings will answer. Heat the plank in the oven or before the fire. Have the fish split down the back, removing the back-bone; clean, wash and wipe dry, then season with salt and fasten to the hot board with the fixture that comes for that purpose. Brush with pure vegetable oil or melted butter and season with salt and pepper. The skin side goes next to the board. If you use a gas-stove for planking your fish, as most of us do, turn on both burners under the oven and lay the plank in the bottom of the broiling-oven for at least twenty minutes. Then lift on to the bottom of the oven and allow it to brown delicately, basting frequently with butter and lemon-juice. When the fish is done, put plank and all on a japanned tray or very large platter and serve.

Creamed New Potatoes with Parsley

SOME people prefer to have their potatoes creamed with parsley instead of being served the regulation way with the planked fish. For such, these directions: Drop the potatoes into boiling water and cook until they can be pierced with a fine skewer. Do not use the tines of a fork, which would burst them. Neither should you expect them to be mealy, for in new potatoes the starch cells are not yet developed. Drain and arrange in a hot vegetable-dish. To make the sauce, put two level tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan with one of flour. When melted and bubbly add a cup of thin cream and stir constantly until it boils and thickens. Then add a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white or black pepper as preferred, and a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Cook a moment longer and pour over the potatoes.

Grapefruit Salad on Artichoke-Hearts

FOR this use either the fresh artichokes boiled in salted water or else the canned artichoke-bottoms that have been cooked about ten minutes in chicken stock. This stock may be made from the carcass of a chicken boiled up in a little water and well seasoned, or one of the capsules that come now for chicken broth. Drain the artichokes, cool, marinate with French dressing and let stand an hour. Then arrange on crisp lettuce-leaves, arranged cup fashion. Mound with grapefruit that has been chilled and marinated also, and pour over all a French dressing. Garnish with strips of red pepper or stuffed olives. For the French dressing use red wine, vinegar, oil and paprika.

Cucumber Spirals

PEEL the cucumbers, toss into ice-water, then cut round and round with a fine sharp knife as if peeling an apple. The result should be a long slender spiral that makes ring after ring. Serve with French dressing.

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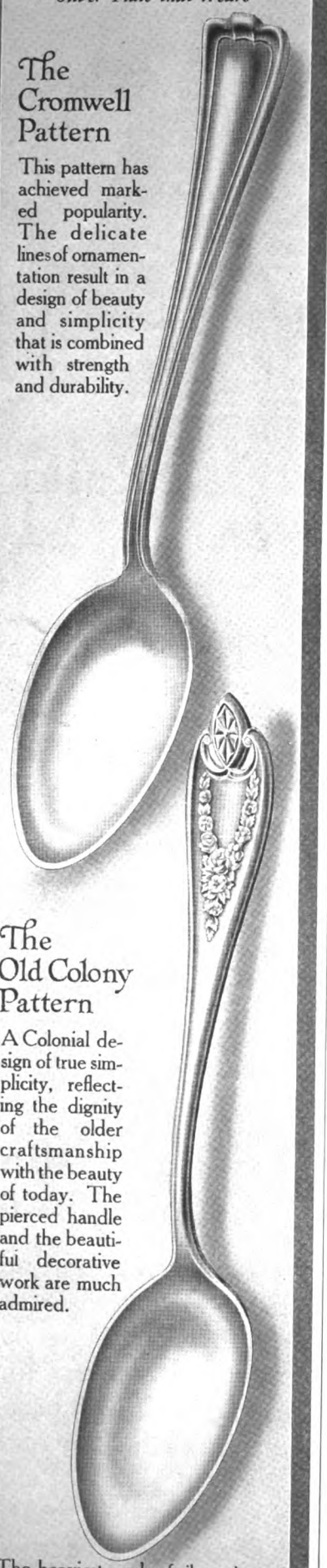

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SHAD ARE RUNNING

BUT IF YOU CAN'T GET SHAD, THERE ARE OTHER FISH AND OTHER ROES JUST AS GOOD

By Emma Paddock Telford

IF YOU can't get shad roes, for the very simple and excellent reason that shad don't run in your part of the country, use the roes of haddock, pickerel, herring, cod or mackerel. These in the early season are often sold as low as three pounds for a quarter. They have a smaller grain or egg than the shad, but are drier and more mealy.

All roes should be parboiled as soon as they reach the house from market or, better still, straight from the water. Plunge at once into boiling salted water to which a tablespoonful of lemon-juice or vinegar has been added. This not only prevents the roe from spoiling, but renders it firm and less liable to "plop" during broiling or frying. Cook gently about ten or fifteen minutes, then cool in the water in which it was cooked. If you intend to use the roe right away, lift out gently with a skimmer so as not to break the tender skin and slide into a bowl of ice-water to become firm. After this the roe may be cooked in any of a dozen different ways.

Baked Shad STUFF with bread crums, salt, pepper and parsley mixed with the beaten yolk of egg. Sew the fish up, or tie it around with string. Pour a little water and butter over it, and bake one hour, or one and one-fourth hours, basting often. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices. Boil up the gravy the fish was baked in, putting in one large tablespoonful of catsup, one tablespoonful of brown flour mixed in cold water, the juice of one lemon, and serve this sauce separately.

Baked Shad-Roe DROP the roe gently into salted boiling water and let it boil twenty minutes, but not rapidly. Drain and lay it on a buttered tin plate. Dredge the roe well with pepper and salt, spread soft butter over it, and lastly dredge plentifully with flour. Bake in the oven thirty minutes, during which time baste frequently with salt, pepper, water and butter, always dredging with flour after each basting.

Broiled Roe WHEN ready to cook, split lengthwise if plump and full, brush over with vegetable-oil or melted butter and broil over a clear fire. Serve with maitre d'hôtel butter, hot baked potatoes, crispy radishes, hot rolls and coffee.

Fried Roe FOR frying, the roe may be dusted with fine bread-crums, laid into beaten egg, then dusted once more with sifted crums, seasoned with salt and pepper and fried a golden brown in hot vegetable or olive oil, though your New England cook gives the preference to pork or bacon fat for the frying medium. She also prefers to roll the roe in Indian meal instead of crums or flour. This, however, is a matter for individual preference to decide upon.

Browned Shad with Roe THIS is a favorite Spring dish at one of the popular hotels at Atlantic City, but the cheaper fish can be served the same way. Split the fish as for broiling, put the roe in boiling water lightly salted and cook as usual; then cool, melt sweet butter in a baking-pan or preferably use the refined vegetable-oil, then lay the fish in the pan, skin side down. Season with salt and pepper, put a few bits of butter over the top, and stand in the hot oven. Remove the skin or casing from the roe, separate all the little eggs as thoroughly as possible, roll in fine cracker-dust, open the oven door, bring the pan of fish to the edge, and sprinkle the separated roe all over the fish. Sprinkle bits of butter on top, return the pan to the oven and let the shad bake until the top is a rich brown. Serve with maître d'hôtel sauce. To make the sauce, mix butter the size of an egg with the juice of half a lemon and two or three sprigs of parsley chopped fine. Add pepper and salt and spread over the fish while hot.

Shad-Roe Caviar MASH the cooked roe very thoroughly, then mix with a fifth of its bulk of salt. Beat thoroughly and let it stand for an hour before serving. If preferred the shad roe may be mixed with a little caviar—say one-third as much caviar as roe. This makes it go further, whether used as a relish or sandwich-filling.

Shad-Roe Caviar Club Sandwiches CUT white bread in thin, even slices and spread one-third with shad-roe caviar. Spread another third with mayonnaise and sprinkle thickly with minced ham and olives. Butter the remaining slices of bread, then place the slices spread with mayonnaise over the slices spread with caviar. Put a crisp lettuce-leaf on top of each and cover with the plain slices of bread. This makes a sandwich of three layers.

Shad-Roe Caviar Butter TO MAKE the butter, cream two tablespoonfuls of sweet butter, add a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, three tablespoonfuls of caviar and a sprinkling of paprika. This "butter" is delicious for sandwiches, toast, wafers or even plain bread.

Baked Shad-Roe with Cream Sauce AFTER the roe has boiled in the usual manner, cool and set aside until ready for use. Butter a casserole and place the roe in it. Make a good cream sauce, using two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and a pint of milk. Heat the butter first in a frying-pan, add the flour, stir until blended, then pour in the milk, stirring all the time. Add a teaspoonful of salt and a half-teaspoonful of pepper. Boil up once. When ready to bake the roe, pour four tablespoonfuls of the sauce over it, cover and bake about twenty minutes. Then uncover, pour in more of the sauce and bake twenty minutes longer, basting frequently. At the last add the remainder of the cream sauce, heat thoroughly and serve.

Shad-Roe in Tomato Sauce COOK the same as for the cream sauce, substituting a tomato sauce in place of the cream. When making the sauce use one tablespoonful of flour with two tablespoonfuls of butter and two cupfuls of strained tomato that has been cooked with a small slice of onion and salt and pepper to season.

Roe Croquettes FOR croquettes, after the roes have been boiled and allowed to get thoroughly cold, take off the skins and break the tiny eggs apart with a fork. Have ready a rich cream sauce, made from two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk and one of cream. Season with salt, cayenne and lemon-juice. Add the prepared roes and let the whole mixture boil up a moment.

Stir in a beaten egg and turn into a shallow dish to cool. When perfectly cold, form into oval balls about the size of a walnut. Egg and crum and fry in smoking hot fat to a delicate brown. Drain on soft paper and serve with cucumber or sauce tartare.

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ONLY range made of charcoal and malleable iron. Malleable iron can't break—charcoal iron resists rust 300% greater than steel. Built on honor—of the best materials.

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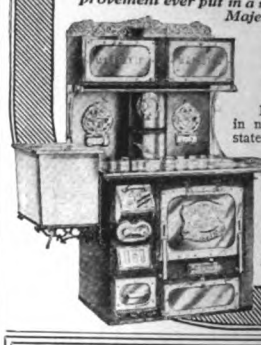

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You'll be astonished and delighted at the result! Every bit of dust and soil, greasy finger marks, etc., will vanish. A little more oil and a little rubbing, and mars, scars and stains will disappear. All the original beauty and lustre of the finish will be restored.

3-in-One contains no grease or acid to soil or injure. Has no disagreeable varnish odor.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

OUR NEWS BUREAU

HERE ARE ITEMS THAT WILL ARREST THE ATTENTION OF EVERY PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

WE HAVE thought best to confine our Wisdom of Many *to helpful suggestions, such as short cuts in housekeeping methods and the easiest way of accomplishing the thousand and one things that make up the sum of the housewife's work outside of the actual preparation of meals. One dollar each will be paid for available items, but none will be acknowledged or returned.*

Do You Run Your House by System?

TO BE a systematic housekeeper means to be a Jack-of-all-trades. An ideal housekeeper must know how to market, to cook, to wash and iron, to bring up children, to sew, to sweep and dust, to manage fires, to keep accounts and to nurse.

She must know what to do for croup, colds, burns, cuts, bites of insects, bruises and all small ailments. She may not have to do all these things all the time, but at any moment she may be called upon, without warning, to do one or all of them.

She must know how to market that her table be provided with proper food. She must know the amount of nourishment different food-stuffs will furnish.

The woman who does not know how to wash and iron must often put up with very poor laundry work. She who knows how the work should be done can direct an incapable worker so that good results are obtained.

There is always sewing to be done in a house, and much of it must be done by the mistress. Mending, buttons to be sewed on, a stitch here and there—the stitch that in time saves the nine. Sweeping and dusting come with each day, else the house is not in sanitary condition. There is a right and wrong way here, a hard way and an easy way.

Kitchen fires and furnaces have drafts and dampers that need to be understood or else disaster follows. Here the mistress must be the authority. Many a good dinner has been spoiled by a refractory range.

It must be admitted that many an expert housekeeper finds the keeping of accounts her greatest bugbear, but she will invent a system all her own and intelligible to herself alone.

How can there be perfect system where one person has to be such an encyclopedia of general knowledge?

A mistress blessed with good housekeeping judgment and a right amount of tact establishes a system to meet the requirements of her particular household. This system consistently adhered to oils the works of the domestic machinery and makes just the difference between a well-regulated home that invites enjoyment and suggests restfulness, and the slipshod household, where the mistress frets continually and wonders why the business of running a house is so exhausting—so irritating.

C. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Club-House for Household Workers

IN CINCINNATI the Household Workers' League, recently formed, provides a club-house with recreation and reception rooms and other comforts for women engaged in domestic work. The idea of the league is to uplift and dignify domestic service, and give it more of the opportunities found in other work. It is said that this is the first club in the country intended for purely domestic work. The Girls' Friendly Society, originally founded in England to look after working girls going abroad, includes many domestic workers among its members, and has already a vast field of usefulness in this country. Its management is vested in the Church of England in British countries and the Episcopal Church here, but its membership is nonsectarian, and many a homesick girl, far from home and friends, finds here her one real touch of homelike sympathy.

R. F. W., South Boston, Va.

Short Weights and Measures

WHILE New York housewives are greatly disturbed over Governor Sulzer's recent decision to abolish the department of Superintendent of Weights and Measures, as of "No more use to taxpayers than the fifth leg of a dog," the leading club women of Baltimore, widely awake to the need of some check on trade trickery, have started a stirring campaign in favor of such measures. This in cooperation with the City Department of Weights and Measures. The Home Economics Section of the State Federation of Women's Clubs began the agitation against short-selling dealers at a meeting of the Section early in the Winter.

Chief Inspector George A. Donoghue, of the City Weights and Measures Department, addressed a second meeting and told the club women how the housewives of the city can help solve the problem of short weights and measures. He advised each housewife to procure a pair of standard scales and to weigh every article as it came into the home. In this way, he said, evidence could be obtained against the merchants who sold short, and then the inspectors could deal with them for the city.

The club women accepted this suggestion, and for several weeks now the members of the Mothers' Club and the Home Economics Section have been testing all the groceries and meats brought into their homes. The city officials, who are always on the lookout for merchants who cheat in weighing or measuring, say that the interest of the women is having a very salutary effect upon would-be short-weight dealers.

Governor Sulzer of New York and his investigators take the position that, as there are cosuperintendents and city sealers, there is no need of a State Department, except to see that the law is carried out. They believe that this supervision belongs to the Agricultural Department.

The Department of Weights and Measures asked for an appropriation of forty-seven thousand dollars this year, and it is estimated that by abolishing it there will be a saving of forty-four thousand dollars a year. But meantime New York housewives deplore the fact that once again they are left to the mercy of unscrupulous dealers.

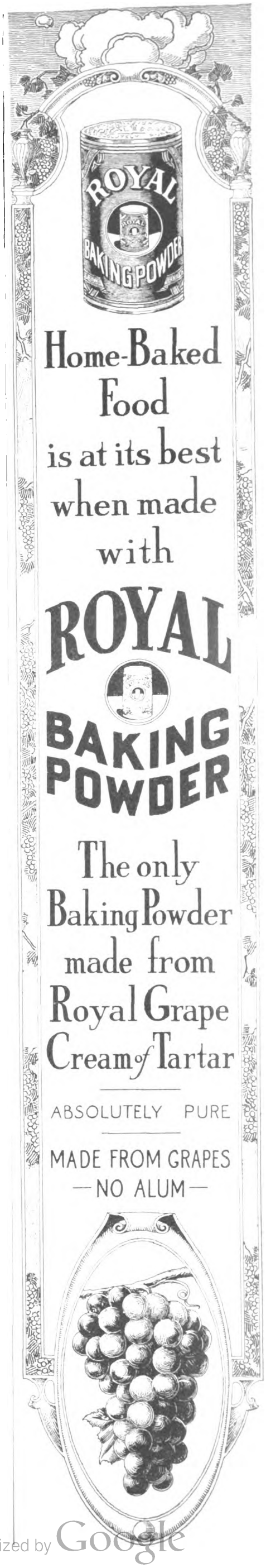
C. B. M , Baltimore, Md.

Wise Mothers, These

MOTHERS of our neighborhood lately banded together that we might work in unison for the advancement of our children. We fixed on a definite amount of work, both indoors and out, for the boys and girls, to be done as far as possible at the same time. The same arrangement was made in regard to piano practise. In this way the children work more contentedly. One mother each week selects some subject, with means of information, which could be made a topic of conversation in the homes. A workshop situated in a convenient location has been fitted up, and by each paying a small fee, instruction is given in metal and wood work.

The girls have a weekly cooking and sewing class, each mother in turn giving instruction. There is an exchange of books, magazines, music and games. Every week some one who keeps in touch with the school work reports progress to the other members.

E. B., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.



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THE MODERN CLUB WOMAN

WHAT CLUB LOYALTY MEANS

AND A FEW OF THE THINGS THE FEDERATIONS PLAN TO DO THIS YEAR

By Helen M. Winslow

Publisher of the Official Register of Women's Clubs

ON THE twenty-third of April there will gather in Washington, the national capital, what is known among club women as "The President's Council." This is a somewhat informal meeting held the "off-year" from the Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and often proves to be almost as interesting and quite as helpful as the larger Biennial.

This Council was not originally planned by the founders of the G. F. W. C., but was instituted, if I remember correctly, after the Denver Biennial, in order to give opportunity for the different departments and the presidents of G. F. W. C. clubs to confer together at a convenient time between the Biennials, on the various lines of work which were being developed at that time.

So popular was the very first of these Councils that they have been kept up ever since. They are, as already stated, quite informal—no delegates, no credentials. Every club member is welcomed, and there is a prospect that the Washington meeting will be only next in importance to the Biennial which comes next year to Chicago.

The program will consist mostly of conferences among the various State presidents, State G. F. W. C. secretaries and the many different departments of work in the national body. The meeting will continue over three days, with several social festivities, including a visit to Baltimore, thrown in.

As the meeting will follow directly the Congress of the D. A. R., which always comes during the week of April 19th, there is sure to be a large attendance, so many women being interested in both these important societies. The Chairman of the Council is Mrs. William H. Andrews, 1225 Fairmont Street, Washington, D. C.

Being a Good Club Woman

"JUST what do you mean by 'club loyalty'?" writes a reader of this department.

"When a question arises on which the State Federation does not agree with the General Federation, and desires us to act with the State rather than the General, regardless of how we feel about it individually, which has the first claim to our loyalty?"

This is hardly a reasonable question. Every State Federation belongs to the larger Federation and has pledged loyalty to that body. They are, therefore, bound to uphold and do uphold the work of the national body just so far as lies in their power. At the same time, the G. F. W. C. does not pretend to be an arbitrary power, nor to lay down laws governing every State and every condition.

It is conceivable that the G. F. W. C. might endorse work, or even legislation, as a whole that for some reason might not be advisable in every State. Each State Federation, therefore, must decide for itself how much of the national work is feasible in its own locality. As to a State Federation's attempting to dictate to its members about any attempted measure or line of work, "regardless of how they may feel about it individually," that is a question that has never come up, so far as we know; certainly no State Federation attempts to restrict individual opinion or action.

"Club loyalty" has been so much talked about and so well defined that there should be no need of defining it now. It consists in being a good club woman in every sense of the word. Laura E. Dunbar, the G. F. W. C. secretary for Maine, puts it this way:

"Being a club woman means more than responding to the roll-call. It means active participation in subjects of vital interest and importance. Whatever helps the individual benefits the home, and whatever benefits the home must aid in the great betterment of all mankind."

It is interesting to note that the Federations are, more and more, putting in time and effort into public causes. Social service, industrial conditions, legislative work, public service—all these phrases are familiar to club women interested in the vitally important work of the day.

In New York they have a Committee on Public Service who are doing splendid things. During the past year they have pushed legislation on the establishment of tuberculosis hospitals, the abolishment of the common drinking-cup, endorsed Federal movements for the preservation of Niagara, and the Children's Bureau. Among other things, they were active in work for cleaner bill-boards and the suppression of bill-boards depicting crimes.

They secured women probation officers in some of the cities and are still working for women policemen. At the annual meeting in November they endorsed the bill for granting "Home Maintenance" (widows' pensions) to mothers, and have worked valiantly for that measure. Among the things they are urging the club women of New York to do this year are the following:

1. Social Hygiene and its Relation to the Home.
2. Juvenile Courts and Probation Work—Women as Associate Judges in such Courts—Women Probation Officers.
3. Finance and Taxation in Reference to Public Institutions—Care of the Insane—Conduct of Almshouses, County Hospitals and Jails
4. Legislation and Legislators—Introduction and Passage of Bills—Power and Limitations of the Governor.
5. Municipal Ordinances: How Secured; How Enforced—Humane Societies—Women Police Officers for Protection of Children and Young Girls.
6. Immigration—The White Slave Traffic.

New York is only one of fifty State Federations, all of which are working for more or less of these aims. Mr. Hard is telling, from month to month, of the splendid work club women are doing in many States to improve the laws. Texas, Tennessee and several other States have bills pending now relative to better property laws, etc., which are being pushed by club women, and the State Federations in several States have voted to endorse and are working for the bills for widows' pensions. All these were endorsed by the G. F. W. C. last year at San Francisco.

This being May, when club program committees will be looking eagerly for help in outlining work for next season, we give more space than usual to them. Do not forget that we are furnishing individual clubs all the time with these outlines, asking only that the person writing us shall give some idea of the subjects to be taken up. Our service is given gladly, freely, for we want to be of even greater use to the women's clubs of America this year than ever before.

It must be remembered that THE DELINEATOR was not only the first of the great women's magazines to devote space to the work of women's clubs, but has given, in all, over ten years to such a department. We feel, therefore, that we have established so thorough and comprehensive a friendship with the club women of this country that they now feel free to come to us with all their problems, sure of our cooperation and interest. And if you can think of a better way in which we could serve you, write this department and say so.

We are having so many calls this year for programs for study on Women and the Law that we are giving one this month which can be modified to suit the conditions of any State or locality.

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You can be sound in body and mind; efficient, well poised, and

You Can Be Well

I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day in the privacy of your room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have **Reduced the Weight** of 30,000 women and have **Increased the Weight** of as many more.

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Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at *your best*.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as

Indigestion	**Sleeplessness**	**Headaches**
Constipation	**Nervousness**	**Weaknesses**
Anaemia	**Torpid Liver**	**Rheumatism**
	Catarrh	

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 53 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

Violet Mac Millan

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can be attained by "rose petal" methods, which means, *"Keep the skin young"* by keeping it *thoroughly clean* and well nourished—the pores open and the blood circulating. To do this, simply

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It cleanses. It reveals beauty, not makes it. It develops the *natural* complexion. Sempre is a scientific blend of purest imported oils, combined by a six months' laboratory process into a fragrant cake, daintily convenient in its direct application, and *very* economical. Try "Sempre" today.

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Two iron plates, joined; 10-inch diameter. Chutes on under side diffuse heat; intervening air-chamber equalizes it. Separating fire from cooking utensil, prevents scorching or burning food. Heats flat-irons uniformly. Inverted pan over plate, bakes potatoes in 30 minutes, biscuits in 6. Makes moist brown toast. Saves worry, utensils and 50 per cent. fuel. Prepaid $1.00. Agents wanted.

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The Premier Hull	$1.00	$1.50
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The Superior Hull	2.00	2.50
The Imperial Hull	2.50	3.50
The Sterling Hull	3.50	5.00
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HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA CO., Toledo, Ohio

THE MODERN CLUB WOMAN

WHAT CLUB LOYALTY MEANS

Woman under the Law

1. What are the duties of a husband under our State laws? What are the duties of a wife? Has a wife any direct claim to any part of her husband's income? Can she have anything to say about how it shall be invested or expended? Can she expect anything more than support? Shall she have a right to money of her own? What can she do, if he fails to support her in accordance with his means?

2. Can he buy or sell property without her signature? Can he borrow money or give a note without her signature? Can he sign away his salary or wages without her consent? If he refuses to support her or their family, what can she do about it? How far does the law compel him to support his family?

3. If a man deserts his family and leaves them destitute or without means of support in this State, is it, in the eyes of the law, a felony or a misdemeanor, or nothing but disorderly conduct? How far and in what way can he be punished? If he is crippled or an invalid, what does your law say about the wife's working to support the family? How far does the law consider that a woman who stays at home and looks after her house and her children is doing her share toward the maintenance of a family?

4. If she fails to attend to her home and family duties, has her husband any legal cause for complaint? Just how far does the State consider a wife equal partner with her husband in property, in home management, in her children? What has your State done about providing pensions or allowances for widows with dependent children and without other means of support?

5. What States have laws allowing widows' pensions? What States are agitating that subject now? How do the laws, variously called "widows' pensions," "mothers' compensation acts," "home maintenance laws," "subsidies for widowed mothers," etc., work out in Illinois, Missouri, California, Colorado, Ohio, and other States where they are being tried?

6. How far is the wife an equal guardian of children with the father? In case of desertion, which parent can claim the earnings of minor children? In case of the education or property rights of minor children does the mother have equal voice with the father? Exactly how far is the authority of the mother recognized by the courts in your State?

7. If the father is immoral and has a decidedly bad influence over children, what can the mother do? If the case is reversed and the mother is bad, what can the father do? How far are father and mother equal guardians?

8. What are the property rights of a wife in this State? Can she manage her own property or business? Can she claim her own earnings? Can she control her own property? Can she sell or lease property, or he either, without the signature of the other?

9. What are your "homestead laws"? What are your dower rights? What States have "community laws"? How far can either will away property from the other? If the husband dies without a will, how is the estate settled? What are the wife's rights in this matter? If the wife dies without a will, what are her husband's rights? If there are no children, how far do the rights of inheritance go?

10. If our laws regarding women are not as they should be, what shall we do about it?

Reviewing what we have gone over, what needs to be done? How shall we go about doing it? What women have brought about reforms in this line? What has THE DELINEATOR accomplished during its two years' campaign?

Books That Will Help

"Woman and the Law," by George James Bayles.

"Laws Concerning Women," compiled by Charles A. Enslow.

"Some Ethical Gains Through Legislation," by Florence Kelley.

Write your own State secretary at your State House, asking for copies of laws relating to women in your State.

THE DELINEATOR of May, 1912, published a complete list of books and pamphlets relating to the subject in twelve States. Look it up.

A Good Miscellaneous Program

I. Roll-call. Musical Quotations. Paper, MacDowell, illustrated by piano selections. Folk-songs. Medical inspection in schools.

II. Roll-call. How we spent our vacation. Edward Payson Weston and pedestrianism. The "Suffrage hikes." The horseless age, bicycle, motor-cycle and automobile. Readings: "The One-Hoss Shay" and "Darius Green and His Flying-Machine."

III. Roll-call. Current topics. Evolution of the steamboat. Mastery of the air. Compulsory education in this State. What shall we do with our girls?

IV. Roll-call. Proverbs. The Emmanuel Movement and New Thought. Salvation Army work in England and America. The Religious renaissance. The Children's Bureau at Washington.

V. Roll-call. Do I want to vote? Social settlements. The white slave traffic. The suffrage cause in England and America. Jane Addams and Hull House. Frances Willard and temperance.

VI. Roll-call. Famous sayings. The conquest of the arctic seas. Mountain-climbing. Annie Peck and Fannie Workman as mountain-climbers. Modern heroes. The Montessori Method.

VII. Roll-call. Our favorite hobbies. A talk on Fletcherism. Fantastic feminine ways. Esperanto and the spelling reform. The latest ideas in healing in modern medicine and surgery.

VIII. Roll-call. Conundrums. Story of the telephone. Marconi and the wireless. The to-morrows of electricity and invention. Edison. Radium.

IX. Roll-call. Maxims. The White Plague. Technical education in America and Germany. Public playgrounds and parks. What is forestry doing for the public?

X. Roll-call. Current events. The Panama Canal. The Catskill Reservoir. Irrigation works in the West. Modern bridge-building.

XI. Roll-call. Anecdotes. Modern philanthropy. Helen Gould Shepard, Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Russell Sage, John D. Rockefeller. What others?

XII. Roll-call. Favorite quotations. Chaminade, music and sketch. Interesting women: Mary Baker Eddy, Helen Keller, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

New books specially recommended to club women: "Bergson's Creative Evolution" (Henry Holt & Co., Publishers, New York).

"The Montessori Method," by Maria Montessori, translated by Anne George (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., Publishers, New York).

"A Wayfarer in China," by Elizabeth Kendall (Houghton, Mifflin Company, Publishers, Boston).

For study with eugenics or for young people, the following from Forbes & Co., Chicago. The Lowry Books (sex-education fit for the young to read). "Boy Wanted," by Nixon Waterman; and "Girl Wanted," same author.

LULLABY

By Reina Melcher Marquis

LIE close, my sweet, against my breast!
Lie sheltered close and warm;
My arms shall fold you into rest
And keep you safe from harm.

LIE close, my sweet, lie close and cling
With hands that reach my heart!
You lovely gift of love who bring
To me the better part!

THE highway's very fair to roam;
It runs both broad and bright;
But oh, for me the fires of home
And you to kiss good night!

LIE close, my sweet, until the day,
Against your mother's breast;
For life has many a happy way,
But love is always best!

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OUR BOOK DEPARTMENT

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

MR. HARD DISCOVERS "THE MOST IMPORTANT AMERICAN BOOK ON WOMEN'S WORK" AND MR. HAMILTON RECOMMENDS TWO STORIES

Fatigue and Efficiency

THIS book (the most important one ever written in the United States on the work of women) does not touch home life at all. The reason why it does not do so is worth noticing.

The lesson of the book is that every person who works must have periods of complete rest and must have them often. The tired person is a poisoned person.

While work is being done, certain poisons are being sent from the muscles into the blood. After a while the blood becomes so full of these poisons that further work is impossible. The animal that drops dead in its flight from the hunter dies not of heart failure but of poisoning.

When, after work, the body is allowed to rest, the poisons in the blood begin to be sent off from the body through the lungs and through other organs. Until this cleansing of the body has been accomplished, there is a let-down in the power of the body to do efficient work.

The home woman who gets up early in the morning and works without any periods of repose till late at night is keeping herself in a condition of being poisoned all the time and of being comparatively inefficient all the time.

This fact has come to be recognized in the workshop, but not in the home.

Mr. Frederick W. Taylor experimented with a workman who had been loading twelve and a half tons of pig iron on a freight-car in the course of each work day. This man was working hard all the time. Mr. Taylor taught him to increase the number of tons which he handled each day from twelve and a half to forty-seven and a half tons, not by working harder, but by resting more. He was to work at the same pace as before, but for only about a third of the time. He was to have much rest, but for four times as much.

Some day somebody will bring these facts into touch with home work—the work which employs more women than all other kinds of work put together. Any woman who will read Miss Goldmark's book will long for that "sometime" and that "somebody" to come.

The scientific study of fatigue is bringing greater efficiency and better health to people who make coal and gas ranges in factories. Why not to people who operate coal and gas ranges in kitchens?

Fatigue and Efficiency, by Josephine Goldmark. (Issued by the Russell Sage Foundation.) $3.50. W. H.

Jean-Christophe

SINCE novels first began to be written there have been few more remarkable than this. In the original French it has just completed its appearance in ten books. This volume, number one of the three that contains its translation into English, includes the first four of them. It is the beginning of the life-history of Jean-Christophe, a musical genius. It takes him from the night of his birth in the German town where he spent his youth, to the time of his flight, as a young man, to Paris.

It has the ample dimensions of some of the old novelists, with a depth of inwardness and a scientific thoroughgoing quality that save its amplitude from diffuseness and concentrate all the surrounding forces of life upon the budding life of the hero in the most searching, illuminating picture of childhood,

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OUT OF THE LETTER-BAG

WHAT WILL YOU DO

TO ABSORB YOUR INTEREST AND FILL THE VACANCY WHEN THE HOME NEST IS EMPTY?

WHEN I read in your most excellent magazine about the mothers of forty whose children, growing as they never realized they would and suddenly leaving them to try their own wings, as they never even dreamed *their* children could, I thought with a gasp: "Why, that's just exactly like me!"

I, too, am lonely and heart-hungry and groping in the dark with unaccustomedly idle hands and bewildered, tired, all but hopeless brain; and one may be all this without the slightest disloyalty to even a good husband, for, however good he may be, he is usually apparently unable to understand why a mother, suddenly bereft, should take it so to heart.

"Surely the children are all right and getting on in the world. What more could any reasonable being ask? And surely she has him!" Of course, and let us hope she is duly grateful for her mercies.

But he has his business, his clubs and his various outside absorbing interests, while to her is left the yawning closets, the empty, tidy rooms, the smooth beds and the terribly silent house that to her sad heart has almost ceased to be a home.

SO I READ those letters with greatest eagerness. These dear women are like me, and yet so different. To have found oneself! One's independence! One's talent! That indeed makes life of interest and of great value. But are there not some others more like me? Just plain, ordinary women whose only talent lies in home-keeping and in motherhood? Who can not play or sing or write, and who, perhaps, are without money enough to pursue the studies they might enjoy, and yet with too much to be allowed to work for their daily bread.

These are the women who need the sympathy. And yet there is hope even for us and that hope is in work. We may not be allowed, or even have the desire, to go into an office or out into the world to earn our way; many of us, even with the desire strong, are unable to manage this without too great a struggle with the powers that be: and yet I believe there is work for each and every one of us. It is idleness that kills; work that saves.

LET me tell you what we can do. We can give a smile, a helpful, cheery word, sympathy and kindliness to all with whom we come in contact. That's the hardest work in the world sometimes. Next, we can make the very best of what we have and are, gathering inspiration from nature and good books, though they may at first seem too far off to be real friends; but it will only be at first.

After that, we can look around for more. Let us begin in our own rooms, our own houses, our own gardens, our own neighborhoods and our own churches to do the little that comes in our way, walking humbly and trustingly, "doing with a will what our hands find to do" and making the world a little better and brighter and sweeter because we are in it.

Isn't this worth while? It may not be talent or genius, but it certainly "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It shortens the days and makes them full of interest—human interest. It soothes the sorrowful, comforts the mourner, strengthens the weary and despondent. It's the greatest thing in the world, next to love, and it brings love.

I am sure that if we begin now to carry out these rules our lives will be filled with brightness and blessings for us and for others, and that the more we live the more thankful and happy we shall be, and the more eagerly we shall study this simple, old-fashioned gospel of honest, healthful, life-giving *work*. M. W. H.

I AM one of those women to whom the paragraph entitled "A Mother, Then What?" was addressed, and it struck me with the force of a blow, for "then what?" is the problem that is filling my thoughts just now. I believe I have solved it. Shall I tell you about it?

Both my children, a girl of sixteen and a boy of eighteen, are off at college for the first time. Now what must I do with my life, with these hours of activity, when mind and hands must be engaged in something, since their old vocation is, in a measure, taken away?

Hands that have been so busy for eighteen years now find time to be idle. Household duties that once seemed endless have now shrunken until one-fourth the usual time will accomplish them all. The constant chatter, the violin and piano, the croquet and tennis courts, the work-shop in the rear of the lot—all are quiet now.

This is the vision that comes to me: The children come home for their first vacation; the same loving mother meets them; the same loving children greet her; a personal inspection of everything is made; personal experiences are exchanged, home interests are discussed, then what?

Do they have just the faintest suspicion that mother is getting old? Not gray—those gray hairs were there before they went away, but is she not getting "old-timey," or "old-fashioned," or "behind the times?" Talk does not come as easily as it used to, and why?

Their minds have not been running together of late. They have been out in a world where "progress" is the slogan; they have been under influences calculated to broaden and develop them, and mother has stood still. They have been progressing, and that at a rapid rate, and are "up to date," from the latest invention to the latest football news and the most popular ragtime. They have simply grown out of mother's life, and she has failed to try to prevent it.

This is a "vision," as I say; a hypothetical case, but how true, how easily true, it might become, and probably is in thousands of cases, and my whole soul revolts, and cries out: "It must not be so! It shall not be so!"

"Then what?" Heretofore I have helped them with their problems and their theses, their history and their music, and now I will not be left out of all of it just because a few hundred miles separate us. Just because James is a sophomore in a Southern school of technology, under military discipline, he will find his mother has brushed up her trig, and her chemistry, and he will find no stoop to her shoulders, nor lack of interest in her eye.

JUST because he has been in touch with learned men who keep up with, and discuss with him, the current events and news of men of national importance, just for that reason must I carefully read the daily papers, keep in touch with all that is making history, and be ready, as of yore, with an opinion of my own.

Already my daughter is commencing her letters, "Ma chere mère," and it has sent me to find my French books. Heretofore I have corrected her in her music and now she is making such rapid strides in the favorite study that I find my sentimental resolution not to touch the piano gives place to a resolution not to let her get ahead of me.

There has always been such a "chummy" feeling between James and "mither," and such a bond of loving sympathy between "mother dear" and Inez, and now it must not be broken by having them grow out of my knowledge as well as my life. So "then what?" means, with me, study, progress, keep up with the pace I have set for them. MRS. M. W. B.

Mothers of the Nation, Be Glad!

Our babies—who were dying one in six—are staying with us now. Their cheeks are dimpling with health because we are learning how to keep them well.

We are learning slowly this—the alphabet of baby health—that the Mother's milk is best; that cows' milk is for calves, not for babies; that germs lie in milk bottles—that the only substitute for mother's milk must be so like mother's milk that baby feels no change.

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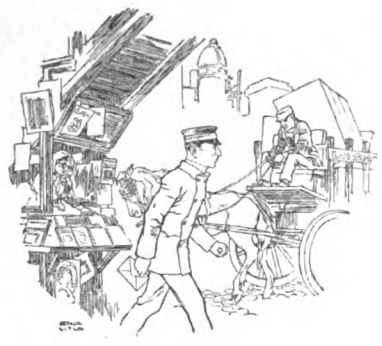

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WHY AND WHEREFORE

THE SOCIAL END OF IT

A DEPARTMENT TO HELP OUR READERS IN SOLVING QUESTIONS OF GOOD FORM

Conducted by Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Editor wants you to consult Mrs. Kimberley whenever occasion arises in your social life. There will be no charge, but if you wish a personal reply enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

SEVERAL months ago there came to the United States an English lady who is a walking blue-book of etiquette. For many years she has taught the small princes and princesses and other titled children across the sea how to behave. On her arrival in this country she said very sweet things about our little boys and girls—that they dressed well, possessed beauty and were sufficiently intelligent, but she added that they did not know the first thing in the world about being civil.

She told us sadly, sympathetically, that young America could neither walk gracefully, sit correctly, nor shake hands as it should be done, while as for bowing—Miss Palliser termed what we call polite bows "brusk nods."

This professionally courteous English lady who told us these bitter truths, which we guessed already but refused to confess to ourselves, added, however, in extenuation, that she was quite sure our young people were not consciously rude; they simply did not know any better, which is not a happy thought for us, of the older generation, to ruminate over.

"Young America must learn repose," Miss Palliser said gravely. "There must be an end of giggling and fluttering and fidgeting. She must learn to sit correctly without looking rigid; to hold her shoulders back without becoming as stiff as if she were made of cast iron; to shake hands cordially and yet strive to eliminate the too athletic grip; and last, to bow gracefully, easily; not as though she were a cow."

The visit of the English etiquette lady was fraught with discouragement for us. The only thing left for us grown people to do, it seems to me, is to pocket our pride and mend our ways and teach young America by example, until she will become as famed for her deportment as she is now for so many other things well worth while. If we are to believe half that is told us of our grandmothers, they were models of grace, while "noblesse oblige" was their eleventh commandment.

TO L. C.—Your letter is one of several dozen that I have received recently asking to be told the order in which the bridal procession enters the church; therefore, no matter who says that romance is on the wane, I have positive proof to the contrary.

At church weddings the clergyman enters first, from a side door or the vestry. He is followed by the groom with his best man. The groom stands facing the congregation as he awaits his bride. The ushers advance up the aisle two and two; after them come the bridesmaids in pairs, walking the distance of three pews apart. The maid of honor enters alone, immediately preceding the bride, who comes last, leaning on her father's arm.

At the chancel the ushers divide, half of them going to the right and half to the left. The bridesmaids do likewise. As the bride draws near, the bridegroom advances to meet her and taking her right hand leads her before the clergyman. The bride's father stands a few steps behind her, and after the question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" has been asked and he has given his consent by placing his daughter's hand in the clergyman's, he quietly takes the place which has been reserved for him beside the bride's mother.

TO J. V.—I think a linen-shower is much more fun when it is very informal, than otherwise. The invitations may be in the form of cordial notes, or if you prefer you may simply invite your guests over the telephone. Only the most intimate friends of the bride are usually invited.

One way of presenting the gifts is to place them within a flower-trimmed white parasol, which is suspended by the handle over the dining-room table. After the luncheon is over the bride-to-be pulls a ribbon attached to the point of the parasol and the gifts are emptied upon the table. Another device is to fill a flower-covered basket with the gifts and have two children, picturesquely dressed, bring it in and present it to the guest of honor.

The little book "Weddings and Wedding Anniversaries," which I have mailed to you, contains other suggestions that you may find more artistic and unusual.

TO L. E.—The bride or her mother usually informs the ushers what their duties are to be at the wedding. They should be very certain to reach the church fifteen or twenty minutes before the doors open and the guests arrive. Head ushers inform themselves of all the details. They inquire if the organist has come, assure themselves that the lights, decorations, and so forth are all right. They determine the number of pews that are to be reserved for relatives of the bridal couple and arrange the ribbon across the aisle. If ribbon is not used to indicate the seats set apart for the family, the ushers familiarize themselves with the names of those who are to occupy the seats of honor, and are very careful to reserve a sufficient number of pews to accommodate them. Relatives of the groom are shown to the right of the center aisle, and those of the bride to the left.

TO C. B.—A bride always waits for her friends and neighbors to call first upon her. After returning their calls, which she should do promptly, she frequently gives some kind of entertainment—a tea, luncheon, or dinner—in order to return the courtesies that have been extended her. If you have gone to a new place to live since your marriage, you should be particularly careful about returning your first calls, and expressing your appreciation to those who have invited you to their homes. Any delay in this matter will be construed into meaning indifference and lack of friendliness on your part.

TO K. M.—Introductions may be as formal or as informal as you wish to make them. It is quite correct to say: "Miss Malcolm, I should like you to know Miss Reed." Or, if you want to avoid emphasizing either party's name, you could simply say: "Mrs. Gibson, this is Mrs. Bennett."

A gentleman is, of course, always presented to a lady. And when introducing two men or two ladies, the name of the younger is usually spoken first.

TO C. A.—Wedding-gifts are sent to the bride as soon as the invitations are received, generally within two or three weeks of the day mentioned for the marriage.

Intimate friends of the bride and groom, however, do not wait to receive their invitations before sending gifts, but do so as soon after the announcement has been made as they wish.

TO B. R. T.—You should enclose the card sent with your wedding-gift in a small envelope. After a wedding reception you should call within ten days or two weeks.

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THE HOME IN ITS MAKING

WHEN YOU BUY WALL-PAPER

CONSIDER THE ROOM AND THE USES OF THE ROOM IN WHICH IT IS TO HANG

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

THE many letters that come to this department are answered personally, but if in your letter to me or my letter to you there is an idea that will be of help to a number of women who are making their homes more efficient, more comfortable and more beautiful, we reserve the right to print that idea on this page. Comment and criticism, new ideas and old ones, will be welcomed. R. R. G.

I AM so tired of pink-rose wall-papers with carefully scissored and scalloped borders in bedrooms! The nicest thing about roses is that they aren't prim and careful, and they do not repeat themselves. I am sure we should all grow frightfully tired of them if we had every petal in replica.

But the color of the rose—that is different. That we may take for our own and enjoy. When I was a little girl we called soft pink "pink," and that dreadful candy-pink that is so vulgar we called "pank."

Rose color is as different from pink or pank as orange is from canary. I always think of them as pinks and panks now, the pleasant and unpleasant tones. Rose is a young girl's own color.

Another good pink is the shade the Chinese use so much in their porcelains, and the English use so much in their chintzes—a deep pink with a hint of gray in it. I have used a plain paper of this Chinese pink on the walls of a bedroom that had many windows and very little wall-space. I used a bird of paradise chintz, with much of the same pink, and all the hues between that and wine color, and spots of dull blue and black as relief in the design, for furniture coverings and curtains.

Of course no pictures were used on the wall. The chintz was too gay to admit pictures. It required the plain pink spaces, otherwise it would have been "busy" looking with so many distracting decorations.

Gray and Tan

THESE are good wall colors, but they absorb the light most extravagantly. I like brown walls when they are paneled wood, but usually brown is not a pleasant color in paper.

There is a dark tobacco-brown paper (Japanese of course) that is lovely in texture, soft and changing and shadowy, and not very expensive, but the ordinary brown papers are coarse and dirty looking. A cool tan is much pleasanter.

Gray papers are charming in south rooms. I saw a wonderful room lately with walls covered with gray Japanese grass cloth, woodwork stained a silver gray, and ceiling covered with that silvered Japanese paper that is so indescribably lovely.

There was much color in the room, in small things, but the effect of it was as refreshing and cooling as a group of silver birches in a deep wood. You could shut your eyes and *feel* the color.

Brown and buff and cream and tan have been the well-bred friends of home-makers for years, but gray has just recently come into its own. Gold papers are sometimes good, when they are made by Orientals, but domestic gold paper usually has a greenish tinge, and blackens unpleasantly with age.

A room with one of these tarnished papers has the effect of plated tableware when the silver has worn off—it tempers your pleasure.

The gold-leaf and silver-leaf papers of Japan are very beautiful, and are much used by artists for covering ceilings and screens and occasionally for walls, but gold-leaf papers must be used with discrimination, and the hangings used with it must be carefully chosen.

Think Twice About Blue

BLUE is the nicest color in the world, the heavenly color, but it is not for walls. It is too precious a color for large spaces. Blue hangings and porcelains, and gray or tan or cream or buff or sage green walls, and rugs with rose and more blue—you could make hundreds of color plans with blue as the dominant color, but it isn't necessary to spread it out on your walls. Blue-and-white figured papers are all right, for then there is more white than blue, and a bedroom with such a paper and white woodwork and furniture and muslin curtains would be as sweet as a Spring morning. Blue when used as a house color should always be a soft gray blue or a darker Chinese blue. Baby blue is a feeble color for decorative purposes.

Green and Red

THEY have been so long and so badly misused that I'd rather say, do not use them at all, than give any advice that will lead to the perpetration of further misdeeds.

Green we love because Nature loves it so, but we bring greens into our houses that Nature would not tolerate. The strong greens and the strong reds are best left outdoors. There Nature takes care of them, and masses other greens with them.

But for interiors we had best use the derivatives of these colors, and use the pure greens and reds only in embellishing soft-toned backgrounds. In a sun-room or a room with many windows you can use an amazing amount of green, but it must be the right green.

The outdoor greens are only suitable for sunshiny rooms that are to be treated as outdoor rooms. For interiors blue-greens and bronze-greens and sage-greens and black-greens are best. They should be used as blue is used, with some softer color for background.

Yellow for Good Cheer

YELLOW is the pleasantest of all wall colors. Books have been written in its praise, of its aristocratic influence in city drawing-rooms, of its sunshiny atmosphere, of its smiling suggestion of prosperity. You could not get very gloomy in a room with walls of warm yellow. But—there are yellows and yellows! I once knew a man who protested that blue was blue; you couldn't get away from that!

Now every woman knows that blue is a most versatile color; it is a hundred things, pleasant and unpleasant, but you can not mix blues recklessly and expect harmony.

Yellow also has to be handled with careful thought and consideration. If it has a creamy tone, it is suave and gracious, just the color for a painted wall that is to be broken into large paneled spaces by narrow molding.

If it has a rosy tone, it is delicious enough to eat, smiling and gay and full of the cheer of sunshine, and the proper color for the walls of the family living-room. If it is deeper, with a leaning toward orange, it will be superb in a darkened north room, with heavy brown furniture and much cream paint and muslin and an occasional splash of coral red, or flame red, as you prefer.

Green yellow is ugly and depressing, like a sour smile. I have seen canary yellow used with mauve and gray in a French wall-paper, but I should not like to live with it. Sulphur yellow is also ugly. It would make any one pessimistic.

Orange, pure and simple, is a magnificent color, but it should be used sparingly. Too much of it is distressing. A cream bowl of orange flowers and green leaves against an orange-yellow wall—that is one of the things that makes one appreciate the gift of eyes!

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Makes Old Things New

THE old saying is, "There's nothing new under the sun," but that old saying was made up before there was any JAP-A-LAC in the world.

JAP-A-LAC makes old things new and it makes them beautiful.

There's nothing like JAP-A-LAC for

beautifying old porch furniture, baby carriages, picture frames, hat racks, baseboards, beds, bookcases, desks, chandeliers, cupboards, floors, (whether hard or soft wood), garden seats, iron brackets, linoleums, etc., etc.

JAP-A-LAC adds years to the life and wearing properties of woodwork, furniture, floors, etc.

JAP-A-LAC is easy to use and it is a pleasure to use it, aside from the fascination of seeing an old, worn and shabby-looking object renew its beauty under one's own hands.

JAP-A-LAC is made in all colors—10c and up.

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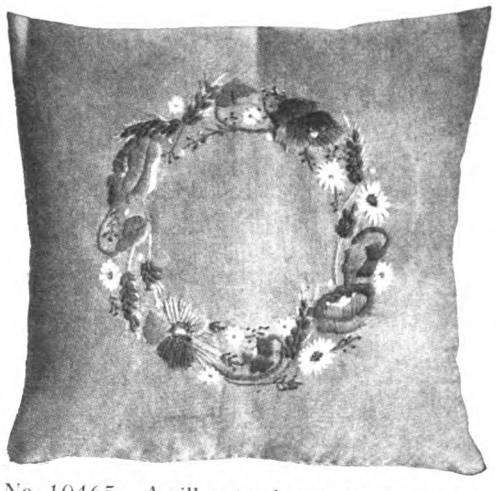
TRIMMINGS AND LINGERIE

[*Continued from page 380*]

The pillow is developed in wools and silk floss. No. 10465 is a wreath of poppies, wheat sprays and daisies. The background is in old blue, although brown, écru or a medium shade of green combine equally well with the colors of the embroidery. The thread required is two shades of poppy pink for the large flowers, blue and white for the daisies, brown for the wheat sprays and green for the stems and calyces of the poppies. A tapestry wool is used for these parts of the design, in a loose satin-stitch. The spacing of the stitches is less close than in the usual satin-stitch, and in the poppies the outlines are treated in an irregular manner to suggest the ragged petals of the flower. Aside from the wool several skeins of silk floss will be necessary. The centers of the poppies consist of a pale green bulb surrounded by yellow stamens with a French knot of black and white combined. The centers of the smaller flowers are yellow surrounded by three black and white knots. A medium shade of green is necessary for the grasses, and the projecting lines on the wheat are in brown silk corresponding in shade to the wool used for the grains. One skein of each color of silk will be sufficient. The wool can be also procured by the skein, and one skein of each color is necessary. If the crewel or tapestry wools are not procurable, Shetland floss or fine Germantown yarn can be substituted.



No. 10465. A pillow top for wool embroidery. Price 15 cents

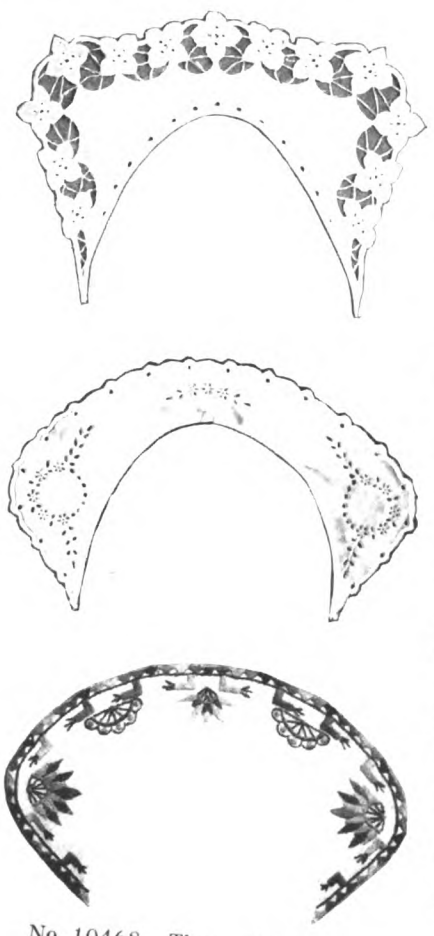
Five-eighths of a yard of wool rep, linen, crash or armure is sufficient for the background. The design is No. 10465.

Pattern No. 10468 is for three collars in Roman cut-work, eyelet and Bulgarian embroidery.

The first collar can be developed in Richelieu embroidery as well as in Roman cut-work. The essential difference between these two forms of embroidery is that the former is an overcasting stitch, as in eyelet-work, whereas the latter is worked in a buttonhole-stitch. Where laundering is frequent and where the object is subjected to considerable wear, the Roman cut-work is perhaps more satisfactory. The purl edge of the buttonholing, coming at the outside of the design, is stronger than the wrapped threads of the Richelieu embroidery. Medium-weight or handkerchief linen can be used as a background.

The material is first basted to a piece of oilcloth or heavy cardboard and the flower-like figures are buttonholed, care being taken that the purl edge comes at the outside of the figures. The inner line, running around the edge of the collar, must be buttonholed on both sides. To do this, one side is buttonholed, the stitches being placed the width of the thread apart. The work is then turned and the other side is buttonholed, the stitches falling in the spaces left open by the first line of work. The material between the figures is now cut away up to the purl edge of the buttonholing and the cross-bars, which consist of spanning threads closely buttonholed, are inserted. The dots in the flowers and around the neck outline are treated as eyelets. Marking cotton No. 20 or 25 in white is suitable for this work.

The second design is for eyelet embroidery, although satin-stitch can, of course, be substituted. Cotton crêpe or voile, while not so satisfactory as backgrounds for Richelieu embroidery or Roman cut-work owing to their tendency to pull, can be used very effectively for this work. The edge is buttonholed and can be raised, if desired, by a single row of chain-stitching along the outer edge. If this is not used the outer line should be run, although both are not necessary. Marking cotton No. 20 or 25 is suitable in this case also.



No. 10468. Three collar designs. Price 15 cents

White is customary in eyelet-work, or, for that matter, in almost any open effect, but a very dainty collar can be made by doing the eyelet-work in blue in a Delft shade, and buttonholing the edge in white.

The collar at the bottom of the page is arranged for Bulgarian embroidery. The small geometrical figures are each embroidered in a separate color, as are the triangles at the edge. Some of the figures have portions to be outlined and there is a row of outlining above the triangles at the border. If the solid work is padded it might be well to use French stemming on these parts instead of the usual outline stitch. This consists of a thread laid along the surface and overcast to the material by means of tiny satin-stitches.

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Whatever Your Figure—whether slender, medium or stout

there is a DeBevoise style that will improve your lines and make your corset and gown fit you more stylishly and becomingly. Worn in place of a corset-cover, the DeBevoise does all that a corset-cover can do and much more.

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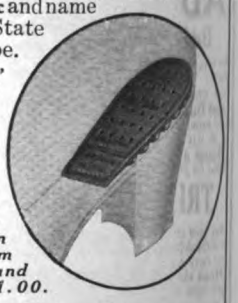

"Soft Spots" Combined Heel and Arch Cushions take the place of the old steel arches—weigh but half—self-conforming—are worn in comfort from the start, and cost but $1.00.

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Extra Gowns and Hats with Diamond Dyes

Why not have some extra gowns and hats this spring?
The styles this season are so simple that you can easily make any of them at home.

This Gown on the Left

The charmeuse dress you wore last spring can easily be made into a gown just as pretty. Dye the material one of the new spring shades.
Cut down the brim of one of your old summer hats—use some of the silk in the dress and a bunch of flowers for the trimming.

This Gown on the Right

Take your last summer voile dress—dye it a delicate lavender shade and trim it with buttons covered with material like the gown. For a hat to match use any straw, face it with black velvet, and dye a yard of satin ribbon lavender for the trimming.

Diamond Dyes

Mrs. R. L. Lee of Boston writes:

"I often wonder why my friends don't have more gowns. Few dresses are really worn out and they can always be made over and given new life and beauty with Diamond Dyes.
"With the aid of Diamond Dyes I have many extra gowns, waists, hats, collars, etc."

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk come in **Blue** envelopes. Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods come in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.
There are two classes of fabrics: **animal fibre fabrics,** and **vegetable fibre fabrics.**
Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.
Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, **and another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric.
REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.**
AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.**
Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package

1913 Diamond Dye Annual Sent Free

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc.
Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you this famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth, Free.
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Do you want to educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, dress better than you can now afford? Then do as thousands of other women are doing—make money selling the world famous **Fibre-Silk** Hosiery and Underwear in your home town. No experience necessary—we show you how. **Fibre-Silk** goods cost less, wear better and last longer.
The World's Star Knitting Mills, established in 1895, are the largest in the world manufacturing and selling knit-goods direct to the consumer. Thousands of customers, all over the U. S. are buying **Fibre-Silk** hosiery and underwear direct by mail or through our special agents.

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Extra light weight gauze, with high spliced heel and double sole and extra long pearl top. The ideal stocking for summer wear—adorns and beautifies any foot. Made in black, white, tan, slate, helio, royal blue, wine, pink and light blue—Sizes 8 to 10½. Sent postpaid **Parcel Post.**

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Fibre-Silk stockings for Men, Women and Children have a soft, silky, beautiful lustre; feel delightfully comfortable and pleasing; **wear three times as long as ordinary silk;** fit snug on ankle and are absolutely free from seams and lumps of every sort. The famous **exclusive** PEARL TOP insures perfect fit and comfort to stout and slim alike.

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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

DESIGNS FOR BORDERS

AND ONE OF THE NEW SLEEVELESS COATS

Waist 6109

DESIGN 6109 is for a ladies' surplice waist which is suitable for flouncing, bordered goods, stripes and other materials. It has body in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves, may be bloused or drawn down and be with or without the peplum at a regulation or slightly raised waistline. A French lining is in high or French round neck. It may be made separately or attached to a skirt.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-half of bordered material twenty-seven or more inches wide, with one-half yard eighteen inches wide for a yoke facing, will be required for the waist with shorter sleeves and peplum.

Design 6109 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

AS THE one-piece drapery in skirt 6110 has a straight lower edge, it enables one to drape the beautiful new bordered materials. It has plaits stitched at the top for a short distance or falling free, and a slightly raised waistline. The three-piece foundation skirt measures about one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge in medium size. The design may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of bordered material forty-five inches wide for the drapery and skirt facings, with two yards and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide for a foundation skirt will be required.

Design 6110 may be obtained in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

SLEEVELESS coats are being shown in charmeuse, moiré, chiffon and lace as chic separate wraps. A design for one is given in design 6112, which, however, includes sleeves for those who may care to use them. It is in thirty-one-inch length at the back, may be bloused or drawn down and have either of two styles of peplum at a slightly raised waistline. The fronts may be closed or rolled open and the collar may be in either of two outlines at the back.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material forty or forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat with the three-piece peplum and without sleeves.

Design 6112 may be obtained in sever sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6110 6109 6110

THE dress in design 6135 consists of a surplice Russian blouse-waist, bloused or drawn down, in high or open neck and with full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves attached below the shoulder, with or without a body lining or the fancy collar, and an attached three or four piece skirt in clearing length, with slight fulness at the slightly raised waistline in back and a width of one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge. The three-piece peplum may be used or not.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide for the skirt, shorter sleeves and bands to trim, with two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide for the waist, will be required for the dress with four-piece skirt and peplum.

Design 6135 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6135 6112 6135

FABRICS that have style woven into their very warp and woof. Made by the American Woolen Company—approved and recommended by authoritative fashion creators.

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No. 2 D 901
$1.00

2 D 901. A Fetching Waist of sheer white washable Voile with front daintily embroidered in self color. Down center of front are pretty insertions of crochet lace and at each side are tucks to yoke depth and two full length tucks as pictured. Waist fastens invisibly under box-plait in front. Collar is of white voile exquisitely embroidered in contrasting color and trimmed with inserted panel of voile to match embroidery. Cuffs which finish the three-quarter tucked sleeves are of colored voile to match collar. Pretty colored voile bow at neck. Back of waist has three clusters of fine tucks. Comes in white trimmed with Nelrose or Copenhagen blue. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. **$1.00**
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No. 2 D 902
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2 D 902. A Chic Waist of sheer white Lingerie. Front is elaborated with full length clusters of pin-tucks combined with insertions of shadow val. lace. In the center the waist is daintily embroidered in self color with Grecian embroidered edge set over an insert of colored voile which is trimmed with crochet buttons. The stylish Robespierre collar and the cuffs on the three-quarter sleeves are of colored voile and white embroidery to match front. Short tucks finish each shoulder in front and the back is designed with six clusters of pin-tucks. Tie of colored voile is included. Waist fastens invisibly in front. Comes in white with trimming in Nelrose or Copenhagen blue. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Special Price, Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us **$1.00**

No. 35 D 904
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No. 2 D 903
$1.00

35 D 904. Dress of sheer white washable Voile. Front of waist embroidered in self color and adorned with insertions of rich Filet lace, tabs of voile in contrasting color and small black satin buttons. Center of front shows a cluster of pin-tucks, and at each side an insertion of thread lace. Collar is of voile in contrasting color embroidered in white. Three-quarter sleeves trimmed with wide Filet lace insertion, and deep tunic or overskirt is edged with Filet lace and is embroidered to match waist, the panels being bordered by insertions of shadow val. lace. Lower part of skirt shows embroidery framed by val. lace and in the center of front a piece of colored voile is set in, over which are points of embroidery and tiny satin buttons. At lower edge there is a wide insertion of Cluny lace. Back of waist is finished with clusters of tucks. The girdle is of black silk velvet ribbon, and the little tie effect at neck is of velvet ribbon. Dress fastens in back. Colors: white with voile trimming in either Nelrose or Copenhagen blue, and girdle and tie in black velvet ribbon. Regular sizes 32 to 44 bust measure and skirt length 40 inches, also to fit misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust and length 38 inches.
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2 D 903. Tailored Shirt Waist of mercerized striped Japonika Silk with pretty silk Jacquard dots woven through the fabric. This material is a mixture of silk and cotton and will wear and wash splendidly. Waist has plain shirt back and is plain in front where it fastens through a box-plait with pearl buttons. The turn-down collar and the cuffs are of self material. Sleeves are three-quarter length. Pretty Japonika silk Windsor tie to match color of stripe is included. Comes in black and white or navy blue and white stripe. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. **$1.00**
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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

YOUR SUMMER HAT

SMART MODELS FOR HOME MILLINERS

Ill. A. In lingerie materials trimmed with flowers

HATS of broché, corded silks, satins, silk and cotton ratines and corded cottons can easily be made with the help of a good pattern and trimmed with feathers or flowers (Ills. *A* and *B*) or with the rabbit's ears and pump bow provided in the pattern.

In making the hat of any except the soft lingerie materials the crown must be interlined with soft crinoline. Lay the pattern on your material with the large double perforations lengthwise and cut out the hat with sharp shears. Cut an interlining of soft crinoline from the crown pattern (piece 1). The outer section of the brim (piece 2) is cut from the hat material, and the under section (piece 3) may be the same or of a contrasting material. Cut both of these pieces with the edge having the large triple perforations on the fold of the goods, and mark the line of small single perforations on the outer brim. (Ill. No. 2.) The brim should be interlined with capenet, which may be bought at any dry goods store or milliners' supply shop for about fifteen cents a yard. Cut the interlining by piece 4 of the pattern, laying the edge with large triple perforations on a fold of the capenet.

Mark the working perforations with tailors' tacks, using thread of one color for marking all the small perforations on the entire hat and thread of another color for marking all the large perforations so that you will have no difficulty in distinguishing the large and small perforations when you come to put the hat together. Also mark the line of large double perforations (the cutting line) in the crown. They will help you find the center front later. If you expect to use the trimming pieces provided in the pattern, mark the small triple and double perforations on the crown.

If your crown is to be gathered instead of plaited, it will not be necessary to mark the plait perforations, which are the large and small perforations near the edge of the crown.

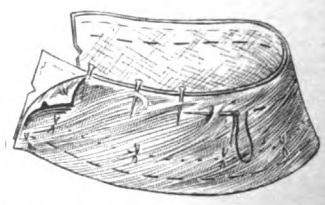
THE CROWN—Baste the crinoline to the wrong side of the crown. (Ill. No. 1.) The gathered crown is gathered on two rows of gathering threads: one run three-eighths of an inch in from the edge and the other one-quarter of an inch in from the first one.

For the plaited crown, bring each small perforation over to a large perforation to form a plait (Ill. No. 1) and baste the plaits in. There are fourteen of them.

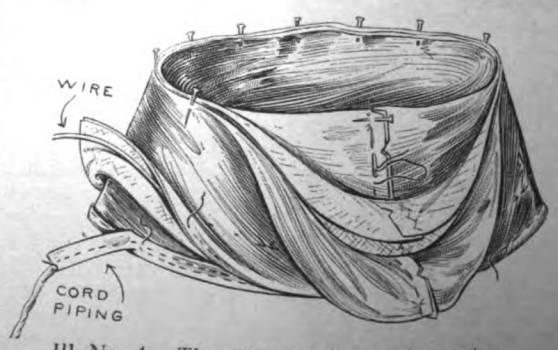
THE BRIM—Cover each side of the brim interlining with soft crinoline. (Ill. No. 2.) Arrange the interlining under the outer brim section with the upper edges even. (Ill. No. 3.) If your brim is to be rolled, the interlining must be tacked to the brim at the line of small single perforations. Tack it with very fine stitches taken rather far apart. It is not necessary, however, to do this tacking if your brim is not to be rolled.

Ill. No. 1. The crown lined with crinoline. Laying the plaits

Ill. No. 2. The capenet brim interlining is covered with soft crinoline



Ill. No. 3. The outer brim section and its interlining



Ill. No. 4. The outer and inner brim sections and the cord piping

Seam the ends of the outer brim with the notches matching. The ends of the interlining may be lapped three-quarters of an inch and sewn flatly with catch-stitching instead of seaming them. (Ill. No. 4.) Seam the under section of the brim also (Ill. No. 4), and pass the seams of both sections across the covered face of a warm iron to press them open.

Turn the outer edge of the outer brim (piece 2) over the interlining one-half an inch, and sew it down about one-quarter of an inch from the fold edge with fine running stitches, inserting a piece of milliners' wire, of medium size, in the little tuck thus formed. (Ill. No. 4.) Use wire of a good quality that is not too firm to be supple. If you use stiff wire and it becomes at all bent in making the hat, the edges of the brim will have a dented appearance.

Turn in the outer edge of the under brim three-eighths of an inch and baste it.

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$3.75

HERE is a $3.75 Cawston Ostrich Plume just as it will appear on your hat. It is 17 inches long, of rich beauty, and of Standard Cawston Quality, trademarked and guaranteed for a year against defects.

We can now offer this Plume at $3.75 because of our increased facilities. We have never before offered a 17-inch Plume for less than $6.00.

The time has come when you should get Cawston Plumes to be sure of lasting beauty and quality. The Cawston trademark and guarantee protect you. We are discarding thousands of plumes to live up to our guarantee to you.

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Our repair factories produce wonderful results by re-dyeing, re-curling, adding new stock, creating new shapes. On the hat shown above you see an ostrich feather band which we made up, at small cost, from old feathers. Mail us your old plumes and we will estimate the repair cost.

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2 oz. 22-in.	1.75	2 oz. 24-in.	4.00
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3 oz. 24-in.	3.45	2½ oz. 28-in.	6.95
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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

YOUR SUMMER HAT

[*Continued from page 396*]

THE CORD PIPING—For the cord piping, cut from the material used for the under brim a bias strip one inch wide and the length of the wired brim plus three-eighths of an inch at each end for seaming. A piece of soft cotton cord about one-quarter of an inch in circumference is used for cording or "stuffing" the piping.

The cord piping is used on the outer edge of the under brim as shown in illustration No. 4 on page 396.

Seam the ends of the piping together, press the seam open and tack an end of the cord to the center of the piping over the seam, leaving an end about one inch beyond the seam. Fold the piping through the center lengthwise, and sew it about one-eighth of an inch in from the raw edges, sewing the cord in with the little tuck which you are making. The cord must lie easily along the piping, so that it will not draw the edge of the hat when applied. When you have sewed in the cord around the brim to about two inches from the point from which you started, cut the cord, allowing sufficient length to lap the ends about one inch. Fray or loosen the ends a little and bind them together with sewing cotton. Fraying the ends makes the them soft and prevents bulging where they lap. Then finish the piping.

Baste the piping to the wrong side of the outer edge of the under brim, keeping the sewing line in the piping and the edge of the brim even.

Lay the outer brim on the under brim with the outer edges of both even, and pin the two portions together as in illustration No. 4. The two portions are sewn together at the outer edges with slip-stitches set very close together. Do the sewing from the upper side of the brim and let the stitches that catch the under side be very small.

Now turn the inner edge of the outer brim section in three-eighths of an inch and baste it. You will have to snip it frequently to make it lie flat.

Ill. B. In cotton broché, with a feather at the back

PUTTING THE CROWN AND BRIM TOGETHER—Set the crown under the outer brim section, three-eighths of an inch in, with the center back of the crown and the seam in the brim matching. Baste the crown to the brim. (Ill. No. 5.) Then sew it with fine stitches from the wrong side and sew the edge of the under brim over the seam.

Roll the brim back in the line of the tailors' tacks, unless you prefer your brim unrolled as shown in the back view. If you decide to leave it unrolled, I would suggest trimming it with plaitings or ruffles to soften the rather plain line which the unrolled brim forms around the face.

THE LINING—Cut a lining of batiste, mull or fine silk, using the crown as a pattern.

Ill. No. 5. The crown on the brim

Ill. No. 6. The rabbit's ear and wire

Ill. No. 7. The ear

Ill. No. 8. The pump bow

Gather the edge, arrange it inside of the hat and sew the edge over the seam, joining the crown and the brim. Now your work begins to look like a real hat.

THE TRIMMING—For the "rabbit's-ear" trimming pieces, cut from the hat material or a contrasting material two sections each of pieces 5 and 6. Mark the double perforations in piece 5 and the triple perforations in piece 6. Sew the two sections of each piece together on the wrong side. Press the seams open with a warm iron, over the padded end of a broomstick.

Take a piece of milliners' wire twice the length of each trimming piece and bend it in half. Draw the ends out the width of the lower edges of the trimming pieces. Tack the center top of each trimming piece to the top of the wire securely so the wire will not slip. (Ill. No. 6.)

Turn the trimming pieces down over the wire and coax the edges out in pretty curves with the handle of your scissors. Tack the wires securely to the sides of the trimming pieces at the lower edges, draw these edges in a little and bind them with a strong thread. (Ill. No. 7.)

Bind the two trimming pieces together at their lower edges and tack them to the hat at the perforations and lower edge.

Fold the piece for a bow (Ill. No. 8) and sew a cross piece (piece 8) of the material over its center.

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It will give you long, beautiful lines and absolute comfort during hot weather. The boning is light in weight, ventilative and perfectly flexible. Being non-rusting and non-breakable (guaranteed so), perspiration will not harm it. It washes perfectly, so that no matter how hot the weather, your corset can be kept always sweet and clean.

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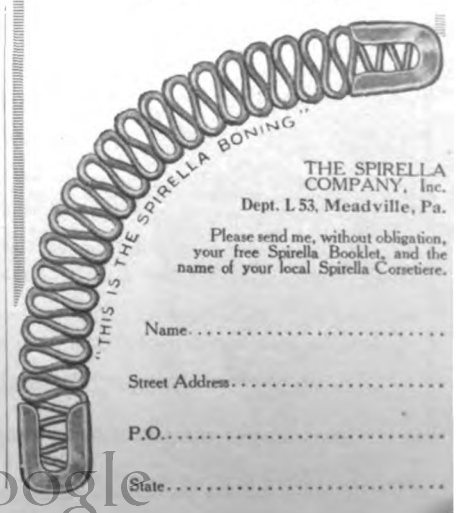

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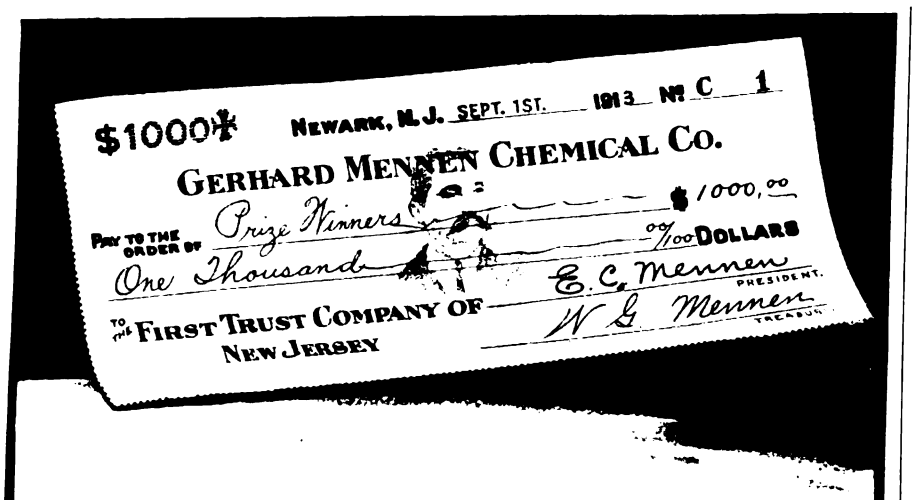

190 opportunities to make money

Turn your experiences into cash

IT was only thirty years ago that Gerhard Mennen perfected the first Borated Talcum Powder, and the first closing sifter top tin can and started, in a small way, to provide women with a more practical and satisfactory powder and means of using it, than the old-fashioned rice and starch powders, and "starch bags."

Today there is so much Mennen's used, and for so many different purposes, we can scarcely keep up with the demand. We want to know how all of this talcum powder is being used, and are willing to pay the amounts given below for valuable experiences from users. Can you tell us either

a new use that has developed for Mennen's—a new occasion when it was particularly valuable—some new complaints for which your doctor recommended Mennen's—or anything which you think will help other women to get greater use and more benefit from their packages of Mennen's.

Or can you tell of any interesting experiences in connection with Mennen's; out-of-the-way places you have found it; famous babies it has been used on; well known hospitals or physicians who recommend it, etc.—anything of news value or interest to users of Mennen's, regarding our product.

Your answer may cover any one of the several or all of these points. It may also cover either the use of Mennen's Borated Talcum, Violet Talcum or Flesh Tint Talcum.

One Thousand Dollars in Cash

1st prize	. .	$100	$100
Two prizes	. .	50 each	100
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and three special prizes of $100 each for the best new uses for Mennen's Borated Talcum for babies.

Special Notice to mothers, nurses and doctors

We are especially eager to have new points regarding the value of Mennen's for babies. Being borated and medicated, Mennen's has properties not found in ordinary powders. We are therefore offering *three special prizes of One Hundred Dollars* ($100.00) *each* for the three most valuable new uses for Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder for babies.

The Three Conditions

1st English, writing, neatness, etc., will not count. All answers will be judged from the value of the suggestion or news, selecting the 190 experiences which we think will prove of most *service* or *interest* to users of Mennen's.

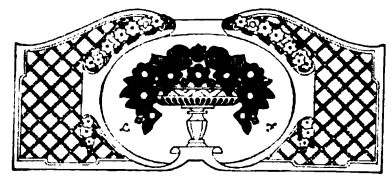
2nd All answers will belong to us, but no names will be published without special permission.

3rd All answers must be absolutely sincere and must cover your own actual personal knowledge—not something which you have *heard* about Mennen's, but something you *know* to be true.

Contest closes September 1st, 1913
Prizes will be awarded Oct. 1st, 1913

It is not necessary to write us for any further particulars. Simply follow this announcement, and address your answers to

William Gerhard Mennen, Personal, 16 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.



NEW CRINKLES

CRÊPE WEAVES IN SILK AND COTTON IN VOGUE FOR THE COMING SEASON

THE new materials that are being shown in the shops are strong in their emphasis on the crêpe weave. The new crêpe satins with rather a heavy crinkle are wonderfully beautiful and very supple. Shantung has come into popularity again in a Canton weave that is produced in exquisite colors. It lends itself admirably to a very vivid shade of shrimp pink, a color that is hard and flat in certain materials, but very beautiful in the soft, slightly *mat* surface of shantung. There are also some very lovely broché crêpes among the raw silks.

The cotton crêpes stand first in popularity among the thin cotton fabrics, and there are some charming patterns in flowered crêpes and crêpes printed or embroidered in the new Cubist colors and designs.

SUMMER jackets are very much cut-away in front on the line of the eton or bolero. The eton is used in many of the new suits and dresses, but the little cut-away coat is particularly good in a broché or matelassé material with a skirt of a plain texture. When a plain material is used for the entire suit the jacket is frequently lined with a gay chintz or flowered silk, which is also used on the facing of the cuffs and collar. The lighter chintzes on the order of the Jouy calicoes will be used for little separate coats over skirts of white wool faille or satin. Delightful little sleeveless jackets, that make no promise of protection but which are most effective over lingerie dresses, are made of taffeta and trimmed with little old-fashioned box-plaited ruches.

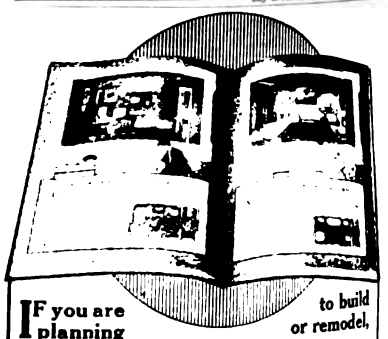
THE girdled hip is a step Eastward in the new fashions that are generally working toward Japan. It has been said that the French dressmakers have agreed to adopt the Japanese costume as the working basis for their Summer models, but one sees little that is really Japanese aside from the kimono sleeve and drop shoulder. In the meantime the nearer East of Bulgaria and the Balkan States is responsible for the long-waisted blouse and coat, with its wide sash dropped to the hipline. This type of blouse and coat is becoming very popular with young girls and slender women.

THE new colors that are being combined in many of the Summer dresses are the hard, brilliant shades of yoke-of-egg yellow, apple green, red, purple and magenta. These colors are used successfully in wool embroideries on cotton crêpe and voile and against the dark backgrounds of printed silks and foulards.

THE prospect of a rise in temperature is influencing the small hat and the long sleeve. The hat that fits the head closely is having a tremendous vogue, but for Summer fêtes and garden parties milliners are showing adorable "flats" of leghorn with low, round crowns of forget-me-nots and rosebuds and long streamers of dull-blue velvet ribbon.

THE absolutism of the long sleeve will be broken in a few weeks' time, when our hot weather begins in earnest. Many of the new dresses and suits are being shown with sleeves that end between the wrist and elbow. In waists some of the shorter sleeves are fitted to the forearm, but in coats the shorter sleeve is always rather wide at the bottom.

PARIS mannequins and actresses have taken up the black pump worn with white silk stockings—a fashion that goes back to the "pattens" of 1830. In some cases they even accentuate the similarity by lacing their pumps across the instep and ankles with narrow black satin ribbons. This buskin or *cathurne* type of slipper is being shown over here in the Fifth Avenue shops for evening wear, but so far it has not been seen with day gowns.



IF you are planning to build or remodel, you need **our 100 Page Book, "Modern Bathrooms,"** which we will be glad to send ***FREE*** for 6 cents postage. It illustrates many complete bathroom interiors ranging in prices from $78 to $600; gives detailed costs and floor plans; shows equipment for the modern kitchen and laundry; suggests decorations, etc.—and, in fact, is a complete and authoritative guide to the requirements of a sanitary and beautiful home.

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BITS OF NEWS FROM UP-AND-DOING WOMEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

WE WANT news of the latest things in domestic science, of the books that will help us most, of new methods and ideas in local housewives' clubs, news of the cooking and housework world in general, and we invite all our readers to contribute. There will be no recipes nor household hints printed in this department. One dollar each will be paid for available items, but none will be acknowledged or returned.

Teach Children to Honor the Flag

AN ORDER lately issued by Brigadier-General John J. Pershing in the Philippines to his army is well worth passing on to our own American citizens who are notoriously remiss in paying respect to the flag. The following suggestions are well worth attention:

"Children should be taught to assume the required position of respect toward the flag, and should learn from their own parents the full meaning of this fundamental lesson in patriotism. A rigid observance of the outward expression of devotion and honor to the national emblem and the national air is enjoined upon all persons, in the knowledge that the reverential attitude will be to him who inherits allegiance to 'The Star Spangled Banner' a benediction, and will bring to the alien who comes under its protecting folds a new hope and new inspiration."

E. J. M., Palisade, New Jersey.

Women Physicians for Girls' Schools

THE School Voters' League of Boston has started a campaign to have women physicians appointed for the girls' schools of that city. Many parents have objected to the examination of their daughters as required by the Board of Health of that city in the public schools. This examination included chest and heart inspection and examination, and the girls were subjected to the ignominy of partially disrobing at the direction of young male doctors. The labor unions, women's clubs, many medical associations, teachers' associations, as well as the parents of the girls, are all indorsing this very simple and plain demand of modesty and justice.

MRS. M. S., Dorchester, Mass.

Beacon Hill Girls Studying Home-Making

A GROUP of young women in Boston lately carried out an experiment to ascertain at what expense good, nutritious food could be furnished for a family of eight persons a week. They not only planned their meals and kept exact account of the cost, but they also figured out the food value of all they ate so as to get proper nutrition. The girls, though daughters of wealthy parents, are resident students of The Garland School of Home-Making at Beacon Hill, Boston.

These girls, by actual, careful buying, cooking, eating and figuring, found out that they could live properly on fifteen cents a day apiece. They also discovered that it took the most careful planning to do this and that it cost five cents more, or half as much again, as a similar experiment did two years ago, thus proving by disinterested and professional opinion that the cost of plain living—mere existing—has risen in cost.

Very little meat was used. Fish, beans, stews, soups, constituted the heartier articles of food. Even in cereals the cheapest was chosen. It is admitted by the students that the head of a large family could hardly be expected to give the time they gave to care and preparation, and that few families could be found where eight people would all agree on a menu. Still the experiment was helpful, since it proved the increase of one-half, or fifty per cent., in cost of foods, and showed that the most scientific bill of fare will cost a goodly slice of the average man's salary.

MRS. E. E. K., Upham's Corner, Mass.

The "Small Town" Problem Solved

THE little town of Bluffton, Ohio, boasting but two thousand inhabitants, has solved the "small town" problem in a manner which might easily be copied by others of its kind. Every woman in the town is a member of the School Social Center Club. No dues are enforced, but a collection is taken up every month. The following committees are hard at work: library, music, art, domestic science, program, entertainment, recreation, social, civic, enforcement of laws, health, hygiene and philanthropy. A reading-room has been opened, the book-shelves of which are made by the boys of the town under the direction of a local carpenter. The art committee has secured the services of an artist to teach the boys stenciling and clay-modeling. All such services are rendered, free of charge, by busy men and women. The entire town is enthusiastic over the new woman's club.

M. B. B., Columbus, Ohio.

Men Taking Up Women's Work

FROM England comes word that men are taking up "tatting," the favorite form of ornamental needlework practised by our grandmothers; also knitting. An English peer started the fashion, declaring at a public meeting that he knitted his own socks and found the occupation more quieting to the nerves than playing solitaire. Then at Surbiton, while a week of rain kept the men from their usual out-of-door amusements, they watched the women placidly "tatting" until as a joke they, too, began to learn. Soon all the men at the house-party began to learn, and now it is no infrequent sight to see men—for the custom has spread—tatting in the underground railway on their way home.

In Boston the firemen have taken up the work of knitting shawls. This not only occupies the idle hours that often drag, but brings them in substantial pecuniary returns. The idea came, they say from Oakland, California, where the fire department has become noted for its shawl output. The shawls are made in all colors, on frames six feet or six feet five inches square. When finished they are cut from the frames, and the elastic quality of the woolen yarn, of which only the finest is used, makes the finished shawl a little under five feet square. The firemen have been told that the shawls they make would be worth ten dollars or more in any store. Rivalry has arisen between different companies as to the beauty of their shawls and the speed with which they can be completed, and there is talk of holding a department "shawl exposition," with prizes for speed and excellence in the work. T. P., Boston, Mass.

For a Sanitary Garbage Pail

A NEW method of caring for garbage has been tried in a section of Boston. Closely fitted into the garbage can is an oiled paper bag into which all the refuse goes. The bags are removed by the garbage-collectors at each visit, leaving the can perfectly clean instead of in a condition favorable to the breeding of flies.

The method has been tested by authorities on economic entomology and members of the sanitary department of Boston, and is endorsed by the Woman's Municipal League.

MRS. G. B. C. R., Arlington, Mass.

The Food that Builds Rugged Children

Thousands of youngsters ask for Heinz Peanut Butter every meal. Just because of its delicious flavor.

Parents have a deeper reason for wanting them to have it.

Children's food must go into *growth*, as well as satisfy appetite.

They need *protein*. And

HEINZ Peanut Butter

is rich in this valuable element. Little folks revel in it while it builds them up.

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57 Varieties

And grown folks rival children in demanding Heinz Peanut Butter. Many housewives use it for cooking and for the table. Fine for luncheon sandwiches. Get a jar today.

Have You Tried the New Heinz Spaghetti?

Real Italian Style—with that delicate, *finer* flavor—the piquancy and richness of the dish as served in the most famous restaurants of Italy. Better even than best home-made. Appetizing —digestible—nourishing. Prepared in a jiffy.

Others of the famous "57": **Euchred Pickle, Chili Sauce, Vinegars, Tomato Ketchup, Baked Beans, India Relish, etc.**

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under the beds, the tops of doors and high furniture. Everywhere. It gathers all the dust and dirt and gives a high, hard, durable lustre and polish.

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puts an end to back-breaking bending and stooping and getting down on your hands and knees to dust, clean and polish hardwood floors. No more hard rubbing or doing the same work twice. The O-Cedar Polish Mop dusts, cleans and polishes all at one time.

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Try the O-Cedar Polish Mop at my risk. If it is not perfectly satisfactory in every way, your money promptly refunded. Price complete $1.50. Sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not at your dealer's.

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STOLTZ STUDIOS

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

TIPS FROM CONNECTICUT

THESE RECIPES WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT NEW ENGLAND HOUSEWIVES KNOW HOW TO COOK

OUR Connecticut grandmothers as well as our mothers, sisters, aunts and cousins have always been noted for their culinary economies. Everything that comes on their tables tastes delightfully, but there is no waste; no unnecessary lavishness. Simple dishes well cooked but always daintily served are the sign manual of Connecticut tables. Dakota cooks, North and South, will next take the floor, and tell us some of their favorite dishes.

Connecticut Ginger Cookies

ONE cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of shortening, two eggs well beaten, one scant teaspoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a little salt and six small cupfuls of flour. Stir the ginger into the sugar to prevent lumping. Cream the shortening and sugar, stir in molasses, then beaten eggs. Dissolve the soda in a very little warm water (not hot) in the bottom of a good-sized cup, add the vinegar to this; let it foam well, being careful to hold the cup over the cake bowl, as it is likely to foam over. Add this to the dough, stirring well; and lastly add the flour, which should be well sifted before measuring. I have said "six cupfuls of flour," but it is not always safe to go by this measure, as there is quite a difference in flour. Try less. My rule would be to use just as little as you can and still be able to roll it out. Make the dough very soft, so that you can only handle part of it at a time. Flour your board or marble, take a small portion of the dough (never over half) and roll out very carefully, without trying to lift or turn it, and do not try to roll it too thin. Three-eighths of an inch is a good rule. Cut out the cookies and if they are right they will be too soft to handle with your hands. I use my pancake turner to lift them on to the well-greased pans. Bake in a rather quick oven, watching them well to prevent burning. My husband says they are "The best ever," not even excepting those that "Mother made."

A. B. H., New Haven, Conn.

Chicken Ringroast

CUT up one chicken for boiling, and boil until nearly done. Scrape all the meat from the bones. When cold pack solidly into a ring shape, holding together with a cloth pinned around. Put this in a pan for roasting and fill the center with a dressing—chestnut or any kind preferred—and over all pour slowly all of the chicken gravy that will be absorbed. Then pour over a quart of rich milk. Roast, using the milk for basting. Serve the gravy formed with it.

E. A., New Haven, Conn.

Creamed Eggs and Pimentos

FOR six hard-boiled eggs cut in slices allow a cupful of white sauce, one Spanish pepper chopped, one slice of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped celery leaves or parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a small dash of pepper. Add the chopped parsley, onion, pimento and seasonings to the white sauce, and last lay in very carefully slices of hard-boiled eggs. Cook until the ingredients are thoroughly heated and serve on toast or toasted crackers.

S. F. B., Hartford, Conn.

Eggs à la Connecticut

MIX two tablespoonfuls of butter with two of flour in a chafing-dish. Then add slowly, so that it becomes perfectly smooth, a quart of milk and cream mixed. When this is boiling hot and begins to thicken, season with pepper and salt and drop into it, without breaking, the yolks of as many eggs as are desired. (This quantity will take ten or twelve eggs.) Cover the top with grated cheese and put the chafing-dish lid on. Let boil until the eggs are thoroughly cooked. Serve on hot toast or crackers.

C. V. H., New Haven, Conn.

Compressed-Yeast Bread

TO EACH quart of lukewarm wetting composed of equal portions of sweet milk and water, add a teaspoonful of salt and two compressed-yeast cakes dissolved in about three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Then stir in flour with a spoon until the dough is stiff enough to be turned from the mixing bowl in a mass. Knead well, adding flour until it ceases to stick to the fingers or molding-board; then put in a well-greased earthen bowl. Brush the surface lightly with melted butter to keep it from crusting over, cover the bread with a towel, set to rise, and let stand three hours at a temperature of seventy-five degrees. Form into loaves, put in bread-pans, brush with melted butter as before, cover and let rise again, one hour at the same temperature, then bake. This will always make good bread if the directions are strictly followed.

S. E. S., Stamford, Conn.

Connecticut Chop Pickle

THOROUGHLY wash one peck of cucumbers (large or small or both), and cover with one-half cupful of salt. Let stand overnight and in the morning pour off excess brine. Put into an enamel saucepan with one quart of vinegar, a teaspoonful of pepper, cinnamon, allspice and cloves (ground), and a quarter-pound of white mustard-seed. Cook slowly for two hours. This will keep in open jars, although I cover mine with wax as for jelly.

MRS. F. E. L., Norwich, Conn.

Banana Pudding

SLICE two large bananas thin and sprinkle sugar over them, letting them stand two or three hours until they become saturated with their sirup. Make a custard of one quart of milk heated to boiling-point, to which add four eggs beaten with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of corn-starch. Turn the custard over the bananas, and frost with the whites of two eggs beaten with sugar, and brown lightly in the oven. Serve cold.

J. M. K., Quinebaug, Conn.

Fancy Salad

PREPARE a pineapple by cutting slices straight across and removing the core with a core-cutter, or purchase canned pineapple which will be cut in this manner. As this is to be served on individual dishes, chill bleached lettuce and place a large leaf or several small ones on each plate. Lay a slice of pineapple upon the leaf and fill the cavity with thick mayonnaise. Use English-walnut halves to garnish the pineapple around the edge. On the extreme edge lay broken bunches of Malaga grapes.

F. M. P., Stamford, Conn.

Home-made Marshmallows

TWO tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin thoroughly dissolved in six tablespoonfuls of cold water, two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of boiling water. Boil until it forms a stiff ball in water. Pour over the gelatin and beat hard for at least twenty minutes. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla or essence of peppermint as preferred, and pour into a buttered pan which has been dredged with corn-starch. When entirely cold, cut into squares and roll in powdered sugar.

F. M. P., Stamford, Conn.

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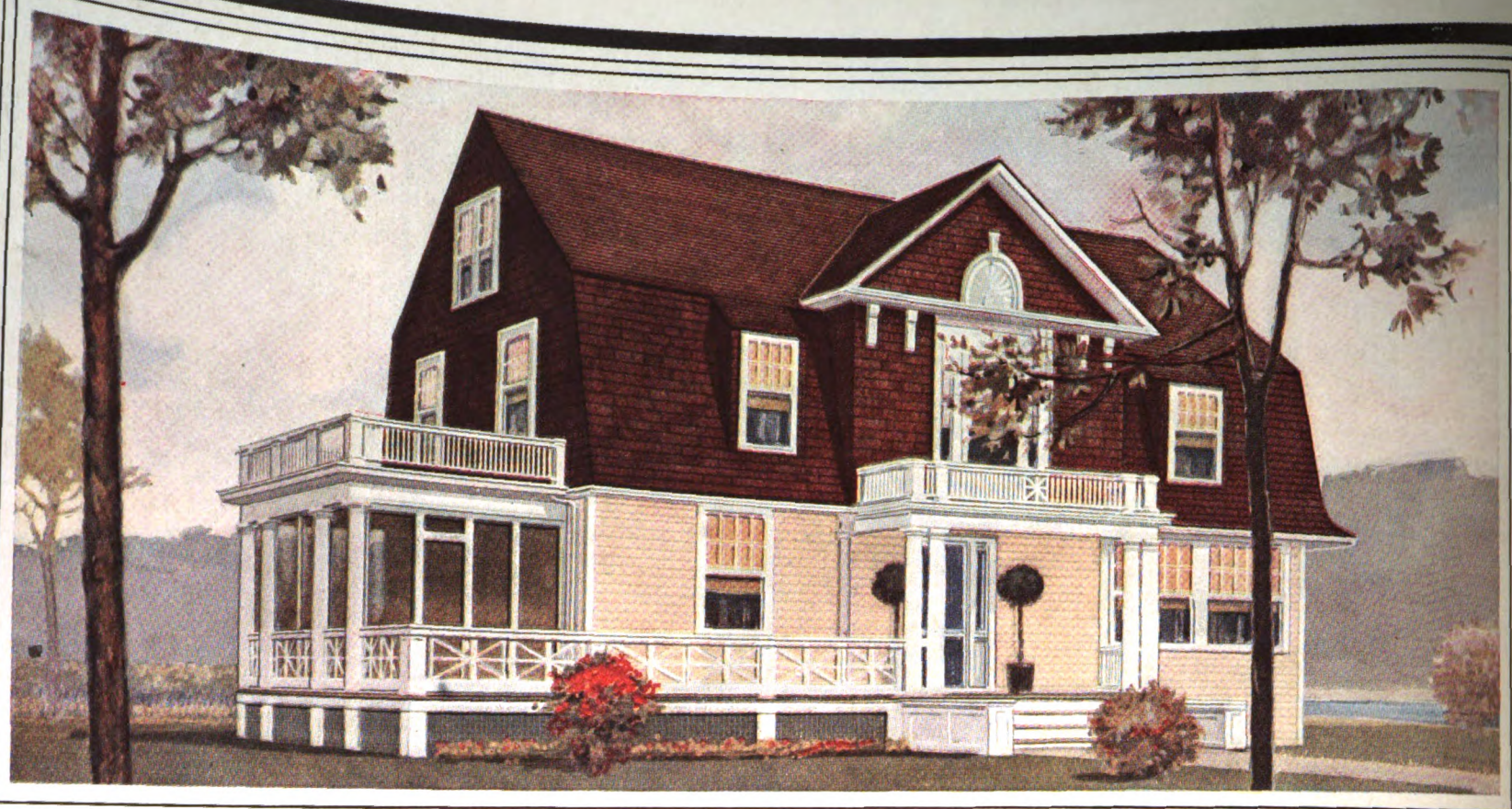

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OUR DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

THE EASIEST WAY

JIM AND BESSIE KNEW THEY'D FOUND IT WHEN THEY SPIED THE ELECTRIC WIRING IN THEIR KITCHENETTE

By Louise Boynton and Georgia Boynton Child

NOTE—This article is based on tested data and information supplied by the Housekeeping Experiment Station at Stamford, Connecticut.

WHEN Jim and Bessie went to housekeeping on eighteen dollars a week they soon realized that they were doing almost everything because they had to, and very few things from choice. Consequently their first experiments in cooking by electricity were just a matter of accident growing out of the way they happened to be situated.

For a year or more they managed as best they might in two small top-floor rooms of an ordinary city house. There were none of the ordinary conveniences for housekeeping, even the lightest. But Bessie saw possibilities in their tiny quarters. This is how she metamorphosed a four by seven closet containing a stationary wash-stand into what she described as a perfectly good kitchenette.

Fortunately they did not need to use the wash-closet for any but culinary purposes. In the space to the right of the wash-basin, between it and the wall, she placed a small refrigerator, the top serving as a table. Hanging book-shelves provided space for dishes, supplies and utensils. A fine wire extension strainer over the basin prevented any clogging of the pipes by waste and a waste-basket lined with a stout paper bag was kept underneath the wash-stand.

A single electric bulb above the wash-stand suggested at least a partial solution of the cooking problem. Bessie had had some experience with an electric chafing-dish, and knew it as a delightful adjunct of Sunday night suppers and fudge parties in college.

She began by preparing a few simple meals with the electric chafing-dish, reinforced by an alcohol-kettle. The chafing-dish was one of the type which unclamps from its heating-plate, or small disk stove; so she was able to use several additional utensils with the latter. Then she discovered that she could screw in a double socket in place of the single electric bulb, and thus keep two electric heating-disks going at the same time. This obviated the need of the alcohol-kettle except in emergencies.

But a somewhat expensive accident taught her the importance of ascertaining before using a double socket that the wiring is right for the increased amount of current required. She further discovered the immense usefulness of the fireless cooker in connection with electric cooking even on a very small scale.

A warming grill to fit the radiator in the living-room provided a place for keeping dishes hot and drying utensils before putting them away. Here also the soapstone disks of the fireless cooker could be quite thoroughly warmed before heating to the desired temperature on the electric disk.

A Small but Efficient Equipment

THIS is the outfit with which our young couple were enabled for more than a year, in restricted quarters, with the minimum output of time and money, to prepare two and oftentimes three wholesome and appetizing meals each day:

An electric chafing-dish with double pan, made to clamp fast to a six-inch electric heating-disk; a three-pint nickel blazer, a three-pint teakettle and a three-pint double boiler, all to fit the heating-disk of the chafing-dish.

A five-pound electric flat iron, which, inverted, could be used for an extra stove.

A one-hole fireless cooker with an eight-quart well.

Looking back on her experience, I think Bessie would say that it is hardly wise to attempt more than the lightest of light housekeeping under conditions like the foregoing. Nevertheless, inspired by the strength and enthusiasm of youth she did far more than that. Except for occasional dinners out, all the food for herself and Jim was prepared in the four by seven kitchenette. And friends were even invited in, not merely for a jolly oyster supper or rarebit, but often for a complete and very satisfactory meal. On such very small margin it is doubtful if the two could by any other means have achieved an equal degree of health, comfort and happiness.

The eighteen-dollar-a-week point of view is no longer that of Jim and Bessie. Their income as well as their joint cares and expenses have greatly increased since the days of the two-room adventure and the improvised kitchenette. As their needs grew they advanced successively from a studio apartment with a real kitchenette to a modest flat which included a nursery and a quite commonplace and ordinary kitchen.

The Question of Operating Expense

BESSIE had heard vaguely discouraging rumors of the expense of running an electric range. But why, she said, should an electric range cost more in proportion to the work it does than an ordinary chafing-dish or toaster?

She decided that it need not. The reason an electric chafing-dish or kettle costs little to operate is because the current used is the exact amount required for the particular process in hand. Treat an electric range in the same manner, argued Bessie; turn on the current when you want it, and turn it off when you're through, and the result will be the same.

Her first care was to choose an equipment that offered the greatest possible economy in operating expense; that is to say, one best adapted to conserving the electric current. A most important means to this end she found to be the fireless cooker. In one form or another this figures in all the best electric ranges, effectively supplementing the work of the electric current and taking care of all the slow-cooking processes.

A roast may be brought to the required heat in the electric oven, and finished between hot soap-stones in the fireless cooker. Certain types of electric range are equipped with hermetically sealed, temperature-proof compartments, constructed to hold any required degree of heat after the current is turned off.

She learned that another important agent of economy is to make each heating-disk or heating-compartment perform its maximum work in a given time. For this purpose the market offers a variety of specially designed cooking utensils clamped together in a triangular, clover-leaf group, so arranged that several dishes may be cooked at the same time on a single heating-disk. Bessie chose a combination set having two clover-leaf pots and a coffee percolator. With this set she is able to prepare breakfast for the family on one disk, supplemented occasionally by the toaster, at a cost for cooking fuel of a trifle over three cents.

She learned care in the use of the controlling switches; that five hundred volts might be required to bring a thing to the boiling-point, while a hundred and twenty-five would keep it simmering. She learned to use the stored-up heat in a heating-disk by turning off the switch a few seconds before the completion of any cooking process. She discovered the advantage of the special utensils which lock fast to the heating-disk, thus forming a perfect contact with the heating surface and economizing all the current.

Bessie feels that her kitchen has become, not only the most important, but also the most attractive room in her house.

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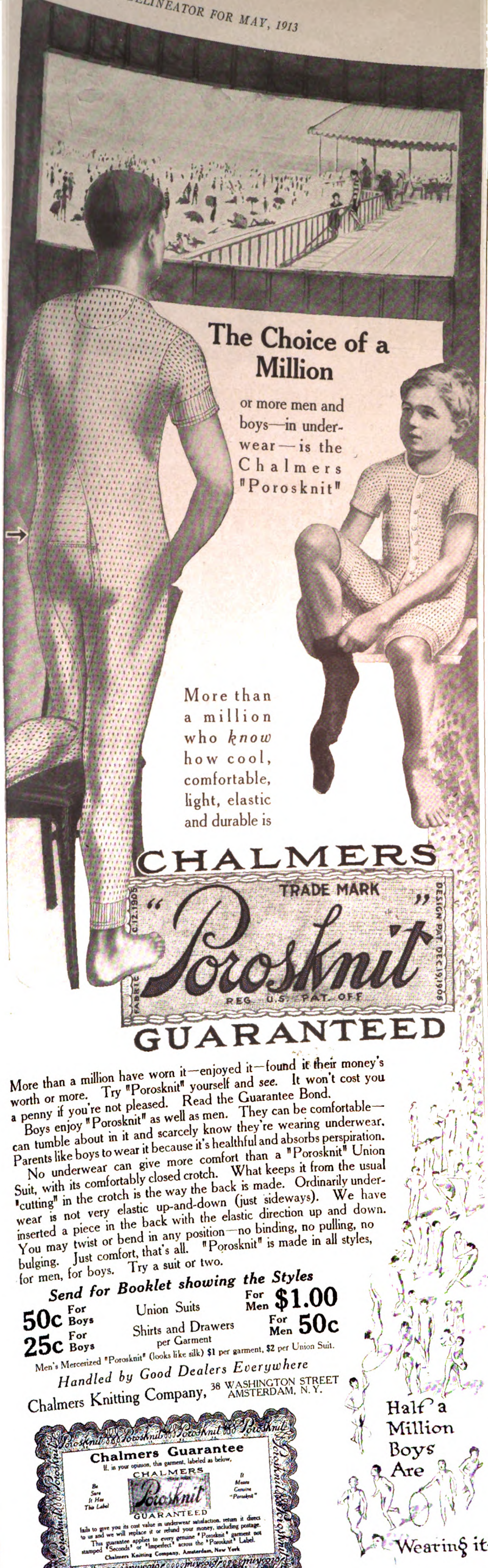

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Chalmers Knitting Company, Amsterdam, New York

Half a Million Boys Are Wearing it

THE UPSIDE-DOWN COUNTRY

[Continued from page 352]

The life of the shepherds and stockmen is still hard and primitive in the interior of Australia, and "damper and mutton" is the unvarying diet. There are no vegetables. At least nobody troubles to grow vegetables, and the only milk is the condensed kind from Switzerland. The "damper and mutton" diet is so monotonous that the stomach rebels, and the men living on the stations in the back blocks are liable to get what is known as "Barcoo rot." That is to say, the stomach gets such a horror of damper and mutton that the food is not retained. A wineglassful of Worcestershire sauce is the remedy. It is actually important under such circumstances and saves life. The traditional way of making damper is to light a camp-fire and then rake out a flat hole in the hot ashes and pour in a layer of soft dough—just flour and water—not even self-raising flour. Then cover up with the hot ashes and wait till cooked. After that the damper is taken out and the ashes brushed off with a cow's tail. No damper is complete without a cow's tail to dust the ashes off.

New Zealand is not so topsyturvy as Australia, and there are no snakes in New Zealand, but New Zealand can boast of a vegetable boa-constrictor. This is known as the rata-tree. Like the Australian eucalyptus, it belongs to the great myrtle family. In the dense New Zealand forests it would be impossible for a rata-tree to start growing in the ordinary way on the ground, because it could not struggle up through the dank, dense vegetation to the sunlight fifty or one hundred feet above. The rata has discovered a better way. The seeds are very small and get blown about or carried on birds' feet till one settles on a fork of the branches of one of the big trees in the forest. In such places there is usually some dirt and decayed vegetable matter and moisture sufficient for a small seed to start growing in. The rata-tree begins in that way; but instead of devoting all its energies to shooting upward to overtop its rivals and monopolize the sunshine, like its relative, the bluegum, the rata seedling has the opposite instinct. It already has all the sunshine it wants up in the branches of the tree it has started to grow upon, but its food and water supply are limited, and its energies are devoted to sending down a long slender root to the ground fifty to one hundred feet below.

The root is not thicker than a darning-needle, but it is a deadly menace to the tree that supports it. Once the root reaches the ground the young rata-tree is safe, with its leaves in the sunlight and its root in the earth, and it starts to grow vigorously. Its only remaining trouble is that there is no room for it to expand. It accordingly sets out to strangle the tree that supports it.

In a few years the original rata root has grown as thick as a man's arm, and it begins to send out horizontal side roots which encircle the supporting tree like hoops. These side roots meet and interlace and fuse together so as to form solid living rings round the doomed tree. These living hoops literally strangle and crush the life out of the supporting tree just as truly as the boa-constrictor crushes the life out of its victim. In time the supporting tree is killed, and in the course of generations the slender rata vine becomes a splendid forest-tree with a hollow trunk enclosing the remains of its victim.

In New Zealand forests many acres of rata-trees may be found that have replaced the original trees in this way. The rata has a beautiful crimson, myrtle-like flower, and whole hillsides may be seen aflame with the rata-trees in blossom during the flowering season. There is only one tree in New Zealand which can withstand the vegetable boa-constrictor. It is the puriri, an intensely strong, hardy tree, with wood extremely dense and harder than oak. Its iron fibers burst the living hoops of the rata vines, and the rata vine hangs broken and powerless.

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WRITE FOR BOOKLET

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TALKS BY THE FIRESIDE

HOW ABOUT YOUR MOTHER?

DO YOU LET HER TAKE YOUR LOVE AND APPRECIATION FOR GRANTED?

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

I LOVE girls. I think it is better to tell you this at the start for your peace of mind. A tiny daughter of mine once listened pityingly to the steady wailing of a sister who had been put to bed for her sins.

"I've been there and *know how it feels*," my tiny daughter said. Well, I've been a girl and know how it feels. The taste this moment is sweet under my tongue, and it was not yesterday, nor the day before.

I live in a cityful of girls. They are just such girls as you are, dear. Now every one—I hope—of these girls I run into every time that I step out-of-doors has a home and a mother.

If some of them haven't mothers—you say it for me, dear child, for I am a mother myself and I might sound self-important! You pity them for me—the girls who haven't mothers. God pity them for me!

It's *your* mother, little girl, that you'll go home to to-night from high school or seminary or college. What I want to know is what you will say to her, do to her, think about her. Oh, I don't mean the first minute after you get home—bless your heart, my ears are deafened already with the big composite sound of your kissing! Don't I know how it sounds—and feels?

But it's afterward, when the "new" is over. We'll say it is a long vacation that is beginning. What part in it are you going to give your mother? I wish I knew. I don't believe you know yourself.

You mean to be good to her, but you mean, too, though perhaps you do *not* know that, and are looking at me with angry, reproachful eyes—you mean for her to be good to you. In your innocent little scheme of life a character called *Ego* plays the star parts. I know, for I had one who played all mine. I wish I had given my mother a star part.

Another thing I know that you don't is how it feels to grow old. You will think I know too much! But this especial knowledge of the pains of growing old is getting to be a "chronic" knowledge with me. I don't *want* to know this at all.

Love is the Right Tonic

A MOTHER and growing old—beginning to, I mean—is a delicate complication, and I know no better treatment for it than the "treatment" of daughters. If your mother's hair is *graying*, try treating her with love. It's a good tonic, rubbed in with your cheek and lips, and applied before and after meals and midway between.

An especially valuable time to apply it is at bedtime. Try it at bedtime—you in your gay kimono and she in her sober wrapper, the two of you alone together.

This tonic works like the "boomerang" toy your little romper-brother plays with—it comes back to you when it has finished its other mission. While you are rubbing it in, it soaks through the pores of cheek and lips and down to the pores of your heart. *You* will go to bed and sleep better, too.

Of course you wash dishes and dust and "pick up" when you have time. But better than those things, or *with* those things, are the surprise things. Here is a little motto you might hang up in your heart: "Surprise Mother."

Surprise her by getting dinner ready while she is resting a minute or out on an errand or entertaining a caller; by getting supper or getting up ahead of her some morning and getting breakfast; by slipping a little bunch of pansies or a single hothouse rose on her sewing-table for her to sew by; by coaxing her out to walk in the soft night as if you and she were lovers—oh, be lovers, you and she! Surprise her in that best way of all.

There are countless ways. After you begin they will suggest themselves in a crowd of applicants for adoption.

Let the dear mother into your thoughts. Don't think you have *outgrown* her. You will never outgrow your mother, little girl. Whether you let her in or not, believe it or not, she will always be there—close outside the door waiting for you to say, "Come in."

Tell Her What's In Your Heart

ANOTHER thought occurs to me. Are you interested in Her Work? You expect her interest in yours. She will ask, of course, how things went at school, what theme you have chosen for your next big paper, whether your class won at hockey, why you are pale, if your head aches.

What will you ask her? I wonder how many of you notice when her dear face is pale, or think to ask how her work goes. *You* may, of course, but Elizabeth doesn't, nor Catherine, nor Eleanor.

I have a writer-friend whose little sixteen-year-old daughter lies in wait for her in unexpected places—on the stairs, behind the pantry door, in the dark spot in the hall—and lifts her face with: "May I kiss you?" Don't you believe that woman goes back to her work refreshed and happier, *resteder*? Don't you believe the work goes easier after one of those little hold-ups? My friend tells me so, and it is my friend who should know.

Well, my child, go and hold your mother up in some little unexpected place. Kiss her, kiss her, tell her you love her. Why are we so chary of doing that? We *love* each other, why not say it? I am remembering something a friend said once when some one she loved was dead: "Oh, why didn't I go up there and *tell* her I loved her? It is too late to tell her now."

A beautiful thing happened to me yesterday. I was hoarding it up—I never meant to tell, but I shall take you into my confidence, I think, hoping—well, hoping other mother-happenings may come of it. My own little girl came back after she had started for school and whispered "I love you" in my ear and ran away again.

There, I have told, and I feel a little as if I had let a glaring light into a little dim holy-of-holies. But it was so sweet a thing to happen to a mother, and there are so many mothers besides me. It is so sweet to be a mother when things like that happen!

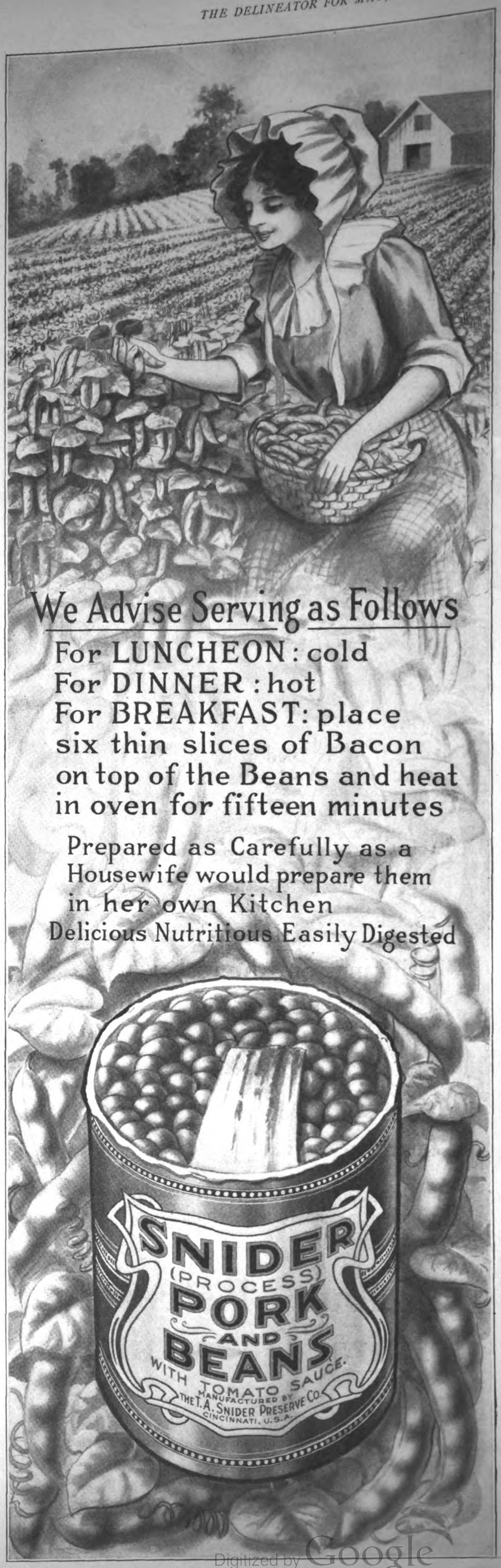
How would this way do? You will be a mother some day, I hope, and all your little sons and daughters will grow up. It's a bad habit of little sons and daughters! Your baby sons will be boys, first thing you know, and your baby daughters, *girls*.

Your Turn Will Come

THEN things will begin to happen. What do you hope the things will be? What do you think you will want your girls to do to you, *say* to you? Try to imagine. Will you want them to take you into their confidence and share their dear girl-thoughts with you? Will you want them to notice when you are tired, enter into your work and interests, as you do into theirs?

Do you hope one of them, your Elizabeth or your Catherine, will "hold you up" in a beautiful little spot behind a door, or that the *other* one will surprise you in another beautiful way, by having supper ready or the darning-basket empty? Will you like to be invited to walk with them, laughed with, talked with, "taken in"?

This is a beautiful way! All the things you'd like your girls to do to you when you are a mother, *go and do!* Every beautiful one! Don't leave any out. Begin soon, dear child! Don't let it be too late, don't wait.



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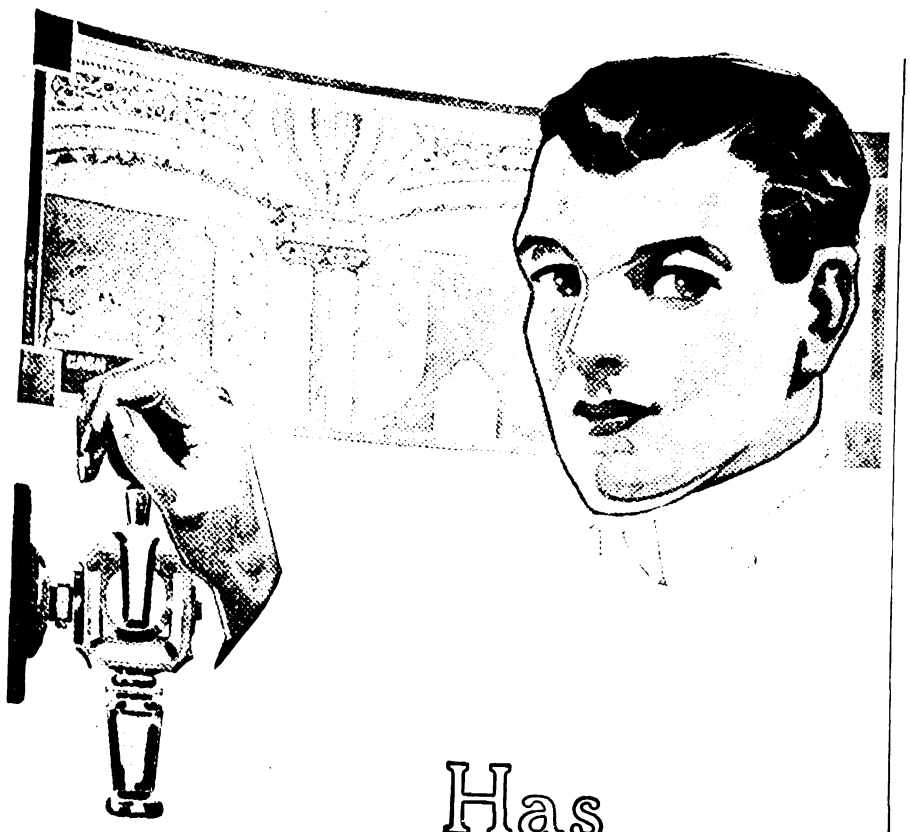

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This is no ordinary "drink-it-just-to-be-drinking-something" beverage. Coca-Cola has distinctive, individual qualities that you will recognize. Just to look at a glass of it tells the story—bright, sparkling, clear.

Delightfully refreshing—completely thirst-quenching — absolutely wholesome. It's worth repeating.

Delicious—Refreshing
Thirst-Quenching

Demand the Genuine—
Refuse Substitutes

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

OUR BABY CLINIC

WHEN YOUR BABY WON'T GO TO SLEEP

[*Continued from page 351*]

1. EXCITEMENT: Romping, playing exciting games and reading exciting stories before bedtime. All these produce nervous fears in growing children. Bedtime plays with baby after he is undressed and other well-meant efforts toward amusement are unappreciated; they tax and disturb the tender young nerves and produce wakefulness.

2. BAD AIR AND INSUFFICIENT VENTILATION: The air in the sleeping-room should be fresh and sweet. Always keep a window open at night, unless the temperature out-of-doors is below thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit.

3. COLD HANDS AND FEET: Never put a baby to bed with cold hands and feet; warm them first and place a hot-water bag in the bed at a distance from the child, where it can not touch him, but will radiate its warmth beneath the covers.

4. WET DIAPERS: These should be changed before the child is put to bed, as well as every other article of clothing. Children of any age should never be put to bed in any clothing they have worn all day or even part of the day.

5. TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE CLOTHING: Feather beds are too warm and too yielding for children and should be avoided. Bed coverings should consist of sheet, blanket and quilt and should be well aired and thoroughly dried daily. In cold weather, warm the flannel night-gown or sleeping-drawers. Don't tuck the bedclothing in so closely at the side of the bed as to produce any restraint of baby's limbs.

6. DENTITION.

7. THIRST.

8. HUNGER: Frequent in babies who have been irregularly fed, overfed and have had too many night feedings.

9. ADENOIDS AND ENLARGED TONSILS: These cause the nose to become clogged up with mucus, making breathing through the nose difficult and thereby encouraging mouth-breathing. Should the latter condition exist in your child, consult a physician, as any osbtruction to the breathing lowers the vitality, predisposes to cold in the head and may even lead to deafness.

General Suggestions

ALL children should invariably be allowed to awaken of their own accord in the morning after the night's sleep.

Don't put your baby to sleep on its back. This may be dangerous owing to the liklihood of an unexpected attack of vomiting and the possibility of getting the vomited material into the windpipe.

Don't pick baby up every time he cries and never walk the floor with him. He doesn't need these attentions to induce him to keep quiet if he is properly cared for.

After the age of one month, children derive much benefit and health from sleeping out-of-doors in the daytime and this should be encouraged when the weather permits. In the Summer, baby in his carriage should be placed in a shady spot, while in Winter he may be put on your side porch.

Apartment-house mothers should have no excuse for keeping baby indoors, as he can be placed in a clothes-basket and put out on the fire-escape, the basket being securely fastened to the fire-escape and straps placed across the basket to prevent baby from falling out.

The sudden awakening of children with violent screaming and signs of fright are known as "night terrors" and are generally caused by some disturbance of digestion in children of a highly irritable nervous system. These children should be kept from any and all excitement, plenty of out-of-door exercise allowed and no study in school. Follow the rules as to regularity of diet and rest and then should the condition of sleeplessness continue place the child under a physician's care.

When Dishes Break

Every good housekeeper knows the pang which comes with the crash of a broken dish.

Some china is so frail that it cracks or chips on the slightest provocation. Often it is difficult or impossible to replace the broken dishes, especially if the ware is made abroad. The consequence is an incomplete set, too good to throw away, and too small for practical use.

Homer Laughlin China is of such excellent texture that it does not break or chip easily. It stands the severe test of every day use remarkably well. Made in America, any pieces you may break can be easily replaced. You can always keep your china set complete, and that too, at a very moderate cost.

Thousands of people have found pleasure and profit in reading our free book on china making. Have you had your copy?

The Homer Laughlin China Company
Newell, West Virginia

HOMER LAUGHLIN
SHOCK-RESISTING
CHINA

The "Sani-Carry" Crib

For Baby's Sake

LET us send you this crib on 30 days' approval at special introductory price. Light in weight, easily washed and folded, easily taken from room to room or house to house. Self-rocking attachment keeps baby quiet and comfortable. No spring or mattress required.

Body of heavy canvas can be easily removed and laundered. If baby is sick, you get rid of all germs at once; a great protection to the other children. Never any lingering odor or dampness.

Sent Direct from Factory on 30 Days' Approval, Freight Prepaid

You cannot obtain this crib from any other source than the factory. We have planned to put out 5,000 of these at once at a special low price for advertising purposes. Send for the free book with full particulars.

Give baby out-door naps with in-door safety and comfort. Baby needs to sleep sometimes in the open air, but the go-cart is not warm, not safe. This crib solves the problem; as easily carried about as a suit case. Will last a generation. Large enough for a child of six.

Our FREE Patterns

Make it easy for you to drape the bed and make it pretty, as well as serviceable and sanitary. Price is low to get one in each neighborhood. Write for the book now. Every mother should read it. A postal will do.

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Maximum wearing quality, match all shades of hair, comply with every demand of Fashion. The firm, durable meshes of Carmen Hair Nets are woven of special quality silk, *double extra twisted.*

Two popular styles — with knotted ends —with elastic cord. Made in France.

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OUR DEPARTMENT FOR MONEY-MAKERS

THE CLOVER CLUB

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT FOR EVERY GIRL FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY

"I READ about the Clover Club every month; in fact it is the first page I turn to," writes a Nebraska inquirer, "but somehow I never thought it was meant for me. It has just come to me that maybe, after all, there is something in it for me, so I hasten to write you for particulars."

HAVE you felt that the Clover Club was something merely to read about, a kind of interesting story that seemed real but "somehow" didn't include you in its possibilities? Then this month's talk is meant for you.

It may be that you are simply unimaginative and don't picture to yourself the things you read. Or, again, you may lack a little self-confidence and decide, offhand, that you couldn't get into "clover" even if you tried. Suppose, hereafter, whenever you read a Clover Club letter, you say to yourself, "A real girl wrote that. If she succeeded, I can. There was a time when she was merely a reader like myself. She tried, so will I."

Another class that possibly you belong to is that of the handicapped.

"How can I do what other girls do?" you ask.

May I say, in all kindness, that in many cases the handicap need not hinder and will not if only you do not let yourself think that it does.

"We are not what we think we are,
But what we THINK, we are."

In other words, "She can who thinks she can," a popular saying in the Clover Club.

Likewise we hold that, "What girl hath done, girl can do," and our many invalid members are proving it more and more with every passing month.

I must write you to-night and tell you my pleasure at receiving two more spoons and my check. Little do you know what all this means to me and how much a little help is appreciated. I am fifty-four years old and crippled with rheumatism, but although my fingers are drawn out of shape, I can write. I wish you could visit me in my log house this summer and see what a beautiful place Colorado is. I would love to entertain you, for I have a soft, tender spot for the one who helps spread clover for others.

MRS. F. A. S., Colorado.

If ever any one felt thankful for anything I certainly am thankful to you for the "shower" from the Clover Club. I must call it a "shower," because it all came at once nearly and was earned in a little over three weeks. I want to thank you for the six darling spoons, the diamond brooch which is the dearest thing ever, the lovely letter from you, the handsome salary and the *beautiful bracelet*. Just my first little spoon was such a delight and worth working a whole month for. It encouraged me so that I worked with renewed vigor, and think of it, I earned the *six* spoons and all the rest in less than a month! My goal was the Golden Chapter and I worked with a will the days I was able to work, for I could not work every day. If only I could do what is in my heart to do! I have wanted to help in some way ever since I have been married, but sickness keeps me down most of the time. Working for the Clover Club has made me feel better and it has shown me that I can yet help. "She can who thinks she can," is true. That quotation went with me every day and it helped wonderfully.

MRS. WM. C. R., Mo.

Thank you many, many times for the gifts and checks, and please forgive me for not writing sooner, but I have been worse. I have been down-stairs only twice in nine weeks and have been sick off and on (mostly on) for over a year. My spine got tired of staying in the same old place, so moved (two ways at once); so at present I have a steel brace that is trying to persuade it to return and take up its former position and be contented to be a spine and do a spine's work. I didn't like to tell you I was sick, but neither did I want you to think I was the don't-care kind.

L. S. B., Mass.

AREN'T those splendid letters? Don't they make you feel that "What girl hath done"—and is doing -you can do?

Maybe you are one of the mothers who doesn't see how she can possibly accomplish a single thing more at present.

The Clover Club numbers busy mothers, literally by the thousand, though only five are here pictured.

I have earned my first money and hope to do much more soon. My three little ones have been having measles, so I haven't much chance to do what I wanted. Your club is just what I have been needing for five years and I am very glad I joined.

MRS. F. H. L., Ohio.

"MAKING GOOD" is indeed a case of "Where there is a will, there is a way." In less than a month after writing the following Mrs. C. accomplished *twelve times* as much as she had at the time of writing this!

I received my first little Clover spoon. Many, many thanks. It is a very generous reward. It is such a heavy weight and so very pretty. I feel encouraged to go right on trying. It is not hard work and the rewards are splendid. I am a busy mother and am in a rather isolated region in the Rocky Mountains.

MRS. E. C., Colorado.

THIS writer has learned the art of "living on twenty-four hours a day."

It is dear of you to include me in the Golden Chapter. I really do not deserve such good fortune, for I haven't much time to give you. I was very, very much pleased to receive the last spoon, which completes my set. They are very pretty and I shall always keep them. I am also enjoying the motto; there is so much truth in it. I love the Clover Club "play," but I am very busy, for I am away from home over six hours every day and thirteen hours every other day. Then I make my dresses, hats, etc., and also paint china. I have lots of good times, too—dinner parties, motoring, theater and horseback riding, all of which I am fond of, but it means many clothes and good ones. I hope I haven't tired you with all this, but I want you to understand why I don't do even more. I am sending you a little "Blue-Bird" pin, for happiness. You make so many others happy, you deserve much for yourself.

M. E. L., New York.

DO YOU wonder at my enthusiasm when every mail brings such glowing accounts of active lives? Blue-Bird pins are a beautiful symbol of happiness, but the "religion of joy is achieved through the activity of every power we possess."

Are *you* living up to your margin?

Before bedtime to-night ask for our free "Guide to Moneyville," and set as your stint the earning of at least one of our little solid-silver spoons before our next page appears. Prove for yourself that, "She can who thinks she can!" I shall be glad, indeed, to help you.

Helen Hathaway

Secretary, The Clover Club
The Delineator, New York

One Man

Solved an Age-Old Problem in These Foods

These fascinating foods, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—we don't want to make them too scientific.

Eat them for sheer enjoyment.

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with any fruit. Float in bowls of milk.

Use them like nut-meats in candy-making, or as garnish for ice cream.

These are thin, airy wafers. Each grain is puffed to eight times normal size.

Each has countless cells, surrounded by crisp, toasted walls. And those walls crush, at a touch of the teeth, into almond-flavored granules.

Eat them because wheat or rice in no other form was ever half so delicious.

That's what millions do.

But it's also pleasant to know that, in other ways, these are the most desirable foods men know. So let us briefly tell you the scientific side.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

The Scientific Side

The age-old problem in cereal foods has been, how to break up the food granules.

That's essential to digestion.

Cooking, baking and toasting broke part of them. And for centuries that had to suffice. But the dream was to break all of them—to make whole-grain wholly digestible.

Prof. A. P. Anderson made that dream come true.

He does it by steam explosion—by some 125,000,000 explosions inside every kernel—one for every starch granule.

He does it by applying to the sealed-up grains 550 degrees of heat. Thus the trifle of moisture within each granule is turned to super-heated steam.

Then comes the explosion, and every granule is literally blasted to pieces. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Think of this when you eat them. By no other process can these great cereals be made anywhere near so digestible.

That means you get all the nutrition. And they do not tax the stomach.

For a supper dish—for a bed-time dish—think what it means to have such crisp, brown wafers to serve in bowls of milk.

And the taste is like toasted nuts.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago

(414)

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R·WALLACE SILVER

"1835 R·WALLACE"

RW&S STERLING

"My, how dish 'ere silver will make de missus' eyes shine! A whole table full, an' every piece ginuine wid Mister Wallace name on it. Marse John sho' do know what'll make his Honey happy."

The cost of WALLACE SILVER, either sterling or plate, is no more than that of unworthy Silver. Each piece is wrought with exquisite care, that it may make your table a source of constant pride.

1835 R·WALLACE Silver Plate differs from Sterling only in the metal used. The beautiful ALAMO pattern shown here is as richly designed and finished as Sterling—and will give you a lifetime of splendid service. It is the Silver Plate that *Resists Wear*. Any piece of our Silverware which does not give positive satisfaction will be replaced. A delightful little book, "Table Decorations for Celebrations," and "How to Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer, will be sent free to anyone interested in Wallace Silver.

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Wash Fabrics

include dozens of imported novelty weaves and an unlimited selection of 1913 designs in galateas, zephyrs, batistes, voiles, madras, piqué, silk mulls, ratinés, poplins, pongees, tissues, ottomans, crepes, etc.

Go to your dealer's today and see his selection. See the new Bontex colorings and patterns, the exclusive textures and combinations of weaves. Then you will realize why **colored** wash fabrics are having the greatest season they ever have known, why women are using them for their most elaborate as well as simplest gowns.

LOOK ON THE SELVAGE FOR THE NAME "BONTEX"

Some Girls Have Earned $10 and More Very Easily

Simply by calling on a few friends and neighbors and sending us their subscriptions to *The Delineator*.

Just a little time and very little effort should enable you to earn $8 or $10 within the next month.

Send us your name and we will tell you all about the $8,000.00 in cash prizes to be distributed among our representatives the end of this month and how you may secure a share.

Department MD, Helpmates

Butterick Building **New York**

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH

[Continued from page 343]

FOR many years he remembered that day. The light that never was on sea or land fell upon the brick-field. He had read the story at one stretch. He had sat there for hours reading, for hours rapt in his Vision. At last material darkness began to gather round him and he awoke, with a start to realization that he had been sitting there most of the day. With a sigh he replaced his book in the hole which he cunningly masked with a lump of hard clay, and feeling stiff and cold ran, childlike, homeward. In the silence of the night he took out his carnelian heart and fondled it. He rose the next morning, a human being with a fixed idea, an unquestioned faith in his destiny. His star shone clear. He was born to great things. In those early years that followed, it was not a matter of an imaginative child's vanity, but the unalterable, serene conviction of a child's soul. The prince and princess were realities, his future greatness a magnificent certitude.

In the afternoon he met Billy Goodge and the gang. They were playing at soldiers. Billy, distinguished by a cocked hat made out of newspaper and a wooden sword, yapped out an insult. Paul folded his arms and looked at him contemptuously, as became one of his noble blood.

The scene was oddly parallel with one in the story of the outcast boy of the gutter. Then, conscious of experiment, he calmly went up to Billy and kicked him. He kicked him hard. The sensation was delicious. Billy edged away. The mongrel game-cock was beaten. Paul, dramatically conscious of what the unrecognized prince would do in such a circumstance, advanced, smacked his face, plucked the cocked hat from his head, the sword from his hand, and invested himself with these insignia of leadership. Billy melted silently into the subfuse air of Budge Street. The gang hung spellbound. Then came the touch of genius that was often to characterize Paul's actions in after years. It was mimetic, as he had read of such a thing in his paper-covered text-books—but it was none the less a touch of genius. He frowned on the dirty, ignoble little boys. What had he in common with them—he, the son of a prince? Nothing. He snapped his sword across his knee, tore his cocked hat in two and casting the fragments before them marched proudly away.

Thenceforward, Paul, had he so chosen, could have ruled despotically in Budge Street. But he did not choose. It was his joy to feel himself a dark, majestic power overshadowing the street, a kind of Grand Llama hidden in mystery. Often he would walk through the midst of the children, seemingly unconscious of their existence, acting strenuously to himself his part of a high-born prince.

This lasted till a dark and awful day when Mr. Button pitched him into the factory. Life changed its aspect. Gone were the days of vagabondage, the lazy, the delicious even though cold and hungry hours of dreaming and reading in the brick-field; gone was the happy freedom of the chartered libertine of the gutter. He was bound; a little slave, like hundreds of other little slaves and thousands of big ones, to a relentless machine. He entered the hopeless factory gate at six in the morning and left it at half-past five in the evening; and, his rough food swallowed, slunk to his kennel in the scullery like a little tired dog. And Mr. Button drank and beat Mrs. Button and Mrs. Button beat Paul whenever she felt in the humor and had anything handy to do it with, and, as a matter of course, confiscated his wages on Saturday, and set him to mind the baby on Sunday afternoons. In the monotony, weariness and grayness of life the glory of the Vision began to grow dim.

One hopeless month succeeded another, until a cloud seemed to close round Paul's brain, rendering him automatic in his actions, merely animal in his half-satisfied appetites. Fines and curses were his portion at the factory; curses and beatings—deserved if Justice held a hurried scale—at home. Paul, who had read of suicide in the *Bludston Herald*, turned his thoughts morbidly to death. But his dramatic imagination always carried him beyond his own demise to the scene in the household when his wax-like corpse should be discovered dangling from a rope fixed to the hook in the kitchen ceiling. He posed cadaverous before a shocked Budge Street, before a conscience-stricken factory; and he wept on his sack bed in the scullery because the prince and the princess, his august parents, would never know that he had died. A whit less gloomy were his imaginings of the said prince and princess rushing into the house in the nick of time, just before life was extinct, and cutting him down. How they were to find him he did not know. This side-track exploration of possibilities was a symptom of sanity.

Yet, Heaven knows what would have happened to Paul, after a year or so at the factory, if Barney Bill, a grotesque god from the wide and breezy spaces of the world, had not limped into his life.

Barney Bill wore the cloth cap and conventional and unpicturesque, though shapeless and weather-stained, garments of the late nineteenth century. No horns nor goat's feet were visible; nor was the pipe of reed on which he played. Yet he played, in Paul's ear, the comforting melody of Pan, and the glory of the Vision once more flooded Paul's senses, and the factory and Budge Street and the Buttons and the scullery faded away like an evil dream.

CHAPTER III

The Fates arranged Barney Bill's entrance late on a Saturday afternoon in August. It was not dramatic. It was merely casual. They laid the scene in the brick-field.

It had rained all day and now there was sullen clearance. Paul, who had been bathing with some factory boys in the not very savory canal a mile or so distant, had wandered mechanically to his brick-field library which, by means of some scavenging process, he managed to keep meagerly replenished. Here he had settled himself with a dilapidated book on his knees for an hour's intellectual enjoyment. Yet he felt depressed. He had been fined heavily for slackness during the week, and Mr. Button's inevitable wrath at docked wages he desired to undergo as late as possible. Then the sun had blazed furiously during the last six imprisoned days, and now the long-looked-for hours of freedom were disfigured by rain and blight. He resented the malice of things. He also resented the invasion of his brick-field by an alien van, a gaudy vehicle, yellow and red, to the exterior of which clinging wicker chairs, brooms, brushes and jute mats gave the impression as of a lunatic's idea of decoration. An old horse hobbled a few feet away philosophically cropped the abominable grass. On the front of the van a man squatted, with food and drink. Paul hated him as a trespasser and a gormandizer.

Presently the man, shading his eyes with his hand, scrutinized the small, melancholy figure and then hopping from his perch sped toward him with a nimble and curiously tortuous gait.

He approached, a wiry, almost wizened little man of forty-five, tanned to gipsy brown. He had a shrewd, thin face, with an oddly flattened nose and little round, moist, dark eyes that glittered like diamonds. He wore a cloth cap on the back of his head, showing in front a thick mass of closely cropped hair. His collarless shirt was open at the neck and his sleeves were rolled up above the elbow.

"You're Polly Kegworthy's kid, ain't you?" he asked.

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Write us today for this Illustrated Book showing 30 of the latest and most charming fashionable Hats and Headdresses. This book is FREE to you if you will jot down the name of your favorite store.

Act now while you think of it—write today.

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Bust-form Corset

SAHLIN gives the slender woman correct, stylish proportions at bust, hip and waist lines. The proper foundation for the season's gowns.

Adjusts simply; has no hooks, strings or heavy steels. Shoulder straps do not cross, hence cannot bind.

Hose supporters attached.

Prices from $1.00 to $5.00

The illustration shows our regular $1.50 quality.

Ask your dealer to show you SAHLIN. If he cannot supply you, order from us, adding 14c postage.

The name "SAHLIN" on each garment is your guarantee. We refund purchase price if you're not entirely satisfied.

Write us for our new booklet, "Figure Beauty," free upon request.

The Sahlin Co., 1408 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

This Weil Model

$3.50 Post-Paid

5521—The latest creation in a Tub Dress, made of high quality Ramie Linette, with Bulgarian Embroidery in rich, beautiful colors. The Vest and Collar are of White Ratine with embroidered dots and design of Japanese Floss Cord. The attractive lay-down collar has in the corners a red cloth Medallion. The Vest is further ornamented by Crystal Studs. Closes invisibly in front with snap fasteners. Elbow-length sleeves finished with cuffs to match Vest and Collar. Insertion of White Ratine in Belt; Waist and Skirt ornamented with Colored Pearl Buttons to match Dress. The shapely and well-tailored skirt is finished with three-inch basted hem. Misses' sizes, 14, 16, 18 years. Ladies' sizes, 34 to 44 bust measure. Colors, Cadet, Lavender, Russet, White. Embroidery to correspond. **Spring and Summer Style Book** showing many exceptional values in ready-made garments and fabrics by the yard, **Sent Free.**

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DR. J. PARKER PRAY COMPANY

10 & 12 East 23d Street, New York

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH

"AY," SAID Paul.

"Seen you afore, haven't I?"

Then Paul remembered. Three or four times during his life, at long, long intervals, the van had passed down Budge Street, stopping at houses here and there. About two years ago, coming home he had met it at his own door. His mother and the little man were talking together. The man had taken him under the chin and twisted his face up.

"Is that the nipper?" he had asked.

His mother had nodded, and releasing Paul with a clumsy gesture of simulated affection, had sent him with twopence for a pint of beer at the public-house at the end of the street. He recalled how the man had winked his little bright eye at his mother before putting the jug to his lips.

"I browt th' beer for yo'," said Paul.

"You did. It was the worst beer, bar none, I've ever had. I can taste it now." He made a wry face. Then he cocked his head on one side. "I suppose you're wondering who I am?" said he.

"Ay," said Paul. "Who art thee?"

"I'm Barney Bill," replied the man. "Did you never hear of me? I'm known on the road from Taunton to Newcastle and from Hereford to Lowestoft. You can tell yer mother that you seed me."

A smile curled round Paul's lips at the comic idea of giving his mother unsolicited information.

"Barney Bill!" said he.

"Yuss," said the man. Then after a pause. "What are you doing of there?"

"Reading," said Paul.

"Let's have a look at it."

Paul regarded him suspiciously; but there was kindliness in the twinkling glance. He handed him the sorry apology for a book. Barney Bill turned it over.

"Why," said he, "it ain't got no beginning and no end. It's all middle. 'Kenilworth.' Do yer like it?"

"Ay," said Paul. "It's foine!"

"Who do yer think wrote it?"

As both cover and a hundred pages at the beginning including the title-page, to say nothing of a hundred pages at the end, were missing, Paul had no clue to the authorship.

"Dunno," said he.

"Sir Walter Scott."

Paul jumped to his feet. Sir Walter Scott, he knew not why or how, was one of those bright names that starred his historical darkness, like Cæsar and Napoleon and Ridley and Latimer and W. G. Grace.

"Tha' art sure? Sir Walter Scott?"

The shock of meeting Sir Walter in the flesh could not have been greater. The man nodded.

"Think I'd tell yer a lie? I do a bit of reading myself in the old 'bus there—" he jerked a thumb—"I've got some books now. Would yer like to see 'em?"

Would a mouse like cheese? Paul started off with his new companion.

"If it wasn't for a book or two, I'd go melancholy mad and bust myself," the latter remarked.

Paul's spirit leaped toward a spiritual brother. It was precisely his own case.

"You'll find a lot of chaps that don't hold with books. Dessay you've met 'em?"

Paul laughed, percipient 'of irony. Barney Bill continued:

"I've heard some on 'em say: 'What's the good of books? Give me nature,' and they goes and asks for it at the public-'ouse. Most say nothing at all, but just booze."

"Like father," said Paul.

"Eh?" cried his friend sharply.

"Sam Button, what married mother."

"Ah! So he boozes a lot, does he?"

Paul drew a quick and lurid picture of Mr. Button.

"And they fight?"

"Like billy-o," said Paul.

They reached the van. Barney Bill, surprisingly agile in spite of his twisted leg, sprang into the interior. Paul looked in with curiosity. There was a rough though not unclean bed running down

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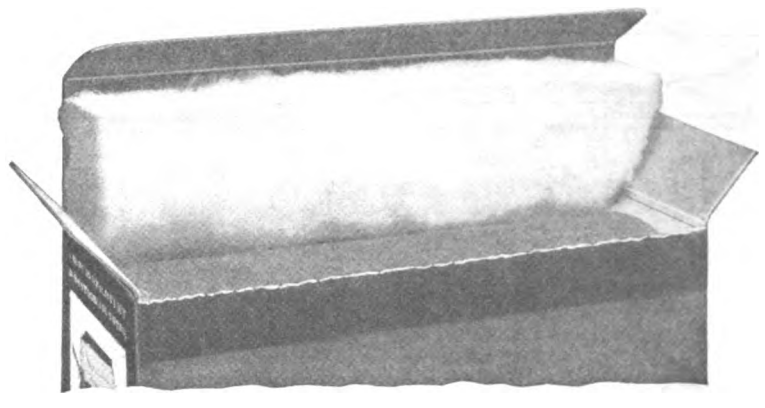

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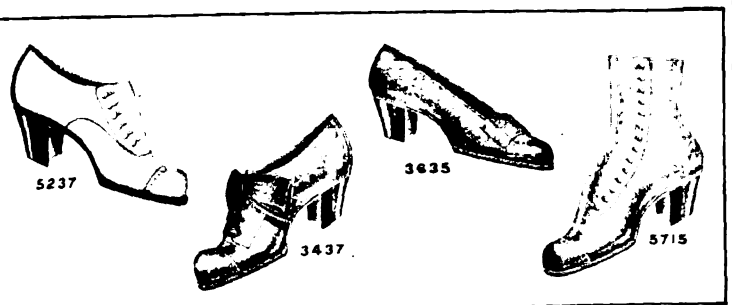

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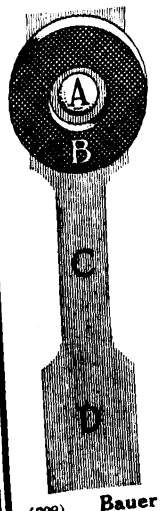

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THE FORTUNATE YOUTH

one side. Beyond, at the stern, so to speak, was a kind of galley containing cooking-stove, kettle and pot. There were shelves, some filled with stock in trade, others with miscellaneous things, the nature of which he could not distinguish in the gloom. Barney Bill presently turned and dumped an armful of books an inch or two below Paul's nose. Paul scanned the title-pages. They were: "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," "Enquire Within Upon Everything," an old bound volume of "Cassell's Family Reader," the "Remains of Henry Kirke White" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." The owner looked down upon them proudly.

"I've got some more, but I can't get at 'em."

Paul regarded him with envy. This was a man of great possessions.

"How long are yo' going to stay here?" he asked hopefully.

"Till sunrise to-morrow."

Paul's face fell. He seemed to have no luck nowadays. Barney Bill let himself down and limped to the front of the van where he resumed his seat by a huge pork pie and a clasp-knife which lay beside a tin can of tea.

"I'll go on with my supper," said he; then noticing a wistful, hungry look in the child's eyes—"Have a bite?" he asked.

He cut off a mighty hunk and put it into Paul's ready hand. Paul perched himself beside him and they both ate for a long while in silence, dangling their legs. Now and again the host passed the tin of tea to wash down the food. Twilight fell rapidly. A light or two already appeared in the fringe of mean houses.

"Oughtn't you to be getting home?"

Paul, his hunger appeased, grinned. His idea was to sneak into the scullery just after the public-houses closed when his mother would be far too much occupied with Mr. Button to worry about him. Chastisement would then be postponed till the morning. Artlessly he laid the situation before his friend, who led him on to relate other amenities of his domestic life.

"Well, I'm jiggered," said Barney Bill. "She must be a she devil!"

Paul cordially agreed. Encouraged by sympathy and shrewd questions he sketched in broad detail his short career, glorifying himself as the prize scholar and the erstwhile Grand Llama of Budge Street, and drawing a dismal picture of the factory. Barney Bill listened comprehendingly. Then, smoking a well-blackened clay, he began to utter maledictions on the suffocating life in towns and to extol his own manner of living. Having an appreciative audience he grew eloquent over his lonely wanderings the length and breadth of the land; over the joy of country things, the sweetness of the fields, the wayside flowers, the vaulted highways in the leafy summer, the quiet, sleepy towns, the fragrant villages, the peace and cleanness of the open air.

The night had fallen and in the cleared sky the stars shone bright. Paul, his head against the front of the van, looked up at them, enthralled by the talk of Barney Bill. He had the slight drawling inflection of the Home Counties, which gave a soothing effect to a naturally soft voice. To Paul it was the pipes of Pan.

"It mightn't suit everybody," said Barney Bill philosophically. "Some folks prefer gas to laylock. I don't say that they're wrong. But I like laylock."

"What's laylock?" asked Paul.

His friend explained. No lilac bloomed in the blighted springs of Bludston.

"Does it smell sweet?"

"Yus. So does the may and the syringa and the new-mown hay and the seaweed. Never smelt any of 'em?"

"No," sighed Paul, sensuously conscious of new and vague horizons. "I once smelled summat sweet," he said dreamily. "It wur a lady."

"D'ye mean a woman?"

"No. A lady. Like what yo' read of."

"I've heard as they do smell good; like violets—some on 'em," the philosopher remarked.

Drawn magnetically to this spiritual brother, Paul said almost without volition, "She said I were the son of a prince."

"Son of a *wot?*" cried Barney Bill, sitting up with a jerk that shook a volume or two on to the ground.

Paul repeated the startling word.

"Lor' lumme!" exclaimed the other. "Don't yer know who yer father was?"

Paul told of his disastrous attempts to pierce the mystery of his birth.

"A frying-pan. Did she now? That's a mother for yer."

Paul disowned her. He disowned her with reprehensible emphasis.

Barney Bill pulled reflectively at his pipe. Then he laid a bony hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Who do you think yer mother was?" he asked gravely. "A princess?"

"Ay, why not?" said Paul.

"Why not?" echoed Barney Bill. "Why not? You're a blooming lucky kid. I wish I was a missin' heir. I know what I'd do."

"What?" asked Paul, the ingenuous.

"I'd find my 'igh-born parents."

"How?" asked Paul.

"I'd go through the whole of England, asking every prince I met. You don't meet 'em at every village pump, ye know," he added quickly, lest the boy, detecting the bantering note, should freeze into reserve, "but if you keep yer eyes skinned and yer ears standing up, you can learn where they are. Lor' lumme! I wouldn't be a little nigger slave in a factory if I was the missin' heir. Not much! I wouldn't be starved and beaten by Sam and Polly Button. Not me! D'ye think yer aforesaid high-born parents are going to dive down into this stinkin' suburb of hell to find you out? Not likely! You've got to find them, sonny. Yer can find anybody on the highroad if yer tramps long enough. What d'yer think?"

"I'll find 'em," said Paul.

"When are yer going to start?" asked Barney Bill.

Paul felt his wages jingle in his pocket. He was a capitalist. The thrill of independence swept him from head to foot. What time like the present?

"I'll start now," said he.

It was night. Barney Bill smoked for a time in silence, while Paul sat with clenched fists and a beating heart. The simplicity of the high adventure dazed him. All he had to do was to walk away; walk and walk, free as a sparrow. Presently Barney Bill slid from the footboard.

"You stay here, sonny, till I come back."

He limped away across the dim brickfield and sat down. He had to think: to decide a nice point of ethics. A vagrant seller of brooms and jute mats, even though he does carry about with him "Cassell's Family Reader," and the "Remains of Henry Kirke White," is distracted by few psychological problems. Sufficient for the day is the physical thereof. And when a man like Barney Bill is unencumbered by the continuous feminine, the ordinary solution of life is simple. But now the man had to switch his mind back to times, before Paul was born, when the eternal feminine had played the very devil with him; when all sorts of passions and emotions had whirled his untrained being into dizziness. No passions or emotions now affected him; but their memory created an atmosphere of puzzledom. He had to adjust values. He had to deputize for Destiny. He also had to harmonize the pathetically absurd with the grimly real. He took off his cap and scratched his cropped head. After a while he damned something indefinite and hastened in his dot-and-carry-one fashion to the van.

"Quite made up yer mind to go in

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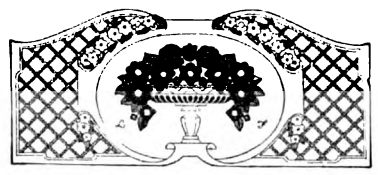

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH

search of yer 'igh-born parents?"

"Ay," said Paul.

"Like me to give yer a lift, say, as far as London?"

Paul sprang to the ground and opened his mouth to speak. But his knees grew weak and he quivered all over like one who beholds the god. The abstract, nebulous romance of his pilgrimage had been crystallized in a flash into the concrete.

"Ay," he panted. "Ay!" and he steadied himself with his back and elbows against the shafts.

"That's all right," said Barney Bill, in a matter-of-fact way, calm and godlike to Paul; "you can make up a bed on the floor of the old 'bus with some of them there mats inside and we'll turn in and have a sleep, and start at sunrise."

He clambered into the van, followed by Paul, and lit an oil-lamp. In a few moments Paul's bed was made. He threw himself down. The resilient surface of the mats was luxury after the sacking on the scullery stone. He felt in his pocket for his precious carnelian heart and in a few moments fell asleep. Barney Bill performed his summary toilet, blew out the lamp and went to his couch.

At dawn they started.

[*To be continued*]

WHAT JUDGE FRESCHI SAID

[*Continued from page 344*]

THE widow had an ardent admirer. She was romantic. She would leave the youngsters to themselves and seek secluded *tête-à-têtes*. She did not object to the youngsters pairing off and doing likewise. It saved her from being annoyed, she said; and besides, there was no harm. Nor was there harm, save to these two children who later came to court. Directly by force of example and opportunity, this pair had become alight with romance—awakened prematurely to sex attraction. They were in love, they thought. And eventually came the trouble.

It is not fair to place all the blame upon the widow. She lived her own life in her own home and did no intentional harm. Her daughter suffered no evil. The victims were too young to deserve the blame.

Place the burden where it belongs—upon the parents of the girl. Admittedly, they knew the widow was frivolous. They did not consider how this might affect her home-life. *They had never taken the trouble to call upon her.*

The will-power of a girl is her last bulwark against evil. Whatever weakens it places her in imminent danger.

Make sure that in the homes you permit your daughter to visit, the parents do not permit the children to taste liquor. Do you realize the significance of this?

I have sifted out many pitiful cases of young girls gone wrong and found that the final, effectual attack upon their virtue was made after their brains had been stupefied with strong drink. Bad companions had urged them to drink, it is true; but rarely was it the first time they had taken liquor. They had gotten their first tastes as children in their own homes or in the homes of companions.

There are many well-intentioned people who give beer and wine to children, arguing that familiarity will breed contempt for overindulgence. Fear, not contempt, is the only real safeguard. These parents will say that they give too little to hurt the children. They mean hurt them physically. The danger is mental. The insidious effect of alcohol is that it weakens the will-power—the resistance not only against alcohol but every other evil. The adult heavy drinker, knowing he is wrong, can not resist. The appetite he has created is stronger than his will. Consider the effect upon a child, mentally and physically plastic.

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"The Little One" Rompers and Blouses offer you mothers the opportunity of dressing your children in good taste, even stylishly, at trifling cost. They combine style, fine material and careful fit with skilled making. They look well, wear well, and are the garments children need both for Sunday and everyday dress. They give your boys and girls a dressy look without making them look overdressed, and even after long wear and repeated washings never look shabby.

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Creeper Models are 6, 12 and 18 months sizes. They give absolute freedom to body and limbs. The inside leg can be unbuttoned, permitting undergarments to be changed without taking off the creepers.

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"The Little One" Blouses have an attached button-and-tab collar and round-cornered cuffs. Both are interlined and pre-shrunk. Sleeves are full length, permitting cuffs to set nicely at the wrists.

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THE MATCHMAKING OF EZRA LULL

[Continued from page 348]

hung up in the closet, a cool cloth on the old man's throbbing head, and a bunch of the red and yellow tulips on the window-sill.

"Lord!" breathed Ezra Lull, as she vanished at last through the door to prepare some broth, "Lord, *what a girl!*"

More than once did the words pass his lips during the days that followed, although the sturdy emphasis grew fainter and fainter. At first she had come out every day to care for him; then when the doctor said there should be some one with him at night, she brought out her belongings and settled herself in the room that had been Mrs. Lull's. The neighbors accepted her as some relative of the Lulls' and were glad enough to get off their minds "that obstinate old Ezra Lull."

Then one day the doctor called her out into the hall and told her that he thought the son should be sent for. The old man's wonderful vigor and spirits had deceived her, for though she had conscientiously advised him to write to Nathaniel, she had no idea that the illness was so serious. She asked the doctor to telegraph, and then, figuring out just the time he would require to reach home, she made arrangements so that she could leave a few hours before his arrival.

That night Ezra Lull fell into a sort of coma from which the doctor said he might never regain consciousness. Hour after hour in the darkened sick-room beside the quiet bed she sat, sometimes moistening the dry lips, sometimes chafing the nerveless hands.

The occasional clink of a falling coal in the stove out in the kitchen—the dull, eternal tick-tick-tock of the old clock—the distant soft call of the doves in the cemetery—these were the only sounds to blur the heavy breathing of the old man.

The clock tolled one, clear and vibrant. The girl smoothed the pillows and the covers. Presently she heard the loose boards of the walk rattle as under a quick, heavy step. Some one was coming up on to the stoop—the doctor, no doubt, anxious and kind. The front door was opened—he came often thus. She heard the sound of his medicine case as he set it down in the hall. And in a moment she was looking up at the doorway into the gray, weary face of Nathaniel Lull.

He stared at her stolidly for several seconds. Silently the girl met his eyes.

Without a word he entered the room and going to his father's bedside stood, with hands on the thin, heaving shoulders, looking down at the strangely placid face. For a long time he stood there. Then quietly he turned and went out into the kitchen. She heard him turning up the wick of the lamp—plunging the dipper into the water bucket.

"MISS MURDOCK!"

She found him leaning heavily against the back of his father's arm-chair, fingering the bit of linen she had fashioned to cover the worn old head-rest.

"Tell me," his voice was colorless—"my father—do you think he——"

"If he regains consciousness the doctor says he will live. Oh, I'm sure—I'm sure he will! If we had thought—if we had dreamed— You couldn't have received the telegram. How did you know?"

"A neighbor wrote me my father was ill. I came at once. Why are you here?" he demanded coldly.

"Only because—because I love your father—because——"

"You wish, I presume, to wring out the last drop of characterization—of local color—of——"

"Oh, you can't—you *can't* believe that!" She twinged before the savage thrust. Then quickly she crossed the room and stood close to him, her hands grasping tight the corner of the chair against which he leaned.

"Listen to me. You must listen. I have always been very fond of your father—I loved his odd little ways, his queer notions—most of all, his kind, true nature. I never told him I wrote stories because I didn't want him to feel any constraint. I did mean to put him in some aviation stories—but I meant to make people know him as *you* know him. And as I know him. Oh, I never meant to make sport of him—never, never. You *must* believe me.

"And when Helen burst in upon us that evening—I knew very well how you felt. I knew how it must have hurt. Oh, I knew so well! I had never in my life hurt anybody like that before. You wouldn't let me explain—you——

"I never wrote the stories, I couldn't. I never shall. When I got your father's letter telling me he was here alone, sick—well, I just wanted to do things for him—and I thought perhaps I could prove—could prove——

"I meant to leave before you came. You see? You do believe me?"

Nathaniel Lull had not taken his eyes from her quivering, upturned face.

"How long," he asked chokingly, "how long have you been there?"

"Only a week—a little more, perhaps——"

"AND you have taken care of dad—all that time—and done—done all this?" The hand was limp with which he indicated the orderly, immaculate kitchen, with its crisp-curtained windows, shining pans, clean, red-clothed table.

"Why, it was—it was nothing."

Nathaniel Lull slipped down into the big chair and buried his head in his hands. "I didn't suppose," he murmured brokenly, "I didn't suppose anybody could be so kind."

"I'm going to get you a bite to eat this minute," announced the girl briskly. "I don't believe you've had a thing for hours——"

The sudden cessation of the heavy breathing in the bedroom snapped off the words in her throat and brought the man to his feet in alarm. Together they hurried to the bedside.

Ezra Lull lay with his blue eyes wide open; his breath came easily and regularly; the strange look was gone from his face.

"'Bout time you come to see your old dad, you bla'guard!" The feeble voice made bold attempt at bluster. "Hadn't been fer Rose here—" his eyes rested warmly on the girl who had knelt beside him. "Best girl since your ma's time, Nat. An' say," he pursed up his dry lips in the old way, as his hand searched for that of his son, on his knees at the other side of the bed, "say, I got a s'prise fer both o' you. Yep. Rosie here is a real writer-leddy. Yes, sir. Takes the old man to find things out. You bet. You just reach into that there grip under the bed, Nat and see what's in it."

From the battered old valise he found there Nat drew out a little package of magazines and newspapers which he laid on the bed.

"There they be. 'S fine a lot o' yarns 's ever I read—all writ by Rosie here. Yep. 'S fine a lot—'s fine a lot—Shucks! I'm sleepy as all get out! Don't that beat all, when I want to gas a spell. They was one o' them yarns— Say! Rosie's a great—" Slowly the lids fell over the sleep-glazed eyes. By a great effort of the will he opened them again, to look at the girl with shy wistfulness.

"I don't suppose," he murmured, "I don't suppose you'd ever think o' puttin' a' old fool like me into one o' your yarns? I have had some experiences, now, you might. But shucks! course I don't suppose—I ain't—I just kinder thought mebbe——"

Nat Lull looked across at the girl kneeling on the opposite side of the bed, and stretching out his arm across the coverlet covered her hand with his.

"Indeed—I—I might," she said softly.

Happily Ezra Lull turned over and went to sleep.

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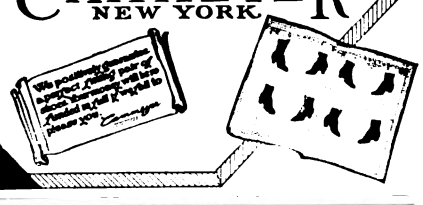

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WHEN ONE IS YOUNG

[*Continued from page 354*]

might have. They had always done it. Parents of other boys I knew did the same, skimped along, counting the quarters and dimes, went without delicate food, that their children might have what they had missed. And so I went.

"I could have learned things in those two years they lived that I went all my life without knowing. You see, wisdom isn't all in the books. That is why you see that thing in some women's eyes. There is no name for it. They have learned in the daily round of life, doing their common duties, missing pleasure, expecting no reward——"

He looked wistfully at the picture.

"I have made," he continued, "some good pictures. It is strange, too, isn't it, that the best ones are pictures of old women and men, of towns like the one where I grew up? That is why I am here this Summer to see again something like the dear home scenes and simple, honest women, real mothers. My teacher used to say 'Why didn't you stay longer where you could see, until you remembered them, the sunrises and sunsets (you can't paint sky by locking straight up in the cañon of the city street!) and real people as they are under the veneer?' I did go back after a few years—but you see it wasn't home any more.

"And so, after all, these are the things I have done best. A few people out of millions of men and women know my name. That is what men call success. But I feel, somehow, like telling you this: That nothing that has ever come to me has made up for what I lost. You see I had the chance—the chance of youth to minister for a little hour to age as age ministers to youth during long years, monotonous, unrewarded. I had the chance—and I missed it! I let it go!"

He stood, reverent, before the woman on the canvas. "It is," he said simply, "the best picture of my life."

"Thank you," said Annie, holding out her hand, "thank you. You will be here long?"

"I go to-morrow. I am a sort of pilgrim."

As Annie went back along the quiet street a miracle seemed to have happened. The dust in the road shone in the setting sun like particles of gold. Leaves were dropping silently from the trees—yellow and red. A strange peace and rest lay over everything. The women Annie saw held in their plain faces a mysterious beauty, and they had all been invested with the perennial youth of romance.

An hour before the little town had been the spot left off the map, past which she looked toward the music, the lights, the never-ending excitement of the city; the despised barren rock upon which she stood straining her eyes for a glimpse of to-morrow. And suddenly the foreground of life had attained significance!

M. J. still stood in his door, but Annie saw neither his beard nor his coatless body, but his kindly, twinkling eyes.

"How de do, Annie?" he called timidly. "We're goin' to miss you!"

Every one had known she was going! The commonness of the intimate village life had filled her with disgust, but now her eyes were blinded at thought of the safe haven of these friendly, true hearts.

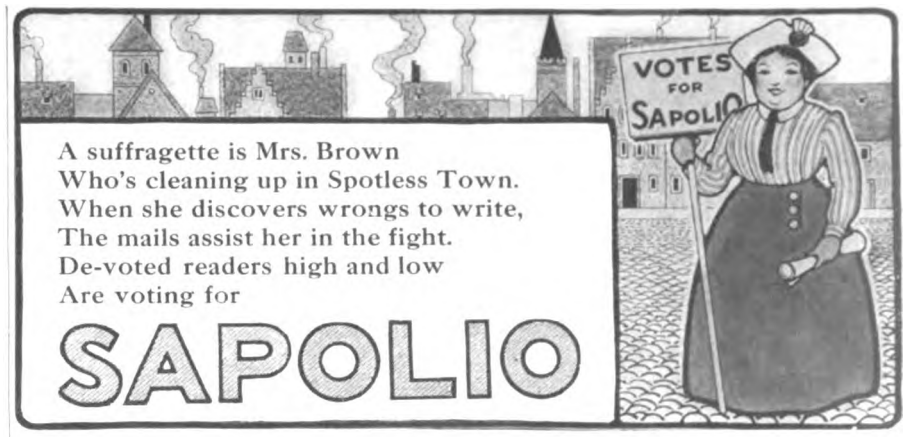
Her father came along the street, his tools under his arm. Annie had not noticed how stooped he had grown of late, or how gray and worried.

"Let me help carry them," she said.

"Oh my, no!" he remonstrated. "It's too much load for a young lady that's going to the city and leave her dad to-morrow. Oh, I tell you, Annie—" he had begun with a joke, but he looked quickly away from her, biting his lip.

"That's just it, I *am* young," said Annie, sharing the load, and clinging to his arm.

She ran into the house before him and put the simple meal upon the table, looking now and then searchingly at the woman who walked slowly, helping herself secretly by the aid of chairs. Afterward in the early Fall twilight, Annie



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Our Spotless Town booklet tells more about Sapolio and more about Spotless Town. Write for it. Sent free.

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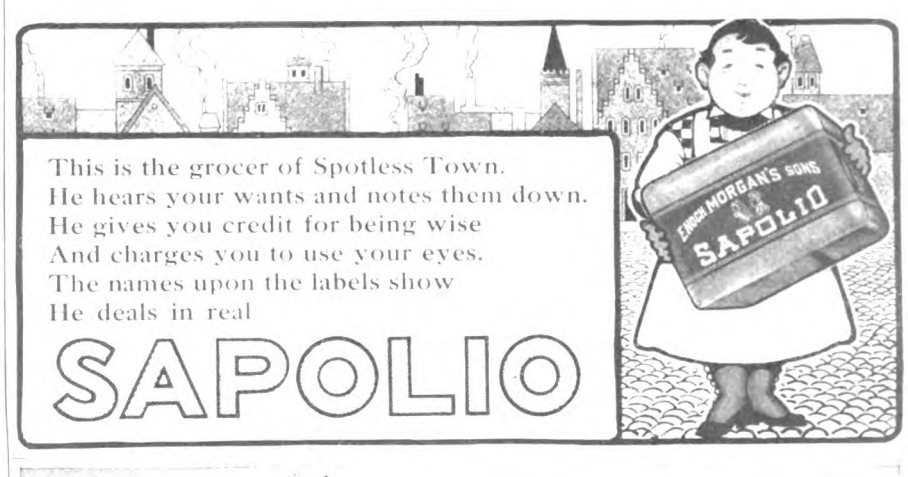

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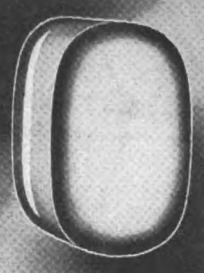

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Healing
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WHEN ONE IS YOUNG

took the tomatoes from her mother's lap.

"We'll do it to-morrow," she said gently.

"*To-morrow!* Why, Annie, you haven't forgotten?"

Annie took the frail body in her strong young arms. "I'm not going, dearest!" she whispered.

"Annie!"

"Mother, *you* are going! You are the one that's going! Don't you remember how my clothes always fit you? Almost everything we made will be fine for you, and you are going where it's warm, where you can be outdoors and get well!"

"Annie, daughter——"

"And I am going to stay and keep house for daddy—think of the things I'll learn!"

"But you are young, dear, and you must have your——"

"Yes, mother, that's it; I am young, and this is my chance! Don't, oh, don't let me miss it!"

MR. WALKER

[*Continued from page 356*]

Emily, you can bet on that. I've got something to say. I've been thinking for some time; now I've got it clear and I'm going to say it. I'm going back to America on the first boat and you're coming with me." Here he gave another wag. "At first I was going to leave you to finish the trip with Helen; now I've seen you before that statue with the wings, and I've seen you with those dressmaker women, and I know that you don't belong over here any more than I do."

"But, Jim——"

"Now, it's all right. Don't you get worried. I'll explain. It's like this. I've worked too long. I can't do anything else. I thought I could, but I can't. I don't respect myself over here, and that's the one thing I guess I've got to do, so I'm going back to America where I can do it. Nothing over here means anything to me. I'm sorry all right; you needn't think I'm not. But I can't play, Emily. I've tried, and all it does is to show me the number of things I don't know enough to play with. I'm not such a fool that I don't know when I'm making a fool of myself. Other people, they see something I don't and I'm going to stop gawking and go home." A pucker of disillusionment played about Mr. Walker's eyes and he seemed desirous of not being laughed at.

His wife looked at him, then said lamely, "You like it well enough."

"No, I don't," her man insisted. "I've come too late. I've missed it somehow. It's all gone out of me and I can feel it. I'd rather be where I can fit in."

She gazed out of the window and he studied the carpet. Presently he looked up and smiled, "I'm happier in Syracuse, Emily; aren't you?"

"Oh, me—" She seemed to think she had said enough, but added after a moment, "What about Helen?"

"I'm going to marry her to that young man to-morrow."

"What?" Mrs. Walker's person stiffened.

"I'm going to marry them, and I'm going to give them all the money I was going to spend, and I'm going to tell them to travel."

"But, good gracious, Jim Walker! I don't think it would be respectable!"

"Emily!" Mr. Walker got his wife's attention with this, but waited before using it. His lower lip was trembling, and he wanted it to stop. It wouldn't, and thus handicapped he spoke: "Emily, I'm ashamed and I want to go back; I feel all lost and uncovered here—I—don't you see, Emily?"

Mrs. Walker withheld the word he wanted until she felt sure she saw, then gathering up her bag and parasol she rose—"I never felt sure, anyway, that we didn't leave the pantry window unlocked."

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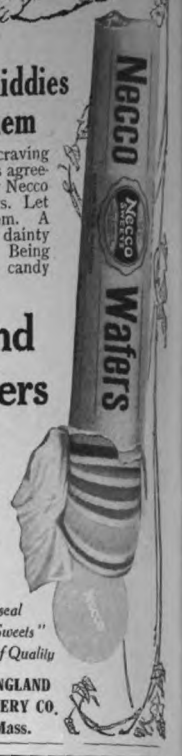

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DEPARTMENT OF CHILD-TRAINING

OUR COUNCILING MOTHERS

We want you to help all the other DELINEATOR mothers by telling them what you have found out about child upbringing. Won't you join our Home Kindergarten Circle and write us some of these things? We want you to be enrolled as one of our Counciling Mothers. Send your letters, care of the Home Kindergarten Department, THE DELINEATOR.

Here is Our Ideal Little Man-in-the-Making

PLEASE help me with home kindergarten work for my little boy three years old. He builds with his blocks "houses and auditoriums." He delights in laying out mountains and rivers in his sand-pile; knows most of the Mother Goose rhymes, and his favorite stories are about Indians, Daniel Boone and Kit Carson. He cuts out pictures and has colored crayons and water-color paints, although as yet he hasn't done much but learn colors.

I have tried to tell you what I have done already so you will know best how to advise me. Shall I teach him his letters, or just let him pick them up a few at a time as he has begun to already? I don't want to crowd his mind, but it is, "Mother, what shall I do?" "Is this the way to make a T?" "What makes it thunder?" and similar questions from morning until night. I shall appreciate any advice or help that you can give me.

MRS. H., Georgia.

We wrote Mrs. H. just as soon as her letter came, telling her about some kindergarten play materials that would answer the "What shall I do?" query. Now we must give her letter to all our other mothers because the little boy is just the type of boy that we love: a healthy, normal, developing little child who is showing the interests that all children should show between the years of three and six.

All children want to *build*. The building they do should have a real and vital connection with their life, and to build a house, a big hall where, in imagination, a lot of people might meet together, a shop, a bridge or a barn, helps a child to feel that he is a very vital part of the community in which he lives, and the play gives him the beginnings of social training. Encourage your child to build. Provide him with building material, although a child is happy building with stones, blocks and sticks of kindling-wood. The important part of it, though, is that you may be as interested in your child as a little builder as he is in his play.

Then, the small boy's stories. Indians and Daniel Boone and Kit Carson are every-day heroes. Their deeds touch a child's life. So will stories of the deeds of the fireman, the man who scales sky-scrapers, the bridge-builder, the soldier, touch a child's life and inspire him. Stories of brave dogs, faithful horses, will inspire a child, too.

When shall we teach the children to read?

Not until the normal instinct to learn the magic back of the printed word shows itself. If a child is eager to know the name of a letter, tell him, but do not force the knowledge upon him. The child who wants, at three or four years of age, to find out what words and letters mean will be helped by good colored pictures of trains, animals, and Mother Goose characters that have big printed captions underneath. Blocks that have very simple lettering are excellent, too, especially if the letters are raised, because this helps children to read by using the tips of their fingers. We want to thank Mrs. H. for her fine and intelligent analysis of a little child's interests. Her letter helps us all.

From a Kindergarten Father!

WOULD you like this bit for your bringing-up-children page? I suppose that ideas of fathers are as pertinent as the methods of mothers. This was my father's method of teaching children table manners—an excellent method that I have never seen duplicated. He had a system of merits. So many marks—five, I believe—for a "perfect" meal; one for a meal when manners had required no correction. Each correction took off a mark. Sometimes, alas, there was a meal which won no merits at all! Of course, better behavior was expected of ten-year-old Jamie than of six-year-old Louise, and Eleanor of thirteen lost her merits on occasions by calling attention to Jamie's misbehavior, which, her father told her, was "very bad form." The father's pocket-diary had a page or two devoted to each child and it looked like a backgammon score. At the end of the week or the month the merits were redeemed. So many marks were worth so many pennies. The "credits" were the result of earnest effort on the part of the children; the money thus given was honestly earned. And, through this cleverness on the part of the father, good table manners were secured without making the child self-conscious and nervous through fear of punishment for a mistake which, however inconvenient and embarrassing to the parents, was not morally wrong. The punishments in that family were kept for deeds that were really wrong; not meted out simply for what was inconvenient to the parents. The child's moral sense was not twisted by having a matter of making a noise with his soup put on a par with telling a lie.

MR. D., Massachusetts.

Indeed, we do want counsel from our DELINEATOR fathers. This is our first "father" letter, and we are so grateful for it.

Mr. D. has suggested a very important child-discipline question. Do we always weigh child faults in the balance, asking ourselves if they really hurt us or hurt the children? Sometimes we overpunish children for the things that they do which interfere with our comfort or our peaceful living, and which were, after all, not punishable faults at all.

We must help children to careful manners, but all children must be little animals before they are little ladies and gentlemen, and this is not their fault; it is the way they develop. So, if we may adopt some easy way to overcome slight faults that come from children's healthy, normal, animal instincts, some method of giving simple prizes as this father suggests, it will be better for the children. Real faults should be punished, but we ought to ask ourselves, "What are *real faults* of children?"

Another Sunday Kindergarten

I HAVE been so interested in your ideas for a Sunday kindergarten! May I tell you about mine, and ask for help from some of the rest of you along this line?

I have had a day kindergarten, but have just lately taken up kindergarten work in connection with a Sunday-school; and, oh, how I enjoy it! First, I made the room more homelike by hanging soft, cream-colored cheese-cloth curtains at the windows and putting up hooks for the children's wraps. As we can, I add good pictures and I go down myself to see that the room is carefully cleaned and in perfect order before the children come.

I begin thinking about Sunday's work on the Monday before so as to be thoroughly prepared—that is, I try to plan the kindergarten songs, stories and hand-work that will illustrate the lesson. If you sit down with scissors and paper, colored crayons or kindergarten blocks, you will find it possible to work out hand-work that will help to make real for kindergarten babies every Bible story.

This I have learned about teaching little children. We must be very simple and direct with them, giving them just one thought at a time. Don't think that you can't succeed because you have had no training. I have a number of helpers in my Sunday kindergarten who have had no training, and they get on beautifully.

I have babies at home, and I am just full to brimming over with home duties, but I do enjoy my kindergarten, thinking and reading what other mothers have to say on the subject.

MRS. H., New York.

The natural way for little children to learn is through play. If they can't go to a Sunday kindergarten, make one for them at home. Good stories that have a lesson tucked inside may be saved for Sunday, and a special set of Sunday blocks or special Sunday crayons may illustrate them. A group of neighborhood children may be gathered together for these Sunday stories, Sunday hand-work and some of the beautiful kindergarten songs.

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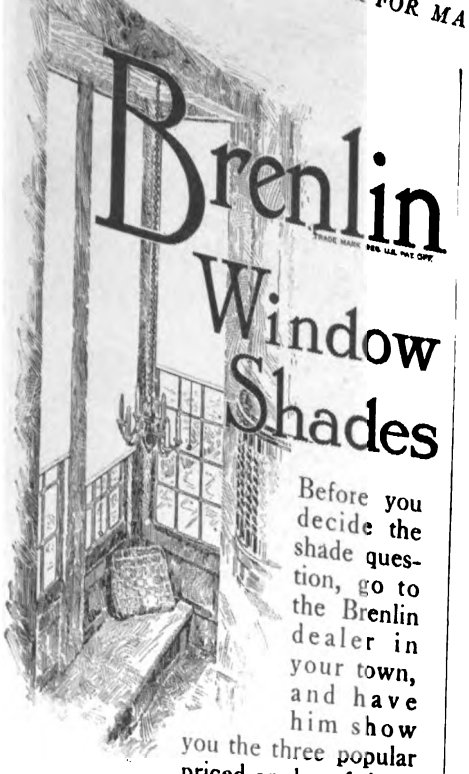

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

THE OTHER ONE

A STORY TO WAKE UP UNSELFISHNESS IN YOUR CHILD

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

IT SEEMED as if he must have risen up out of the sea-fog or perhaps have sailed in on an adventurous little wave—this Other One. He looked like a fisherman's child. Certainly he hadn't been there before, but now Dear Heart saw him quite plainly; a little bare-legged boy, wearing a brown smock and looking at her with big, *asking* eyes.

Dear Heart looked at the Other One for the space of one twinkle of her eyes. Then she bent her happy little self low over the sand castle again and busied her hand with piling more pink pebbles to make the sand-castle wall. Overhead was the pleasant whirring sound of the flapping sea-gulls' wings, and the wild little waves ran up and down the beach, tossing their white curling hair and singing the merry, rippling tunes that they had learned from the mermaids. They were the same songs that Dear Heart had heard and loved every single seashore day.

"You mustn't come too near my sand castle," she shouted now to a more daring little wave than all the others. It had run up the beach almost as far as the sand-castle wall.

The Other One had moved nearer, coming softly across the sand, his little brown, bare feet making tiny prints in the white sand. The child did not stop until he stood very near the red pail that was so full of shells and the shining shovel that stood so bravely beside it. As he stood there, he reached out his little brown hands toward the toys. His hands seemed asking too, like his eyes.

Dear Heart ran over to the child, shaking her head until her curls twisted in a tangle about her sweet face.

"No, *no*, boy!" she cried in her happy voice. "You mustn't touch anything I'm playing with. No one *ever* takes my playthings, you know. That is *my* pail and *my* shovel."

THE Other One said not a single word, but he sat down, cross-legged, in the sand, folding his hands in the lap of his brown smock. Dear Heart sat down too in the sand and looked at him.

"Why do you wear that brown dress, boy?" she asked.

The Other One looked at his smock. It was torn in some places and patched in other places. Then he looked at Dear Heart's dainty blue and white things, and he laughed. Such a merry, singing laugh as this child knew. It took all the wistful *asking* look from his eyes and it kept tune with the music of the singing waves.

"It's a better suit for working in," he said, "than yours is. It's a very nice smock, too, because it doesn't show the dirt."

"Do you *work?*" asked Dear Heart wonderingly.

The Other One suddenly grew quite serious. "Oh, yes," he said, "I work. I'm very busy indeed; sometimes all day long, too. I gather the driftwood for our fire, and I go out in the boat and bait the lobster-pots and I mend the nets, and I help father clean the dory."

"Do you never play?"

"Oh, yes, I play after the driftwood is gathered and spread out to dry and the nets are all mended," the child answered with a happy smile. "Then I run races up and down the sand with the sandpipers."

"Oh, no, boy," she said. "I don't mean that kind of playing. I mean playing with *things*—toys, you know."

"No," he said, "I haven't any things for playing."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know," Dear Heart said, mixing her words all together. She ran over to the place where the pail and shovel were. She looked at them for a moment, remembering that she had taken off from the toy shop the same. But she suddenly gathered them up in her arms and carried them over to the Other One, who still sat quietly in the sand, his rough little brown hands folded in the lap of his brown smock.

"These are *yours*, boy," she said, holding out the red pail that was full to the brim with yellow shells and red sea-beans and little white shells all rosy-pink inside. She reached out the shiny shovel, too.

"But you said it was *your* pail, and *your* shovel," the Other One said, not touching them at all.

"I want them to be *yours*," Dear Heart said softly, putting the pail and the shovel in the Other One's little hands.

He hugged them up close to his brown smock for a minute, smiling. Then he turned and went softly across the sand. Once, just before he was gone from sight, he called back to Dear Heart, and holding up the shiny shovel to glisten in the sunshine, "I'm going to tell the sandpipers about it!"

THE last word had just drifted back to Dear Heart when she heard a merry little chuckle. There at the pink pebble gate in front of the little sand castle stood Master Periwinkle, the funny little man not so high as your knee who always came when Dear Heart needed him. His wide blue flower hat was covered with dripping emerald-colored seaweed and he had a silver mermaid's fin stuck in the lapel of his little jacket. Before Dear Heart could say how surprised and happy she was to see him, he began talking in his little tinkling voice that sounded like a doll's.

"Such a voyage as it was! Dear Heart," he said, "I caught a nautilus-shell boat anchored at the Dream Wharf where the Road drops into the sunset—and I've been sailing such a long way; and see what I've brought you."

Oh, it was wonderful! It didn't seem possible to Dear Heart that little Master Periwinkle's pockets could hold all the beautiful treasures that he pulled out now and spread upon the white sand.

Gold shells, there were, prettier than the yellow shells that went into Dear Heart's red pail. *Ruby* sea-beans, brighter and bigger than the others, and great pink shells—pink *all over*. Other strange and pretty sea treasures Master Periwinkle laid out; branching pink and white coral; milky-blue oyster pearls, violet-colored sea-anemones—oh, they were lovely sea things!

"We will plant them in the garden that grows by your sand castle," Master Periwinkle laughed in his tinkling, soft little voice as he jumped over the pink pebble wall and began marking out garden-beds in the sand with his little bits of fingers.

"Oh, I'm so happy," Dear Heart laughed back to him. "I love this Seashore Place, but I wanted *you* so much. Will you stay and sleep in my sand castle at night and be there at the window in the morning when I come down to the beach to play?"

"Yes, Dear Heart," Master Periwinkle said in his tinkling little voice. "I will stay, and sleep in your sand castle at night and be here at the window when you come down to the beach to play!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Dear Heart breathed. Then, in a minute she asked, "*Why* did you come?"

Master Periwinkle did not answer at all. He just pointed with one wee finger way down the beach. Dear Heart looked where he pointed. She saw a little boy in a ragged brown smock sitting happily in a patch of gold sunset color. He was shoveling white sand into a little red pail with a shiny shovel and by his side stood a solemn, long-legged sandpiper.

It was the Other One to whom Master Periwinkle pointed.

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

BOY KNIGHTS' PAGE

MAKE YOUR OWN HELIOGRAPH

By Wm. M. Butterfield

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YOU will need two ordinary mirrors 4 inches square to begin your heliograph. In the exact center of each a ⅛-inch circle is placed; one is of white paper pasted to the glass, the other is made by scratching away the silver from the back of the glass. These mirrors are set in frames as shown in the first diagram.

Strips of wood ⅛-inch square on both sides of the glass fastened by brads make the frames. The frames are made so that a small bolt can be put in on either side to form trunnions for the frame to swing upon. They must be exactly in the center of each side or opposite the circle in the mirror.

To enable these mirror frames to be more readily adjusted, they are hung in swivel brackets, made as shown in Figures 1 and 2. These are wide enough to fit the frames closely, are 6¼ inches high, and 1 inch wide. Each is reenforced in the corners with a block of wood which extends 2¾ inches each way. The holes for the trunnion-bolts are bored in each upright, 5 inches from the outside bottom of the bracket.

The brackets are fastened with a single bolt, put in the center at the bottom, to a board 11 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1 inch thick. They are placed 7 inches apart. When adjusting the mirrors the nuts on the swivel-bolts may be tightened with the fingers.

The screen frame is 6 inches square and 1 inch thick. It is bolted with two bolts to a ½-inch board 3 inches wide and 9 inches long. One of these bolts, placed in the center at the bottom of the frame (see Figure 5), fastens the tripod. A board with a 4-inch hole cut in the center is nailed at one side, flush with the edge of the frame (see Figure 3). Over this board and to the edge of the frame the stop piece *b* is nailed, as shown in Figure 4. A shutter, of the same thickness of wood as piece *b*, is made as shown at *A*. It is 5 inches in diameter.

In the projecting part, 3½ inches from its center, a bolt is placed, fastening it to the end board. The shutter will fall back into place of its own weight. It is operated with a lever 7 inches long and 1 inch square. One end is screwed to the piece *b* and in the center of the frame the other end is attached with wire, fastened to screw-eyes, to the shutter as shown in Figure 4. A spool cut in half and screwed to the lever makes a good handle.

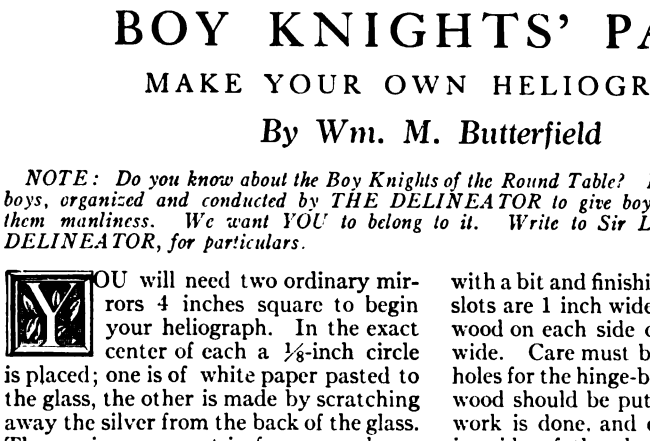
To make the tripod heads, first lay out a circle 8 inches in diameter upon a hardwood board 1 inch thick. Divide the circle into 3 equal parts and sketch in the triangle, then lay out the head shown in solid lines in Figure 6. The wood is sawed away to these solid lines. The wood is removed from the slots for the legs, boring with a bit and finishing with a chisel. The slots are 1 inch wide and 1 inch deep; the wood on each side of them is also 1 inch wide. Care must be taken in boring the holes for the hinge-bolts. A piece of 1-inch wood should be put in the slot when the work is done, and each hole bored from its side of the slot. They are $\frac{7}{16}$ of an inch from the end, and $\frac{7}{16}$ of an inch from the bottom of the head.

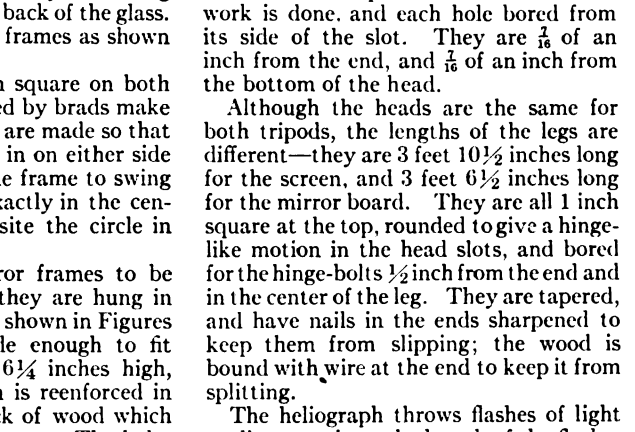
Although the heads are the same for both tripods, the lengths of the legs are different—they are 3 feet 10½ inches long for the screen, and 3 feet 6½ inches long for the mirror board. They are all 1 inch square at the top, rounded to give a hinge-like motion in the head slots, and bored for the hinge-bolts ½ inch from the end and in the center of the leg. They are tapered, and have nails in the ends sharpened to keep them from slipping; the wood is bound with wire at the end to keep it from splitting.

The heliograph throws flashes of light to distant points; the length of the flashes is regulated so as to form a code. Counting to three slowly constitutes a short flash, counting slowly to ten constitutes a long flash, and the combination of long and short flashes are arranged to constitute a message, just as the telegraph code is used. For a boy to spell out each word, letter by letter, as is done in telegraphy, would be tiresome and confusing, so it is advisable that a cipher code be arranged, using the telegraph code as a guide. For instance, the letter A, which is represented by one short and one long flash, could convey some such sentence as, "I am coming over this evening at eight o'clock. Will you be home?" One or two letters or figures could convey long sentences. This would be a secret code.

When using the heliograph, set up the instrument with the station mirror, marked *B* on the diagram, facing the station which is to be communicated with—some distant doorway, window, or porch. By sighting through the peep-hole in the sun mirror, marked *A*, the reflection of the distant station can be seen in the station mirror. This must be adjusted so that the white circle covers the point to be signaled. Then the sun mirror is shifted until the shadow spot, formed by the circle or peep-hole, falls upon the white spot on the station mirror. The station mirror is then clamped in position, but the sun mirror must be constantly shifted to keep it in focus as the sun moves across the sky.

The flash from the station mirror must fall squarely upon the center of the screen opening, so that no light from it reaches the station only as the shutter is opened. The flashes are sent by operating the lever of the screen as a telegraph operator works his key.





Working diagrams for heliograph

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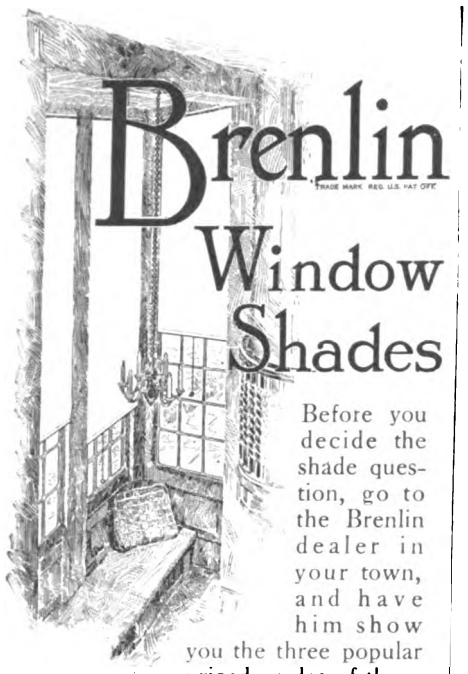

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

THE OTHER ONE

A STORY TO WAKE UP UNSELFISHNESS IN YOUR CHILD

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

IT SEEMED as if he must have risen up out of the sea-fog or perhaps have sailed in on an adventurous little wave—this Other One. He looked like a fisherman's child. Certainly he hadn't been there before, but now Dear Heart saw him quite plainly; a little bare-legged boy, wearing a brown smock and looking at her with big, *asking* eyes.

Dear Heart looked at the Other One for the space of one twinkle of her eyes. Then she bent her happy little self low over the sand castle again and busied her hand with piling more pink pebbles to make the sand-castle wall. Overhead was the pleasant whirring sound of the flapping sea-gulls' wings, and the wild little waves ran up and down the beach, tossing their white curling hair and singing the merry, rippling tunes that they had learned from the mermaids. They were the same songs that Dear Heart had heard and loved every single seashore day.

"You mustn't come too near my sand castle," she shouted now to a more daring little wave than all the others. It had run up the beach almost as far as the sand-castle wall.

The Other One had moved nearer, coming softly across the sand, his little brown, bare feet making tiny prints in the white sand. The child did not stop until he stood very near the red pail that was so full of shells and the shining shovel that stood so bravely beside it. As he stood there, he reached out his little brown hands toward the toys. His hands seemed asking too, like his eyes.

Dear Heart ran over to the child, shaking her head until her curls twisted in a tangle about her sweet face.

"No, *no*, boy!" she cried in her happy voice. "You mustn't touch anything I'm playing with. No one *ever* takes my playthings, you know. That is *my* pail and *my* shovel."

THE Other One said not a single word, but he sat down, cross-legged, in the sand, folding his hands in the lap of his brown smock. Dear Heart sat down too in the sand and looked at him.

"Why do you wear that brown dress, boy?" she asked.

The Other One looked at his smock. It was torn in some places and patched in other places. Then he looked at Dear Heart's dainty blue and white things, and he laughed. Such a merry, singing laugh as this child knew. It took all the wistful *asking* look from his eyes and it kept tune with the music of the singing waves.

"It's a better suit for working in," he said, "than yours is. It's a very nice smock, too, because it doesn't show the dirt."

"Do you *work?*" asked Dear Heart wonderingly.

The Other One suddenly grew quite serious. "Oh, yes," he said, "I work. I'm very busy indeed; sometimes all day long, too. I gather the driftwood for our fire, and I go out in the boat and bait the lobster-pots and I mend the nets, and I help father clean the dory."

"Do you never play?"

"Oh, yes, I play after the driftwood is gathered and spread out to dry and the nets are all mended," the child answered with a happy smile. "Then I run races up and down the sand with the sandpipers."

"Oh, no, boy," she said. "I don't mean that kind of playing. I mean playing with *things*—toys, you know."

"No," he said, "I haven't any things for playing."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know," Dear Heart said, mixing her words all together. She ran over to the place where the pail and shovel were. She looked at them for a moment, remembering that she was a long way off from the toy shop from which they came. But she suddenly gathered them up in her arms and carried them over to the Other One, who still sat quietly in the sand, his rough little brown hands folded in the lap of his brown smock.

"These are *yours*, boy," she said, holding out the red pail that was full to the brim with yellow shells and red sea-beans and little white shells all rosy-pink inside. She reached out the shiny shovel, too.

"But you said it was *your* pail, and *your* shovel," the Other One said, not touching them at all.

"I want them to be *yours*," Dear Heart said softly, putting the pail and the shovel in the Other One's little hands.

He hugged them up close to his brown smock for a minute, smiling. Then he turned and went softly across the sand. Once, just before he was gone from sight, he called back to Dear Heart, and holding up the shiny shovel to glisten in the sunshine, "I'm going to tell the sandpipers about it!"

THE last word had just drifted back to Dear Heart when she heard a merry little chuckle. There at the pink pebble gate in front of the little sand castle stood Master Periwinkle, the funny little man not so high as your knee who always came when Dear Heart needed him. His wide blue flower hat was covered with dripping emerald-colored seaweed and he had a silver mermaid's fin stuck in the lapel of his little jacket. Before Dear Heart could say how surprised and happy she was to see him, he began talking in his little tinkling voice that sounded like a doll's.

"Such a voyage as it was! Dear Heart," he said, "I caught a nautilus-shell boat anchored at the Dream Wharf where the Road drops into the sunset—and I've been sailing such a long way; and see what I've brought you."

Oh, it was wonderful! It didn't seem possible to Dear Heart that little Master Periwinkle's pockets could hold all the beautiful treasures that he pulled out now and spread upon the white sand.

Gold shells, there were, prettier than the yellow shells that went into Dear Heart's red pail. *Ruby* sea-beans, brighter and bigger than the others, and great pink shells—pink *all over*. Other strange and pretty sea treasures Master Periwinkle laid out; branching pink and white coral; milky-blue oyster pearls, violet-colored sea-anemones—oh, they were lovely sea things!

"We will plant them in the garden that grows by your sand castle," Master Periwinkle laughed in his tinkling, soft little voice as he jumped over the pink pebble wall and began marking out garden-beds in the sand with his little bits of fingers.

"Oh, I'm so happy," Dear Heart laughed back to him. "I love this Seashore Place, but I wanted *you* so much. Will you stay and sleep in my sand castle at night and be there at the window in the morning when I come down to the beach to play?"

"Yes, Dear Heart," Master Periwinkle said in his tinkling little voice. "I will stay, and sleep in your sand castle at night and be here at the window when you come down to the beach to play!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Dear Heart breathed. Then, in a minute she asked, "*Why* did you come?"

Master Periwinkle did not answer at all. He just pointed with one wee finger way down the beach. Dear Heart looked where he pointed. She saw a little boy in a ragged brown smock sitting happily in a patch of gold sunset color. He was shoveling white sand into a little red pail with a shiny shovel and by his side stood a solemn, long-legged sandpiper.

It was the Other One to whom Master Periwinkle pointed.

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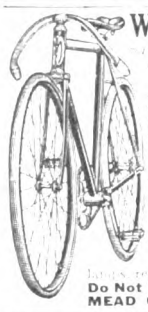

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

BOY KNIGHTS' PAGE

MAKE YOUR OWN HELIOGRAPH

By Wm. M. Butterfield

NOTE: Do you know about the Boy Knights of the Round Table? It is a great big club for boys, organized and conducted by THE DELINEATOR to give boys good times and teach them manliness. We want YOU to belong to it. Write to Sir Launcelot, care of THE DELINEATOR, for particulars.

YOU will need two ordinary mirrors 4 inches square to begin your heliograph. In the exact center of each a ⅛-inch circle is placed; one is of white paper pasted to the glass, the other is made by scratching away the silver from the back of the glass. These mirrors are set in frames as shown in the first diagram.

Strips of wood ⅛-inch square on both sides of the glass fastened by brads make the frames. The frames are made so that a small bolt can be put in on either side to form trunnions for the frame to swing upon. They must be exactly in the center of each side or opposite the circle in the mirror.

To enable these mirror frames to be more readily adjusted, they are hung in swivel brackets, made as shown in Figures 1 and 2. These are wide enough to fit the frames closely, are 6¼ inches high, and 1 inch wide. Each is reenforced in the corners with a block of wood which extends 2¾ inches each way. The holes for the trunnion-bolts are bored in each upright, 5 inches from the outside bottom of the bracket.

The brackets are fastened with a single bolt, put in the center at the bottom, to a board 11 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1 inch thick. They are placed 7 inches apart. When adjusting the mirrors the nuts on the swivel-bolts may be tightened with the fingers.

The screen frame is 6 inches square and 1 inch thick. It is bolted with two bolts to a ½-inch board 3 inches wide and 9 inches long. One of these bolts, placed in the center at the bottom of the frame (see Figure 5), fastens the tripod. A board with a 4-inch hole cut in the center is nailed at one side, flush with the edge of the frame (see Figure 3). Over this board and to the edge of the frame the stop piece *b* is nailed, as shown in Figure 4. A shutter, of the same thickness of wood as piece *b*, is made as shown at *A*. It is 5 inches in diameter.

In the projecting part, 3½ inches from its center, a bolt is placed, fastening it to the end board. The shutter will fall back into place of its own weight. It is operated with a lever 7 inches long and 1 inch square. One end is screwed to the piece *b* and in the center of the frame the other end is attached with wire, fastened to screw-eyes, to the shutter as shown in Figure 4. A spool cut in half and screwed to the lever makes a good handle.

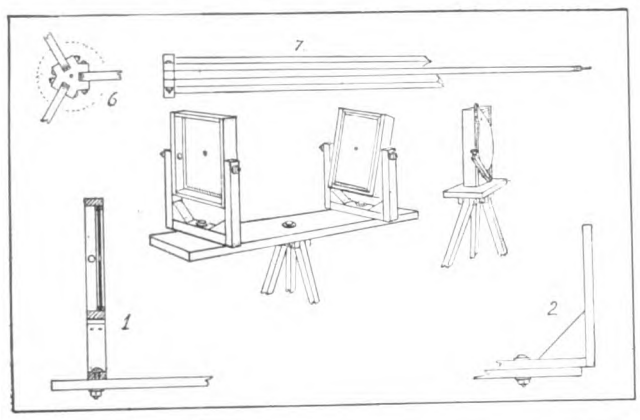
To make the tripod heads, first lay out a circle 8 inches in diameter upon a hardwood board 1 inch thick. Divide the circle into 3 equal parts and sketch in the triangle, then lay out the head shown in solid lines in Figure 6. The wood is sawed away to these solid lines. The wood is removed from the slots for the legs, boring with a bit and finishing with a chisel. The slots are 1 inch wide and 1 inch deep; the wood on each side of them is also 1 inch wide. Care must be taken in boring the holes for the hinge-bolts. A piece of 1-inch wood should be put in the slot when the work is done, and each hole bored from its side of the slot. They are 7/16 of an inch from the end, and 7/16 of an inch from the bottom of the head.

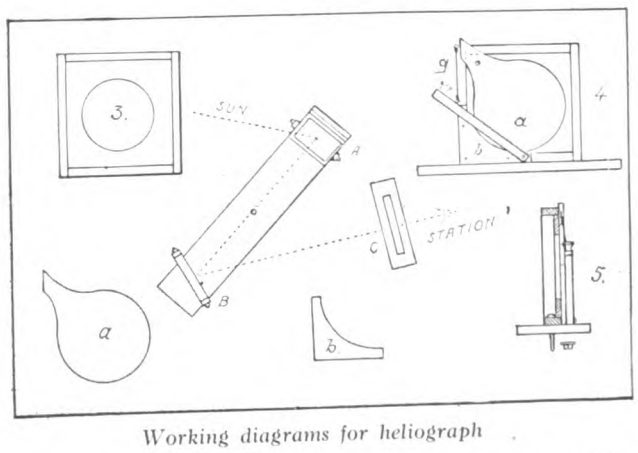
Although the heads are the same for both tripods, the lengths of the legs are different—they are 3 feet 10½ inches long for the screen, and 3 feet 6½ inches long for the mirror board. They are all 1 inch square at the top, rounded to give a hinge-like motion in the head slots, and bored for the hinge-bolts ½ inch from the end and in the center of the leg. They are tapered, and have nails in the ends sharpened to keep them from slipping; the wood is bound with wire at the end to keep it from splitting.

The heliograph throws flashes of light to distant points; the length of the flashes is regulated so as to form a code. Counting to three slowly constitutes a short flash, counting slowly to ten constitutes a long flash, and the combination of long and short flashes are arranged to constitute a message, just as the telegraph code is used. For a boy to spell out each word, letter by letter, as is done in telegraphy, would be tiresome and confusing, so it is advisable that a cipher code be arranged, using the telegraph code as a guide. For instance, the letter A, which is represented by one short and one long flash, could convey some such sentence as, "I am coming over this evening at eight o'clock. Will you be home?" One or two letters or figures could convey long sentences. This would be a secret code.

When using the heliograph, set up the instrument with the station mirror, marked *B* on the diagram, facing the station which is to be communicated with—some distant doorway, window, or porch. By sighting through the peep-hole in the sun mirror, marked *A*, the reflection of the distant station can be seen in the station mirror. This must be adjusted so that the white circle covers the point to be signaled. Then the sun mirror is shifted until the shadow spot, formed by the circle or peep-hole, falls upon the white spot on the station mirror. The station mirror is then clamped in position, but the sun mirror must be constantly shifted to keep it in focus as the sun moves across the sky.

The flash from the station mirror must fall squarely upon the center of the screen opening, so that no light from it reaches the station only as the shutter is opened. The flashes are sent by operating the lever of the screen as a telegraph operator works his key.





Working diagrams for heliograph

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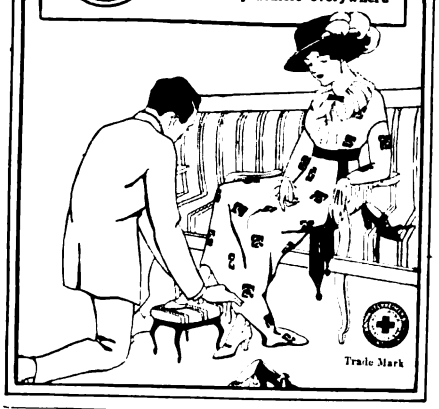

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

AUNT BETTY'S LETTER

AND A PRIZE CONTEST

DEAREST LITTLE FOLKS:—Once upon a time—now isn't that just the nicest way to begin a letter? It makes you sure that the letter is going to be a story and it really is, this time. Well, to begin all over again, dears—once upon a time when your best-beloved Aunt Betty was a little girl, she made a May basket.

May always came in that once-upon-a-time land with a great many dandelions and wild forget-me-nots and violets, all lovely flowers for filling May baskets, and *all* the little boys and girls spent *all* their pennies for days before May Day buying sheets and sheets of pink and blue paper to cut into strips and to weave into May baskets for holding flowers.

But your Aunt Betty had no pennies. She had spent every cent for candy and penny dolls. *Such* sad extravagance, with May Day coming!

Suddenly, though, she had an idea. Up in her grandmother's attic there were many old boxes that had held scarlet strawberries and ruby currants and purple blueberries in the Summer. How strong and clean and square they were, quite fine enough for May baskets if they were only painted a pretty color! *That* was easily managed. Your Aunt Betty's dear mother got the dye-pot ready and helped Aunt Betty to dye the berry baskets a beautiful green color, and on each basket were put wire handles.

And *how* should one fill those beautiful green May baskets?

Oh, down in the woods were hundreds of little green ferns just unrolling their little round white toes! If you lift a little new, green fern very carefully from its earth bed with plenty of wood soil and leaf loam around its roots, why, this little new fern will live at your house, all Summer long.

That is what your Aunt Betty did, dears, when she was a little girl. She filled her green May baskets with little new, green ferns and then she hung a May basket on May Day Eve on each of her best friends' door-knobs. It *was* such fun. And, just fancy no other child made such pretty May baskets as these!

You can make a May basket, dears, in just the same way and your best-of-all friend will love it. Or you can cut pink and blue paper in many, long narrow strips and weave them together to make a May basket. *Or* you can cover an old candy-box all over with pretty violet or pink or blue tissue-paper, and have a ruffle at the top, and this will make a beautiful May basket.

Your most loving
AUNT BETTY.

AUNT BETTY'S PRIZE CONTEST

Find Your May Gifts, Children!

O L P E Y M A
R H T A A S W T
C P C I N I
S P Y A L O H U E
O R E S L W F

For the ten best answers to this list of hidden gifts that our month of May brings every child, ten cash prizes of one dollar each will be given. Send your letters to Aunt Betty, care of THE DELINEATOR, before May fifteenth.

Our Boys and Girls Who Won the February Prizes

Clara Norman, Alabama.
Cecil Bayless, Illinois.
Elizabeth Hurd, Indiana.
Elsie Gainssle, New York.
Edith M. Rogers, New York.
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Teresa Boyle, New York.
Charles Marshall, Arkansas.
Helen L. Wilcoxon, Ohio.
Josephine Donahue, Ohio.

JENNY WREN CORNER

"Put on your gown of dainty white,
Put on your bodice blue;
For I've been waiting all the night
To greet the May with you."

THIS may be your invitation, girls. No May party is complete without a Queen, so we will first of all choose the Queen of the May. Under the leaves of the rosebush, or in the tall grass, are just as many cards as there are guests, hidden there by the Wood-Fairy. Each of these cards contains the colored picture of some flower and perhaps an appropriate verse. These flowers can be drawn and tinted with water-color paints or cut from a catalogue or magazine and pasted on the card with the verse neatly printed or written.

One card will not have a flower, but a small gold crown and this verse:

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May."

When each guest has found a card, all gather on the lawn where the Wood-Fairy is waiting with wreaths of real or artificial flowers to match each card, and as she places each wreath on the head of the one to whom it belongs, this girl reads or recites from memory the verse on her card. The May Queen's crown and verse must be the last, and then all the guests join hands and dance around her.

Then the Wood-Fairy, who is dressed in a many-petaled costume of brown or green tissue-paper, will lead the games, each girl being called by the name of the flower she represents for the entire afternoon: Daffodil, Snowdrop, Hyacinth, etc.

The first game will be "Going Maying." All except the Wood-Fairy sit in a row of chairs, back to back. The Wood-Fairy tells a story, walking around the row as she talks of going Maying and finding a wee wild *violet* growing by the side of a big rock, and not far away a tiny *bluebell*, and in the brook beyond a *water-lily*. As she names each flower, that little girl gets up and follows, with her hands on the shoulders of the one in front, until all are named and march round the chairs. When the Wood-Fairy calls "May-Day," she and all the others break loose and run to the chairs. As there is one less chair than there are girls, some one will be left out, and she will have to take the Wood-Fairy's place and weave the story.

"Bouquet" will be the next game. All the guests sit in a large circle, save one. That girl tosses up a paper flower with a small lead weight concealed within, and calls the name of one of the flowers. She rises and tries to catch it before it lights, and the one who has tossed the flower takes her seat while she calls another name.

No May party is complete without a May-pole. It is time now to take your places and wind the strips of cheese-cloth that have been fastened to the top of the pole, or to the limbs of any tall tree, the May-Queen leading you.

And then, your party feast:

Bread and Butter Sandwiches, cut in leaf shape
Radish Flowers *Potato Roses*
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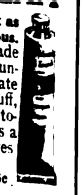

Hair Tonic, $1.00. Shampoo Cream, 25c a tube—enough for several shampoos.

At Drug & Dept. Stores or sent postpaid

Send 2c. for Mrs. Mason's book, "The Hair and How to Preserve It," containing autograph letters from famous women. Also a trial tube of Shampoo Cream.

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

This 3-Stem Switch $2.95

Reduced from $4.00

Twenty inches long, 2¼ oz., selected natural wavy hair, of splendid quality. Reduced from $4.00 for this Special Sale.

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Our New Hair Book describes a hundred aids to beauty, and also lists all the newest

Paris Fashions in Hair Dressings

at guaranteed lowest prices. Make your selection and let us send you the goods **ON APPROVAL.** Pay when satisfied—no money in advance. These goods are guaranteed quality, to match any ordinary shade.

STRAIGHT SWITCHES		WAVY SWITCHES	
1¾ oz.	18 in. $0.85	20 in.	$1.65
2 oz.	20 in. 1.25	22 in.	2.90
2 oz.	22 in. 1.75	24 in.	3.85
2½ oz.	24 in. 2.75	26 in.	5.95
3 oz.	26 in. 4.45	30 in.	7.65

Featherweight Stemless Switch, 22 in. Natural Wavy . . $4.95
3 Stem (triple) 24 in. Wavy Switch, 2½ oz. 4.95
Coronet Braid 3½ oz. Wavy 4.95
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Wigs, Ladies' and Men's $5 to $50.00

Send long sample of your hair and describe article you want. We will send prepaid ON APPROVAL. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the price. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive; ask for estimate.

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PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 25, 209 State St., Chicago

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1913

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A superb number. Beautifully illustrated. Over 600 distinct designs. 2,000 illustrations. A complete assortment of dainty summery things for every occasion. Draperies of all kinds for all figures. All graceful and smart.

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THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK

THOSE FUNNY TIKES

HAVEN'T YOUR OWN KIDDIES SAID THINGS JUST AS AMUSING?

HARRY'S mother took him to the dentist one day to have some teeth extracted.

"Never mind, my boy," said the dentist, "they will soon grow in again."

"W-will they g-grow in a-again before d-dinner?" sobbed the little fellow.

THE teacher asked the class of little girls to write an essay on some animal. One little girl chose the camel as her subject, and this is what she said;

"There is only one horse that can cross the great desert, and he is the camel. The reason that the camel can cross the desert is that he carrys water for himself in his hump. When you see a camel without any hump, it's a sign that he has drunk himself dry."

ONE day Bobby insisted that prayers were no good. A baby brother had arrived in the home, and an effort was made to impress Bobbie with the delight he should feel in having a little playmate.

"Naw," exclaimed Bobbie in supreme disgust: "I been prayin' for a dog that could run around and follow me and bark an' do sumpin'—not a red baby that squalls."

WILLIE had for his guest a little cousin from Boston about his own age. One afternoon his mother heard sounds of battle from the play-room.

"Children, what on earth is the matter?" she cried, rushing in.

"We're having an argument," bawled the disheveled Willie.

"Argument?" echoed the astonished mother. "What about?"

"'Bout tempests, who made 'em. I said it was God and Tommy wants to bet it was Shakespeare."

EDITH, who was a timid little girl, had recited a piece in school on visitors' day with great credit. Afterward her mother complimented her on her success, adding, "You didn't seem frightened at all, Edith."

"Oh, but, mama dear," she exclaimed, "you should have seen my knees!"

LITTLE Mary was on a visit to her grandpa. On Sunday he took her with him to church. Spying a relative up in the gallery she whispered to him, "Oh, grandpa, look up! There is auntie sitting on a shelf!"

"SAY, mother," asked Edgar, "when I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?"

"Yes, my boy," answered the mother, "but if you want to be a man you must be very industrious at school, and learn how to behave yourself. You must not be lazy."

"Why, mother?" asked the little boy. "Do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

GERTRUDE, aged three, sat in her high chair at the dinner-table turning about in her fingers a small ear of corn from which she had been nibbling a row at a time. Suddenly she burst into tears.

"What *is* the matter, dear?" asked her mother.

"I've lost my place!" sobbed the little one.

HILDA (aged five): "I saw an old woman to-day, mother, with a false nose!"

Mother: "How do you know it was false, dear?"

Hilda: "It didn't show any signs of wear!"

BARBER: "Well, my young man, how would you like to have your hair cut?"

Young man: "Oh, like papa's, with a hole on the top!"

The Winston—a charming Wooltex model that shows the new cutaway. A superb suit for the price, $25.00.

The Winifred—a simple, tasteful Wooltex spring suit that offers at $25.00 a value probably unequalled and certainly unsurpassed.

The Windsor—a refined Wooltex spring suit of smart lines, for the discriminating woman. Price extremely reasonable—$25.00.

The Winningham—a new, distinctive Wooltex suit that compares favorably with custom-made garments at twice the cost—$25.00.

Will you go to The Store That Sells Wooltex in your city and look at these four spring suits—

Or aren't you interested in the best looking, best tailored, best quality suits ever shown to American women at $25.00?

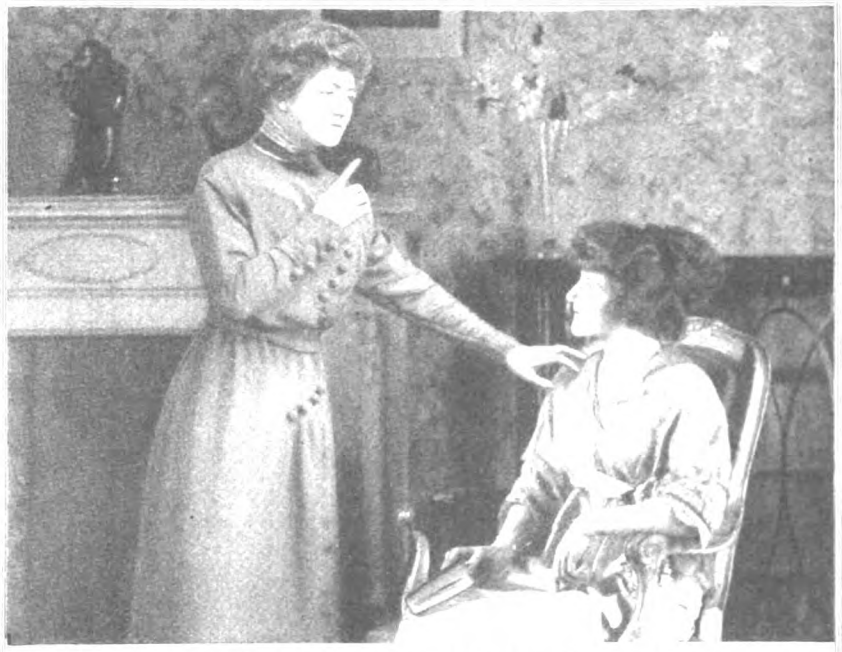
Wooltex Coats, $15 to $40 — Wooltex Suits, $25 to $55

Wooltex THE H. BLACK COMPANY DESIGNERS and MAKERS CLEVELAND

Every Wooltex coat, suit or skirt is so well tailored, so carefully selected at such excellent material that the makers give the exceptional guarantee of two full seasons' satisfactory service. Let us send you the Wooltex spring Style Book, "The Styles Coming In," beautifully illustrated.

If there is no Store That Sells Wooltex in your city, write direct to us, and we will send you "The Styles Coming In," and give you the address of The Store That Sells Wooltex nearest you.

This label on every Wooltex garment. Paris THE H. BLACK COMPANY Cleveland



If 40 Could Talk to 20

"Learn by my mistake! To enjoy that rose-leaf glow and velvety softness at 40—begin at 20!" The example of several million refined women *proves* that an easy way to prolong or restore your youthful beauty is through the use of

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Pompeian is the original massage cream that rubs in and rolls out. It is this rolling out feature that cleanses, exercises and invigorates the skin and gives a clear, fresh, youthful complexion. No ordinary cream can do this.

Send the coupon below for trial jar. Try it yourself. Into the pores the Pompeian goes; out it comes, darkened and dirt-laden. Presto! You are transformed. Your skin looks clear and clean; your face feels refreshed; the tired lines are subdued. In short, Pompeian youth-i-fies. It does.

A Shopping Hint Cheaply-made imitations or substitutes are offered at some stores because they cost the substitutor less, and he makes more—at your expense. You can't be too careful what you put on your face. Get Pompeian. At all dealers, 50c, 75c and $1.

GET TRIAL JAR

Sent for 6c (coins or stamps). For years you have heard about Pompeian. You have meant to try it, but delayed. Clip coupon now.

Cut off, sign and send—Stamps accepted but coins preferred

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
99 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 6c (coins or stamps) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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Hydegrade Wash Fabrics for children have good firm body to stand the wear and tear—fast colors that retain their brilliancy in spite of sun and laundry—tasteful patterns and shades in keeping with the high quality of the materials.

Hydegrade TRADE MARK

Wash Fabrics

have always been extremely popular for children on account of their unusually beautiful colorings and their resistance to sun and wear.

Galatea, Poplin, Piqué, Ratiné, Tub-proof Voiles, Princess Eponge, Satin Charmeuse, and many exclusive novelties.

Look for the name Hydegrade stamped on every yard. None genuine without it. For sale at the wash goods section.

A. G. HYDE & SONS
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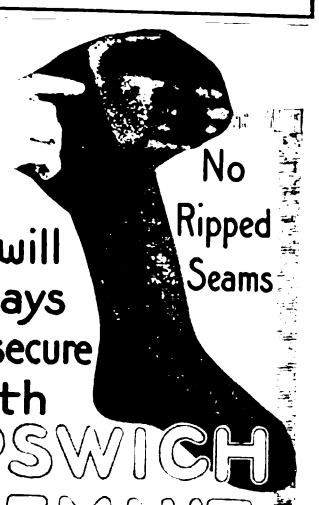

You will always feel secure With IPSWICH HEMNIT

No Ripped Seams

No. 2305
ARE SEAMLESS.

No Garter-Hole Runs—the "Knit-in" Hem Stops Them All.

Strong, silk-lisle stockings with high spliced heel, double sole, reinforced heel and toe. Also 4½ inch HEMNIT top that is loose, comfortable, and elastic, filling all requirements of the out-size. Get them from your dealer in black, tan, and white with the "Witch" tag, at 25c a pair. If he does not carry Ipswich, send us his name with your order.

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Many styles for men, women, and children, at 15c, and 25c a pair. Catalog sent on request.

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TRADE WATER PROOF MARK

These dainty little garments are guaranteed to be water-proof and will keep your baby's clothing dry, sweet and comfortable. STORK Pants fit neatly over the diaper, are well-shaped, well-finished, soft, light, comfortable to wear, and are easily cleansed.

50c each

Get the Genuine—See the registered STORK trade-mark on the waistband. If your dealer can't supply you genuine STORK, write direct to

THE STORK CO.
Dept. 2-F Boston, Mass.
Makers STORK Sheeting, STORK Shoes, etc.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 50c.
D. ORT ENGRAVING CO., 1027 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dress 6111 Coat 6154; hat 6123 Coat 6128 Dress 6168

DESIGN 6111 gives a charming version of the Russian style in a dress for little girls. It is cut in one length from neck to hem and has tucks which produce a smart panel effect. If you like to emphasize this effect you should use a belt only at the sides, but to bring out the Russian style you will use the wide belt all the way round. The full-length front closing is effective in either case. High or open neck, two styles of collar and full-length sleeves in either of two styles or shorter sleeves are possibilities of the design and a removable shield is included in it. It is an excellent design for the corded cottons or galatea.

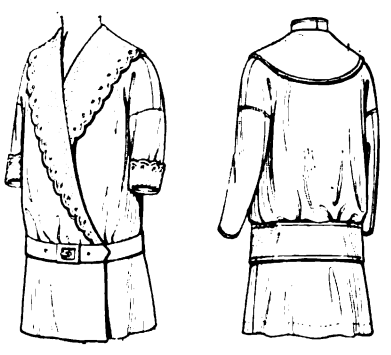
For a little girl of four years, two yards of material thirty-two inches wide, with one-half yard of twenty-seven inches wide for the collar, shield and cuffs, and one-quarter yard twenty-seven inches wide for the belt and bands to trim, will be required for the dress as on the figure.

Design 6111 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from two to twelve years, price fifteen cents.

A SHORT plaited skirt attached to a long Russian blouse makes a smart and jaunty little coat for girls of almost any age. One is shown in design 6154, which has as additional advantages a popularly shaped closing and the dropped shoulder now so much used. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body, the lower part may be in either of two styles. The neck may be high with a standing band or slightly open with the new wide shallow collar, and a regulation or wider belt may be used. The waist may be bloused or drawn down; the attached straight skirt may be plaited or gathered. Suitable materials are cotton ratine or éponge, piqué, rep, linen, satin, Bedford cord and serge.

For a little girl of four years, two yards of material fifty inches wide will be required for the coat and hat 6123 as shown on the figure and one yard and seven-eighths of braid for one row.

Design 6154 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



6128

THE new coats for girls and little girls are in Russian blouse style with long waists, wide belts, and short narrow skirts. A good many like design 6128 have sleeves with the upper part in one with the body, a construction which with the soft blouse makes this style easy to tailor. In this design the sleeves may be full length in either of two styles, or three-quarter length, and the fulness may be bloused or drawn down. Two styles of belt and a removable shield are also provided. The attached skirt is in three pieces.

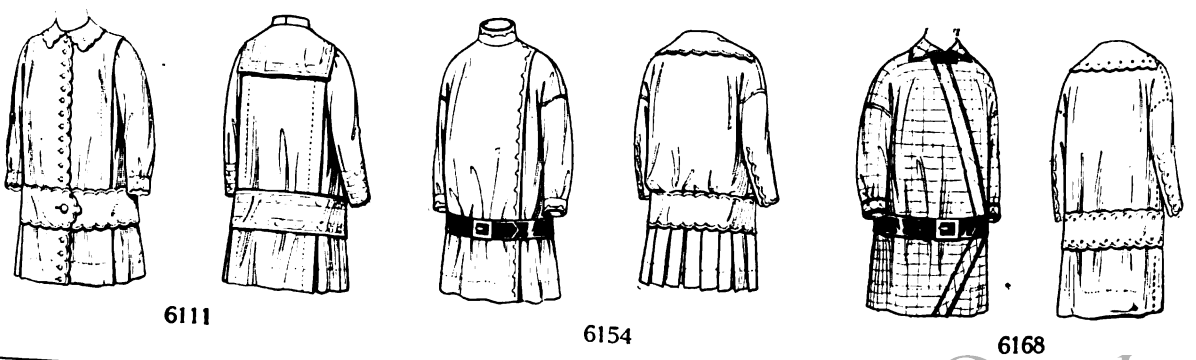
For a girl of eleven years, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and seven-eighths of a yard of contrasting material forty inches wide for the collar, cuffs and belt will be required for the coat as on the figure.

Design 6128 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

WHILE design 6168 is a simple straight dress with waist and skirt cut in one piece, the kind of dress that mothers who know that simplicity is the best taste prefer for their daughters, it is smartly individualized by the angle of the closing line and the use of the dropped shoulder. A collar in one of the new shapes and one of the new wide belts complete its style and attractiveness. There is, however, a smaller collar for a high instead of slightly open neck and a belt of regulation width provided in the design for those who may prefer them. The sleeves may be full length, in either of two styles or shorter. For straight dresses of this kind, the heavier corded cottons, cotton ratine, galatea and linen are the best materials. A design for embroidering them with a scallop as shown on the figure or with a scallop and dot may be obtained in Butterick transfers. A contrasting material may also be used to trim.

For a little girl of five years, two yards and seven-eighths of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6168 may be obtained in nine sizes, from two to ten years, price fifteen cents.



6111 6154 6168

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

Bathing-suit 6153 Suit 6164 Rompers 6142

THE long-waisted Russian-blouse dress, which is the smart thing now for girls, has been copied in a bathing-suit in design 6153. This consists of a Russian blouse-waist with the neck in either of two styles, an attached three-piece skirt, knickerbockers attached to an underbody, and a cap.

For a girl of ten years, two yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide for the blouse and skirt and one yard twenty-seven inches wide for the bands and cap will be required as on front figure.

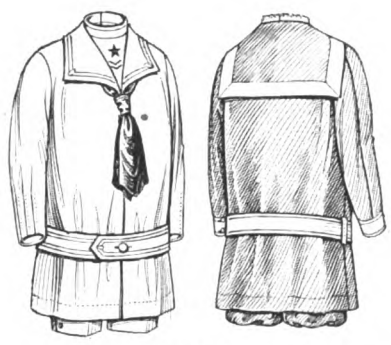
Design 6153 may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

6123

DESIGN 6123 is a child's hat which was picked up in Paris in a delightful shop of children's furnishings. It was made of corded silk and needed no trimming but the tassel on the point, for its charm was in its shape. In an inexpensive cotton material, it will be quite as pretty still, the shape being the same. It may be made of piqué, poplin, cotton ratine or linen and may be embroidered after Butterick transfers with a scallop and spray.

For a child of five years, one-half yard of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required.

Design 6123 may be obtained in four sizes, from one to seven years, price ten cents.



6164

THE little boys' Russian suit shown in design 6164 consists of a long blouse and knickerbockers or straight trousers. The blouse may be slipped on over the head or closed in front and may have either of two styles of sleeves and collar. There are box-plaited sleeves, and sleeves plain at the top and plaited or gathered at the wrist, and a sailor and smaller collars. A removable shield is included in the design. For material the corded cottons are considered very smart. They are serviceable, too, and boyish. Linen and galatea may also be used.

For a little boy of three years, two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, and one yard and five-eighths of braid for one row, will be required for the suit as shown on the figure.

Design 6164 may be obtained in six sizes, from two to seven years, price fifteen cents.

THE rompers in design 6142 have a simple cut, a pretty collar and a stylish Russian closing. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body; the lower part may be used or not. The neck may be high or open. A pocket is optional.

For a child of three years, one yard and three-quarters of material thirty-two inches wide, and one-half yard of contrasting material thirty-two inches wide, will be required for the rompers as shown on the figure.

Design 6142 may be obtained in six sizes, from one to six years, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6160 is for a men's or boys' sack coat in the latest and best conservative style. The lines are faultless and the collar has the proper cut. It is an excellent design for the every-day suit coat of cheviot, serge or worsted and for the office coat of alpaca, mohair or linen. The latter unlined and unpadded kind of coat will not prove difficult for a woman to tailor.

For a man of medium size, two yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 6160 may be obtained in twelve sizes, for men and boys from twenty-eight to fifty inches breast measure, price fifteen cents.

6153 6160 6142

Slip-on Raincoats
For Men and Women

For that comfortable satisfactory feeling of complete protection on a stormy day wear a Kenreign Slip-on.

Consideration for your health; care for your clothing; personal comfort and correct appearance; all demand a garment of absolute reliability.

Slip-ons are made of rubberized cloth. The permanent wearing quality of this material depends entirely on the grade of rubber used and the process of vulcanizing. No other cloth is so susceptible to unskilled or deceptive manufacture.

You should look for

The Kenreign Label

Every yard of cloth used in Kenreign Coats is carefully treated. Pure Para Rubber is milled, properly compounded, and applied to the cloth. It is then correctly vulcanized and subjected to severe tests for permanent waterproof qualities.

A Kenreign Weatherproof will not fall apart; the rubber will not soften nor will it grow hard and stiff, making the garment useless. You are protected from these defects by the Kenreign label.

Kenreign Slip-on Coats are made in all suitable shades and styles for men and women. Prices range from $5.00 to $45.00.

Sold by reliable dealers everywhere

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New York Fifth Ave. Bldg. At B'way & 23d St. (Wholesale Sales-rooms) Chicago, North-west Corner Franklyn & Congress Sts.

Send 4c for 5 Samples of Ayer Toilet Necessities

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Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 326 E. 34th St., New York

"We must tell her"

"Poor thing! She thinks she looks *perfectly* stunning, but if she could only see her back—*all unhooked* and gaping wide open." Why in the world doesn't she use

Wilson Dress-hooks

(Instead of hooks and eyes or snaps)

HOW IT HOOKS

They positively can't unhook or "pop" open accidentally. Not made of wire like ordinary hooks and eyes that are easily crushed or bent; that catch in the cloth and are bulky. Not like snap-fasteners either—but entirely different. Flat, durable and never crush in washing and ironing. Try them and see for yourself—send coupon today.

Full-Size 10c Card Sent FREE

(Provided neither you nor anyone in your home has ever used them)

Sold on orange and black cards at notion counters, 10c. Insist that your dressmaker use Wilson Dress-hooks—always demand them on ready-to-wear garments.

The Wilson Dress-hook Co., 234 E. St. Clair Ave. Cleveland, Ohio.

The Wilson Dress-hook Co., 234 E. St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O. Please send, free, 10c card Wilson Dress-hooks. (Large, Small; Gray, Black, White.)

Color..... Size.....

Have you, or anyone in your home ever used Wilson Dress-hooks?.....

My Dealer's Name.....

His Address.....

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Town..... State.....

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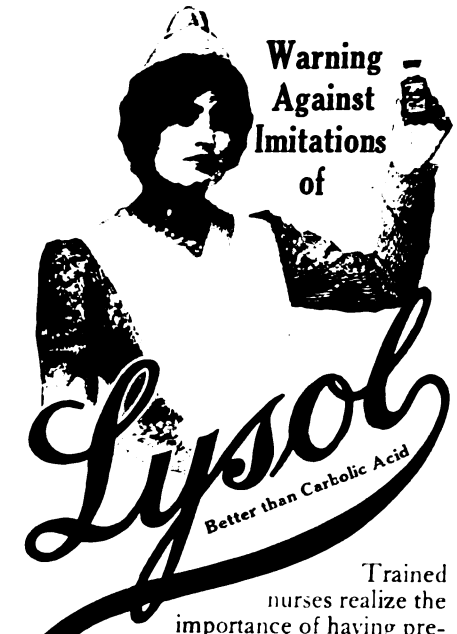

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When your doctor orders "LYSOL," he does not mean something similar in appearance or name, but LYSOL itself, the standard

Antiseptic, Disinfectant, Germicide

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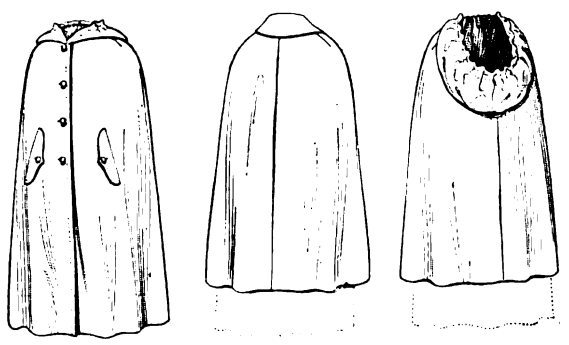
YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

Cape 6163 Dress 6158 Suit 6113

MAY-DAY DANCING

GAINED WITH LITTLE WORK
BORDERS IN SIMPLE DESIGNS

GIRLS who want a party cape to wear to Spring-term parties or to the early dances of Summer hotels may have a very pretty one made from design 6163 without great expense. This is a new cape which is being worn by all the girls who have the proper thing. It is cut circular, but it is not so full as capes used to be, and it may be made therefore of less material. Of wide broadcloth for instance, which is the material generally used, not enough will be required to make a girl's craving for one seem an extravagance. Broadcloth, too, may frequently be bought in lovely shades at a moderate price. For evening the pale pastel shades are prettiest, although, of course, more wear may be had from dark colors. Sometimes for general wear



6163

serge is used, while cashmere or henrietta is good for a very light-weight wrap. A silk-lined hood is a pretty addition and often very useful, but a small collar may be preferred. This design includes them both. It may be cut in full or seven-eighths length and with or without openings for the hands. Made of some water-proof fabric, such a cape is often worn as a rain cape.

For a girl of eight years, one yard and five-eighths of material fifty-four inches wide will be required for the cape in full length as shown on the figure or one yard and seven-eighths forty-four inches wide in seven-eighths length. Five-eighths of a yard of silk twenty inches wide will line a hood.

Design 6163 may be obtained in seven sizes, from one to twelve years, price fifteen cents.

SOME very smart French dresses for little girls are made like design 6158, with a long plain body part and a very short skirt. Of course, sheer materials should not be made so plainly unless they are first tucked, but all-over embroidery or a fancy material made of tucking and insertion looks best so made. Of one of these, with flouncing for the straight gathered skirt, a delightful little best dress can be made with the least possible amount of work. In design 6158 there are full-length sleeves in either of two styles and shorter sleeves sewed into regulation armholes to choose from, and high, French round or square neck. For the embroidery on the back view use Butterick transfers.

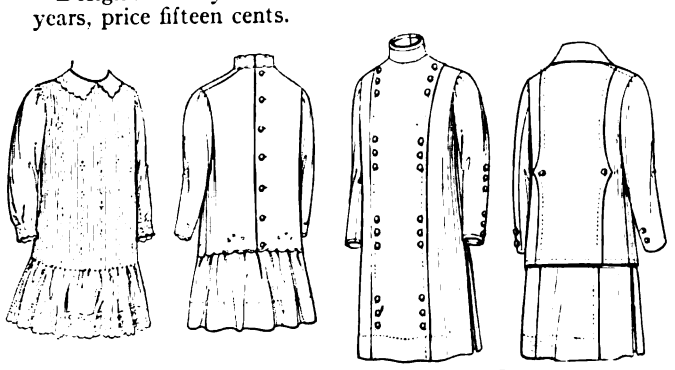
For a little girl of four years two yards of flouncing seven inches and three-quarters wide, one yard and five-eighths of fancy tucking twenty-two inches wide, and one yard and one-half of beading will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6158 may be obtained in six sizes, from one-half to five years, price ten cents.

COAT suits are worn by smartly dressed girls as a change from the separate coat and dress. A suit which consists of a dress and coat as in design 6113 is really very useful. It is smart on the street and neat and girlish indoors. In this the coat is slightly fitted and has two-seam sleeves with the fulness at the top slightly gathered or shrunken out. The dress is in princess style, in six gores, with an inverted plait at the lower part of each seam and with or without the shaped extensions. It may have full-length or shorter sleeves and high or open neck. Designs for the embroidery shown may be obtained in adaptations of Butterick transfers.

For a little girl of ten years, three yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress; for a girl of twelve, four yards and five-eighths forty-four inches wide will be required for the suit.

Design 6113 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



6158 6113

"Why, yes, for the children, I really prefer Indian Head to linen"

It's so serviceable and strong and doesn't muss up nor wrinkle like linen. It's simply splendid for dresses—white skirts—nurses' uniforms—men's shirts and women's shirt waists. Admirably suited for embroidery, drawn work, table covers, etc.

Indian Head

is the name of our own fabric, not a class of fabrics. We now protect the purchaser by printing the trade-mark "Indian Head" on every yard of selvage.

For twelve cents we will send you a pattern and sufficient cloth for an attractive collar and cuff set or for a 20-in. centerpiece. In writing, state whether you prefer the collar and cuff set or the centerpiece.

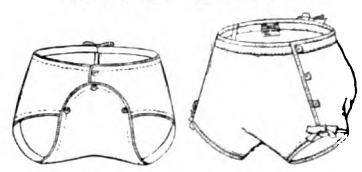
Indian Head is sold in widths of 27, 33, 36 and 45 inches in soft finish and stiffened shrunk finish.

Amory, Browne & Co.
42 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

"I wear Kleinert's

Waterproof Baby Pants

So I'm a comfort to my mother and her friends."



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Read the interesting advertisement of Colgate's Talc on page 390.

A NEEDLE, A THREAD AND A LITTLE GIRL

A SEWING-SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN

By Marjorie May

If you want any help with your sewing or advice on the layette for your latest doll, write to Marjorie May and she will write back again to you. But be sure to send her your name and address on a stamped envelope so that she will know where to send the letter.

THOSE lazy Spring days are coming when we will just long for something to occupy our hands without tiring our feet, so I know you will welcome a sewing lesson. I've chosen for it a very dainty pair of drawers—to be made of cambric, nainsook or muslin and trimmed with tucks and embroidery edging.

CUTTING—The pattern comes without any tucks, so you allow a little at the lower edge in cutting according to the number you want. Four tucks are nice, and each should be about one-eighth of an inch deep, so you must allow one-quarter of an inch for every tuck. You don't see why, Ruth? Because a tuck is made by folding the material crosswise or lengthwise, and sewing through both thicknesses a given distance from the fold edge. Don't you see how that takes up one-eighth of an inch on top and one-eighth of an inch underneath, making one-quarter of an inch altogether? That's why we must allow one-quarter of an inch for each tuck.

You all surely remember how to lengthen or "allow" on the lower edge of your pattern, don't you? By measuring down from the lower edge of the pattern after it is laid on the muslin, and marking the amount you want to add with a line of pins. If you are not going to have tucks, you need not make any allowance.

The pattern comes for children from two to fourteen years old.

Illustration Number 1 shows you the pattern for a nine-year-old girl, laid out on one yard and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide.

There are four pieces in your pattern, you see, and we must cut two pieces of the material by each piece of the pattern. Fold the material in half crosswise with both selvedges even and lay out your pattern just as it is laid in Illustration Number 1, with the large double perforations on the straight of the goods. Pin each piece down securely. The star which you see at the straight edge of piece 4 is not in the pattern, but I just put it there in the illustration to mark the lower edge of the pattern so that you can find it easily. The dotted line on each end of the lower edge shows you the depth of your tuck allowance. You might make a colored tailors' tack on the lower edge in about the same place that the star is shown, to make it easier still for you to find this edge.

Cut piece 4 and clip all the notches. Do you see that long line in the drawers portion (piece 4) with notches on each side? That is where the closing of the drawers is to be made, so slash the material down that line and clip your notches carefully. Do not clip them any deeper than is necessary for you to see them easily.

You can clip the notches in both halves of each piece of the pattern at the same time if you will be careful to hold the edges together evenly so as to get the notches marked correctly in each half.

Before you take the pattern off the material make a cross with two pins on the under side of the half of the drawers portion which is on top. Then make two crosses on the upper side of the half which is underneath. These crosses will help you later to find which is the right and which is the left half of your drawers. They also mark the right side.

Cut pieces 1, 2 and 3 now, mark the notches and put these pieces in the pocket of your sewing-apron until you need them.

THE MARKER—Instead of using our tape measures to mark the tucks, we make a little measure of our own. Get a nice stiff little piece of pasteboard or bristol-board and cut a strip four inches long and about one inch wide. Now with your tape measure, measure up along one of the long edges one inch and three-eighths and make a dot with a pencil. Measure half an inch above this and make another dot, and then two more dots, the first half an inch above the one you just made, and the next half an inch above this one. Now draw a perfectly straight little line about one-quarter of an inch long across the marker, starting at the last dot that you made, and then draw another line that slants downward to the dot directly under this one. Looking at Illustration Number 2 will help you. Draw another straight little line across from the dot which the slanting line touches, and then draw another slanting line to touch the dot under this one.

Make one more straight and one more slanting line out from, and down to, the two remaining dots. And your marker looks just like Illustration Number 2, doesn't it?

Now, very carefully cut the long marked edge of the marker, zigzag, along the pencil lines, and your marker is all made (Ill. No. 3). I think you might write "Top" on the edge of the marker which is the upper edge in Illustration Number 3.

MARKING THE TUCKS—Take one of the halves of the drawers portion and hold it in your right hand, with the side with the cross toward you and the lower edge (the edge with the tailors' tack) nearest you. Take your marker in the left hand, holding it in just the position shown in Illustration Number 3, and stick a pin in at the edge of each zigzag cut just as you see the pins stuck in Illustration Number 3.

Mark the whole lower edge of the leg with pins, starting at the end on the right and setting each row of pins about four inches away from the next row.

THE TUCKS—Hold the lower edge in the position shown in Illustration Number 4 and fold it under and crease it in a line with the first row of pins. Crease it in a nice straight line from one pin to the next, and as you make your crease take the pin out and stick it in across the fold edge through both thicknesses of material as you see the pins stuck in the sewn tucks in Illustration Number 4. Sew the tuck one-eighth of an inch in from the fold edge with fine running stitches. Be very sure to keep your sewing in a perfectly straight line the whole length of the tuck. When this tuck is made, make the crease for the second tuck. Pin it and sew it. The remaining two, of course, are made in just the same way.

THE EMBROIDERY EDGING—In using embroidery edging we can not hem the lower edge of the drawers because the embroidery has not a finished upper edge, so turn the lower edge of the drawers up on the wrong side three-eighths of an inch and baste it down.

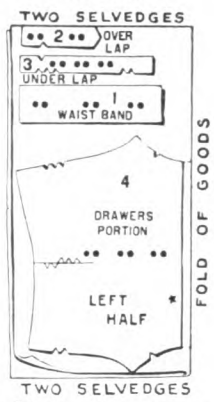
The pattern envelope will tell you how much edging you will need. Cut the edging in half and trim the top edge off evenly. Run a gathering-thread three-eighths of an inch in from the top edge, and draw the edging up to fit the lower edge of the drawers, distributing the fulness evenly. Set the edging three-eighths of an inch in from the lower edge of the drawers on the wrong side, and baste it. (Ill. No. 5.)

Cut a little bias strip one inch wide and the full length of the lower edge of the drawers. Turn in the two long edges of the strip one-quarter of an inch and baste them. Then baste the strip over the lower edge of the drawers on the wrong side, with the lower edges of the drawers and the strip perfectly even, as in Illustration Number 5.

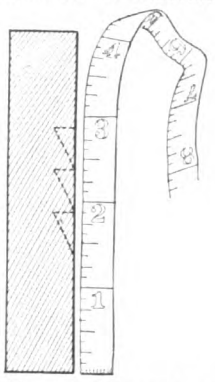
With fine, neat running stitches, sew the strip at each edge to the lower edge of the drawers.

We won't be long in finishing the drawers, I know. (Ill. No. 6.)

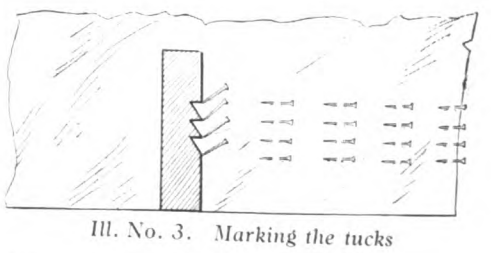
Ill. No. 6. The finished drawers



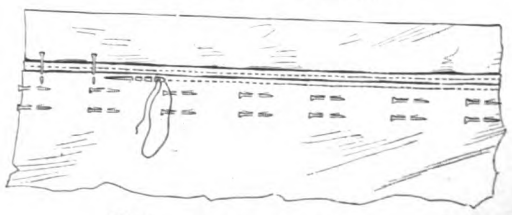
Ill. No. 1. The drawers pattern on the material



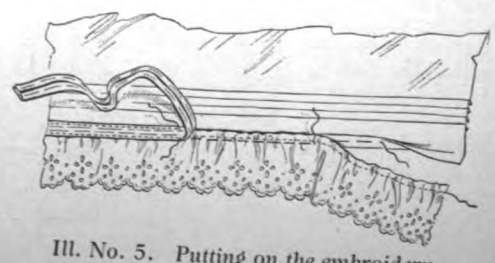
Ill. No. 2. The marker



Ill. No. 3. Marking the tucks



Ill. No. 4. Sewing the tucks



Ill. No. 5. Putting on the embroidery

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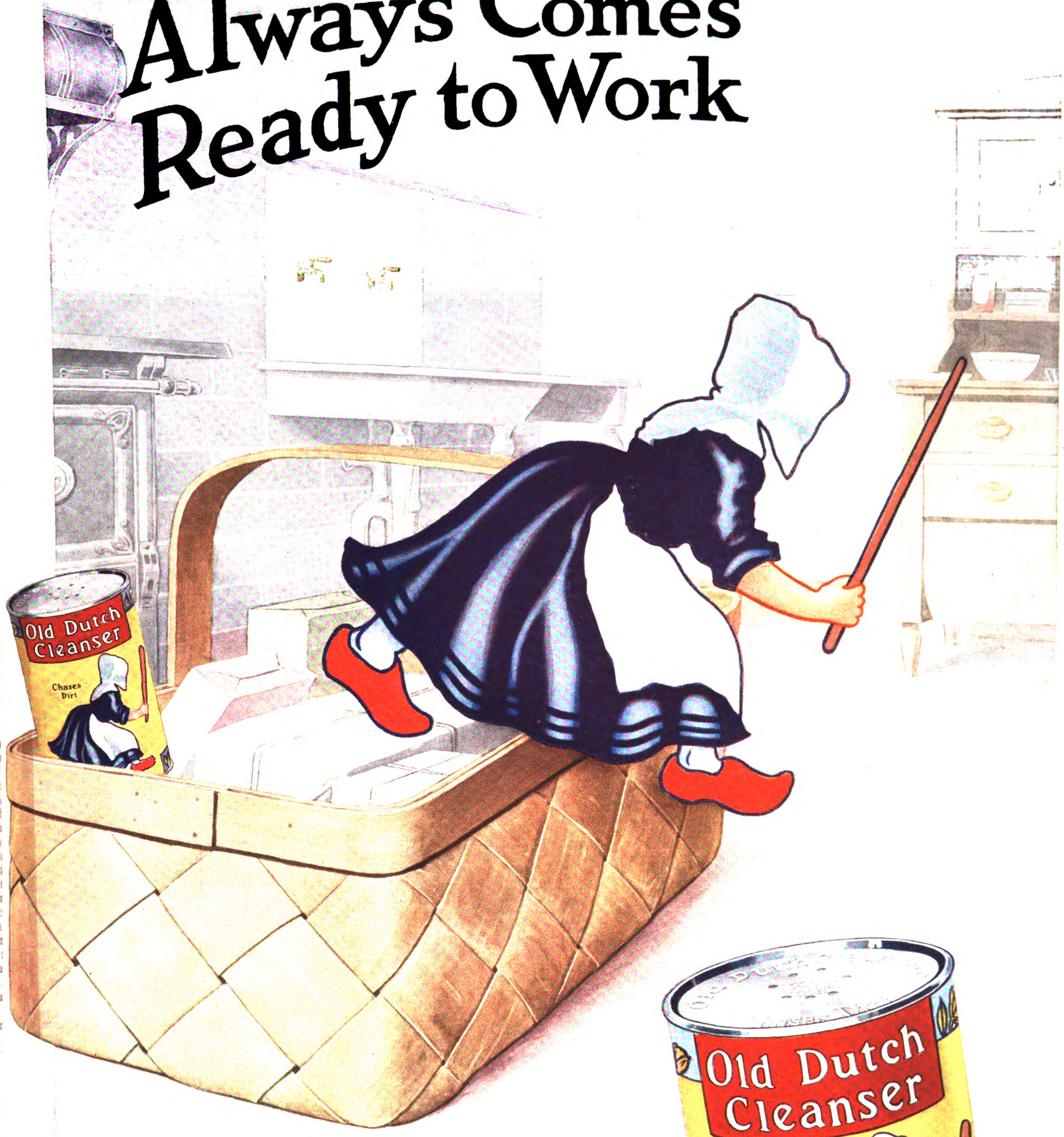

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W. K. Kellogg

Look for this Signature

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THE DELINEATOR

JUNE 1913

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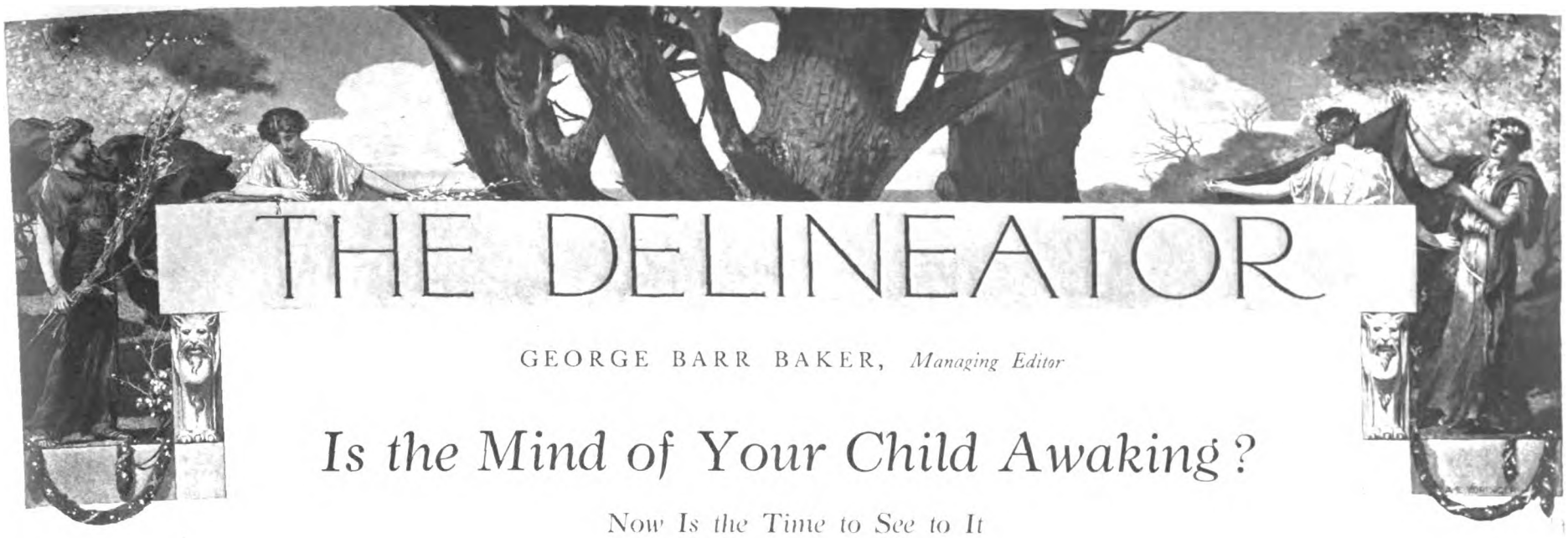

THE DELINEATOR

GEORGE BARR BAKER, *Managing Editor*

Is the Mind of Your Child Awaking?

Now Is the Time to See to It

HOW can every child be given a chance?

Not only to learn to read and write. We have got to a point in civilization where most of our children are given that. But a chance to wake up. Have you any idea how many children go to school and grow up and become old and die without the real gifts that were born in them ever being roused to life.

There is an editorial on page 431, called "The Opening Mind, the Wonder Sense and the One Talent." Read it. There is a hint in it of a development in store for the children of the future, so full of inspiring possibilities that no man is prophet enough to do more than hint at them.

That editorial hinges directly on the work that has been done by Dr. Maria Montessori. The eventual importance of this work can not be foretold. We can see only that with such wonderful results at the beginning it can not help growing into an educational force of tremendous significance.

We are gradually learning the principles of the Montessori method. There have been innumerable magazine articles about it. We have Dr. Montessori's own book to study, as well as "A Montessori Mother," by an American mother, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and "A Guide to the Montessori Method," by Ellen Yale Stevens, which you will find spoken of in our book reviews last month. Montessori schools are already numerous.

But the thing we are not learning is how to hitch up the Montessori ways of teaching with the home. The schools to which children may be sent for such teaching are still few and confined to a very small part of the country. A great many parents could not use those schools even if they were within reach. They could not afford it. The schools have to send their teachers to Rome to study, and that makes them expensive.

Children could be taught according to Montessori ways at home, if mothers only knew how to teach them. There are mothers who want to learn, who want some way of finding out how these new educational methods can be adapted to their own circumstances and their own children. What mother doesn't want her child to have a chance at something that will awaken the mind vigorously and keenly, and make the child as clever, as gifted, appreciative and responsive to the beauty and nobility of life, as God intended him to be?

So Miss Bailey—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey—has gone to Rome for THE DELINEATOR, to study directly under Dr. Montessori. Miss Bailey's talks to mothers have been one of the most popular and valuable departments we have ever had. These talks are going to be made tremendously more valuable by what Miss Bailey learns about the Montessori Method. She will be able to translate the Montessori principles into home language. We think we're pretty lucky to be able in this way to bring straight to the mothers in their homes the vital elements in the biggest new educational movement of the century.

This age, in truth, is doing wonderful things for its children. A new sense of responsibility to them has been awakened. Our social progress is becoming more and more a preparation for the coming generations. We are doing this by striving to get down to the rock-bottom facts about the human body and the human mind and human nature in general. So we are re-studying our children with a new insight and finding most wonderful things—abilities and possibilities unguessed. And on that foundation we are building anew. It is the greatest thing in the world. THE DELINEATOR believes that its biggest mission of all is to carry the message of such awakenings as this, clearly and sanely, wherever it goes in all the countries of the earth.

NOTE: Subscribers who may change their address during the Summer will confer a favor by stating how long the Summer address is to be continued. This will enable us to send the magazine to your permanent address at the proper time without any further request from you.

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Crisco gives butter richness without butter expense and is always pure and sweet. It *stays* so without refrigeration.

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The Opening Mind, the Wonder Sense, and the One Talent

FOR the average man or woman there ought to be no greater fascination than watching the opening of the Mind of a Child.

The miracle of life and birth is not greater.

But how many think of it so? The child's incessant questioning so often seems so meaningless and just a kind of irritating habit. It is not a habit: it is a hunger.

But many folk find it wearisome, instead of using the child's everlasting "why" as a means of reawakening their own dying sense of the Wonder and Strangeness of this world into which we are so strangely born.

The sense of Curiosity—the Wonder sense, as I like to think of it—is in some ways a child's sense. It is especially strong in eager-minded children.

Most folk lose this sense rather early. And with many more it never *grows up*. It never becomes a full-grown, adult Wonder Sense.

But it is this grown-up sense, trained and vivified by all the stores of modern knowledge, that makes the great discoverer and the great inventor.

These latter are men and women who keep alive the child's wonder sense, with a grown-up sense of proportion and probability. They are always asking astonishingly simple questions that have never been answered heretofore. This is the way that great discoveries are made.

Such folk watch the workings of their own minds with an infinite interest. They often profit deeply by the questions of a child. Most folk do not.

Most folk think of the Mind vaguely as something which is going on in the top of our heads—in the brain. But in reality this is only a very small part of it.

A very wonderful part of our minds is in our *hands* and *fingers*. There is the highest development of the sense of Touch—the primitive and most fundamental sense of all. And still another part is literally in our feet.

We owe a great deal of our intelligence to the fact that we have hands. This is a very old story. But we owe almost as much to the fact that we have feet so shaped that we can stand erect.

It is mostly this that distinguishes us from the higher monkeys—the chimpanzee and ourang.

Most of what we do with our hands and with our feet is done more or less unconsciously, as when we write a letter or play the piano or do a waltz. These operations are mostly directed by the parts of our minds which literally lie in the hands and the feet—in the muscles and the little knots of nerves that lie between the finger-tips and the toe-tips and the central trunk in the spine. For most of these operations the brain itself is merely a kind of an onlooker.

BUT this is not true of the child. All its early movements—learning to walk, to stand upright, to talk, to write, to grasp a tool—all these movements are at first highly conscious and painfully slow, as everybody knows. The memory of learning them is afterward buried beneath the avalanche of things that we learn later on.

What we call the development of the Mind and Intelligence of a child is about ninety-nine per cent. just a training of the special senses and the muscles they control. Of these senses we have far more than the traditional five which all of us learned to know.

For example, there is a special sense for Temperature, for heat and cold.

There is a Pain sense which is in some way different from touch.

And the sense of Muscular Pressure, by which we know when we have got hold of a thing and grasp it, does not seem to be the same as the curious sense which we call *tickling*.

And quite the most wonderful of all is the sense for Direction of Motion—the Space Sense. Of course the space sense can also be an eye sense. But when we shut our eyes and stop our ears and still feel a sense of being moved in one direction or another, we are informed by a sense with which the traditional five have nothing to do. It is this same sense which enables us to stand upright when our eyes are shut. This Space Sense seems to be located in the tiny Semicircular Canals which lie within the middle ear, but appear to have no part in the sense of hearing. These little horseshoe-like tubes, filled with a fluid, are set to each other at right angles so that the three of them give the three directions of space.

It is the over-irritation of these canals by the rolling and pitching of a boat which makes us "seasick."

SO ALSO we have a Hunger Sense, which seems to be associated very directly with the movements of certain muscles of the stomach. But probably all of the senses can experience hunger, and we may be quite literally expressing a fact when we say: "I am hungry for the sight of this or that" or "hungry for music," and the like.

But the big pervasive Foundation Sense is undoubtedly the sense of Touch. It is this sense which is practically universal throughout the whole world of living things, even plants.

Many animals have no eyes or ears or noses or the rest. The whole of their narrow life is just a reaction to the primitive sense of touch.

And this, it is needless to say, is the great child sense, for in a vague way the growing child repeats the whole long experience of the development of the human race. Savages are just grown-up children, and children are just little savages, with all the faults and all the virtues that go with the undeveloped sense of Social Relation.

Now it is because this sense of Touch is so strong in the child, and so largely dominates the child's life, that the new MONTESSORI SYSTEM, which is based upon and begins with the training of this sense, promises so much.

And it is because our present foolish school system wholly neglects this, and because even the kindergarten failed to get at it in the right way, that they have been such a failure.

Every one has marveled at the amazing sense of touch in the blind. Madame Montessori's system begins by training every child to have as delicate and eager tactile senses as a blind person. The results are quite wonderful in their revelation of our undeveloped powers.

Of course it would be absurd to say that Madame Montessori's method is the last word in this strange new field—the training of the Child Mind. It may be only a beginning, but it is a very great beginning, for it opens up the way to a new sense of LIBERTY.

MAN'S liberty has been won slowly and painfully, and as yet only in part; woman's still less. The next step will be toward the Liberty of the Child.

There is here a wondrous possibility. Probably we shall utterly give up the idea that if a child can not learn to read and write and "figure," it is stupid and backward! Such a child may still have very wonderful hands or ears or eyes.

THE EDUCATION OF THE FUTURE IS GOING TO WATCH FOR AND STUDY THE SPECIAL APTITUDE OF EACH INDIVIDUAL CHILD.

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IN the care of plants, that advice which you have heard in numerous other instances applies equally well: "When in doubt, use Ivory Soap." And the reasons are the same.

Because of its purity, mildness and freedom from alkali, there is no soap safer than Ivory. It can be used wherever water can be used. And its purity has the additional value of giving it strong insecticidal properties, thus making it not only an ideal cleanser for the tenderest plants but a safeguard against plant pests as well.

The directions below should give you excellent results. They are followed by plant lovers everywhere.

1st. To keep the leaves clean: Wash once a week with a weak suds of Ivory Soap and lukewarm water, applying with a sponge or soft cloth.

2nd. To guard against insects: Spray stems and leaves once a month or oftener if necessary with a solution made by dissolving half a cake of Ivory Soap shaved fine in a quart of boiling water and adding four gallons of cold water. Apply with whisk broom, spray or watering can, then rinse with clear water a half-hour later.

3rd. To keep the roots free from worms and bugs: Pour around the base of the plant the Ivory Soap suds from the laundry or dishpan.

IVORY SOAP . . .

. . . 99 44/100 % PURE

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HAS THE HOME BETRAYED ITS TRUST

AND

IS THE NEW INDUSTRIAL LIFE SAVING WOMEN?

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS SAYS YES TO BOTH QUESTIONS

IN THE witness-chair sits the accuser, a boarding-house landlady, with mouth as tight as a shut purse and eyes forever measuring the distance to bankruptcy. She wears a fussed and cherished silk dress and waves white gloves urbanely toward the judge as the case is called:

"Petty larceny!"

"A pink-silk evening frock, your honor—I had cause to suspect—I found it in her bag." The lady's tone is final.

The girl's defense comes too swiftly in soft, tumbling words.

"I never touched the lady's clothes, sir. She always treats me like a dog, and now she goes and looks——"

Evidence stamps the girl a common thief. She has stolen a lady's pink-satin evening frock. Molly's yellow hair is bound with a blue bandeau and her neck is dingy behind the ears. She is as clumsy as a yearling cow, as she stands there. Yet the child appeals to one's tenderness as green things growing in the sun appeal. What pitiful dreams of blaring music, flashing lights, laughing partners—what beckoning hopes of belledom in a dance-hall tempted this fifteen-year-old girl to seize the satin frock, fold its shimmering lengths into her oilcloth bag?

"You'll have a good place here, Molly," the boarding-house landlady had assured the girl when she left her on the kitchen threshold six months before.

"You'll have a *home*," she had fawned.

But there is a difference between a servant's being in a home and being in *her* home. Molly was far more outside her own home than the girl who goes from her family to a factory each morning. She could not bring her friends for a jolly good time. For genial, merry companionship she had to go to the evening streets, jeweled in flashing lights. "I'll meet you at the post-office after I've done my dishes," was the natural, matter-of-course arrangement she made for a good time. She was courted in the shadowy privacies of unguarded parks. Dance-hall proprietors, saloon-keepers, cheap vaudeville managers catered evilly to Molly's innocent desire for pleasure. What wonder that the nun in the kitchen had become the tawdry bacchante of the streets!

The Call from the Home

ONE day a crude, clattering typewriter rattled a message to women, "Clickerty-click, Come-earn-some-money, Clickerty-click-click-click-click!" A girl washing dishes heard, dropped the towel and scampered out of her father's house into a stranger's office.

Other girls followed, agog to see the world. They left cook-stoves, wash-tubs and pianos. They dropped needles, scrubbing-pails and water-colors. They pushed men from factory machines, fed mangles, set types, cocked their ears to the telephone, tapped out telegrams and grabbed for the adding-machine. They went by hundreds, then thousands, now millions. The procession is thirty years long. All along the line of march to-day bustling employers hang out black-lettered signs, "Girls Wanted."

Molly watches, breathless, eager, longingly.

The girls walk with lightness and vigor. Ripples of talk eddy about them. A quick-stepping damsel in blue linen topped by a flame-colored hat dodges into an office-building. Another twisted into a skimpy black frock, slim, bending forward like a question-mark, proudly enters a costumer's showrooms. A lucky girl back from her vacation shows a face tanned darker than her honey-pale hair. A young thing in stiff white linen, conscious of the bank-book in her hand, swings along, elbows out, chest ahead, worshipful copy cat of some college girl. A white-haired woman pursues her accustomed way as buoyantly as if prosperity supported her elbow.

These eager-eyed ones are not the women who tread the sorrowful path toward the court-room. Saturday night pay envelopes are milestones on their path of virtue.

"Come along," a girl at the end calls to Molly. "There's a place for you too." And Molly follows.

What Is Saving Women

THE case against Molly was the case against unorganized, toolless, soulless, heartless domestic labor. Girls go wrong from their father's homes, their husbands' homes and their mistresses' homes oftener than from factories, stores and offices. The home has betrayed its trust. The new industries are saving women.

This unexpected story is told in numbers. Miss Mary Conyngton, Special Agent of the Federal Government, visited penal institutions in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. She gathered the industrial histories of 3,229 women prisoners and probationers. She verified the facts by interviews with superintendents, matrons, prison doctors, probation officers, and prison visitors.

The women's offenses began with arson and worked down through an alphabet of crime that lettered in scarlet, burglary, drunkenness, forgery, larceny, to vagrancy. Some of the misdeeds were as simple as shaking a rug out of a tenement-house window and menacing the apartment below. Some included murder.

Out of the 3,229 women, 1,009 were living at home and not working for wages. 258 were leading dishonest lives.

This left 1,962 wage-earners. This group is but a small proportion of our offenders, known and unknown, in the entire country, yet from its division among the trades we can judge from which trades most of the women criminals come.

Seventy-eight per cent. of the lawbreakers came from the traditional pursuits of women.

Twenty-two per cent. came from the new industries.

The women were divided among the traditional pursuits thus: 24 boarding-house keepers, 3 manicurists and hair-dressers, 99 laundresses, 15 nurses and midwives, 1,380 servants and waitresses. 1,176 of the servants were employed in private families.

The women were divided among the new industries thus: 327 factory workers, 65 store and office employees, 13 professional, 36 miscellaneous and unknown.

This division is too startling to be accepted offhand. Perhaps, one thinks, the number of domestics is so huge and the number of other working women so small that the courts must reap three times as heavy a harvest from kitchens as from factories. "Show us," we say. The Federal Government has issued a nineteen-volume report on Conditions of Women and Child Wage-Earners in America. The report replies by comparing the number of offending domestic workers with the total number of domestics; offending factory women with all factory women; offending store and office women with all store and office women.

Forty per cent. of our wage-earning women are domestic workers.

Seventy-eight per cent. of our lawbreaking women are domestic workers.

This means that domestic work furnishes two times its proportionate share of lawbreaking women.

This division seems impossible so long as one thinks only of skilled and intelligent servants of the class employed in well-administered households. But these were not the women found in prisons. The majority of the 1,176 domestics from private families had worked in homes where the housework was unstandardized; where irregular hours, evening and Sunday work, inadequate tools, stuffy sleeping-rooms, dreary kitchens, uncertain personal relations with the mistresses, little instruction, no hope of advancement, were the usual conditions.

The 1,176 were chiefly women so unintelligent and unskilled that no occupation except domestic service was open to them. The lowest-grade workwoman appears to have no difficulty in getting a place as general housework girl or charwoman. A factory manager must exact a certain standard of excellence from his workers or his firm goes bankrupt, but a home is not run on a business basis. Housework has no industrial standing. It is open to the vicious and the feeble-minded. It is frequently carried on in a haphazard fashion which lowers a girl's self-respect. The average kitchen affords less wise discipline and education to the untrained worker than the average factory does.

Where the Greatest Danger Lies

BESIDE these subtle disintegrating influences, domestic service in private families has two characteristics directly responsible for many of our criminal women: The loneliness inherent in our living-in system. The ever-present temptation to pilfer.

Three per cent. of our lawbreaking women are store and office employees. This means that *stores furnish less than one-third of their proportionate share of lawbreaking women.*

Twenty-five per cent. of our wage-earning women are factory employees.

Seventeen per cent. of our lawbreaking women are factory employees.

This means that *factories furnish less than their proportionate share of lawbreaking women.*

The low-grade factory woman is the one who gets into trouble, just as it is the low-grade domestic worker. The woman who sews buttons on to corset covers at three cents a gross is more likely to find her way to court than

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the woman who weaves silk grenadine. A woman who does not know her trade is facing the reformatory, whether she is in a factory or a kitchen.

"I've found," said one warden, "that the girl who really knows how to do anything doesn't come here; they're *doing* it, and that keeps them out of harm's way."

The first aid to the erring given by a reformatory is instruction in how to perform well some one kind of work.

"I am a factory girl," explains a slip of a child as she arrives at the reformatory.

She tells how she went to school off and on until she was fourteen. Then she got a job in an embroidery factory. After two months she changed to a waist factory. In a couple of months Summer came and she got a chance to pick over fruit for four months. When fruit was over she called in at a paper-box factory and took a job. Two months. Next a metal factory. Finally as easily as she had slipped from sewing to fruit-packing, to box-making, to a press machine, she slipped out of factory work into that sorrowful trade—"No legal occupation."

We turn to the professional women included in the 1,962 wage-earning lawbreakers—they number only 13: 7 actresses, 5 musicians, and 1 doctor. Figured in percentage they are less than one per cent.

The irresistible current of industry has swept six million women out of their homes into the open. We thought it was sweeping them toward destruction. Instead it is bearing them toward an undreamed-of righteousness. *Female criminality is decreasing!*

The warden of one prison says:

"We used to have as many as fifty women here at one time, but to-day we have three. I don't believe we have had as many as fifteen here at once for five years. Often we haven't enough to do the work of the institution."

Miss Conyngton chose for her investigation on this point the industrial State of Massachusetts. Here the number of working women has been increasing, the number of punishable offenses increasing and the enforcement of law growing stricter. Everything has increased rapidly—except the number of lawbreaking women!

In 1896, out of every thousand women, ten were arrested.

In 1907, out of every thousand women, nine were arrested.

As more women have gone into industry, fewer women have gone into prison.

Thirty years ago we would have shuddered when Molly joined the ranks of Industrialism.

We still shiver at the Menace to Molly's Morality, as if Morality were a fragile chalice enshrined within house walls, to be held in kneeling adoration by idle women—and women only.

But we suddenly make a discovery. Our anxiety is groundless.

It is not from among the industrial workers that the criminals come. The great sieve of competition sifts the good from the bad. We see at last that evil women are weak women—untrained, undisciplined, sick in body, soul, or mind. Little tawdry, evil things go flaunting down the street, bare-throated, painted to a degree astonishing, hair twirled, braided, bound in intricate fashion—poor babies, they have never learned to work!

To-morrow, domestic service will be dragged out of its patriarchal setting, organized, standardized, equipped with the labor and health saving devices that science is offering the kitchen. Housework will be set on its feet as a self-respecting trade, and as a trade will make its workers strong.

A CONFESSION TO HER MOTHER

A College Girl's Ambition and Fear

MY DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER—At last—at last!—the great day is just before me. To-morrow I shall graduate! And the next day I shall be home—home in your arms!

But before I come, there is a tremendous thing about myself that you must know—a thing that I have yearned to talk to you about for the last two years, but have lacked the courage. Now that the last day has come, and I must write, I even yet hardly know where and how to begin, for I know that my words can but bring pain and tears to you. And I do not want to pain you, my dearest mother.

Yes, day after to-morrow I shall be home. And once I am home, I know just what you expect my life to be. A most, most pleasant life, as you see it. The months, a few years perhaps, will happily go by. And then, some day, there will come along a young man with a comfortable income and of good family, and then——

Yes, that is the dream, mother dear, that you have long been dreaming for my future. The tremendous thing I have to tell you, the thing I have so long feared to tell you, is—oh, it is so hard to get it out!—is that your dream is never, never going to come true.

I shall tell you all, all, mother dearest, as clearly as I can. Oh, how I want you to understand me, to see things as I see them. How I want to win you to my side!

That you may the better understand what has taken place within me, I want you to come back with me and consider again certain remembrances of my girlhood. First, I want to speak of what has influenced me most deeply—my brother and two sisters. I am fortunate in being the youngest of the children, for I have thus had the advantage of having closely before my eyes examples of lives to serve me as models or warnings while my thoughts and desires were taking form.

There is Louise. I remember so clearly when Louise came home from college—just as I am coming home to-morrow. Such a strong, beautiful girl as she was!—so full of energy!—so much like you, dear mother! She at once asked to relieve you of some of your household cares. But her first months you insisted on considering her vacation; you felt she needed all her time for recreation, after the many years of work at school and college. You would hardly let her do a thing, not even for herself. You thought of everything for her, everything.

After a while you agreed to let Louise assist you with the care of the house. But the tasks you gave to her were not enough to occupy her active mind and willing hands; all the serious planning and thinking you insisted upon doing yourself. You claimed that your many activities, even your physical work, were just pleasures to you, that you needed them for your health, for your life's happiness. And I know you spoke the truth, for despite all your many duties you looked young and fresh, just as though you were the oldest sister of us all.

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when she told you of it. For a while after her marriage she was perfectly happy; then, though she loved Robert, she grew restless. The two servants you had chosen so carefully for her ran the house with such skill that there was little for her to do. I remember that she wanted to get along with a single servant; but you would not hear of it, and Robert strongly backed you up. Her duties, as she has told me, were no more serious than when as a child she had played at keeping house.

Then at last she had some real work to do. Oh, the weeks and months and strength and eyesight that mother-to-be spent on the feather-stitching and hemstitching and embroidering of the coming wee person's clothes! Not a garment would she buy; everything she made with her own loving hands. And after little Robert came, though there was a nurse for him and you were ever ready to help, Louise insisted on doing practically everything herself. She smilingly declared that she would let no one rob her of this work. And later, when little Louise was born, it was the same. To-day she still attends to most of the least important cares for the two children; she has given herself to them completely, she has hardly a thought outside of them. And she is happy—wonderfully, wonderfully happy.

But there is another matter. Through Robert's contact with the outside world, he is growing, growing daily; Louise is practically standing still. Almost the only interest they have in common is the children; the children discussed, they usually become silent. When I visited them last Easter I could but note how much more, and with what greater interest, Robert talked to me than to Louise.

Yes, Louise is happy, and she will doubtless be happy so long as the children are small enough to take all of her time. But my heart is chilled with fear when I think of Louise's life when the children shall have grown up: she will then be still in her prime—and what will there then be to fill her life? What a narrow, barren life is awaiting her!

And then there is Elsie. She was always a greater worry to you than Louise, for you never knew what unexpected thing she would next want to do—but how you, and all of us, loved and admired her, for she was so energetic, so brilliant! When she came home from college she told you of her desire to enter a technical school to prepare herself to be an architect. You would not hear of it. You begged her not to think of it again, and she, seeing how she pained you, dropped the matter.

You must remember how gloomy, how silent, yes and how irritable, the spirited Elsie became during the next few weeks. And you must remember—how vividly I remember!—that evening in late autumn when Elsie came into the library where you and father and I sat reading. She was so pale and agitated that she startled us all. She said she wanted to talk to you and father. You laid aside your book and father his paper, and then Elsie poured out her desire—still the same desire, to be allowed to prepare herself to be an architect. Never before had she spoken of this desire so definitely and desperately as now.

Father at first frowned. "There's no need for you to work," he said. "I am quite able to support my daughter."

"But earning money is not the chief thing!" cried Elsie. "The chief thing is that I feel I must be doing something!" And she continued to pour out the necessity she felt to work, and continued to plead for your permission.

You in uttermost dismay besought her to abandon the idea; father tried to reason with her; soothingly, indulgently, you both spoke of the wild foolishness of leaving our comfortable home for a life of toil—and to my fourteen-year-old mind it seemed that Elsie was a fool indeed. But she continued to beg; whereupon father, declaring that firmness was here the only kindness, very sharply informed her that he would not give her one penny for such a purpose.

Elsie arose, flushed and all a-quiver. "Then I shall not take a penny from you!" she cried. "I shall go out in the world and make my own way!"

You and I were dumfounded, but father maintained his calm. "Of course, I can not prevent you from doing that," he said. "But will you please tell me what you know how to do? What useful thing, I mean—a thing a man will pay you decent wages for doing?"

Elsie did not answer.

"You are beautiful and accomplished," father pursued, "but you are unskilled. I can hire all the girls I want, who will do just as good work as you can, for five dollars a week. Out in the market-place of the world, that is just about your value. So that's what you want to exchange home for, is it—a dingy, five-dollar-a-week life of drudgery!"

You plead with Elsie, and father threw off his firm, hard manner and spoke to her lovingly. For days the house was a place of misery, with Elsie in tearful but impotent revolt. In the end she broke down and yielded—"came to her senses," as father put it. You and he were greatly relieved, and the restoration of peace made me happier, too. You showered your affection upon Elsie. And that she might not have a chance to brood, you carried her off to Florida, though that was a severe tax upon father's business. And that trip did bring her some relief, for it was during her stay in Florida that she met Henry, who was then just getting over his nervous breakdown. Henry was only fairly well-to-do, but he had a good start and was energetic and ambitious, and you thought marriage would settle Elsie, so you were most happy over the engagement.

IN WHAT ecstasy Elsie was just before and just after her marriage! She was going to be free, free to be active!—and the very thought of this restored her old vitality. Henry used to smile tenderly at Elsie's plans for the future without saying much, but Elsie was certain he would come around to her way of thinking, for he was a man of the world and he would realize how necessary it was for the human organism to exercise its faculties.

But how has it turned out? We all admire Henry, he is a thorough gentleman; but when, a few months after marriage, Elsie began to talk about her old plans, she discovered that Henry had father's ideas and father's firmness. She then loved Henry too much, and still loves him too much, to go against his will—and how could she, unskilled as father declared her to be, even if she were determined to do so? And so she has had to give up, for all her life, that old, old dream of hers, and let all her natural powers rust away.

And what has there been in her life to take the place of her abandoned activity to an energetic, clever woman? Housekeeping? They live in a modern apartment-house, where a great deal of service is furnished by the management; and this service, plus that of their one servant, leaves Elsie practically nothing about the home to do. Children? As you know, Henry is very ambitious and he has fine prospects, but his advancement depends (so he believes) upon his making a good appearance, upon his entertaining his associates and superiors. Now his income, though good, is barely sufficient to maintain his position; and so (as Elsie has confided to me) they have decided, for the sake of his future, that they can not afford the luxury of a child until he has won a higher place.

Last, there is Harold. Harold, luckily for him, was born a boy, and according to accepted standards he thereby gained the indisputable right to choose his life's interests. Father planned for Harold a business career. Many

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THE LAW ON MARY ELIZA

BY ETHEL TRAIN

Author of "Son," "Cousin Lemuel," Etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

Mary Eliza's time had come, but she could only stand staring stupidly, mouth open

IN MRS. TIMMINS'S family were six children: Annie, Katie, Mary Eliza, Tom, Larry and little Pete.

The family was badly arranged. Had the boys come at the beginning instead of at the end, it would not have mattered so much when the iron girder fell on Timmins, As it was, there were only girls to take up the burden he so quickly and unexpectedly laid down.

Timmins had been a steady man, but his widow found few opportunities to reflect upon the desirable qualities he had possessed. Of his forethought he had left one substantial proof: had it not been for his life-insurance, it would have gone ill with his bereaved family. As it was, they were able to hold together; moved into smaller quarters, with their mother to look after the home. Little Pete was perpetually upon her arm as she went about her household duties; he was heavy and exigent. Had she ever heard of modern methods of bringing up babies, and attempted to put them into practise, she would undoubtedly have been reported by neighbors to the police or to the S. P. C. C.

If she put Pete down he yelled; she had to take him up again; it saved time never to relinquish him. Tom and Larry were always under her feet, husky lads both, tumbling and fighting upon the floor for sheer joy of that strength that should some day be turned to good account, barring accidents, in bricklaying or in steel-construction. But not yet.

Annie and Katie were twins; they were seventeen, and worked in a cigarette factory. Mary Eliza was fourteen; she did not do much of anything. She had been kept at school until she was twelve, and then taken away because there seemed to be small prospect of her ever finishing. One year she had had the measles and had missed promotion; the next, though she had caught no diseases, she had somehow missed promotion again. The third year she had missed it because she had fallen into the habit.

"'Tain't no earthly use you spendin' any more time in that one grade," her mother had said, and Mary Eliza had agreed with her. No one had reproached her, yet every time Mary Eliza's dull blue eyes fell upon her mother, scrubbing, cooking, washing, while she dodged Pete's little red fist aimed at her eye, or gently loosened the fingers that gripped the sensitive hairs at the back of her neck (Mrs. Timmins did her hair in a neat pug on top, with one pin stuck through, but a thin, straight fringe always shook itself down again) she experienced a curious tightening of the muscles at her throat.

"I'll mind him!" she offered once.

Mrs. Timmins laughed. "Lord, he'd take the roof off'n the house!" she said, and went on hanging stockings upon a line stretched the length of the room.

"Let me hang 'em," Mary Eliza suggested, with diminished confidence.

"I c'n do it twice as quick myself," her mother murmured tranquilly, her mouth full of clothes-pins.

This remark epitomized the whole inadequacy of Mary Eliza. Time was far too precious in the Timmins household to admit of educational experiments. Having been tried and found wanting, this member of the family had been tacitly set aside. One night she was mending Larry's trousers with awkwardly crooked red fingers plying a rusty needle in and out.

"Don't worry your head about *them*," said her sister Katie, coming in from the factory. "I'll do 'em Sunday."

"If she'd only learn me how," thought the girl sorrowfully, as she put the trousers down.

When Sunday came Katie took up the waiting work blithely, getting out a new bright needle and making it fly to snatches of song.

Mary Eliza stood over her, motionless and watching, idle hands clasped. How pretty Katie was, her soft, bright head bent over the coarse sewing, delicate lashes sweeping her pale, smooth cheek. Mary Eliza had stood for many moments yesterday gazing in at a florist's window; one special rose that had stood out from among the others with a warm, white radiance distinctively its own had reminded her of Katie.

"I wish Katie hadn't got nothin' to do but grow an' smell good like that," she had thought wistfully.

Katie worked so hard all the week rolling up paper into cigarettes; it was terrible that on Sunday too she must make her fingers fly.

"Oh!" thought Mary Eliza, moving a step forward, her soul yearning toward her sister. "Poor Katie! It's my work she's doin'. It's my work she's *got to do*." Between lowered head and dim lamp, her bending shadow fell. Katie did not look up.

"Get out of my light, there's a good girl," she said patiently.

Mary Eliza moved aside. Her heart within her was a dead weight. "She's doin' *my* work," she repeated to herself. "You'd think I might 'a' kep' out o' her road, when it's my work she's doin'."

The little boys were asleep; even Pete had dropped off, allowing his mother a short respite.

"You sit right down," Annie said to her firmly, "an' give that iron to me."

"Well," Mrs. Timmins acquiesced reluctantly, "if you're set on it. But don't seem's though 'twas right." She sank into a chair and closed her eyes.

Annie had crisp, curling black hair and a vivid complexion; there was decision in her every movement; in her curved back as she stood at the table; in the sharp, short raps with which she pounded the damp garments outstretched upon the board. Mary Eliza would have given worlds to possess the power of imposing her wishes upon her mother thus. She moved tentatively toward the ironing-table.

"Annie," she said timorously, choosing a moment when her sister's fingers were occupied in straightening a small sleeve, and the disconcerting iron was lying quiescent upon its stand, —"Couldn't I work out?"

Annie's fingers fell limply upon the table. "Work out?" she asked, her dark eyes widening. "Why, Mary Eliza! What could *you* do?"

Mary Eliza's lower lip dropped vacantly. "Dunno," she admitted, adding apologetically, "I thought maybe I could do somethin'."

Annie shook her capable little head. "Ain't no need, Mary Eliza," she said kindly. "I guess we can manage to scratch along without."

During the next few days Mary Eliza, in the slow fashion that was habitual to her, turned the foregoing over and over in her mind. Her attitude toward her fellow beings was one of such conscious inferiority that she gave to their lightest words her utmost of consideration.

"I don' know as I *could* do anything," she concluded nervously. "I don't know as there's anybody would hire me, anyway."

Obviously that channel of activity was blocked; she must evolve some other, and she must do it alone. It was of absolutely no use to consult further the members of her family.

She crept about unnoticed amid the chatter of the girls, the peremptory shoutings of the undisciplined little boys, the fretting of the obstreperous Pete, furtively awaiting her chances to take up some small share of the burden of existence. There were a few things she could do—things that required neither speed nor skill. She knew enough to drag a soapy rag over the floor, crawling on hands and knees; to avoid gently the gambols of her brothers, who welcomed her uproariously as a bear in this position, though they had no use for her upright; to bring a hod of coal for the stove, rejoicing when it bent her over sideways and turned her face purple, because on these occasions it was full; to keep away from the crockery, which she was likely to break, and put the crude strength of her elbow into the scouring of pots and pans. Of such things neither Mary Eliza nor any one else took much account. They did themselves, without calling into requisition the laborious and painful

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processes of a mind that was reckoned unadapted to any labor not purely mechanical.

Sometimes she thought of school with a passing regret; of the rows of eager faces, the sun coming in at the windows, the flower-pot on the teacher's desk; the joyful outpouring of her schoolmates into the street at recess. She had enjoyed observing their games, huddled in Winter in a plaid shawl, her skimpy braids sticking straight out behind. Even to the uncritical standards of Public School 63, Mary Eliza was "funny lookin'." Since she had never offered to join in the play of the others, they had regarded her as a curious creature who did not care for play, and had let her severely alone. She had not had to submit to persecutions; there was about Mary Eliza—mental inefficiency, uptilted frocks, pigtails and all—something of quiet submission to fate which kept the jokers off.

Each Autumn when school reopened she had mourned secretly the loss of those who, brushing shoulders with her, had yet never been her companions; the freckled Pats and Norahs, the swarthy Antars and Nazulahs, the liquid-eyed Maddalenas and Pietros, the sharp-featured Rachaels and Abrahams of the year before.

All had gone higher; all but Mary Eliza, and a new set had come in their places, who likewise would move on in their turn. Yet had it not been for her mother's dictum, the wisdom of which there was no disputing, she would still have sat on at the ink-stained desk, whose ancient woodwork had been embellished by many surreptitiously wielded knife-blades, and upon which, in delicious terror, she too had dared to carve a wavering M.; she would still have been holding open before her bewildered and peering eyes the geography with its mystifying lists of products, the arithmetic with its erratic combinations of figures arbitrarily arranged, the grammar with its amazing rules to govern every minute, negligible part of speech; its quotations by the score, offered for dissection:

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?

This and similar despairing sentiments had indeed caused shudders of sympathetic gloom to travel up and down Mary Eliza's spine, but she had never succeeded in analyzing or parsing any one of the stanzas that embodied them.

It took a great deal of painful effort to bring her perception of the domestic situation into definite shape. Day after day she sat down to her dinner in silence, a sharp furrow between her brows. Annie and Katie were away; her mother ate little; so did the boys by comparison with herself.

"It's me she has to cook for," decided Mary Eliza. "It's me eats the most."

She tried to curb her appetite, knowing that the food she refrained from tasting would come in handy at some other time. But she felt so "gone" and miserable and her mother urged her so cordially that she ended by giving in.

"I wisht I was away daytimes, like Annie an' Katie," reflected Mary Eliza, grudging every mouthful, yet unconscionably hungry the while.

WANDERING out disconsolately one day after the meal was concluded, she observed a pair of well-nourished dray horses eating their dinners contentedly out of canvas bags. The feeding of horses presented a simpler problem than the feeding of half-grown girls. That night she dreamed that she was munching grain out of a similar bag. Her mother had hung it over her ears by a string, with a look of infinite relief. Mary Eliza's nose was buried in its depths . . . she could not breathe . . . she was suffocating. . . . Yet she would not cry out, for that look on her mother's face.

She woke and lay rigid, beads of sweat standing out on her forehead. The gray dawn was filtering in at the window, desolate and colorless, a thing without form and void, belonging neither to darkness nor to light. She could just make out the outline of her sister Annie lying beside her, one arm over her head. In another corner of the little room, lost among shadows, her mother and Katie slept, with Pete between them. The door into the kitchen was open; she heard a restless shuffling, an unconscious grunt. Tom must have kicked Larry, or Larry, Tom; they occupied the sofa, feet to feet.

"They're gettin' awful big," thought Mary Eliza. "Can't lay like that much longer. Wisht I was away nights," she concluded dully.

What visions of expansion this idea opened! Herself away, the boys could use her bed; Annie could have their sofa all to herself.

"Wisht I was away daytimes," Mary Eliza recapitu-

"Good-by," she whispered hoarsely. "Good-by, all of youse."

The street had an unfamiliar early-morning look; the pavement felt cold to her feet. Mary Eliza had taken nothing with her. There would be plenty where she was going.

"They'll gi' me a bath," she muttered, "an' put other clo's on me."

Her plan was well defined. She would walk until she was a safe distance away, then she would stop and ask to be directed to the nearest police-station. There she could obtain the information that she lacked. By the time that she was very hungry she thought that she had walked far enough.

BUT whom to ask? And how explain her need? Here was an unexpected difficulty. She had not realized how terribly she should dislike speaking to a stranger. She was just passing a great, red warehouse; before it a man was busily unloading boxes from a truck. He had a fresh, pleasant face, and slung the boxes about as though the exercise of his muscles were a pleasure to him. For fully a quarter of an hour she hung undecided at a distance, then she drew nearer.

"Hello, Maggie!" said the young man genially, perceiving her. "Goin' to school?"

Mary Eliza's shy heart warmed. Maggie was as good a name as any other.

"No," she answered timidly, shaking her head. "Police-station. Where is it?"

He stared at her in surprise. "Somebody belongin' to her in trouble," he thought; "father likely."

"You go right around that corner," he said aloud, "an' then it's the fourth block up, to the left. One, two, three, four. See?"

She nodded, and with mumbled thanks, hurried off. She could hear him whistling a song with which she was familiar—"Just Before the Battle, Mother." It gave her a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, and she ran faster to be rid of it the sooner.

The police-station was a dim, uninviting building through whose door had been pouring for hours a motley procession of the night-sweepings of the city's streets, the petty criminals, the prowlers of both sexes, and the merely drunk, each in charge of an officer of the law. At the moment of her breathless arrival it was opening to admit a policeman who held by the hand a fat youngster about three years old. Mary Eliza, slipping in behind them, joined the bedraggled occupants of a bare room containing a couple of benches and a large desk, behind which, pencil on ear and spectacles on nose, a police sergeant sat slumped down in a swivel chair, writing. Looking around her, Mary Eliza saw the policeman behind whom she had entered, on his knees before the small, strayed citizen he had conveyed in, his ear bent anxiously to the child's mouth.

"I can't make out a word," he said to a fellow officer helplessly, "an' him talkin' a whole string, too! Ain't it a shame, when he knows just what he wants to say? I bet he thinks I'm a fool."

"Take him to the matron," suggested the other. "She'll understand his lingo, see if she don't! She's onto all that kind of gaff."

They turned toward one of the several doors that led out of the room, and Mary Eliza decided to follow them, with no especial purpose but to keep the little boy in sight. There was something about the way the tassel hung sideways on his red worsted cap that suggested the head-gear of Tom and Larry; it was a familiar touch in the midst of strange and intimidating surroundings.

Once inside the matron's room, Mary Eliza hugged the wall, standing first on one foot, then on the other. Luckily no one questioned her right of entry; no one, in fact, paid any attention to her at all. Her eyes, generally narrow and dull, widened with something between wonder and terror; wonder that she, Mary Eliza, a creature imbecile, purposeless, utterly without initiative, should suddenly have begun to juggle with destiny and make herself arbiter of her own fate; terror at the rapid sequence of events immediately following the initial step.

The matron, a respectable, elderly woman in rusty black, having made friends with the small boy by means of an alluring stick of yellow-and-white-striped lemon candy which he grasped in sticky fingers, and the tracks of which were visible all around his mouth, looked up triumphantly at the policeman.

"He went out with his daddy," she explained. "His daddy starts off early, an' Teddy likes to ride on the cart. He must 'a' got tired ridin', and climbed down. I guess he's daddy's boy all right! Leave him here with me till his daddy comes. 'Twon't be long. I'll fix him up some warm milk. You'd like to stay with me, Teddy, wouldn't you?"

She spoke in an even, unmodulated tone which inspired her visitor with confidence. He nodded solemnly, and the officer smiled.

"Now don't it beat all," he murmured, "how you got that out o' him. All right, I'll leave him; guess he don't need *me*."

Mary Eliza's time had come. The policeman was going; Teddy was busy with his candy; there was no one else; in another moment the floor would be hers. When the matron turned toward her with questioning face, however, though she had been expecting just this and had believed herself prepared, no words would come to her lips. She could only stand staring stupidly, mouth open.

"Daffy," thought the woman. Aloud she said kindly, "Want anythin', little girl?"

Slowly the blood came back to Mary Eliza's heart. First "Maggie," then "little girl"! The world was not such a dreadful place after all. She sure did want something, and want it bad. This woman would help her, if she could only tell! Gulping once or twice, she brought out the words:

"Please, 'm, I wants to be put in one o' them homes."

A look of pity came into the woman's face. She came over to Mary Eliza and bent quite close.

"Poor child!" she said. "Ain't you got any home of your own?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," returned Mary Eliza more easily. "I got a *good* home. But I want to be put in one o' *them* homes."

The matron looked utterly bewildered. Mary Eliza, believing that the confusion was caused by her lack of ability to be articulate, went on apologetically:

"One o' them homes as has girls walkin' out in a line, two an' two, with their hair cut."

The child spoke in a low, even tone, she stood quite still; yet a flood of emotions stirred the matron's habituated breast. She could see with the eye of her mind the long, orderly procession, clad in calico, the individuality of the faces lost under the institution hats. . . . The mother in her uttered a fierce protest when she cried out:

"You wouldn't like to have your *hair cut!*"

Mary Eliza's lids did not flutter.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she returned patiently. "It's all the same to me."

All the same to her! In those few words, quite unconsciously, Mary Eliza showed that she had accepted the burden of the child that is different.

"Why don't you stay in your own home, an' go to school?" suggested the matron.

A faint smile showed at the corners of Mary Eliza's mouth. She shook her head. "I *been* to school," she said.

The matron understood the connotation.

"You'd orter have a doctor," she said eagerly. "An' see what's keepin' you back."

Mary Eliza drew her brows together in an effort of memory. She recalled certain jokes in the comic Sunday supplements. One especially about going to "Professor Cut It," if you were dull and stupid, and letting him discover whether you had things the matter with your throat and nose.

"I ain't got adanoys," she assured the matron. "I'm healthy."

"What's your ma doin'?" the latter said suddenly. "Lettin' you travel round lookin' for homes an' such?"

The indignation of her tone did not escape Mary Eliza.

"She don't know," she answered. "I didn't let on."

A light began to break on the matron.

"Why, child," she said seriously, "your mother'll be worried to death. You better go right back this very minute."

Mary Eliza did not move.

"There's Annie," she said slowly, "an' Katie, an' Tom, an' Larry, an' little Pete. I ain't a-goin'."

There was something unbreakable in the calm determination of her tone. The matron summoned all her tact.

"Stay here with me till I get off duty," she invited. "We'll go to your ma an' talk it all over 'bout the home."

There was a moment's pause. Then:

"I ain't a-goin'," said Mary Eliza.

The matron was discouraged.

"Well, what *are* you goin' to do?" she temporized.

"I'll be goin'," said Mary Eliza with a certain dignity. "An' thank you kindly, ma'am." She made an awkward courtesy.

At that moment the door opened; a young woman with disheveled hair looked in. Mary Eliza took advantage of this diversion to slip out. When the matron looked about for her she was gone.

By afternoon it was a dejected little figure that was slinking along side streets with dragging feet.

"Ain't nothin' to be done," thought Mary Eliza. "They can't cut nothin' out o' me. I'm healthy. *I got to stay like I am*" It was not a cheering thought.

IT WAS a Spring day; there was a feel of buds in the air. Here in the narrow, crooked alleys there were no trees. Mary Eliza's steps began to seek more open spaces. She had reached a broad avenue, and had just discovered a breath of green along the delicate twigs of a maple, when suddenly a sight met her eyes that caused her knees to tremble. For out of dimmest distance they were coming toward her; and the sunlight made of their featureless faces little spots and dabs of light; marching in orderly procession, two and two, they appeared, looming larger and larger—a regiment—no, a whole army, and all of little sisters. In another moment she would hear the rhythmic music of their steps on the sidewalk; they would be upon her; she would fling herself into their midst and close her eyes . . . they would bear her up in their arms; they would sweep her along with them into the great, welcoming home; she would have a bath, and have her hair cut, and have other clothes on her, and eat breakfast . . . breakfast or dinner . . . which was it? She could not quite remember. And amid the crowds of children she would be mercifully lost . . . swallowed up . . . free from problems . . . with others to do her thinking for her, others better fitted for it than she . . . and she would be so good, and so grateful, and maybe there would be some work for her . . . some of the cleaning.

Mary Eliza, putting out a groping hand, steadied herself against a tree and dashed the mist from her eyes. She could see quite clearly now. Not a dozen feet away from her were the leaders of the line, two tiny girls, much smaller than the others. They were dressed in gray, and at their sides their little red hands hung down. They were of a size, and one had hazel eyes, the other brown. One was pale, and one rosy; their faces were serene, quite contented; they were not thinking that they had no mothers, but that the sky was blue, and that in the park maybe the lambs would be out; in cheerful, husky voices they began to discuss the possi-

[Continued on page 493]

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SEVEN SORROWFUL SONGS

A Cycle on the High Cost of Everything

Being More Perversions of the Classic Poets

BY CONSTANCE AND BURGES JOHNSON

Illustrated by Peter Newell

LOCHINVAR

After Sir Walter Scott

OH, A young Texas steer has come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his breed was the best;
And save for the branding, he blemish had none,
Though fretted and thirsty he came on the run.
His price in Chicago ere slaughtered and dressed
Was just thirteen cents—as the drover confessed.

But the price did not stay when the killing was done;
It grew like a river, abated for none;
And ere he arrived at the butcherman's gate,
Neat packed in a bag, and not quite up to weight,
His price had ascended, for, slaughtered and dressed,
It was twenty per pound, as the packers confessed.

But when he had entered in Netherby Hall,
Past cook and past butler and waitress and all,
The father spoke up with a naughty bad word,
And even the grandma said faintly: "Absurd!"
For the price of the roast, cooked, flavored and dressed,
Was thirty-five per, as the housewife confessed.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

After Wm. Shakespeare

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Tradesmen deceive you ever;
The price of eggs is sure to soar,
It will be constant never;
Then sigh not so, but let it go
And be ye blithe and bonny;
Just let your husbands bear the wo
And call for money, money.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'e;
Economy's confusion;
The price of meats will ebb and flow,
And hens are in collusion.
Men eat, you know! Then sigh not so,
But be you blithe and bonny;
Your husband's incomes gaily blow
And call for money, money.

ON HIS BROKENESS

After John Milton

WHEN I consider how my salary's spent,
Long ere it's due, and nothing put aside;
E'en my insurance, which till death should hide,
Is mortgaged useless, though my soul was bent
To keep it in reserve and so present
A true account when debtors come to chide.
"Why want more clothes; doth not our love abide?"
I fondly asked. But Mary, to prevent
That question, quickly answers, "But we need
The clothes to keep you true to us; who best
Wears a lace yoke, she pleases best." My state
Of mind can be imagined! So I speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
My credit serves—let debtors stand and wait.

NIX

After A. C. Swinburne

ASK nothing more of me, Sweet;
All I can give you I give.
Heart of my heart, had I more,
More would be laid at your feet;
But it's expensive to live.
Let alone trying to soar.

'Tis my last dollar I give—
Don't try to touch me for more;
I've not a single cent, Sweet,
It's so expensive to live!
Prices continue to soar;
Think of the high cost of meat!

I have but love, and naught more;
I can but work for you, Sweet;
He that hath wealth, let him give,
I can not help you to soar;
I but buy shoes for your feet,
Here where it costs so to live.

WINTER

After Wm. Shakespeare

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Mike the milkman blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And frozen postmen leave the mail,
When clothes cost much and food is high,
This Winter marvel meets my eye:
To wit,
The iceman without shame
Makes daily rounds, his price the same.

QUATRAIN

After R. L. Stevenson

IT IS very hard to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With prices going up, apace,
In every Christian market-place.

TO A GROCER

After Percy Bysshe Shelley

HAIL to thee, blithe grocer!
'Tis against my will,
I would have thee know, sir,
That I pay thy bill;
Sending all my gold to thy rapacious till.

Higher still and higher
Rates thou daily wringest;
Useless is my ire
At each price thou springest—
And stinging still dost smile, and smiling ever stingest!

In thy golden butter,
In thy sugar-bin,
Deeds I dare not utter,
Thou dost do, and grin.
There's no competition in this town we're in.

A pale purple grouch or
Rage will dim my sight,
When I read your voucher
For the check I write.
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

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THE GREEN SINGING-BOOK

Poem by Josephine Preston Peabody

Music by Grace Chadbourne

Moderato

I don't know how to read the words, nor how the black things go. — But if you stand it up, and sing, You nev-er have to know. — The mu-sic sounds a like each time when grown-up peo-ple play; — But ev-'ry time I sing, my self, It sounds a dif-f'rent way. — And when I've sung the book all thro', and ev-'ry page a-round — I stand it up side down and sing, To see how that will sound. — I sing how all the things out-side the win-dow look to me; — The shine-y wrin-kles in the road, And then a-bout my tree, — I sing a-bout the Ci-ty, too, The nois-es and the wheels; — And win-dows blink-ing in the sun; I sing the way it feels. — And if a spar-row flies a-cross I put him in the Song. — I sing what ev-er hap-pens in, To make it last for long. — I sing a-bout the things I think of al-most ev-'ry-thing Some-times I don't know what to think, Till I be-gin to sing.

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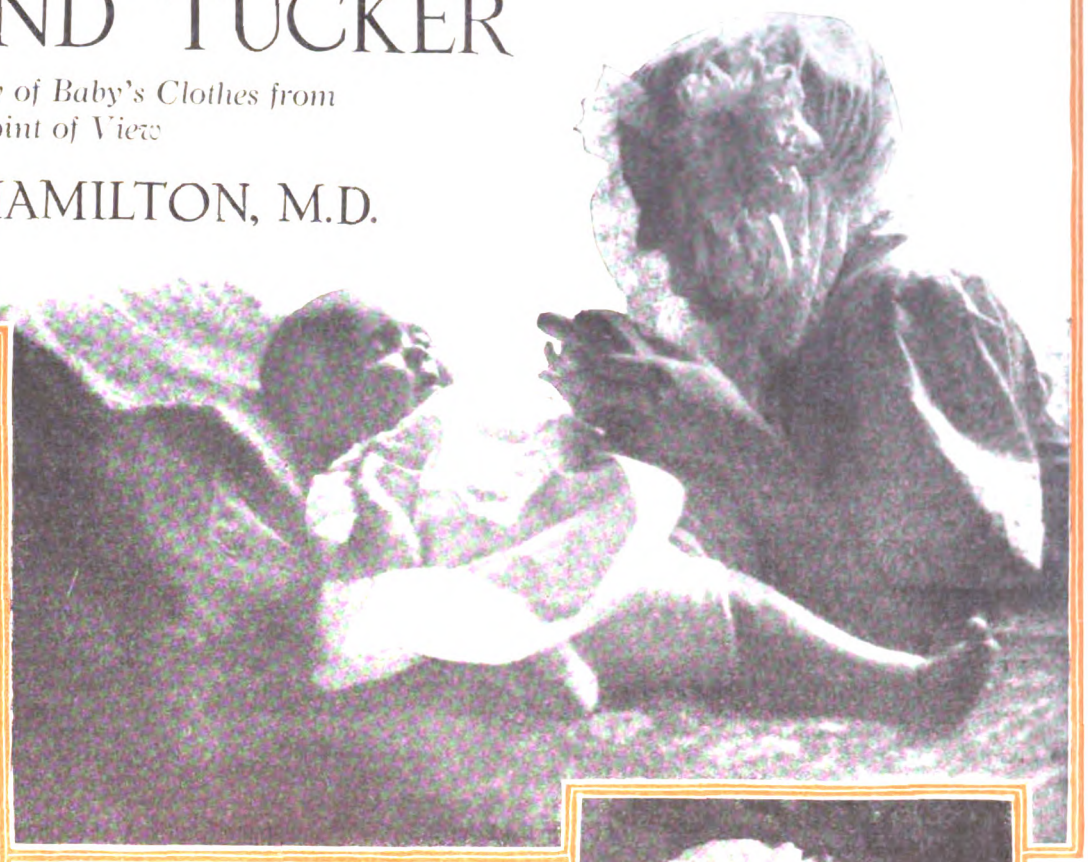
BABY'S BIB AND TUCKER

The When, How and Why of Baby's Clothes from the Doctor's Point of View

BY B. WALLACE HAMILTON, M.D.

The nightgown should have a draw-string at the bottom



Master Baby wants comfortable clothes

A simple little slip is the indoor requirement

The weight of the clothes should be suspended from the shoulders

THE DELINEATOR has a baby clinic, a consulting department that will make easier the many baby problems that mothers find hard to solve. Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton, who is helping to keep hundreds of New York babies well, wants to help you in the care of your baby.

Write us about your baby. Address your letters to THE DELINEATOR, care The Counseling Mothers' Department

YOU want your baby to wear pretty clothes. What Master Baby wants and what I want for Master Baby in the way of clothing combine only certain qualities.

Baby's garments, to make for health, should be loose, soft, warm and simple. There should be no restriction of the chest or abdomen with tight garments, too snug a binder or a too closely pinned diaper. Baby's legs and arms ought to have free motion. Skirts should not be too long, heavy or bulky. The weight of the clothes should be suspended from the shoulder, in this way avoiding any restriction of the waist.

All materials for baby's clothes should be yielding, in order to prevent any irritation of the delicate skin. The materials should also be porous in order to ventilate and properly evaporate any perspiration.

If baby's clothes are soft, light and porous, they will be *warm* as well. Warm coverings do not necessarily mean heavy coverings, but warmth means that you must cover baby completely from his chubby neck to his fat wrists and his cunning toes. He hasn't the power to resist cold that we older folks have, so he must be kept warm in cool weather. Remember that clothes of loose texture and loosely worn are warmer because of the air they retain.

Dressing and undressing baby is something of an ordeal for him, and his wearing apparel should be so *simple* in its make-up that dressing may be accomplished quickly and with the least possible handling. Those turnings and twistings from back to stomach in dressing baby are fatiguing, and should be done away with as far as possible by having no unnecessary garments.

Of all materials, woolen or merino (which is partly woolen) goods are the best for baby's undergarments in cool weather. These can be obtained with a mixture of silk or cotton. They should not be thick or heavy, as this will make a child delicate and very sensitive to changes. When baby goes out for his airing, changes in temperature should be met by additional outer garments.

For the hot Summer months very thin cotton gauze may be worn next to the skin. This particularly applies to babies who are prone to have severe prickly heat. The very lightest grade of silk-and-wool or cotton-and-wool may also be worn.

The abdominal band should be of fine, soft flannel five inches wide and twenty inches long. It should be cut on the bias to increase its elasticity and should never be hemmed. It should be rolled smoothly around the abdomen and sewed, not fastened with safety-pins. The only object of a band is to hold the cord dressing in place and to protect the navel until it is completely healed. Its function is not to prevent rupture; in fact, a too-tight binder tends to produce rupture, sometimes interferes with respiration, often causes indigestion and vomiting and infrequently prolapse of the rectum. When the navel has completely healed, the flannel band has served its purpose and should be discarded for a knit abdominal band of stockinet with straps over the shoulder. This protects the abdomen from chilling. It is seamless, circular and long enough to cover the abdomen and a considerable part of the chest. To the lower edge are attached two tabs for pinning the diaper. This is worn until the baby is two years of age.

Diapers can be made of cotton, linen diaper cloth, or cotton stockinet. Cotton is more absorbent and, of course, heavier, while linen is cooler and less bulky, making it more suitable for Summer and where chafing is present. *Never use flannel for diapers.* Cotton stockinet is soft and fits the waist and hips readily, resulting in

[*Continued on page* 493]

Socks should reach half-way to the knee

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WALLFLOWERS

A Gentle Little Story for Lovers and for Those Who Have Loved

BY HELEN BAKER PARKER

Full-Page Illustration by Alice Barber Stevens

"LOOK what I drew!" Reginald Duncan, President of the Senior class, Kappa Phi, and expert in evading the law with his father's touring-car, ruefully surveyed a white card with his own name in the middle and the name of a girl in the lower left-hand corner.

Too full for utterance, his disciple, Maxwell Briton, stroked a pompadour that was the replica of Duncan's. Indeed young Duncan had set the Spring fashions at the Riverdale High School for sleek, wet-looking pompadours, white serge trousers with a peculiar hip cut suggesting hidden treasure, jail-stripe outing coats and little round white mushroom caps.

The two cynics rolled cigarettes and sighed wearily.

"Amy Lurton! Gee!" lamented Duncan. "I sure did draw a wallflower! I bet a hundred her skirts measure four yards around. She's the limit. Sort of poor relation, y' know, of the Burgesses, forty-second cousin or something. She's scared stiff if you get within forty yards of her. Waltzed with her once. Sophomore class party. Say! It was like waltzing with a chunk of ice! I won't take her! I don't care if it is the class party and old Bean Bags is nutty on being social!"

"You sure got a crush over Sue!" Briton lazily jingled his monthly allowance. "Who drew Sue?"

Duncan flicked the ash from his cigarette in a devilish sporty fashion. "Who? That rube, John Henderson! Think of him and Suzette Martin! Wow! Ain't it fierce? It's too much! I'll buy him off! See 'f I don't."

IT HAS now to be recorded that the "rube," John Henderson, spent his mornings, evenings and Saturdays in the Suburban Dry Goods Store. Left an orphan at six years, he had persisted in living on, though no one in all the world had wanted him. In grudging exchange for his labor he had from the age of twelve been handed out coin of the realm and bought himself bread, a place to lie down at night, a few clothes, and what he learned in eight grades and four years at high school.

It angered him that he was different. Even his hair was not like that of the other fellows. Instead of lying back flat, according to approved fashion, it stood up and curled around in little cow-licks all over his head. And it was red. His hands were too big. He himself was too big. He loomed up, according to his own phrase, like a telegraph-pole, an unlovely telegraph-pole, animated with unwanted life, possessed of hungers not understood, and he was twenty-one.

He had slept poorly the Friday night before Reginald Duncan, a half-burned cigarette in his ringed hand, leaned over the counter. "Say," said the elegant one, with a Sherlock Holmes air of mystery, "you've got an invitation to the class party with a certain name in the lower left-hand corner. Well now—you see, what's it worth to you to let the young lady go with me?"

Duncan straightened himself for argument, but he was saved the trouble. A queer, twisted smile played about Henderson's thin lips.

"Help yourself," he said. "Take her. You're welcome."

"What do you mean! I guess you must have thought there was some mistake that *you* drew Suzette Martin."

"Oh, I don't know——"

"Now what do you mean by that?"

"Well, she ain't my style!" Henderson knew better than to say "ain't," but he was all at once primitive, a savage. "I don't like her. I don't want her."

Staggered, Duncan turned away; then he remembered that his father was president of the village board and owner of a new sixty-horse-power 1913 model. "How much," he asked, with the elegant, low-voiced ingratiation that he supposed to be employed by a first-class gambler, "how much is it worth to you?"

The boy who worked for his money leaned from his great height over the counter. "Say," he said, his eyes green under his savage hair, "it ain't August, but any dog that shows signs of madness has to wear a muzzle all the year round. Understand? And they ain't allowed in this store." With elaborate courtesy he began measuring denim for a countrywoman with a basket over her arm.

Confused, Duncan backed away, but remembered again that he was responsible for a name in the lower left-hand corner of a card in his pocket. "Oh, Henderson," he whispered, "I drew Amy Lurton."

"Cut it out." The voice was sharp as the shears that cut the denim. "I'm not in society."

THAT night he thought about it as he lay in his hired room. Who was she, Amy Lurton, other than the girl who sat beside him in English Lit? Wasn't she the girl who paid him at the back door when he cut Burgess's lawn last Summer? If she had been invited to a party maybe she'd be foolish enough to want to go. She seemed like such a little kid.

The night of the class party, Amy was dressing in her little back room next that of kind Katy Mulligan, her second cousin's servant.

By tipping the little round glass back and forth Amy could see her small, pale face and slender throat, her too full sleeves, the pale pink, much-washed ribbon sash, the very full skirt. She took off a petticoat, and the effect was certainly more stylish; yet the skirt was full, cruelly full. With a little sigh she tipped the glass straight again. After all, her hair was good. She couldn't help knowing that. The soft yellow masses of it rippled away from her broad white brow and lay in a big, soft figure eight at the back of her head.

Katy knocked softly at the door and came in. "Wear this," she said, holding up a chain of pale pink beads that twinkled softly in the light. "They are the color of your cheeks, dear, and have you got a' op'ry coat?"

"Oh, mercy no! It's warm—see, Katy, how pretty they are on my throat! I've got such a funny little hollow here where my neck ends and they help fill it up. But I don't need a coat. Why, it's June!"

"You got to have a wrap. You can't go in s'ciety without a wrap! I'll see if I got something."

She disappeared for a moment and returned with a bundle, out of which, as she unwrapped it, fell something like a white cloud.

"My mother's shawl," said Katy.

"Oh!" whispered Amy, fingering the soft mesh and silken fringe. "Wasn't it lovely, Katy, to have a mother?"

They tried the shawl in various ways, but there seemed nothing to do but turn it cornerwise, and even then the fringed point hung far down over Amy's full white skirt.

"It looks old-fashioned," lamented Katy, "but it looks like you."

"I guess I am old-fashioned, don't you think, Katy?"

"You may be old-fashioned, but I don't know—there's something about you—you're so little and your hair is so goldy—" A lump came suddenly in Katy's throat—which is the way some people felt when they looked at little Amy.

Far off to the front of the great house a bell rang clamorously as though pushed with a powerful hand.

"Oh, he's come, Katy!"

"'Tis I will let him in, n' do you keep him waiting a little while. 'Tis good fer thim."

For the good of his soul John Henderson sat alone in the silent house. A small gilt chair creaked under him as he stirred, embarrassed; and he noticed how large his feet were against the little white figures on an Oriental rug. He lifted a hand that appeared suddenly to have turned to lead and tried vainly to smooth back his hair.

Then he looked up and saw what appeared to him like a picture he had seen once long ago. At the mullioned window on the landing of the great stairway was the figure of a woman in flowing white. Faintest rose pink was at her waist, her slender throat, and in her cheeks. Over her head was a crown of gold. Holding his breath he looked up—and then—he saw the picture coming down. It came into the room and sat down opposite him, almost lost in the depths of a Colonial davenport.

Presently, after a little silence, the picture said, "Perhaps we'd better go."

They went out the wide door and down the steps.

"I ought to have a carriage," acknowledged the young man.

"A carriage? Oh, mercy no! On a night like this? And they smell so close and queer. I went in one once to a funeral."

Unaccustomed comfort filled the boy's heart—content and other feelings he did not analyze.

"I wish I danced better," she lamented.

"I expect to step all over everything. I always do." He made the announcement quite without emotion. He was merely stating a fact. "I haven't danced but once—class party it was—since I was a kid. We danced a good deal at the orphan asylum."

"Oh! Oh! *You're one—too?*"

She looked up at him and he looked down at her. They didn't know just how it happened, but all in a moment they were walking arm in arm. He started to speak, but swallowed instead. Then, "There's a lot of new dances I don't know."

"I, too. But we can waltz."

"Yes, we waltzed to beat the band—at the—when I was a kid."

When they reached the Suburban Club, where the class party was to be held, the four cabs of the town were doing a rush business. The limousines and touring-cars of the class president and others favored of the gods sportively scraped the curb as elegant youths in their own or parental evening clothes, and fashionable Alf Alphas with long dangling bags and white slippers, jumped gaily to the pavement.

"I expect to step all over everything." John Henderson reiterated the fact as though it must on no account be overlooked.

There were new dances, during which they sat by the wall saying unimportant things about nothing in particular.

And they waltzed.

Once, as they whirled by, the elegant Duncan asked Suzette Martin, with whom he was sitting out the number, what she knew about that. Uncomprehending, the two to whom life had been good looked at Amy, with her rosy, gold-wreathed face uplifted, and the tall young god, who appeared to be stepping on nothing at all.

Amy and John went home early.

To the place where she lived the distance as a bird flies was not far; but as a lover walks it was a long way. By accident they chose the longer way.

It was June and the moon was full. Her white fingers were on his arm; little curling wisps of her hair blew against his shoulder. She was so little. Her head came not so very much higher than his heart. He thought about it curiously as they went by "the lot," where the little boys played ball. The white skirts of her, the floating white shawl with its fringe flowing about his sleeve, the gleaming of her fair hair—it was again that picture she had seemed when she came down the great staircase. And he knew all at once that it was the memory of his mother . . .

"SHALL you stay in Riverdale this Summer?" she was saying, and her voice stirred deeper into memory until it was like another voice closed over with the hard, loveless mantle of cruel years.

It mattered! Even the least amount it mattered whether he went or stayed, whether he lived or died, whether he was good or bad!

"No," he said, and his voice sounded in his own ears like the voice of a stranger. "No, I'm going to the city. I have a position—I didn't really make up my mind to take it until just—to-day. It's hard work and lots of it. But they say there's a chance of rising—after a while. Will you be here?"

"No—I—you see my cousin's wife has been very good to give me a home all this time; but I am through now and I'm going into the city too. I'll find something to do. It does seem, doesn't it, as though when we get through high school we ought to be able to do something if it is necessary, and—we can't go to college? But I don't think that I am prepared for anything special. I hope I can find something in a library or an art store. I love pictures so! Do you?"

"Yes. Some especially!"

"What kind?"

"Well, I don't know as I could tell you. Pictures—"

"I know. You can't put it in words. Men are so different from women. My cousin Will, now, he likes such different things from his wife. They seem happy, though, together——"

She fell silent and they walked on so for a little way. The warm air was full of the perfume of roses. A myriad twinkling stars seemed near and sentient. Shadows of blowing leaves made a living path for their feet.

And then—they did not know how it happened—they were talking about themselves. He was telling to her what he had never voiced in speech: his ambitions, his early dreams, his vain endeavors. Once he had meant to be President—but that was when he was a little boy.

And she told for the first time what she remembered of a day when there were white flowers swaying on a white door; and how once she thought she would be an actress. But that, too, was a long time ago, when she was just a little girl.

He laid his hand over the white fingers on his arm and they walked on, silent again. He knew the rise and fall of the dress over her heart. He felt the beating in her wrist, felt it in his own veins. It was as though they had been walking on the shore of some unguessed deep whose tides had risen and borne them out.

They came to her door and stood a moment in the white light.

"Good-by," she whispered.

"Good night, Amy, not good-by. Not good-by." He was holding both her hands and looking down into her face.

"Good night," they breathed again, together.

She opened the door and went in.

He went down the walk, stumbling a little with strange, half-comprehended emotions.

He looked back once. She was standing at the barred window on the landing of the stairs. For a moment he stood, holding his hat in his hands. He was looking at Amy, and he was seeing the future, the to-morrow of his dreams.

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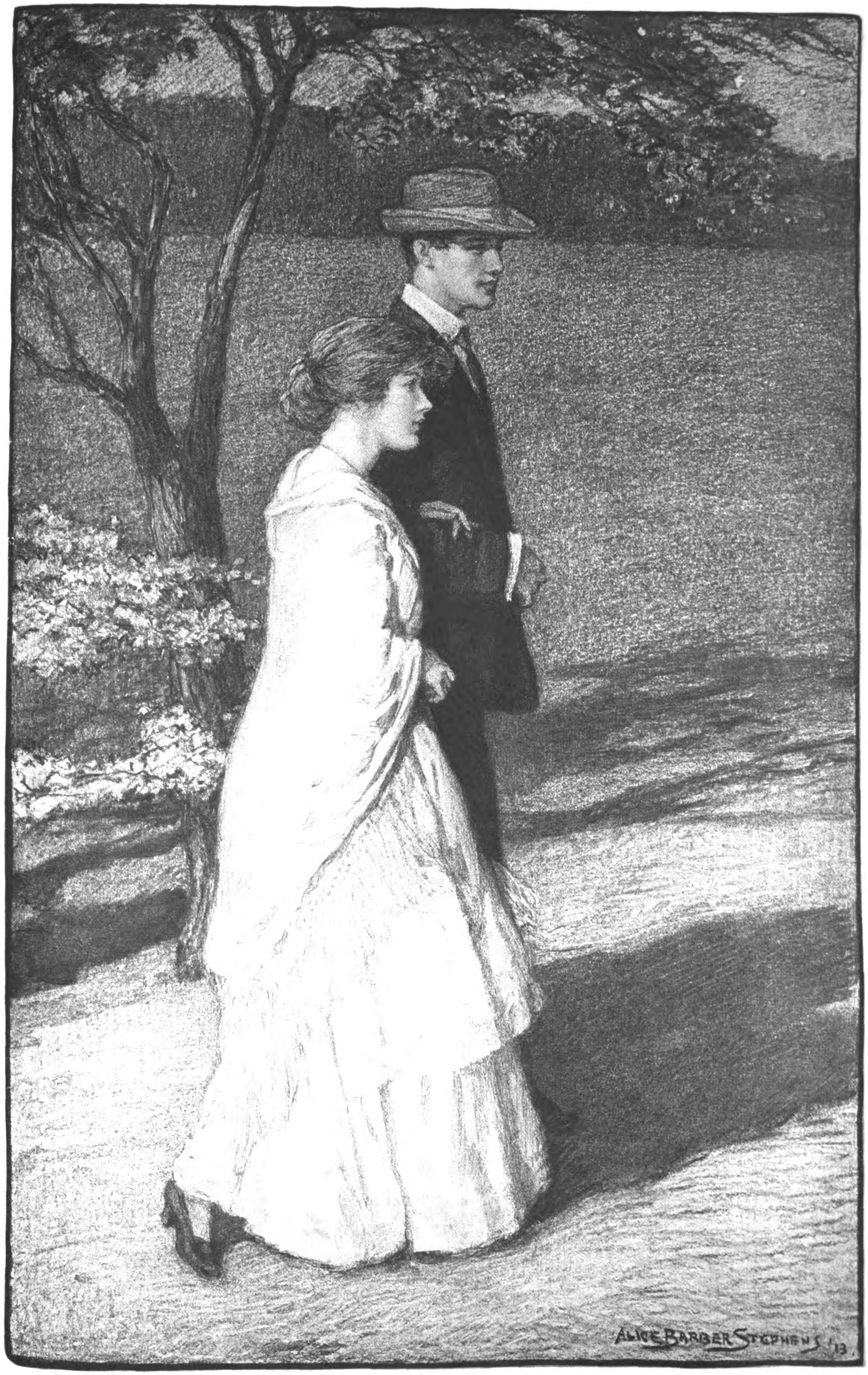

Her white fingers were on his arm; little curling wisps of her hair blew against his shoulder

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"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"

AN OATH OF OFFICE FOR BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

BY WILLIAM HARD

THE Justice of the Peace took a look at the young man and young woman on the other side of the table and then began to search through his pockets.

He drew out large bundles of greasy and grimy blank forms—affidavits, summonses, capiases, replevins. He shuffled them and shook them. The object of his explorations did not reveal itself.

A constable, in a far corner, ceased reading his newspaper; called out "You took it with you when you went down to the boat for that couple that wouldn't come up here;" and resumed reading.

"'So, Jimmy," said the Justice of the Peace.

A hat lay, top-up, on the table. This hat the Justice of the Peace capsized. Its inside leather band he tugged and loosened. Results! A folded frayed fragment of printed paper dropped out. The Justice of the Peace rescued it, and put on his glasses.

"Stand up," he said to the young man and young woman standing on the other side of the table. They remained standing.

"You!" said the Justice of the Peace to the young man, and began reading from the fragment of paper.

He read for nearly a minute, dovetailing each word into the preceding one so neatly that they all hung together like just one word a thousand syllables long. When he had finished, he gazed at the young man. The young man gazed at him.

"Well?" said the Justice of the Peace.

The young man said nothing.

The Justice of the Peace jerked the thumb of his right hand toward the young woman and addressed the young man.

"Her," he said. "Do you take her?"

"Sure," said the young man.

"Well," said the Justice of the Peace, "why didn't you say so?"

"Now you!" The young woman listened to a minute of words, presumably similar to those which had been rendered to the young man. At their conclusion, warned by the young man's experience, she promptly remarked, "Certainly."

"Manunwife!" said the Justice of the Peace.

Having so designated them, he turned his back on them and sat looking out of the window at the *Eldorado* at the wharf. Her gang-planks were swaying and bobbing with young men and women, boys and girls, going back home to the City.

The bride and groom remained standing. The Constable abandoned his newspaper and approached them.

"Costs your friend a two-spot," he said to the young woman, and gallantly, "I guess he won't kick."

When "Manunwife" had taken its new matrimonial self out of the room—"Forty to-day," said the Justice of the Peace. "Forty hearts that have got a good start to beating it like one to the divorce court. I'm sick of 'em myself. Next time I'll tell 'em what I think of 'em."

THE Constable turned to a fresh page of his newspaper and began gathering knowledge at the top of the first column.

"Ain't you going to work any more to-day?" said the Justice of the Peace.

"They're all getting on the boat," said the Constable.

"Then where ought you to be?" said the Justice of the Peace.

When the Constable got to the boat the band was playing; and several hundred trotting and single-stepping couples on the dance floor on the main deck were "Waiting for the *Robert E. Lee*."

At the entrance to the dance-floor a boy of about twenty and a girl of about eighteen were doing a conversation with themselves and with a multitude of impromptu friends.

The friends were full of courage. "Go on." "Do it now!" "Plenty of marriage parlors up the street." "And plenty of marriage-cure parlors in the court-house back home." "Take him while you got him, girlie." "Life will be one long sweet song." "Without words." "Goes without saying." "He'll be good to you; I can tell it from the way he parts his hair." "It's a Marathon; they're off!"

The girl flinched and gasped. At last, limply: "We haven't got any license."

"You can have mine," said an angry young woman and held it out while she narrated the reason why she had no use for it.

Her intended husband had deteriorated during the day. He had come over with her on the excursion from the City and had bought their marriage license in the forenoon. But at lunch he had lapsed prematurely into matrimonial manners. He had been annoyed by the lettuce in the sandwiches. He had criticized the cookies. He had guyed the pickles. And, in the end, he had refused to help re-pack the basket. Consequently he was returning to the City a still unmarried man.

"You can have it," said the angry young woman. "It's got our names on it instead of yours, but never mind. The judge won't know the difference. Try it on him, anyway."

The Constable saw his moment.

"It's all right," he said. "Leave it to me."

"Where do you come in?"

"Say, young fellow, you don't look like a wop. Don't ask questions. When you see a man that's in right, follow along."

At the foot of the stairs leading up to the office of the Justice of the Peace the girl drew back.

"Honest," she whispered, "Honest, I'll marry you when we get back."

"Aw!" said the boy, "come on. Where's your nerve? Don't let them bluff you out." And the crowd behind pushed them up-stairs into the presence of The Law.

THE Law, expressing itself through the Justice of the Peace, was irritated, and said so, at large.

"Want to be married. I see. Of course. I'm the man for you. Been marrying 'em for twenty years. Standing at the door of matrimony and bowing 'em in. Like giving 'em a ticket for Bokhara, Turkestan, and hoping it's a fine place.

"This time I'm going to tell you something about it. It'll take more than a minute, too.

"Young woman, as a bride, do you know what the Law has done for you? Of course not. It ought to be part of my job, when I do a marriage ceremony over you, to tell you. Here's where I do.

"You owe your husband 'Domestic Services.' That's the way the Law puts it. 'Domestic Services.' You are supposed to look after the house, run it, keep it right, keep it efficient.

"The Law supposes that you are a good woman. It doesn't suppose that you are getting money from your husband just because he's in love with you. It supposes that you do some real work in return for it.

"That's what the Law has always said. That's the bargain: Support from him: 'Domestic Services' from you.

"So we come to the changes the Law has made in your favor.

"Not many years ago, as time runs, your husband could have paid for your support partly or wholly out of your own money, if you had any. You may have got some from your father. Or you may have earned some. It was his. He could help himself out in his duty of supporting you by using your money for it. Your money was part of the finances of your and his household.

"That's changed. Changed by men legislators. All your money is yours, in almost every State in the Union. Absolutely yours.

"But your husband, of course, must still support you. If you have all the money in the world, and buy a mutton chop that you really need, the butcher can sue him for the price; and now he must pay that price not out of your money at all, but entirely and always out of his. Your money is taken out of the family bank. His is still in it, just as much as ever.

"Fine! Having kept hold of your husband's money for you, we now go on to take hold of his person, of his body, of his liberty, for you.

"In the good old days, if he didn't support you, he could be sued all right and the money could be recovered from him, if he had it; but he couldn't be imprisoned.

"That's changed, too. Modern legislators, men legislators, have made it a crime, a *crime*, for him to fail to support you.

"You owe him 'Domestic Services.' He owes you Support. If he doesn't give it to you it's a misdemeanor or a felony.

"In the police courts of your city, almost any day, you will see men, charged with failure to support their families, dumped into police-wagons and carted out to the workhouse.

"Did you ever see a woman brought into court and charged with having failed to deliver 'Domestic Services' to her husband? Did you ever see the wasteful, reckless, inattentive, gadding, extravagant, inefficient, ruinous wife brought into court, arraigned, tried, convicted and given thirty days? Did you? You did not.

"It is a matter of money. It is your husband's duty to provide money as efficiently as possible. It is your duty to expend it as efficiently as possible. It looks fair. But his money-duty is being weighed and measured and exacted. We are making progress there. We are making no progress at all in weighing, measuring and exacting the money-duty which is owed by you.

"In those good old days your husband might have exacted it by his own efforts. He could legally confine you to your house if you ran about too much and he could admonish and correct you with his fist. To-day, if he tries that, you can divorce him.

"So it comes to this—

"Your money-rights against him are enforceable. His money-rights against you are unenforceable. His only protection against you——

"I'll talk that point to you, young man. You think you're going to buy her a hat when she needs it, or when you think she needs it, just like you now buy her a box of candy when you want to be nice to her.

"That's just the right way to get off on the wrong foot.

"Suppose you and another man ran a grocery store. You do the work at the counter and take in all the money. The other man does the rest of the work. All the money comes to you first. You keep it; he never foots up the accounts with you; but you give him a nickel or a dollar or a bunch of dollars when he can make good on persuading you that he ought to have a package of chewing-gum or a lampshade or a derby hat with its bow at the stern because that's what all his friends are wearing.

"You know what would happen. He would spend every cent you gave him; and he would always think you were holding out on him and had all kinds of money in your pocket. And you and he would never pull together on the proposition of saving money to enlarge the store. And pretty soon you would look like a tightwad to him and he would look like a grafter to you.

"Right now, young man, you shed the idea that you've got a little fairy in your home and that you're going to give her a strawberry now and then to watch her pretty ways while she eats it.

"There's a game worth a dozen of that.

"YOU and she are going to build your house of life together. That means buying things. That means administering money. That's what it means when you think it big. Administering money. Sewing, cooking, washing, sweeping! All right. They have to be done. But they are chores. Just chores. Work 'em out any way you please. Make 'em scientific. They are still chores. And they are uninteresting unless there is money management behind them.

"So, here's the place, young man, where every cent you make begins to go to both of you, to the family, to the firm. Here's where you and she together become the administrators of all your money. It's the only way in which 'Support' from you will not make her into a mere child and it's the only way in which 'Domestic Services' from her will not make you into a mere employer with an employee you can't fire. You and she together must decide how much you're to have for baseball games and how much she's to have for matinées and how much is going into the bank and how much you're going to live on.

"The money you're going to live on will most of it be spent by her. She's the real business manager of it. She knows now just how much of it there is. There, right there, are the bricks—the nickels and the dimes—out of which your house of life will be built. It is the most permanent adventure in the world. The things to buy are millions. Even if you are poor, they are millions.

"Is it better to buy a ten-cent breakfast food or a fifteen-cent breakfast food? Is it better to save for a rug or to have meat twice a day? Can you have a necktie and she a jabot this same week?

"Out of these silly details, out of the spending of money, out of the right spending of money, out of the right co-operative spending of money, will grow the game which will tie your minds together and which will consecrate to you the house that you are building for your children to inhabit.

"I therefore require you to promise, young woman, that you will in love, since law does not compel you, do your full money-duty to your husband. And I require you to promise, young man, that in love, since law does not compel you, you will make your wife your money partner. And I require you both to remember that love blown in air dies, but sown in labor rises anew forever."

When the bride and groom had paid their fee and gone away, "Pretty good dope, that," said the Justice of the Peace.

"Yes! great! Fine business!" said the Constable.

"But," said the Constable, "did you see them looking for the door when you sprung that stuff about working? Came pretty near costing you your dollar seventy-five and me my quarter."

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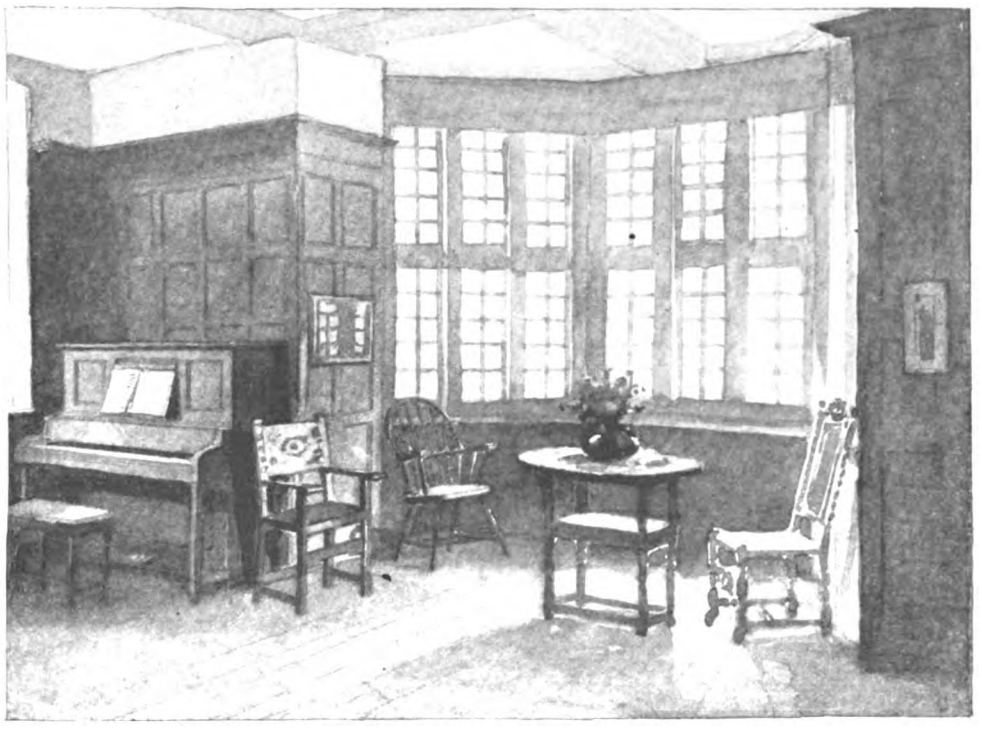
BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR FURNITURE



An Example of Varying Styles of Furniture Harmoniously Mixed

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

HOW many women really decide what the furniture of their houses will be?

There is a nice theory that when a woman has a house to be furnished she has a neat little list of all the things she will require in that house, and all she needs is a few days' time and a certain amount of money and an obliging salesman, and her house will be furnished. There may be women who have actually bought the furniture originally planned for their houses, but I haven't known them.

Certainly most of the women I know have had this grave matter decided for them by some particularly good piece of furniture that has come to them, and this piece of furniture gradually influences the equipment of the rest of the house. It may be a grandfather's clock of mahogany, or an old rosewood table, or a walnut sofa, or a quaint old oak chest, or even a Chinese vase or a French etching. But its influence is inevitable.

Houses can not be furnished in a few weeks, or a few months, save by experienced decorators. If you plunge in desperately and do all your shopping in a few days, as so many bewildered young brides do, you will want to begin eliminating your mistakes before the year is out. Hasty shopping is always a series of compromises, no matter how carefully you have planned it beforehand.

Why are we so afraid of our houses seeming bare and empty? Why aren't we honest enough to buy things as we actually require them? Why do we apologize for the kitchen table in the dining-room, when the fine old chairs explain the situation? Any one with an ounce of imagination will know we are waiting until we can afford the proper table for those chairs, and why should we concern ourselves with people who *have* no imagination?

There are so many of us who really want simple things, and yet we compromise by buying things that do not measure up to our standards. Because the greatest number of women are content with things of hideous design, wicked color and abominably cheap execution, the rest of us, who really want simple and durable things, sigh and compromise because, we argue, "Here is my house ready and waiting. It must have this and that at once, because other women's houses have this and that. I'd like to look farther, but I am so tired, and, after all, this is the best thing I've seen!" Haven't you made this compromise, over and over? And haven't you finally thrown away half your hastily purchased furniture in sheer disgust? *I* have!

If you start out with the determination to have mahogany furniture only, or oak, or walnut, or whatever you may like, your house will be absolutely unobjectionable, but you won't have very much fun with it. If, however, you have a few pieces of furniture that you love too much to give up, and you have to search and search for every new thing you buy so that it will be friendly with the old things, your house will be a much pleasanter place to live in.

Four Classes of Modern Furniture

THE furniture that most of us buy may be divided into four groups: First, wooden furniture that is oiled or waxed so that the grain and color of the wood is its own decoration, such as oak, mahogany, walnut, and so forth. Second, wooden furniture that is covered with paint or lacquer or gilt, such as the quaint Colonial furniture with flat ground colors and decorations of posies and garlands, and the lacquered Chinese furniture in which conventional decorations of gold are applied to a ground of green, red or black lacquer, and the simple models painted or enameled in one tone. Third, the furniture that is covered wholly or in part with tapestries, leathers, chintzes and the many less expensive fabrics. Fourth, the light-weight furniture that is constructed of reeds, rattan, and so forth, that comes to us from China, the Philippines, the weavers of Europe and our own willow-craft workmen.

Of late another sort of furniture has been put on the market that will some day be useful to many of us. This is the cement or terra-cotta furniture made from old Italian models, and most suitable for gardens and hallways of stucco houses, but we need not concern ourselves with this furniture in this article.

You can associate furniture of each of the first four classes pleasantly in one room if the design and color are in harmony. For instance, you can use a mahogany table and chintz-covered couch and willow chairs and a chest of drawers of painted wood in one room, or you can use oak furniture, tapestry-covered chairs, a black lacquer chest and Chinese reed chairs together. The Oriental lacquer furniture and the Occidental painted furniture are not friendly, just as oak and mahogany are usually unfriendly, but any one of the decorated woods may be combined with any one of the stained and waxed woods if the selection is carefully made.

If you had a piece of black-and-gold lacquer furniture, for instance, you would be careful to select a covering for your upholstered chairs that would be of plain color, or of a design in keeping with the design employed on the lacquer. It would be silly to associate chairs decorated with primrose garlands and lacquered furniture covered with fantastic temples, ships and Chinamen, in the same room. And yet either of these chairs, if used in connection with oak or mahogany furniture, or linen or velvet covered furniture, would be very pleasant.

Fortunately, we are no longer forced to buy sets of things. We buy a chair because it is comfortable and because it is beautiful, but we do not wish to repeat the chair. We would rather have a second chair of a different kind. The only room that really invites a "set" of chairs is the dining-room, and there is a great opportunity for gaiety and charm in this erstwhile formal room if you go about its furnishing in the right spirit.

We have to be careful about mixing woods that depend on their grain and polish for their beauty, but there are so many lovely things in willow and rattan, in chintz and tapestry coverings, that we may associate with our fine polished woods and get remarkable effects. There is something so very dreary about a proper room, with a set of furniture carefully matched, and sets of pictures and vases and books—not an accidental anywhere!

The secret of the association of furniture is: Harmony of color and line and design. Oak and mahogany are both beautiful woods in themselves, and if darkened by age and usage they may be used together, but if the oak is very brown and the mahogany very red, each cheapens the other. The oak seems coarse and colorless, and the mahogany seems impossibly red and shiny.

If your living-room is paneled or wainscoted in oak, and you have a particularly good Stuart chair with turned legs and cane inset to build on, you need not wait until you can buy other furniture of the same period as the chair. The illustration on this page shows such a room, with furniture of widely different types. There is an oak Windsor chair of the old kitchen type, a reproduction of a Cromwellian chair with oak frame and leather seat and back, a perfectly new piano of absolutely simple lines, a small table of unpretentious design, and the graceful Stuart chair, all in perfect accord with the spirit of the oak paneling. One beauty of such simplicity is that a fine tapestry-covered chair might be introduced into this corner, and the piano and kitchen chair would still be at home.

This room might have been spoiled in a dozen different ways. If the piano had been "ornamented" a bit with geometric devices, if a squashy leather chair of the tufted variety had been used instead of the simple oak-and-leather one, if a heavy "Mission" rocker had been used instead of the Windsor chair, if one of those elaborately carved chairs miscalled "Early English" by the dealers had been used instead of the Stuart chair, the whole room would have been thrown out of key.

You must consider not only the harmony of line and color and design, but also harmony of mass, of proportion, when you mix furniture of different types.

I am not going to tell you just the sort of furniture to buy: that is something every woman must decide for herself. It is impossible, in this article, for me to go into the merits and demerits of the furniture the shops offer, but if you will write me I shall be glad to tell you of the many books that treat exhaustively of old and new styles and schools, books that explain the relation of color and form and design in house decoration.

Don't think I am one of those painstakingly careful people who would have you throw away good furniture just to keep each room "in period." I think very few of us need concern ourselves with the trying task of working out period rooms. Most rooms grow of themselves, if you give them half a chance. Even if they were begun in the wrong spirit, they may be made beautiful if you will weed out the ugly, mistaken things and give the good things a chance to assert their worth.

Good Rooms Grow of Themselves

A WOMAN I know started out, thinking she wanted to furnish a house with "Mission" furniture. Fortunately, she started in a very small way—in a three-room apartment—so her purchases were restricted. She bought a library table, a book-case and several heavy oak chairs for the combined living and dining room. In less than six months after this ambitious little home had begun, an old lady died and left my friend her beloved secretary. The old secretary had to be done over, and it was so big it did not really belong after it arrived at the flat, but it was so very much nicer than everything else that the rest of the furniture was pulled around to make room for it.

It wasn't long before the clumsy chairs were sold to a second-hand dealer, and a willow chair and a rush-bottom one and a chintz-covered one were substituted, because they seemed more at home with the old secretary. The heavy round table soon gave place to a graceful old mahogany table with drop leaves. The book-case was abolished, and plain white shelves were built in. This home grew of itself from the moment the secretary entered it.

I am not condemning Mission furniture! Certainly the plain oak models that have come to us along with the craze for the bungalow are very much better than the furniture we'd suffered for so many years—the Victorian walnut, the awful golden oak, the imitation mahogany that is still flooding the cheaper shops. Mission furniture is very good in its place, but its place is necessarily an uncrowded, spacious room. Certainly massive oak chairs and tables, no matter how well made, have no place in small city rooms.

Nor is this article a brief for old furniture. We speak in the terms of old furniture because the best furniture offered us is made from the old models. There are new men who are making beautiful things, both in America and abroad, but the prices are prohibitive. So we are wise to study the various styles and schools of furniture that are being reproduced by intelligent manufacturers, and plan our rooms according to what we most like, what we most need, and what we can actually afford.

I should like to give a neat lot of rules, a list that might be followed as casually as your grocery list, but it can't be done. I can only beg you to accept my theory, that nothing is worth buying which does not offer you both pleasure and service. Pleasure should mean Comfort and Beauty, and Service means Economy and Utility. Put these principles in your pocket and go a-shopping, but go slowly—go slowly!

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Paul becomes a gipsy and roams the English country till London calls him

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "Septimus," "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," etc.

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

CHAPTER IV

IT WAS a day of dust and blaze. Dust lay thick on the ground, it filled the air, it silvered the lower branches of the wayside trees, it turned the old brown horse into a dappled gray, it powdered the black hair of Barney Bill and of Paul until they looked like vagabond millers. They sat side by side on the footboard while the old horse jogged on, whisking flies away with a scanty but persistent tail.

Paul, barefoot and barelegged, hatless, coatless, absorbed blaze and dust with the animal content of a young lizard. A month's summer wandering had baked him to Gipsy brown. A month's sufficient food and happiness had filled gaunt hollows in his face and covered all too visible ribs with flesh. Since his flight from Bludston, his life had been one sensuous trance. His hungry young soul had been gorged with beauty: the beauty of fields and trees and rolling country, of still, quivering moons and starlit nights, of exultant freedom, of never-failing human sympathy.

Even the blackened lands around the grim towns had their charm for Paul, in that he had a gleeful sense of being excluded from the wrath of God, which fell continuously upon them and the inhabitants thereof. And here and there a belt of leafy country gave promise, or confirmed Barney Bill's promise of the paradises that would come. Besides, what mattered the perpetuations of Bludston brickfields, when the Land of Beulah shimmered ahead in the blue distance, when "Martin Chuzzlewit" lay open on his knees, when the smell of the steak sizzling on the cooking-stove stung his young blood?

AND now they were in Warwickshire, county of verdant undulations and deep woods and embowered villages. Every promise that Barney Bill had made to him of beauty was in process of fulfilment. There were no more blighted towns, no more factories, no more chimneys belching forth smoke. This was the Earth, the real broad-bosomed Mother Earth. What he had left was the Hell upon Earth. What he was going to might be Paradise, but Paul's imagination rightly boggled at the conception of a Paradise more perfect. And he was learning many things: the names of trees and wild flowers, the cries of birds, the habits of wayside beasts; what was good for a horse to eat and what was bad; which was the Wagon, and Orion's Belt and the Bunch of Keys in the heavens; how to fry bacon and sew up rents in his clothing; how to deal with his fellow man, or rather with his fellow woman, in a persuasive manner; how to snare a rabbit or a pheasant and convert it into food, and how, at the same time, to evade the terrors of the Law; the difference between wheat and oats and barley; the main lines of cleavage between political parties, hitherto a puzzle to Paul, for Barney Bill was a politician (on the Conservative side) and read his newspaper and argued craftily in taverns; and the styles and titles of great landowners by whose estates they passed; and how to avoid the nets that were perpetually spread by a predatory sex before the feet of the incautious male. On the last point Barney Bill was eloquent; but Paul, with delicious memories sanctifying his young soul, turned a deaf ear to his misogyny. Barney Bill was very old and crooked and dried up. What beautiful lady would waste her blandishments on him? Even the low-born lasses with whom they at times consorted had scarce an eye for Barney Bill: The grapes were sour. Paul smiled indulgently on the little foible of his friend.

They jogged along the highroad on this blazing and dusty day. Their bower of wicker-chairs crackled in the heat. It was too hot for sustained conversation. Once Barney Bill said:

"If Bob"—Bob was the old horse's unimaginative name—"if Bob doesn't have a drink soon, his darned old hide'll crack."

Ten minutes later:

"Nothing under a quart'll wash down this dust."

"Have a drink of water," suggested Paul, who had already adopted this cure for drought, with satisfactory results.

"A grown man's thirst and a boy's thirst is two entirely different things," said Barney Bill, sententiously. "To spoil this grown-up thirst of mine with water would be a crime."

A mile or so farther on the road he stretched out a lean brown arm and pointed. "See that there clump of trees? Behind that is The Little Bear Inn. They gives you cool china pots with blue round the edge. You can only have 'em if you asks for 'em, Jim Blake, the landlord, being pertickler-like. And if yer breaks 'em——"

"What would happen?" asked Paul, who was always very much impressed by Barney Bill's detailed knowledge of the roads and the inns of England.

Barney Bill shook his head. "It would break 'is 'eart. Them pots was being used when William the Conqueror was a boy."

"Ten-sixty-six to ten-eighty-seven," said Paul, the scholar. "They mun be nine hundred years old."

"Not quite," said Barney Bill, with an air of scrupulous desire for veracity. "But nearly. Lor' lumme!" he exclaimed, after a pause. "It makes one think, doesn't it? One of them there quart mugs—suppose it has been filled, say, ten times a day, every day for nine hundred years—my gosh! what a Pacific Ocean of beer must have been poured from it. It makes one come over all sort of religious-like when one puts it to one's head."

Paul did not reply, and reverential emotion kept Barney Bill silent until they reached the clump of trees and The Little Bear Inn.

IT WAS set far back from the road, in a kind of dusty courtyard masked off on one side by a gigantic elm and on the other by the fringe of an orchard with ruddy apples hanging patiently beneath the foliage. Close by the orchard stood the post bearing the signboard on which the Little Bear, an engaging beast, was pictured as presiding in a ceremonious way over the horse-trough below. In the shade of the elm stretched a trestle-table and two wooden benches. The old inn, gabled, half-timbered, its upper story overhanging the doorway, bent and crippled, though serene, with age, mellow in yellow and russet, spectacled, as befitted its years, with leaded diamond panes, crowned deep in secular thatch, smiled with the calm and homely peace of everlasting things. Its old dignity covered even the perky gilt inscription over the doorway, telling how James Blake was licensed to sell a variety of alcoholic beverages. One human figure alone was visible, as the chair and mat laden van slowly turned from the road toward the horse-trough—that of a young man in straw hat and gray flannels making a water-color sketch of the inn.

Barney Bill slid off the footboard and, looking neither to right nor left, bolted like a belated crab into the cool recesses of the bar in search of ambrosia from the blue-and-white china mug. Paul, also afoot, led Bob to the trough. Bob drank with the lusty moderation of beasts. When he had assuaged his thirst, Paul backed him into the road and slinging over his head a comforting nosebag left him to his meal.

The young man, sitting on an upturned wooden case, at the extreme edge of the elm-tree's shade, a slender easel before him, a litter of paraphernalia on the ground by his side, painted assiduously. Paul idly crept behind him and watched in amazement the smears of wet color after a second or two of apparent irrelevance take their place in the essential structure of the drawing. He stood absorbed. He knew that there were such things as pictures. He knew, too, that they were made by hands. But he had never seen one in the making. After a while the artist threw back his head, looked at the inn and looked at his sketch. There was a hot bit of thatch at the corner near the orchard and, below the eaves, bold shadow. The shadow had not come right. He put in a touch of burnt umber and again considered the effect.

"Confound it! that's all wrong," he muttered.

"It's blue," said Paul.

The artist started, twisted his head and for the first time became conscious of the ragamuffin's presence.

"Oh, you see it blue, do you?" He smiled ironically.

"Ay," said Paul, with pointing finger. "Look at it. It's not brown anyhow. Yon's black inside and blue outside."

The young man shaded his brow and gazed intently. Brilliant sunshine plays the deuce with tones.

"My hat!" cried he, "you're right. It was this confounded yellow of the side of the house." He put in a few hasty strokes. "That better?"

"Ay," said Paul.

The artist laid down his brush, and swung round on his box, clasping knees. "How the devil did you manage to see that when I didn't?"

"Dunno!" said Paul.

The young man stretched himself and lit a cigarette.

"What are yo' doing that for, mister?" Paul asked seriously.

"That?"

"Ay," said Paul. "You mun have a reason."

"You're a queer infant," laughed the artist. "Do you really want to know?"

"I've asked yo'," said Paul.

"Well, if you're anxious to know, I'm an architect on a holiday and I'm sketching any old thing I come across. See?"

AFTER a pause the young man continued: "Would you like to earn sixpence? Just sit down there and let me make a sketch of you."

"What for?" asked Paul.

"Because you're a picturesque person. I suppose you'll be asking me what's the meaning of picturesque."

"Nay," said Paul. "I know. Yo' see it in buks. 'Th' owd gray tower stood out picturesque against the crimson sky.'"

"Hollo! you're a literary gent," said the young man.

"Ay," replied Paul, proudly. He was greatly attracted toward this new acquaintance, whom, by his speech and dress and ease of manner, he judged to belong to the same caste as his lost but ever-remembered goddess.

The young man picked up pencil and sketch-book and posed Paul at the end of the seat by the trestle-table.

"Now then," said he, setting to work. "Head a little more that way. Capital! Don't move. If you're very quiet I'll give you a shilling." Presently he asked: "What are you? If you hadn't been a literary gent I'd have thought you might be a gipsy."

Paul flushed and started. "I'm not a gipsy."

"Steady, steady," exclaimed the artist. "I've just said you couldn't be one. Italian? You don't look English."

For the first time the idea of exotic parentage entered Paul's head. He dallied for a moment with the thought.

"I dunno what I am," he said romantically.

"Oh! What's your father?" The young man motioned with his head toward the inn.

"Yon's not my father," said Paul. "It's only Barney Bill."

"*Only* Barney Bill," echoed the other, amused. "Well, who is your father?"

"Dunno," said Paul.

"And your mother?"

"Dunno, either," said Paul, in a mysterious tone. "I dunno if my parents are living or dead. I think they're living."

"That's interesting. What are you doing with what's-his-name—Bill?"

"I'm just traveling wi' him to London."

"And what are you going to do in London?"

"I'll see when I get there," said Paul.

"So you're out for adventure?"

"Ay," said the boy, a gleam of the Vision dancing before his eyes. "That's it. I'm going on an adventure."

"There, keep like that," cried the artist. "Don't stir. I do believe I'm getting you. Holy Moses, it will be great! If only I could catch the expression. There's nothing like adventure, is there? The glorious uncertainty of it! To wake up in the morning and know that the unexpected is bound to happen during the day. Exciting, isn't it?"

"Ay," said Paul, his face aglow.

The young man worked tense and quick at the luminous eyes. He broke a long silence by asking:

"What's your name?"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Paul Kegworthy, son of an unknown father and a mother who has since married a man named Button, lives in grubby Budge Street—a dirty, extraordinarily beautiful boy with an intelligence and soul unexplainably above his surroundings. At a Sunday-school treat he happens to overhear some one say that such a different-looking child can not possibly belong to the Button family—he must be the lost son of some prince and princess. This fires his imagination, which has had only dime novels to feed it, and when a chance comes for him to run away and roam over England with a tin-pedler, he goes at once, serenely sure that during his wanderings he will come across his noble parents.

The artist started and for the first time became conscious of the ragamuffin's presence

"Paul Kegworthy."

"Paul? That's odd." In the sphere of life to which the ragged urchin belonged, Toms and Bills and Jims were as thick as blackberries, but Pauls were rare.

"What's odd?" said Paul.

"Your name. How did you get it? It's uncommon."

"I suppose it is," said Paul. "I never thowt of it. I never knew anybody of that name afore."

Here was another sign and token of romantic origin suddenly revealed. Paul felt the thrill of it. He resisted a temptation to ask his new friend whether it was an appellation generally reserved for princes.

"Look here, joking apart," said the artist, putting in the waves of the thick black hair, "are you really going to be dumped down in London to seek your fortune? Don't you know anybody there?"

"No," said Paul.

"How are you going to live?"

Paul dived a hand into his breeches pocket and jingled oins.

"I've got th' brass," said he.

"How much?"

"Three shillings and sevenpence ha'penny," said Paul, th an opulent air. "And yo'r shilling will make it ır and sevenpence ha'penny."

"Good God!" said the young man. He went on drawfor some time in silence. Then he said: "My ther is a painter—rather a swell—an R. A. He ıld love to paint you. So would other fellows. You ld easily earn your living as a model—doing as a business, you know, what you're doing now for fun, more or less."

"How much could I earn?"

"It all depends. Say a pound to thirty shillings a week."

Paul gasped and sat paralyzed. Artist, dusty road, gaudy van, distant cornfields and uplands were blotted from his senses. The cool waves of Pactolus lapped his feet.

"Come and look me up when you get to London," continued the friendly voice. "My name is Rowlatt—W. W. Rowlatt, 4 Gray's Inn Square. Can you remember it?"

"Ay," said Paul.

"Shall I write it down?"

"Nay. 'W. W. Rowlatt, 4 Gray's Inn Square.' I'm noan likely to forget it. I never forget nowt," said Paul, life returning through a vein of boastfulness.

"Tell me all you remember," said Mr. Rowlatt, with a laugh.

"I can say all the Kings of England with their dates and the counties and chief towns of Great Britain and Ireland and all the weights and measures and 'The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold'——"

"Holy Moses!" cried Rowlatt. "Anything else?"

"Ay. Lots more," said Paul, anxious to stamp vividly the impression he saw that he was making. "I know the Plagues of Egypt."

"I bet you don't."

"Rivers of Blood Frogs Lice Flies Murrain Boils Hail Locusts Darkness and Death of Firstborn," said Paul in a breath.

"Jehosaphat!" cried Rowlatt, "I suppose now you'd have no difficulty in reciting the Thirty-nine Articles."

Paul puckered his forehead in thought. "D' yo' mean," he asked after a pause, "the Thirty-nine Articles o' Religion, as is in th' Prayer-buk? I ha' tried to read 'em, but couldno' understand 'em reet."

Rowlatt, who had not expected his facetious query to be so answered, stopped his drawing for a moment.

"What, in the name of goodness, attracted you to the Thirty-nine Articles?"

"I wanted to learn about things," said Paul.

The young man looked at him and smiled.

"Self-education is a jolly good thing," said he. "Learn all you can and you'll be a famous fellow one of these days. But you must cultivate a sense of humor."

Paul was about to seek enlightenment as to this counsel when Barney Bill appeared cool and refreshed from the inn door, and lifted a cheery voice.

"Let's be getting along, sonny."

Rowlatt held up a detaining hand.

"Just a couple of minutes, if you can spare them. I've nearly finished."

"All right, sir," said Barney Bill, limping across the yard. "Taking a picture of him?"

The artist nodded. Barney Bill looked over his shoulder. "By gosh!" he cried in admiration. "By gosh!"

"It has come out rather well, hasn t it?" said the artist complacently.

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"It's the livin' image of him," said Barney Bill.

"He tells me he's going up to London to seek his fortune," said Rowlatt, putting in the finishing touches.

"An' his 'igh-born parents," said Barney Bill, winking at Paul.

Rowlatt shut his sketch-book with a snap and rose.

"A young Japhet in search of a father. Well, I hope he'll find him. There's nothing like romance. Without it life is flat and dead. It's what atmosphere is to a picture."

"And onions to a stew," said Barney Bill.

"Quite right," said Rowlatt.

He strolled with them to the van, Barney Bill limping a pace or two ahead.

"Remember what I told you, my young friend," said he in a low voice. "I don't go back upon my word. I'll help you. But if you're a wise boy and know what's good for you, you'll stick to Mr. Barney Bill and the freedom of the highroad and the light heart of the vagabond. You'll have a devilish sight more happiness in the end."

But Paul, who already looked upon his gipsy self as dead as his Bludston self, and these dead selves as stepping-stones to higher things, turned a deaf ear to his new friend's paradoxical philosophy.

"I'll remember," said he. "Mr. W. W. Rowlatt, 4 Gray's Inn Square."

Paul jogged along by the side of Barney Bill in a state of ecstasy.

God was in His heaven, arranging everything for his especial benefit. All was well with the world where dazzling destinies like his were bound to be fulfilled.

"I've heard of such things," said Barney Bill with a reflective twist of his head, when Paul had told him of Mr. Rowlatt's suggestion. "A cousin of mine married a man who knew a gal who used to stand in her birthday suit in front of a lot of young painter chaps—and I'm bound to say he used to declare she was as good a gal as his own wife, especially seeing as how she supported an old father what had got a stroke, and a houseful of young brothers and sisters. So I'm not saying there's any harm in it. And I wouldn't stand in your way, sonny, seeing as how you want to get to your 'igh-born parents. You might find 'em on the road and then again you mightn't. And thirty bob a week at fourteen—no—it would be flying in the face of Providence to say 'don't do it.' But what licks me is, what the blazes do they want with a little varmint like you? Why shouldn't they pay thirty bob a week to paint me?"

Paul did not reply, being instinctively averse to wounding susceptibilities. But in his heart rose a high pity for the common though kindly clay that was Barney Bill.

CHAPTER V

WHEN they reached London in November, after circuitous wanderings, Barney Bill said to Paul:

"You've seed enough of me, matey, to know that I wish yer good and not harm. I've fed yer and I've housed yer—I can't say as how I've done much toward clothing yer, and three months on the road has knocked corners off the swell toggery yer came to me in—but I ain't beat yer or cursed yer more than yer deserved—" whereat Paul grinned—"and I've spent a lot of valuable time, when I might have been profitably doing nothing, a-larning yer of things and, so to speak, completing yer eddication. Is that the truth or am I a bloomin' liar?"

Paul, thus challenged, confirmed the absolute veracity of Barney Bill's statement. The latter continued, bending forward, his lean brown hand on the boy's shoulder and looking at him earnestly:

"I took yer away from your 'appy 'ome because, though the 'ome might have been 'appy in its own sweet way, you wasn't. I wanted to set yer on the track of yer 'igh-born parents. I wanted to make a man of yer. I want to do the best for yer now, so I put it to yer straight. If yer likes to come along of me altogether, I'll pay yer wages on the next round, and when yer gets a little older I'll take yer into partnership and leave yer the business when I die. It's a man's life and a free life, and I think yer likes it, don't yer?"

"Ay," said Paul, "it's fine."

"On the other hand, as I said afore, I won't stand in your way, and if yer thinks you'll get nearer to your 'igh-born parents by hitching up with Mr. Architect—well—you're old enough to choose. I leave it to you."

But Paul had already chosen.

. . . . . .

A month later when Barney Bill started on his solitary Winter pilgrimage to the south of England, he left behind him a transmogrified Paul, a Paul, thanks to his munificence, arrayed in decent garments, including collar and tie (insignia of caste) and an overcoat (symbol of luxury), for which Paul was to repay him out of his future earnings; a Paul lodged in a small but comfortable third floor back, a bedroom all to himself, with a real bed, mattress, pillow, sheets and blankets all complete and a looking-glass, and a stand with ewer and basin, so beautiful that, at first, Paul did not dare wash for fear of making the water dirty; a Paul already engaged for a series of sittings by Mr. Cyrus Rowlatt, R. A., his head swimming with the wonder of the fashionable painter's studio; a Paul standing in radiant confidence upon the brink of life.

"Sonny," said Barney Bill, when he said good-by, "d'yer see them there lovely lace-up boots you've got on?"

"Ay," said Paul, regarding them complacently.

"Well, they've got to take yer all the way up the hill, like the young man—what's his name?—Excelsure—in the piece of poetry you recite; but they'll only do it if they continues to fit. Don't get too big for 'em. At any rate, wait till they're worn out and yer can buy another pair with yer own money."

Paul grinned, because he did not know what else to do to show his intellectual appreciation of the parable; but in his heart, for all his gratitude, he thought Barney Bill rather a prosy moralizer. It was one of the disabilities of advanced old age. Alas! what can bridge the gulf between fourteen and forty?

"Anyhow you've got a friend at the back of yer, sonny, and don't make no mistake about it. If you're in trouble, let me know. I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

That, for a season, was the end of Barney Bill, and Paul found himself thrillingly alone in London. At first its labyrinthine vastness overwhelmed him, causing him to feel an unimportant atom, which may have been good for his soul, but was not agreeable to his vanity. By degrees, however, he learned the lay of the great thoroughfares, especially those leading to the quarters where artists congregate, and, conscious of purpose and of money jingling in his pocket, he began to hold his head high in the crowded streets. In the house in Barn Street, off the Euston Road, where he lodged, he was called "Mr. Paul" by his landlady, Mrs. Seldon, and her thirteen-year-old daughter Jane, which was comforting and stimulating. Jane, a lanky, fair, blue-eyed girl, who gave promise of good looks, attended to his modest wants with a zeal somewhat out of proportion to the payment received. Paul had the novel sensation of finding some one at his beck and call. He beckoned and called often, for the sheer pleasure of it. So great was the change in his life that, in these early days, it seemed as if he had already come into his kingdom. He strutted about, poor child, like the prince in a fairy tale, and in spite of Barney Bill's precepts, he outgrew his boots immediately. Mrs. Seldon, an old friend of Barney Bill whom she addressed and spoke of as Mr. William, kept a small shop in which she sold newspapers and twine and penny bottles of ink. In the little back parlor Mrs. Seldon and Jane and Paul had their meals, while the shop boy, an inconsiderable creature with a perpetual cold in his head, attended to the unexpected customer. To Paul this boy, with whom a few months ago he would have joyously changed places, was as the dust beneath his feet. He sent him on errands in a lordly way, treating him as, indeed, he had treated the youth of Budge Street, after his triumph over Billy Goodge, and the boy obeyed meekly. Paul believed in himself; the boy didn't.

When they had walked some yards he spoke: "What would you call a man's job?"

THE months slipped by, golden with fulfilment. News of the beautiful boy model went the round of the studios. Those were simpler times (although not so very long ago) in British art than the present, and the pretty picture was still in vogue. As Mr. Rowlatt, the young architect, had foretold, Paul had no difficulty in obtaining work. Indeed, it was fatally easy. Being fabulously paid, he thought his new profession the most aristocratic calling in the world. In a remarkably short time he was able to repay Barney Bill. The day when he purchased the postal order was the proudest in his life. The transaction gave him a princely feeling. He above of boys, by special virtue of his origin, was capable of such a thing. Again, his welcome in the painting world confirmed him in the belief that he was a personage born to great things. Posed on the model throne, the object of the painter's intense scrutiny, he swelled ingenuously with the conviction of his supreme importance.

The lazy luxury of the model's life appealed to his sensuous temperament. He loved the warmth, the artistic setting, of the studios—the pictures, the Oriental rugs, the bits of armor, the old brocade, the rich cushions. If he had not been born to it, why had he not remained like all the youth of Bludston, amid the filth and clatter of the factory? He loved, too, to hear the studio talk, though at first he comprehended little of it. The men and women for whom he sat possessed the same quality as his never-forgotten goddess and the young architect—a quality which he recognized keenly, but for which his limited vocabulary could find no definition. Afterward he realized that it was refinement in manner and speech and person. This quality he felt it essential to acquire. Accordingly he played the young ape to those who aroused his admiration.

One day when Jane entered the back parlor he sprang from his seat and advanced with outstretched hand to meet her: "My dear Lady Jane how good of you to come. Do let me clear a chair for you."

"What are you playing at?" asked Jane.

"That's the way to receive a lady when she calls on you."

"Oh!" said Jane.

He practised on her each newly learned social accomplishment. He minced his broad Lancashire, when he spoke to her, in such a way as to be grotesquely unintelligible. By listening to conversations he learned many amazing social facts; among them that the gentry had a bath every morning of their lives. This stirred his imagination to such a pitch that he commanded Jane to bring up the matutinal wash-tub to his bedroom. By instinct refined, he reveled in the resultant sensation of cleanliness. He paid great attention to his attire, modeling himself, as far as he could, on young Rowlatt, the architect, on whom he occasionally called to report progress. On the latter's advice he attended evening classes, where he gulped down knowledge hungrily. So what with sitting and studying and backward and forward journeying and educating Jane and practising the accomplishments of a prince and sleeping the long, sound sleep of a tired youngster, Paul had no time to think of evil. He was far too much absorbed in himself.

Meanwhile of Bludston not a sign. For all that he had heard of search being made for him he might have been a runaway kitten. Sometimes he wondered what steps the Buttons had taken in order to find him. If they had communicated with the police, surely at some stage of their journey Barney Bill would have been held up and questioned. But had they even troubled to call in the police? Barney Bill thought not, and Paul agreed. The police were very unpopular in Budge Street—almost as unpopular as Paul. In all probability the Buttons were only too glad to be rid of him. If he found no favor in the eyes of Mrs. Button, in the eyes of Button he was detestable. Occasionally he spoke of them to Barney Bill on his rare appearances in London, but for prudential motives the latter had struck Bludston out of his itinerary and could give no information. At last Paul ceased altogether to think of them. They

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Outside the gate he halted and looked back. The up-stairs windows were blank and irresponsive

THE GO-BETWEEN

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE

Author of "The Power and the Glory," etc.

Illustrated by Charles S. Chapman

THE great gates swung inward and were propped; a tide of women and children swept through, crossed the bridge, and made for the village; pallid, weary from the day's work, calling good-bys as they separated where the ways diverged. Melissa, straggling at the rear of the procession, noted how the yellow light of the western sky was reflected in the pool under the planking; she was almost alone; the gates were closing as she sank down on the rough timbers to rest a moment and get a breath of fresh air before going home to an evening meal of the inevitable white beans and pale bacon gravy with corn-bread.

"Lissy—oh, there you are."

It was a man's voice, youthful, vibrant. A broad-shouldered young fellow in a mechanic's blouse and overalls pushed through the tall gates just as they were being fastened. The girl's little brown face was irradiated by such a passion of joy as she turned it toward the unexpected presence that she feared, and lowered her eyes, avoiding his gaze.

"Howdy, Atlas," she said softly, negligently; yet moving a bit as though she would have made room for him to sit beside her. "You-all loom-fixers must 'a' been out an hour. Why ain't you home eatin' your supper?"

"'Cause I waited to see you," rejoined Atlas Mason, dropping down close at her left. "And I reckon you was waitin' for me," he added with a laughing look from the corners of his blue eyes, a look the girl could never sustain without suffocating emotion.

Yet if her heart beat chokingly, her down-dropped gaze was demure enough; one would never have guessed the tumult within from the quiet tone, with its hint of banter, in which she answered: "You want me to do somethin' for you, Atlas? You'd never trouble to hang round the mills for an hour after workin' time just to have speech with me."

Behind them loomed the many-windowed bulk of the building where their days were spent in toil; before them lay the squalid little village that housed and homed the operatives, yet the strong wings of love immortal spread in many airs that would bear up no pinions less powerful. Any one seeing the dark head and the blond bent so close together, hearing the murmured, almost whispered communication between them, would have guessed that here was chapter one of the immemorial tale.

"I reckon you're about right," her companion said with a self-deprecating chuckle. "I have been askin' favors of you since we was both chaps goin' to the old-field school back on Unaka mountain. Looks like I'll be askin', you'll be givin', till our heads are gray. But this is the biggest thing yet, Lissy; this is something I can't noways do without, somethin' I've got to have. And you're the only one that can help me to it."

The girl's lips were apart; she raised her brown eyes to his face in swift, stealthy interrogation. The fingers that picked at splinters on the beam shook. Her heart thumped against her side until she was afraid he might see the trembling of her faded old blouse. Then swiftly the hands were folded on her knee, and held firm. It was Melissa's creed that you might die, but you mustn't reveal to a man that you cared—really cared—until he had said as much, or more, to you. On good days she was confident that Atlas would make this declaration to her. When it was gray and sultry, with that pitiless heat which bleaches the mill-worker to the tint of the cloth that comes from the loom, she said to herself, in the despair of weariness, that he liked her too well ever to love her; that their affection was grown commonplace, necessary to him, and men do not go out of their way for necessities—it is the luxuries we risk a broken neck to secure.

"You know I'd do anything in the world for you," she told him in a voice which she vainly tried to keep steady. "I never have refused you anything you asked me, and I never will."

"Yes, I b'lieve you would," he agreed, "but this is different. It—it's about—" he broke off, and, after a hasty glance around, began again, half-defiantly: "I—you know I've never looked at any girl but you, Lissy. You an' me've been full pardners always; an' when they was any place to go or anything to be done, it was you for mine—ain't that so?"

Melissa's face was turned away. She closed her eyes, partly from terror, partly in the overwhelming sweetness of the moment. The clasped fingers began to tremble so that she was fain to hide them in her lap. For the moment speech was beyond her. Her fear of the day when he should come to her with the story of his love for some one else had been unfounded; he was voicing the Great Question. She had her answer ready.

"I'm a-goin' to say yes," she flashed at him with a smile so radiant, so tremulous, so near to tears that he could but wonder. "I'm a-goin' to say yes to you, Atlas."

Melissa Dease had known nothing save toil all her life long. At eighteen, she was one of the best weavers in the mill; if she married it would be but to change the scene of her labors from the house of her father to that of her husband, yet the dream comes always to some hearts, and the vision that brooded under this girl's lashes held all of glory and delight.

Mason regarded her uncertainly. There was tenderness in his glance, yet scarcely a full comprehension.

"I wouldn't have to ask it of you if it wasn't that her folks and mine have been feudin' since the world began," he expanded. "I reckon if either family was to know of such a thing as my courtin' her they'd waylay me and fill me full of lead."

A numbing terror began to creep over Melissa. What was this her lover was saying? Who had been feuding? Not the Deases and the Masons. She and Atlas had played together since babyhood—and loved each other since that time, she reassured herself.

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes."

"I knowed you'd understand," Atlas agreed comfortably. "I never seen Belle Broyles to speak to until she come down here to Cottonville to get her a place in the mills. She met me on the street last night, and told me what a hard time she was havin'. She ain't happy at the boardin'-house. What I want to ask of you, Lissy, is to go over and make friends with her and get her to visit you, so I can meet her at your house. Will you do it?"

Would she? The girl on the squalid little bridge that led from her place of toil to her place of rest clutched hard at the timbers and looked down. She felt as though all the blood in her body drummed in her ears. Above her agony, through it, rendering the torture well-nigh unendurable, was the woman instinct not to cry out, not to betray the hurt. She had said yes—accepted a man who never meant to ask her. She must try to turn it off as a jest. With a sick effort she strove and could not get out one word. What would he think?

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Oh, she must speak, she must say something or he would know!

"Belle Broyles," he pronounced the name lingeringly. "Ain't she got the prettiest way of lookin' down and then lookin' up at you? Did you ever see such curly hair?"

The enamored swain was quite in love with the sound of his own voice, singing his lady's praises. For one insecure moment, Melissa's secret trembled on her lips. She choked fiercely over words whose bitterness would have revealed her heart. Black shadows from the heights above blotted out the light in the pool; it was like a pool of ink. Suddenly the village was to her not home, but a hostile camp.

"What's the matter?" asked the boy, bending around curiously to stare into her down-held face. "Don't you want to play go-between for me and Belle Broyles? I'd never have asked it of any other girl, but I thought you an' me was true friends, Lissy, and that you——"

"Of course I do," Melissa managed at last to get the words out, rising as she spoke, but laying a detaining hand on his arm. The effort to utter at all made her speak loud; pain brought a strange smile to her lips and an almost wild brightness to her eyes. "I'd just love to do anything like that for you," she assured him feverishly. "I always was one to be mixed up in my friends' love affairs, and I'm gettin' to be such a old maid that everybody comes to me with 'em nowadays."

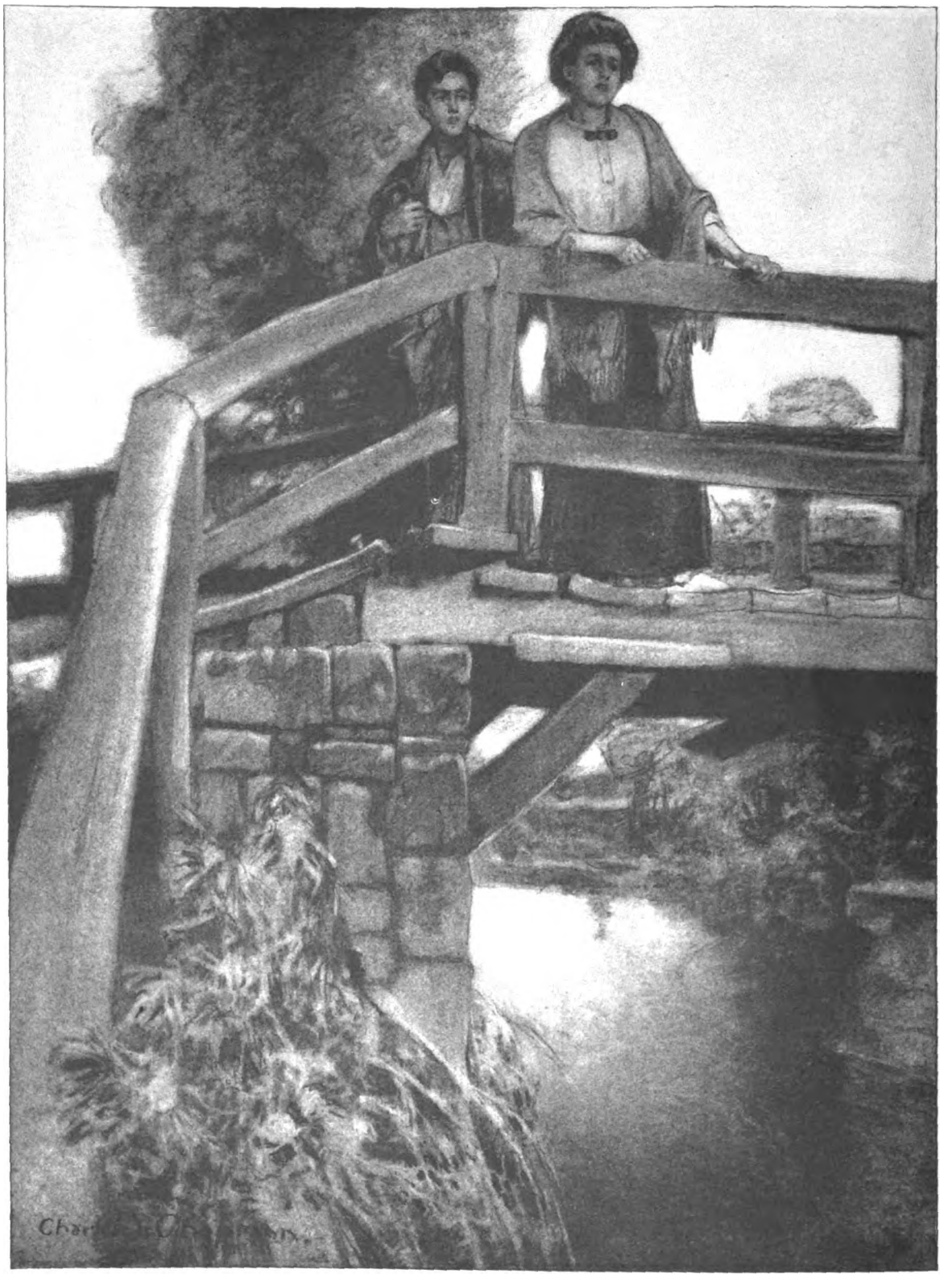
Poor child! under the brave words was a plaintive little cry; but Mason, flushed with his quest of the Broyles girl, could not hear it.

"I say, old maid," he laughed, regarding her fondly, wondering at the sparkling eyes, the flushed cheeks, dimly realizing that here was something better than mere beauty, "you help me to win Belle, and when you pick you out somebody, I'll help you. Ain't that fair?"

"It's a bargain," Melissa assented, turning to go. "An' what's more, I'll earn my part of it. Belle come to the house a-yesterday and wanted ma to take her to board, but we hadn't any room. I'm goin' straight home now and tell ma that Belle can room with me, if she's willin'. Then you can see her every night of the world, Atlas—every night—every night. Ain't that what you'd love to do?"

Mason signified that she had fathomed his desires. He could not have said why, but her enthusiasm in some measure diminished his own. They parted at the bridge end, the looming shadow of the big mill seeming to reach after them, quenching the brightness in the water. At the last Mason was silent and a little irresponsive to the whispered assurances, the flashing glances of the girl.

"The best little friend any feller ever had," he said to himself as he took his way to the mechanics' boarding-house. He turned uneasily after her, but the dusk had swallowed her up. How odd she seemed—and pretty too. He had never considered Melissa's looks much, but for the moment Belle Broyles's showier charms were quite eclipsed by the image of that sparkling little face bright with pain, roused, lit, offering a meaning to him quite indecipherable.



She had said yes—accepted a man who never meant to ask her

II

BELLE BROYLES accepted Melissa's overtures of friendship quite as she did every other good thing which came her way—as her due.

"I reckon I can come and stay a while with you-all," she said grudgingly. "Ef I he'p some with the housework when I ain't in the mill, you won't charge me as much as they do here at the boardin'-house?"

"Maybe not," said Melissa doubtfully. A mill-hand has to count every penny, and she must reckon with what her father and mother would say to this arrangement. "But you'll get a place right off, and then you can pay your board same's I do," she added hopefully.

The evenings with Atlas Mason began at once. It was no new thing for him to spend them at the Dease home; but now Melissa was like one who conceals a dagger-wound under a cloak, fearing to draw out the weapon lest the gush of blood betray. Her sufferings prompted her carefully planned invitations to Atlas for little outings and rambles where she might leave him alone with Belle. As time went on, it became harder and harder for her to sit the hours through with Atlas and Belle, and, surprisingly, Atlas, at least, seemed unwilling to spare her. An evening with him alone had been once the most natural and delightful thing in the world: with the addition of Belle Broyles it became torture.

Belle was plainly determined to have what she called "a good time." A frequent visitor at the Dease house was an Irish pedler, a kindly, pleasant old fellow, who had lost a hand in the mills, been given a small pension by the company, and eked out his living cheerfully, bravely, by carrying a pack through the mountains. Martha Dease had nursed him after his hurt, and she always saved such purchases as it was possible for her to make until he arrived, sometimes frankly trading a dinner for a pocket-handkerchief or a towel. Everybody liked Barney Shane, and if he would bring his pipe and sit on the porch, it was a relief to poor Melissa. At least while he was there she could keep the conversational ball rolling merrily, and did not need to sit and see Atlas—her Atlas—staring silently at another girl. But even with Barney's help such evenings were deadly to her; she paled and drooped under them until her mother protested.

"It ain't doin' you a bit of good, Lissy," Mrs. Dease said, "to have that thar' Broyles gal here. She keeps you up o' nights with her beau business and you've got to be in the mill an' at work soon next mornin'. The Lord knows Atlas Mason used to come here a plenty before she was in the house; but he went home at a reasonable time, and now you three set on the porch tee-heeing and ha-haing till midnight. I vow I'll send the girl back to the boardin'-house."

"Oh, no, ma," Lissy protested, a hunted look in her soft eyes. "I'm all right. I'll get a week off after a while and go up in the mountains to granny's. I enjoy havin' Belle here."

"Well, I wisht the girl would give some thought to payin' her board," Mrs. Dease whispered, as though the spirit of welcome might overhear and be angered at her speech. Week after week had slipped past without any suggestion of payment, and the deathless hospitality of the mountaineer still made the Deases unwilling to mention to this daughter of a former neighbor such a thing as money in connection with her presence in their house, though on her coming a bargain had been made, a sum agreed upon; and the operatives of a cotton-mill are not supposed to have a sufficient margin to entertain guests.

"You get the gal to go down to the mill with you of a mornin'," Amos Dease admonished his daughter. "She don't lift a hand to help your mother when she stays home. I'll see that she gets a chance to practise on any loom that ain't a-workin'."

Dease was a loom-fixer. Every one in the Dease clan labored, most of all the anxious-faced mother who stood by, arms folded in apron, to supplement her man's words.

"Looks like ef she'd learn the weavin' well enough she'd at least get some substitute work to do," Martha Dease suggested. "I vow, sometimes I think the gal's lazy. All she cares for is to get her hair frizzed an' put on the best frock she's got an' go an' sit on the front porch and gas with anybody that comes along. It don't make any difference to her whether it's Atlas Mason or the Irish pedler, or somebody she ain't never seed afore."

Melissa did what she could, and preferred to report to her mother.

"Belle says if she can't get a place in the mill maybe she can—can catch a beau," Melissa whispered with scorching cheeks. A mountain girl never discusses such matters even with her nearest. "She says, give her a little time and she'll have a husband to pay her bills."

"Well, I vow!" said Martha Dease, scandalized. "Did the gal speak right out like that about sech? Why at her age my maw would of took a hickory to me ef I'd 'a' named gittin' me a husband. It ain't—it ain't respectable. I wisht she'd go away. You an' Atlas was always mighty quiet about your courtin'; but her notion's to keep the place all in a noise."

"Oh, mother," protested Melissa, glancing about with frightened eyes, "you don't understand. Atlas Mason is courtin' Belle. He asked me to get her to come to the house so they could meet here. You know the Masons and Broyles are feudin', and he never could get acquainted with her up in the mountains. So—if—maybe she can get a husband pretty soon to pay her bills."

"It ain't so—Lissy!" protested Mrs. Dease. "You and Atlas Mason air the same as promised! Why, you ain't never walked with nobody but him. It ain't so."

With a gallant effort Melissa put her poor little face into the semblance of a smile.

"I never walked with Atlas—as you mean it," she said bravely. "We never was more than friends. I keep wantin' to leave the two of them alone together so he can ask her. I reckon he will while I'm away at grandma's. I reckon Belle knows what's comin' and that's why she ain't so keen about a place in the mill."

She shivered a bit as she said it, and the mother's eyes were humid; the older fingers shook as they reached out and smoothed the crinkled nut-brown hair.

"I don't see why you done it," Martha Dease said

[Continued on page 490]

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To the right is Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance

Aline van Barentzen, the eleven-year-old American girl who won the Grand Prize at the National Conservatory of Music in Paris

To the left is Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, woman superintendent of schools in Rowan County, Kentucky

Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, a State Senator in the Colorado Legislature, but noted as a housekeeper, at her desk in the Senate chamber

WOMEN WORTH WHILE

BY LAFAYETTE McLAWS

Two Hours' Work Each Day Wins a Grand Prize

"I DON'T believe in drudging over the piano. Two hours a day of practise is enough," is a recent declaration made by Aline van Barentzen, the little American girl who won the grand prize at the National Conservatory of Paris a few days after celebrating her eleventh birthday. So far she is the only American to win this distinction, which carries with it, besides a handsome medal, a purse of $240, a grand piano, and a purple button. This purple button, though insignificant in appearance, means much solid comfort and the opening of many desirable doors to the fortunate winner. It not only guarantees free entrance to all musical functions, such as operas and concerts, but it opens the doors of all educational institutions in France. The winner of this magical button is welcomed as a student in any of the French schools and without charge. Besides, these fortunate ones may travel first class when they wish and where they wish, so long as they remain within the French borders, paying only half-prices on the trains and in the hotels.

Miss van Barentzen took her first lesson on the piano when she was six years old. At first her mother considered a half-hour a day sufficient practise. Gradually this was increased, and when she was eight years old she was taken to Paris and presented for entrance at the National Conservatory. Though she was several years under the age-limit, when the judges heard her play they agreed to admit her. Having won in this first step, she determined to try for a free scholarship. There were five such scholarships and more than six hundred applicants. One of the five was awarded to the little American girl. One year later she won the prize for theory and solfeggio. Another year, when she was ten, she was given the medal for piano-playing.

A Woman Senator Who Is a Notable Housekeeper

COLORADO'S new State Senator, Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, is said to be one of the best housekeepers in Denver. Her afternoon teas have for years been popular with lovers of a good cup of tea. Mrs. Robinson's fad is gardening, and unlike a good many other people, men and women, she makes her fad pay. One Summer, though her garden was no larger than a medium-sized room, she supplied her family of three and one servant with fresh vegetables.

A native of New Hampshire, Mrs. Robinson spent her college life at Wellesley and Barnard, later going to Oxford, England, and to France, for special courses. She went to Denver first some seventeen years ago as a teacher in one of the large schools. Because of her experience as a teacher she has been made chairman of the Education Committee of the Senate. She first entered politics as the head of the movement of the Denver housewives against the renewal of a franchise of a city water company. She formed neighborhood chains to pass information from house to house, established ballot-marking schools with teachers in every precinct, and after a hard fight, won. Though the struggle lasted several months the expense was almost nothing, most of the workers serving under Mrs. Robinson's leadership free.

"It was a question of household economics and morality with the women of Denver," Mrs. Robinson wrote, referring to this water-company fight. "When you face a woman with a question that concerns economy in her home as well as public morals, something is likely to happen. It happened."

Senator Robinson has already introduced two bills in the Senate and is now considering the preparation of two more. One of these is to secure a minimum wage for country-school teachers, and the other to require medical examination before marriage.

A Land Where the Term "American Girl" Is a Disgrace

AN INCIDENT worthy of note is the declaration by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance, that the so-called white-slave traffic will never be stopped until women get the ballot.

"In certain Asiatic countries," Mrs. Catt says, "so many American girls have been imported by white-slavers that the section of the cities in which they are housed is known as the 'American Quarter.' In those cities to speak of a young woman from the United States as an American girl is not a compliment. In a government the people who help to build up the country and enforce its laws are its assets. Those who break the laws are its liabilities. At present this country disfranchises its assets and gives the vote to its liabilities. When a balance is struck at elections there can be but one result. What we need is to enfranchise our assets. On this subject women are in the asset column by an overwhelming majority."

Moonlight Education in the Twilight Years

MRS. CORA WILSON STEWART, superintendent of schools for Rowan County, Kentucky, established a variety of night-school known through the South and West as the "moonlight school," for the purpose of giving the men and women of Rowan County educational advantages which they had missed in their youth. The day sessions are for children of the school age. But on moonlit Summer evenings, parents, uncles, aunts, grandparents and in some instances the great-grandparents, tramp over the mountain paths to school. In several instances four generations attend the same school.

All of these "moonlight pupils" are not illiterate. Many of them have received a fair common-school education. These attend for the pleasure of meeting friends and helping the movement. On the other hand, many of them, both men and women, have had to begin with the alphabet. One elderly woman who had no knowledge of books when she entered learned to read and write in two weeks. So many of them have learned to read within this length of time that it has ceased to be considered remarkable.

Mrs. Stewart gives a great deal of credit to her teachers, who put their shoulders to the wheel and helped push the experiment until the interest of the citizens of Rowan County was thoroughly aroused. To increase this interest, each pupil and parent enrolled is pledged to help accomplish twelve aims during 1913: Every child in the county enrolled in school; six weeks of moonlight schools in each district; an average attendance of seventy-five per cent.; an average of two graduates from each school; each schoolhouse and yard made so attractive as to invite and hold the children; domestic science and agriculture taught in some form in each school; a school improvement committee for each district; a library in each district, accessible twelve months in the year; a fruit club organized in each district; Arbor Day observed in each school by the planting of trees; fifty yards of model road built in front of each schoolhouse; an American flag over each schoolhouse.

One Solution of a Vexing Problem

TWO years ago a group of clubwomen in Germany founded a "Sisters' School" in which well-educated girls are trained for household work. So far they have limited the students to the daughters of professional men of small means. The curriculum includes cookery, both fancy and plain; housework; the care of children and needlework. As a girl completes her course a position is waiting for her. She receives from $7.50 to $12.50 a month in wages besides her room and board. She must be treated as a member of the family of her employer and addressed always as "Sister Hilda," "Sister Gretchen," or whatever her name may be. She is to eat at the table with the family and receive callers in the family living-room. Besides, she has one afternoon a week, every other Sunday afternoon, one entire Sunday each month, with two weeks' holiday every twelve months.

The "sister's" uniform is of brown and is said to be very attractive in appearance. Though the movement is comparatively new, the girls sent out by the school have proved so satisfactory that there are five hundred applicants for every graduate. Except on the point of personal morals, the rules for admission vary. When an application is received one of the club women at the head of the movement calls on her, finds out the condition of her family and then makes terms accordingly.

A Hotel That's Just For Children

THE most up-to-date evidence of up-to-dateness on the part of a woman is a hotel exclusively for children at Bognor, England. This house was planned, built and is run exclusively for children under fourteen years of age. The fairy godmother who originated and conducts it is Miss I. C. Elmslie.

"I thought of the idea because no proper accommodations are ever made for children at seaside hotels," Miss Elmslie explained. "They annoy the grown-ups and at the same time are made miserable themselves, poor little dears. Here in the hotel, where everything is made for their especial benefit, they are allowed to do practically as they please. No restrictions are placed on them, and as a result they have a good time every day and all day long. Now and then a visitor asks to see the room for naughty children. Then I have to own up that such a room was left out of my plan. So far there has been no need for it and I don't believe there ever will be."

There are no hat-stands, smoking-tables, lounges nor fancy articles. Instead there are rows of orderly cupboards filled with buckets and spades. The stairs are so broad and shallow and covered with such soft carpet that a child can tumble from the top to the bottom without hurting itself. All the floors are cork-lined and no amount of pounding will hurt either the pounder or the floor, or make a noise. Instead of a billiard-room there is a huge playroom furnished with all manner of toys. The windows are never raised more than nine inches at the bottom, so there is no falling out.

There must be a guarantee that the child is not recovering from any contagious disease. No grown-ups, other than nurses and governesses, are allowed.

Beginnings in Feminine Education

EVERY civilized country in the world has already established or is establishing at least one institution for the higher education of its women. All sprung from three handfuls of American seed—the first planted in a new agricultural community in Ohio, the second by a woman among the stony hills of Massachusetts, and the third in the pine barrens of Georgia.

November 8, 1837, Mary Lyon threw open the doors of Mount Holyoke Seminary, the first institution in the world founded exclusively for the higher education of women, with two distinct declarations: First, that higher education for women should supplement, not supplant, the art of home-making; second, that such educational opportunities should be given to girls of limited means as well as to the rich.

The next step was the chartering of a State Female College by the Legislature of Georgia in 1836. This institution was built at Macon, Georgia, at a cost to the State of $80,000, and opened January 9, 1839.

But to Oberlin belongs the distinction of giving the first diploma and the first degrees to women. This first diploma was given in 1838 to Miss Zeruiah Porter of Whitestown, N. Y.; three years later, three young women, having completed the classical course, were given their A. B. degrees along with the men.

Smith College this year has an enrolment of more than fifteen hundred. On its campus are forty-three thoroughly equipped college buildings, the least expensive of which would make the "Mother College," Mount Holyoke, as known to Mary Lyon, look small and shabby in comparison. Counting graduate, undergraduate and special students, there are at present more than one hundred thousand women enrolled in the colleges of this country.

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The New in the Neck in Paris, from

Photographs by l'Atelier Taponier

No. 1. *Worth. A white satin collar cut straight at center back and tied with a sapphire-blue crossway satin tie. Sapphire and pearl buttons on the sides of satin blouse.*

No. 2. *Martial et Armand. On tucked blouse, a collar high at the back, turning in revers effect in front. Bow of embroidered black taffetas at low neck opening.*

No. 3. *Doeuillet. A gathered guimpe of white net trimmed with a kilted frill.*

No. 4. *Doeuillet. Collar embroidered in green, yellow and blue silks. Embroidered edges laced across the front with a fancy cord.*

No. 5. *Worth. Blouse of white satin opened on a cream Alençon front. Double collar of white veiling.*

No. 6. *Doeuillet. White piqué collar and buttoned waistcoat worn with tucked white lawn blouse.*

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Worth, Doeuillet and Martial et Armand

No. 1. Martial et Armand. A white maline frill is turned back in collar effect, and sewn in gathers inside a V of white satin.

No. 2. Martial et Armand. A wired frill of cream Mençon lace forming a Medicis collar at the back. Cream lace jabot across the front. A ruche of black net shirred on a ribbon.

No. 3. Worth. Cream Mençon crossover front with black velvet frill forming Medicis collar line.

No. 4. Worth. Kilted black net frill standing up in pointed neck opening in a Medicis collar effect. Butterfly bow in black tulle.

No. 5. Doeuillet. Guimpe of plain and tucked white net with point and frill in fine Chantilly. Rose-pink buttons.

No. 6. Martial et Armand. Soutache-embroidered white linen collar on tucked white linen blouse.

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Dress 6213 Dress 6230 Waist 6177; skirt 6178

[These designs are described on page 458]

Four yards and one-half of cotton ratine forty inches wide, one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar and cuffs and one yard and one-half of banding to edge them, will be required for the dress in medium size as it is illustrated above. The design is also smart for the corded cottons, cotton crêpes and soft linen, and may be trimmed with Bulgarian crêpe, cotton broché or an embroidered lingerie collar. It is a fashionable type of simple one-piece dress.

Four yards and five-eighths of bordered swiss forty inches wide and one-quarter yard of plain swiss forty inches wide for the collar and cuffs will be required for the dress in medium size as illustrated above. The gores of the skirt are cut back of the border and the skirt trimmed by the border applied. If flouncing is used for the waist, banding of like design will trim a plain swiss or batiste skirt.

Two yards and seven-eighths of flouncing forty-five inches wide for the skirt, three yards and five-eighths of flouncing sixteen inches wide for the body, sleeves and center front and back, and three-quarters of a yard of chiffon twenty-seven inches wide for the bib and peplum portions, will be required for the dress made from these two designs in medium size as illustrated above. Bordered crêpes, voiles, ratine, printed silks and striped materials may also be used.

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Waist 6227; skirt 6228

Dress 6204

Coat 6181; skirt 6221

[*Coat* 6181 *described on page* 459]

[*Skirt* 6221 *described on page* 462]

[*These designs are described on page* 459]

Four yards and one-quarter of cotton crêpe forty inches wide, five-eighths of a yard of net forty inches wide for the collar, cuffs and plaited section in skirt, two yards and one-half of lace edging, and three-quarters of a yard of satin twenty-seven inches wide for a girdle, will be required for the dress made from these designs in medium size, as illustrated above. Cotton voile, printed muslins and crêpe de Chine are as suitable materials.

Three yards and five-eighths of ratine forty-four inches wide and three-quarters of a yard of Roman silk twenty-seven inches wide for a sash will be required for the dress in medium size as it is illustrated above. The trimming-band is embroidered in primary colors in a Bulgarian design which may be reproduced from an adaptation of a Butterick transfer. The touch of drapery which makes the skirt smart is so simply arranged that the corded cottons, linen and serge are also suitable.

Four yards and three-quarters of poplin forty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of Bulgarian crêpe twenty-seven inches wide for the collar will be required for the suit made from these designs in medium size. The long Balkan or Bulgarian blouse style in coats has taken a strong hold of the public fancy. Suits of charmeuse, silk poplin and brocaded ratine as well as of the simpler materials are seen made in this way.

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6183 6173—6174 6206 6206 6173—6174

SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN DRAPERY

DRAPED WAISTS, DRAPED FICHUS AND NOVEL IDEAS FOR DRAPING SKIRTS

WITH the earth all in flower, as it is these days, the flowered materials shown in the shops make a special appeal. They look like Summer. They seem the right and joyous thing to wear. One wants them as one wants to pick roses or to sit outdoors in the evening. The daintiest, coolest, most bewitching frocks can be fashioned of them in the mind's eye. This year the designs are unusually artistic and the materials are smart as well as lovely. For French models famous colorists, impressionists, Cubists and Futurists have joined with the dressmakers to produce glorious results. These fabrics, to which the name of the designer is frequently attached, are of course expensive, but the same effects have been copied in moderate-priced materials. French dressmakers use a great deal of embroidered crêpe, something almost as fine as crinkled chiffon, which looks as if it had been embroidered in wools by hand in complex shades of rose, peacock or mustard. This is simulated in printed crêpes, which also come in captivating Jouy and pompadour designs. And these again are copied in still cheaper cotton voiles. Silk mulls have other lovely flowered designs. Many silks have large impressionistic flowered designs or show the influence of cubist blocks and colorings. The primary colors of Bulgarian or peasant art are used in touches as trimmings. Borders are on many of the handsomest Summer fabrics. There are drawn-work borders on ratine, ratine borders on voile and flowered borders on dotted swisses. They are made up with draped skirts which cleverly utilize the straight edge. The all-over sprigged and figured crêpes and voiles are charming for overblouses with plain white or colored skirts, just as the novelty and brocaded silks are used with plain. In fact a contrast between the skirt and blouse is smartly characteristic of this season.

DESIGN 6183, as it is illustrated on the opposite page, is made of flowered mull with a collar of lace and a fichu of white mull. The combination of a fancy collar with a sheer fichu is noticed a good deal on the most recent French dresses. It is charmingly fresh and becoming. Dropped shoulders and a blouse over the belt, back and front, are also taken from the latest Paris models. You may, however, draw down the blouse if you prefer. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body of the surplice waist; the lower part has one seam in full or shorter length. French dressmakers use open neck almost entirely, especially the becoming pointed opening; but those who wish may make this high. A French lining and the fichu may be used or omitted. In the attached three-piece skirt the drapery makes a smart front and the slight fulness at the top a well-liked back. The waistline is slightly raised, the length clearing, and the width at the lower edge about one yard and three-quarters in medium size. For the embroidery illustrated on the small front view an adaptation of a Butterick transfer may be used.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and five-eighths of material forty inches wide will be required.

Design 6183 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

WAIST 6173 is interesting for the drapery in the surplice fronts and the suggestion of drapery in the round collar. It shows how far the draped style is being carried now, even into waists and trimmings. In a soft material and combined with a draped skirt the effect is wonderfully pleasing. Arranged as it is here below the bust, it is becoming, too, to stout as well as slender figures. The draped collar may be omitted if you do not care for it, and in its place embroidery trimming may be worked or applied flatly around the neck, the design shown here in the small view, which may be worked in Bulgarian colors in silk or wool, being obtainable in an adaptation of a Butterick transfer. You should like the blouse over the belt, for it is very smart; but if you don't, you may draw it down. The sleeves, which have an upper part in one with the body and a lower one-seam part, you may cut in full or shorter length; and the neck of the French lining, on which there is a facing in vest effect, you may make high or French round. You can use the design for a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress and make it of charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, broché or plain, faille silk, taffeta, cotton crêpe, cotton voile or soft cotton ratine.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the draped collar, vest and cuffs, will be required.

Design 6173 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6174

THE question of how to make a skirt now is simply a question of how to drape it. There are high draperies for slender people, low draperies for stouter ones, more drapery for the very smart and just a touch for the good conservative. For the average woman who wants something simple with good style and graceful lines which will not enlarge her hips, but will give her the fashionable tapering silhouette, design 6174 is one of the best I know of. There is enough drapery to cause a bouffant effect, which comes, however, below the hips, and a sufficiently narrow lower edge to hold it in again at the feet. This narrowness is not extreme enough to hinder her in walking, as it is about one yard and three-quarters in medium size. The arrangement of the drapery under an extension on the front is individual and the folds which catch it up again at the back make it fall gracefully. The cut of the skirt in two pieces with a stitched plait at the left of the back is always well liked. The slight fulness at the top of the back is equally popular. At the sides the skirt may be fitted with a dart or with gathers in slightly raised waistline, with gathers always in regulation waistline. It may be closed at the front or back and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist of practically any wide soft wool, silk or cotton fabric. The length is clearing.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-quarters of material forty-four or fifty inches wide will be required.

Design 6174 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

FOR the Russian blouse made of broché crêpe de Chine, matelassé, striped ratine, embroidered crêpe or all-over embroidery which is worn with a plain contrasting skirt, design 6206 is admirably adapted. Its plainness is well suited to a figured material and its lines are very smart. The body is in one with the upper part of the sleeves and blouses over the belt unless one prefers to draw it down. The two-piece peplum fits perfectly and has a modish outline. High or slightly open neck and either of two styles of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves are possibilities of the design, which may be made separately or attached to a skirt. A body lining may be used or not. If the peplum is not used, the waist may have a skirt extension.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with the peplum, or two yards thirty-six inches wide for the waist without the peplum.

Design 6206 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

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STRIKING DIFFERENCES IN COATS

PEPLUMS ARE ATTACHED AT ANY POINT

COATS of silk suits for Summer are so soft and bloused and untailored that they are well within the scope of a home dressmaker. Some of the smartest are made like design 6202, which is scarcely different in construction from a waist. There is a body part with fulness which may be bloused or drawn down, attached at a slightly raised waistline to a peplum which may be the long, cutaway, slightly rippled peplum shown in the figure illustration or the one of more conservative cut shown in the small front view. The first has the cachet of Paris, but is so new that it may not please all women. Full-length two-seam or shorter one-seam sleeves are sewed into slightly deep armholes without fulness at the top. The small round collar is easy to handle, and the revers and cuffs may be used or not.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and three-quarters of material forty inches wide, with five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and cuffs, will be required for the coat with the one-piece peplum.

Design 6202 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

6202

A PLAIN blouse-waist of new and smart cut, which a woman can develop according to her own individual ideas, is always an appreciated design. One with a back closing, the fashionable French or dropped shoulders, and the tucks that are used in most of the Summer blouses, is given in design 6227. Its different possibilities suit it to many purposes. Its neck may be high or slightly open, its sleeves in full length in either of two styles or shorter, and its fulness bloused or drawn down. A pointed collar to trim and a body lining are included in the design for those who wish them. The waist may be made separately or attached to a skirt of cotton crêpe, voile, batiste, lawn, dimity, net, China silk, charmeuse or crêpe de Chine.

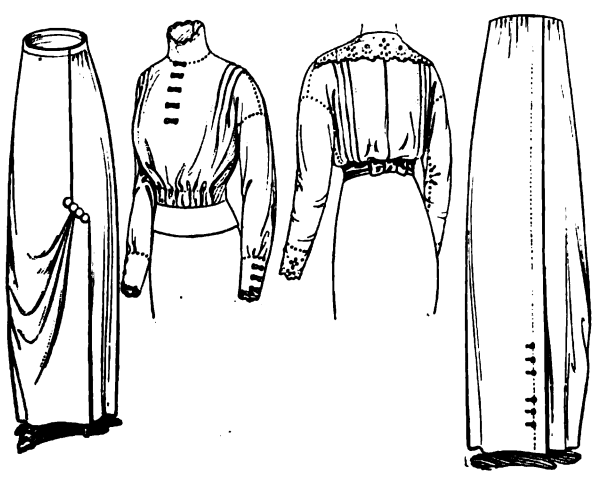
For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6227 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6228 is a two-piece skirt smartly draped at the front and with a tuck seam at one side and slight fulness at the top relieving the plainness of the back. At the lower part of the front the corner may be in square outline, as shown below, or rounded off over an accordion or side plaited section. The plaiting adds a chic detail to a skirt of soft material, but will not be used in a tailored skirt. When the skirt is made in slightly raised waistline it is fitted with darts or gathers at the sides; when in regulation waistline with gathers. It is in clearing length, may have a front or back closing, and may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist. Without the plaited section the lower edge measures about one yard and one-half in medium size. Cotton ratine, crêpe and voile are the most used Summer materials; charmeuse and crêpe de Chine are favorite silks.

For a woman of medium size, three yards of material forty inches wide or two yards and three-quarters forty-four or fifty inches wide will be required.

Design 6228 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

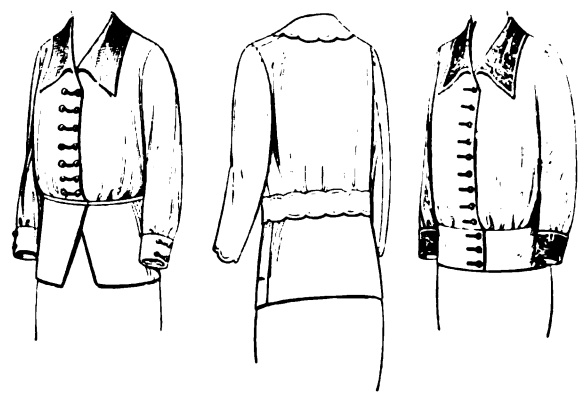


6228 6227 6228

Coat 6202; skirt 6228

Formal costumes are made of brocaded and plain materials in the same or different tones. Plain and brocaded satin or ratine, moiré and plain silk poplin, matelassé and wool faille are combined. These designs in medium size will require two yards and one-quarter of broché forty inches wide, two yards and three-quarters of plain satin forty-four inches wide, one-quarter yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the collar, and three-quarters of a yard of banding.

THE long-waisted Russian blouse-coat, which is the innovation most strikingly characteristic of this Spring and Summer, is beautifully cut in design 6181. The smartness of these coats can not be disputed, but they are not attractive and becoming unless their proportions are good. Here the length of blouse and peplum, the fulness in the blouse, the position of the belt have all been carefully studied and are right. The coat may be in either of two lengths to suit the wearer, and either of two styles of sleeves may be used, with the fulness at the top slightly gathered or shrunken out. A wide belt may be used in place of the three-piece peplum if preferred. These coats are seen in ratine, corded cottons, linen, wool poplin, charmeuse and moiré.



6181

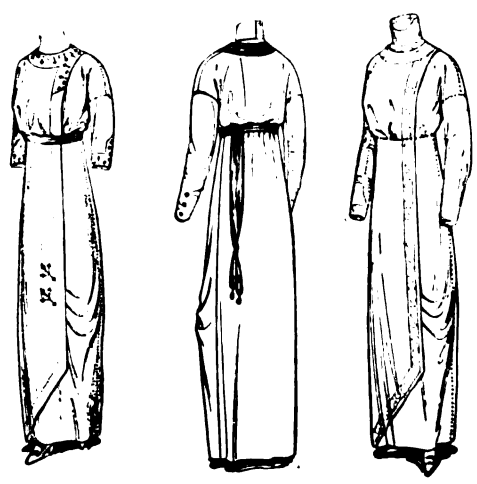
For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty inches wide for the collar will be required for the coat with the peplum.

Design 6181 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

AS A CHANGE from the ubiquitous fancy collar, the trimming-pieces on design 6204 are most acceptable. The skirt needs no trimming, because it has a modish touch of drapery at one side of the side-front closing line. The Russian blouse-waist, which may be bloused or drawn down and made in high or French round neck, has its body in one with the upper part of either of two styles of full-length one-seam sleeves or shorter sleeves. It is attached at a slightly raised waistline to a three-piece skirt which is in clearing length and measures about one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge in medium size. A body lining and the trimming-pieces may be used or omitted. Cotton ratine, soft piqué, linen, gingham and chambray, charmeuse and printed silks are suitable materials.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 6204 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6204

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A WELL-CUT TUCKED MANNISH SHIRT

AND A SMART, PLAIN, TAILORED SKIRT

IF FEARS were felt last Summer for the fate of the separate blouse, they are allayed this season by the great number shown in the shops and worn by well-dressed women. Mannish shirts are more popular this year than ever, for they are provided with pretty rolling collars which soften the severe lines and are decidedly more becoming than stiff stocks or turndown collars. Even in Paris which revels in feminine frills the smartness of the mannish shirt and its place in the wardrobe is recognized. A model which is used by some of the best houses there is shown in design 6185. Its pointed collar which goes with a slightly open neck is charming and is matched by pretty pointed cuffs when the sleeves are short. When they are long they may be regulation shirt-sleeves or one-seam dart-fitted sleeves. The neck may be open or high with an attached turndown collar or a neckband. The closing may be a plait or hem. Tucks at each side of the closing are characteristic of this season's waists which are made less plain than formerly. A back yoke-facing may be used or not. Among the materials recommended for these blouses, cotton crêpe comes first. Cotton voile, batiste, wash silks and crêpe de Chine are others.

For a woman of medium size, one yard and one-half of material forty inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of material twenty-seven inches wide for the pointed collar and cuffs, will be required for the shirt with shorter sleeves. Three yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide or two yards and three-eighths thirty-six inches wide will be required for the shirt with full-length sleeves.

Design 6185 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

A SMART, plain, tailored skirt is just what many of you have been looking for, I warrant. And I shouldn't wonder if you had begun to think that you would be forced into draping an outing skirt of washable corduroy or a garden frock of striped gingham just from a dearth of good plain designs. Don't pass by the draperies if you are having a dressy silk suit or an afternoon gown of cotton éponge or crêpe made, but rejoice over design 6186 if you wish a model for a separate piqué or poplin skirt or a morning frock of galatea, gingham or chambray. There is enough style in this design, in its cut and lines, for any use if you want it for other materials. A striped or handsome brocaded or moiré fabric will moreover show to the best advantage made with these simple lines. The admirable straightness of the lines is secured by the use of a slightly raised waistline and a reasonable narrowness at the lower edge. This measures about one yard and three-quarters in medium size, a width which permits plenty of freedom but looks smartly narrow. Contributing to the tailored smartness of the design are wide tucks at the overlapping edges of the front and back which may be trimmed with buttons. A little fulness at the top of the back is found in nearly all skirts. The design is cut in four pieces and in clearing length, may be closed at the front or back, and made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist as a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-eighth of plain or striped material without nap or thirty-two inches wide or two yards and five-eighths thirty-six inches wide will be required. Four yards and one-eighth of plain or striped material with nap twenty-seven inches wide will be required.

Design 6186 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

Shirt 6185; skirt 6186

This is an excellent type of shirt to make of cotton crêpe and to wear with a suit of cotton ratine or cotton Bedford cord. The plain shoulders and tucked front give it a smartly tailored look while the open collar is soft and becoming. In medium size as illustrated above, it will require two yards of crêpe forty inches wide. The skirt which is shown in broché ratine will require two yards and five-eighths of material forty inches wide in medium size. It has the faultless lines required of a plain tailored skirt.

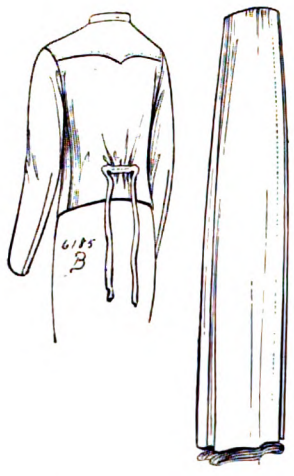
6186

6185

THE person who thought of introducing Gibson tucks into the popular Russian blouse had a singularly happy idea. Lines are important in these simple blouses and Gibson tucks have always been valuable for the good lines they give to the figure. One especially likes breadth in the shoulders of a Russian blouse so that the hips under the peplum will seem slender, and when there is a blouse over the belt, as there generally is in new waists, the tucks are still more pleasing. The blouse-waist, design 6232, which has a Russian closing and is in Gibson style, may be with or without a three-piece peplum at a slightly raised waistline and may be bloused or drawn down. It may have high or slightly open neck, either of two styles of full-length sleeves or shorter sleeves sewed into regulation armholes and may be made with or without a body-lining as a separate waist or attached to a skirt. Cotton ratine, piqué, linen, cotton crêpe, batiste, satin, crêpe de Chine and moiré are suitable materials.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-eighths of material forty inches wide, one-half yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the flat collar and cuffs, and three yards and one-quarter of insertion, will be required for the waist with the three-piece peplum and shorter sleeves, as shown in the small front view.

Design 6232 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6185 6186

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A RUSSIAN BLOUSE IN GIBSON STYLE

WILL BE CORDIALLY WELCOMED BY MANY

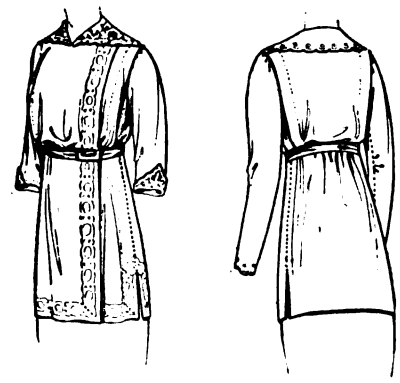
Waist 6232

A Russian blouse of this kind is held now to be smartest when it is worn with a skirt of contrasting material or color. This design requires two yards and three-quarters of linen thirty-six inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide, seven-eighths of a yard of banding and three-quarters of a yard of edging for the medium size.

DESIGN 6215 shows what is different in the new shirt-waists from those worn last season. There are tucks now, you see, even in those of mannish, simple cut, and plain dart-fitted sleeves are used quite as much as regulation shirt sleeves. Both styles and shorter sleeves are included in this design. The attached collar rolled open is exceedingly attractive and makes a good high collar when brought up around the throat, but a neckband to wear with separate collars may be substituted if preferred. A plait or hem closing may be made. The back yoke-facing may be used or omitted.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves.

Design 6215 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

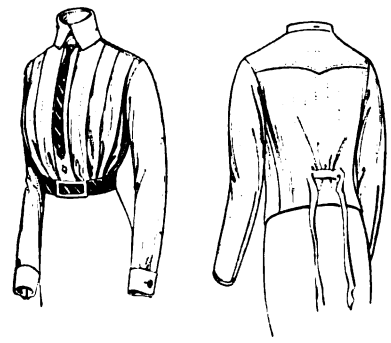


6232

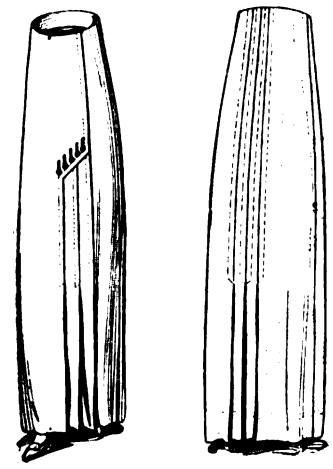
PLAITS are used in design 6216 with decorative and practical value. Inserted as they are at the left side front they trim the skirt attractively. At the back they relieve the flatness and with those in front give more width at the lower edge than the narrow lines of the design would indicate. They should be pressed to the bottom so as not to widen the lines, but they will shake out in walking and give a width of about two yards and three-eighths at the lower edge in medium size. The design is made in four pieces, in clearing length, with slightly raised waistline and with a front or back closing. It may be used for a separate skirt or attached to a waist. It is excellently suited to ratine, linen, rep, gingham, chambray, serge, wool poplin, Ottoman cords and satin.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

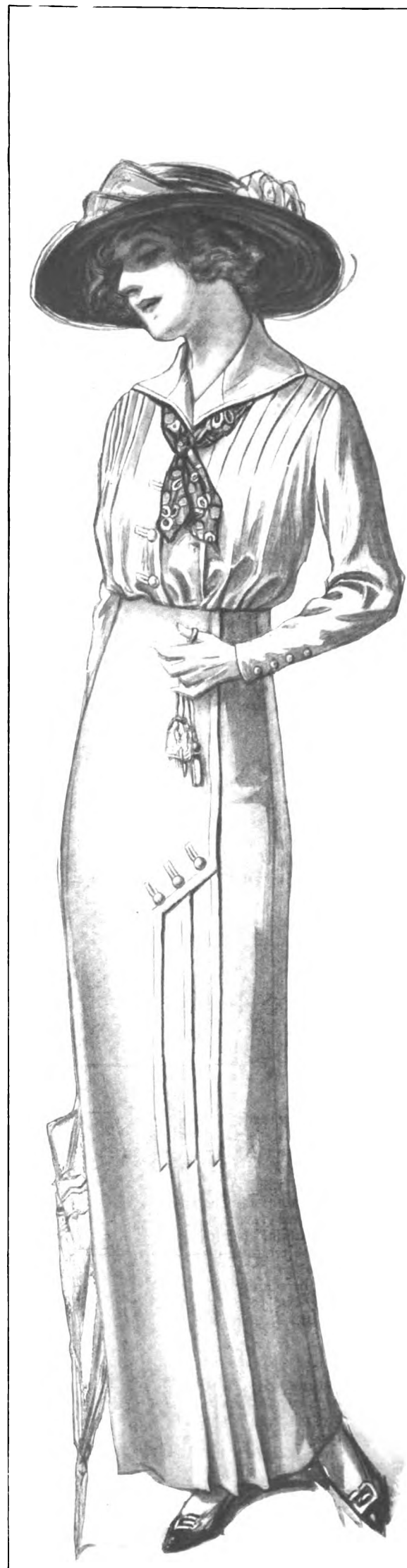
Design 6216 may be obtained in nine sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-eight inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.



6215



6216



Shirt-waist 6215; skirt 6216

Popular outing blouses of China silk are made with a collar which can be closed to the throat or rolled open in a cool, becoming fashion. Three yards and one-half of China silk twenty-seven inches wide will be required for this one in medium size as it is shown above. Two yards and five-eighths of rep forty-four inches wide will be required for the skirt.

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THE USE OF FICHU DRAPERY

BULGARIAN EMBROIDERY IS MODISH TO TRIM SIMPLE RATINE DRESSES

DESIGN 6196 will make a cool and dainty dress for Summer afternoons on the piazza or little dinners at home in sheerest white batiste trimmed with fine embroidered batiste edging. In net, trimmed with lace having a net background, it will also be charming, and in silk mull or dimity daintily flowered trimmed with a fichu of white mull. A more elaborate really exquisite gown may be made from it of crêpe de Chine, with a fichu and frills of chiffon. Dotted swiss, which is delightfully fresh-looking in Summer, should only be used if the quality is soft, for there is a good deal of fulness in both the skirt and the blouse-waist. This fulness may be tucked or gathered as is most suitable for the material used. The waist may be in high or any round neck and the sleeves which are sewed into regulation armholes may be in full or shorter length. While the fichu drapery is charming it is not an essential part of the design. Banding to trim or hand-embroidery as in the small front view, which may be reproduced from a Butterick transfer, may be used instead. The skirt which is attached at Empire height is in five gores and measures about two yards and one-quarter at the lower edge in medium size in round length. It may be in round length or have a medium

6196

sweep. This dress may easily be adapted to maternity use.

For a woman of medium size, five yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress not including the fichu and frills; one yard and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the fichu and frills to trim.

Design 6196 may be obtained in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

THERE was a time when only the woman of a certain severe tailored type wore mannish shirt-waists. She looked very smart in them, but others were likely to find the plain lines and the mannish collar trying. This year the open-necked, soft rolling collars used on these shirt-waists have greatly increased their popularity. A little diversion in the closing line is also frequently introduced to relieve the plainness. Such an angle in design 6220 and a slightly open neck with a collar of that new shape which is straight across the back and has points on the shoulders makes an extremely modish, becoming blouse of it for every one. The more mannish possibilities of the design are shown in the small view, where the side closing line is straight and the collar is of the attached turndown kind. A neckband for separate collars may be made on the high neck if preferred. The sleeves may be in full length, in either of two styles or shorter. The back yoke-facing may be used or not.

Dress 6196

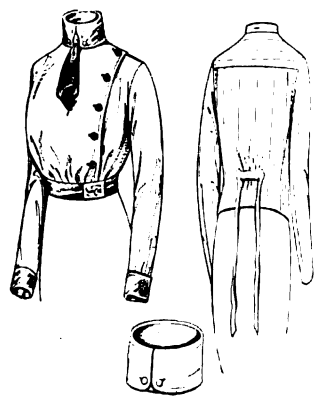
When the dress 6196 is made and trimmed as in the illustration above, the medium size will require five yards and one-half of dotted swiss thirty-six inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of net forty inches wide for the yoke-facing, seven-eighths of a yard of banding to trim the neck and six yards and one-half of edging for the frills to trim.

When designs 6220 and 6221 are combined as above, the dress in medium size will require four yards and one-half of ratine forty inches wide. Embroidery done in wools in Bulgarian colors and designs is a favorite way of trimming simple Summer frocks. The design shown here may be reproduced by using an adaptation of a Butterick transfer. A sash of bright silk is an addition.

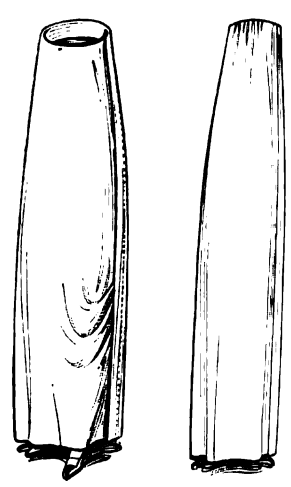
For a woman of medium size, three yards and one-eighth of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required for the waist with full-length sleeves. One-half yard thirty-six inches wide will be required for the turndown collar, French cuffs and a belt.

Design 6220 may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

AN EXCELLENT suggestion for draping the skirt of a tailored frock or suit is contained in design 6221. Even tailored suit-skirts are draped, you know, whatever the material may be and however plain is the jacket. Only the most practical hacking-suits or morning-dresses are made with unbroken straight lines. But when a wool material is used, or one of the heavier corded cottons, the drapery must be arranged in simple folds and rather low on the figure. In design 6221, which in cut is the favorite two-piece skirt with seams running down over the hips, the drapery is caught up in three folds at the left side of the front and fastened to the plain back at the seam. In order to keep the lines good when there is drapery in a skirt, the lower edge must be very narrow; here it is only about one yard and one-half in medium size. This has given rise to the slashed style or that of leaving a seam open at the lower part and rounding off



6220



6221

Shirt-waist 6220; skirt 6221

one corner. If one wants the extra freedom or the smartness of that, one may do it here. At the top of the skirt at the slightly raised waistline there is the little fulness at the back, which is considered the proper thing for all materials. The length is clearing. Sponge cloth, wool poplin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, cotton ratine, soie piqué and linen are suitable materials for the design which may be made as a separate skirt or attached to a waist.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 6221 may be obtained in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

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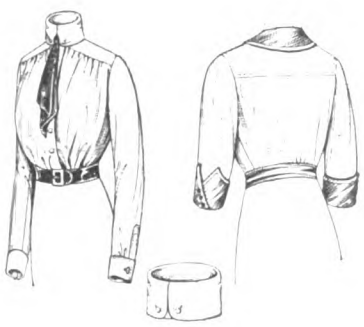
SMARTNESS IN CUT AND LINES

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER MORNING THINGS TO MAKE INEXPENSIVELY AT HOME

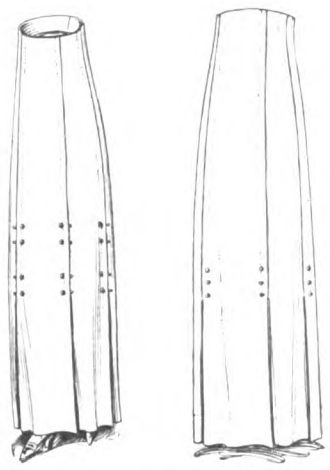
THE shirt-waist which is illustrated here in design 6210 is cut with the back extending over the shoulders to a tucked or gathered front. This is considered a smart cut and it is used a great deal this year with blouses which have fulness in the front. It is especially good when the fulness is gathered, for otherwise the front of the armhole is liable to slip down off the shoulder. Gathers are an excellent style for blouses now because of the vogue of figured cotton crêpes and broché silks as blouse materials, these being unsuitable for tucks. Plain cotton crêpe and voile waists and those of batiste, lawn, shirtings, crêpe de Chine and tub silks are, however, made with more tucks than for several seasons past. A yoke-facing may be used or omitted in this design. The closing may be a plait or hem, the neck high with an attached or separate turndown collar or neckband for wear with separate collars or slightly open with a rolling collar, and the sleeves in full length in either of two styles or shorter. The design may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress.

For a woman of medium size, two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-two inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the rolling collar, flare cuffs and a belt, will be required for the waist with shorter sleeves.

Design 6210 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



6210



6211

Shirt-waist 6210; skirt 6211

Dress 6207

IF YOU want a design for a skirt which shall have slender lines without extreme narrowness and be neither draped nor perfectly plain, you will be suited to a T with design 6211. The lines of this skirt are smart because the gores are faultlessly cut and the plaits so laid in that the straight silhouette is preserved, but the cut is conservative. The style is not a new one although the lines are, but it is still good and likely to stay good for several seasons more. It is, moreover, a style which is always well liked, the six gores with a plait at each seam. The front and back gore have a panel effect, the long lines of which are becoming, and the plaits are always graceful and pretty. They give all the width at the lower edge that any one could need, two yards and one-quarter drawn out in medium size, without making the design one which requires great quantities of material. At the top the several seams fit the skirt splendidly at either a regulation or slightly raised waistline. They allow the closing to be at either the front or back and allow the design therefore to be made as a separate skirt or attached to any waist. Its length is clearing. The best Summer materials to use for it are cotton ratine, cotton corduroy, cotton poplin, linen, gingham and chambray. Among the wools, sponge cloth, serge, prunella, broadcloth, wool rep, wool poplin, Bedford cord and striped worsteds are good. For silks and satins, draperies are prettier and more modish, but this design is not unsuitable for them if one does not wish drapery. Good dressmakers use this design for stout figures.

For a woman of medium size, three yards and seven-eighths of material without nap twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards and five-eighths forty, forty-four or fifty inches wide, or four yards and five-eighths with nap twenty-seven inches wide, will be required.

Design 6211 may be obtained in ten sizes, from twenty-two to forty inches waist measure, price fifteen cents.

For the shirt-waist 6210 in medium size as shown above two yards and three-quarters of cotton crêpe thirty-two inches wide will be required; for the skirt 6211 two yards and five-eighths of Bedford cord fifty inches wide. Bedford cord, Ottoman cords and wool rep and poplin are fashionable wool materials. Among cotton materials ribbed weaves are correspondingly popular.

6207

THE way to always look neat and cool and pretty in the Summer is to have a number of simple tub frocks, and the way for a person whose purse is not bulging to have a number is to make them herself. She can use very inexpensive materials, cotton poplin, gingham or chambray, but by using a well-cut, up-to-date design she can have things becoming and smart. Many women who do not have the time for their better gowns have a great deal of pleasure making their morning dresses. The least experienced should be able to make a good-looking one from design 6207. This consists of a simple blouse-waist with the body cut in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves and an attached four-piece skirt. The waist may be bloused or drawn down, have high or slightly open neck, and be with or without a body lining. The skirt is in clearing length, has slight fulness at the slightly raised waistline in back, and measures about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge in medium size. To reproduce the embroidery on the small front view an adaptation of a Butterick transfer may be used.

For a woman of medium size, four yards and one-quarter of material thirty-two inches wide, with one-half yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the round collar, cuffs and outside belt, will be required for the dress with shorter sleeves.

Design 6207 may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust, price fifteen cents.

When design 6207 is made of linen and trimmed with hand-embroidery as in the illustration above, the medium size requires three yards and one-half forty-four inches wide. A design for the embroidery shown, which is a Bulgarian design to be done in the embroidery shown, which is a Butterick transfer. Cotton the primary colors, may be adapted from a Butterick transfer. Cotton ratine and cotton corduroy are also good for this design.

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SIMPLY FASCINATING NEGLIGEES

THE COMFORT OF AN ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE IS THAT YOU CAN APPEAR IN IT WHEN A SIMPLE KIMONO WOULDN'T DO

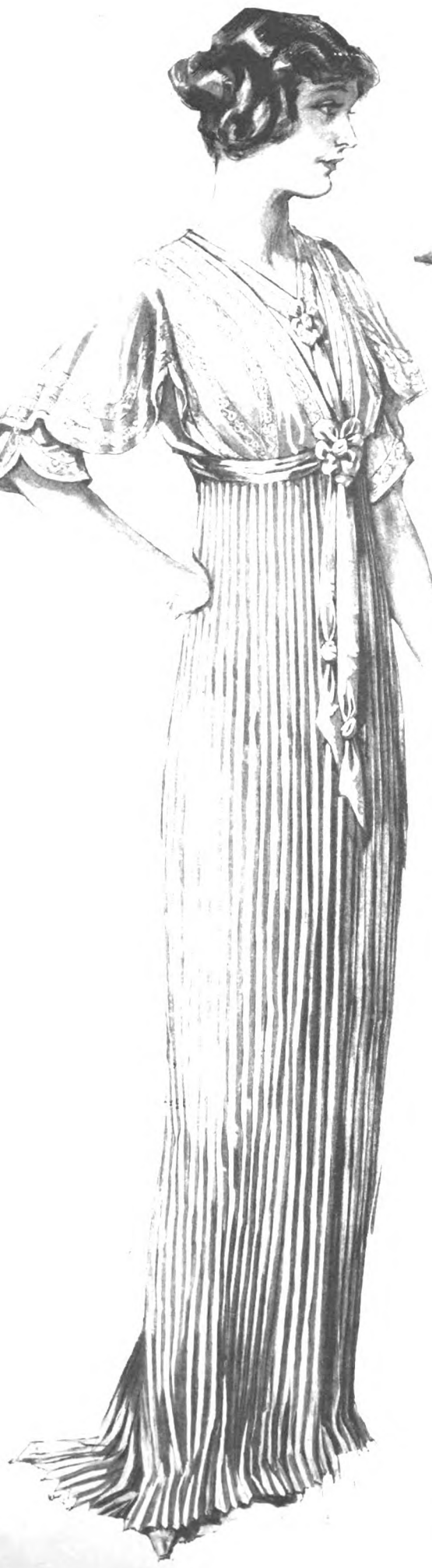
THERE is more comfort in one pretty negligee than in any number of careless wrappers, although that is something you may not believe until you have one. The reason is that you can wear a pretty easy gown a great deal more than an unattractive one. You can change to it from your suit when you come in in the afternoon in time for tea and relaxation, and you can look charming in it at the breakfast-table. You don't have to limit its use to times when nobody will see you. You are never more fascinatingly feminine than when you wear it. A very lovely model for a negligee of this kind is shown in design 6171. This has a sun-plaited circular skirt which may have a sweep or be in round length as you prefer, an Empire body with sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes, and bretelles which may be used or not. They have a delightfully flattering effect upon the figure as they hang over the sleeves and form a deep V at the front and back, but the Empire lines and pointed neck opening are enough to make a becoming, graceful garment without them. Crêpe de Chine or China silk trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and edging, or cotton crêpe or voile combined with fine embroidery, will make a delightful realization of the design. Silk mull is also pretty for it, and albatross and wool batiste may be used. To reproduce the embroidery shown on the small back view, a Butterick transfer may be used for the scallop and an adaptation of one for the spray. While the sun-plaited skirt gives the negligee an elaborate air it really makes the making simple. You see all you have to do is to cut out the skirt and take the material to a plaiter. As the plaits begin about an inch from the top they make no bulk around the waist. From there down they grow gradually deeper until they spread around the feet with charming lines. The lower edge in round length with the plaits drawn out measures about four yards and five-eighths around.

For a woman of medium size, five yards of material

6171

forty inches wide, with one yard and seven-eighths of all-over embroidery twenty-two inches wide for the front, back and sleeves and four yards of ribbon for bows will be required for the negligee without bretelles. Seven yards and three-eighths of material thirty-two inches wide, or six yards and three-quarters thirty-six inches wide or five yards and seven-eighths forty inches wide, or five yards and one-quarter forty-four inches wide, will be required for the negligee with bretelles. Five-eighths of a yard of material twenty-seven inches wide will make a girdle.

Design 6171 may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.



Negligee 6171

AN EXQUISITE negligee to wear over a lace-trimmed petticoat in one's boudoir or with a silk or chiffon slip as a tea or breakfast jacket may be made with hardly any work at all from design 6175. It is cut circular in two pieces and has an outside straight edge which allows you to make it of flouncing. If you do that, you have only to sew up the back seam and finish the closing edges with banding. The sleeves are made by catching the outer edges together with ribbon, and ribbon bows fasten the front. Wide shadow-lace flouncing, embroidered net or fine embroidered batiste flouncing may be used with exquisite results. A less expensive but very fetching confection can be made from the design of bordered cotton voile or crêpe, one of those with a border all in white of what appears to be drawn work or broché ratine. And another refreshingly cool one can be of dotted swiss trimmed with insertion and edging. Mull, lawn, dimity, cross-bar, China silk and crêpe de Chine can also be used. Any one of these may be finished very simply and prettily with feather-stitching along the edge, which may be done very easily by means of a Butterick transfer. The points shown in the figure illustration may be cut off in a rounding outline if one wishes a simpler negligee which will serve as any dressing-sack. Flouncing can not be used to advantage then, but other materials may be.

Negligee 6175

For a woman of medium size, four yards and three-quarters of flouncing eighteen inches deep and two yards and seven-eighths of banding, or three yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards and three-eighths forty or more inches wide, will be required for the negligee in pointed outline. One yard and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide, five yards and one-half of insertion, eight yards and one-quarter of edging and two yards and one-quarter of ribbon will be required for the negligee in round outline as shown in the small front view.

Design 6175 may be obtained in four sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, price fifteen cents.

When design 6171 is made and trimmed as in the figure illustration, the medium size will require five yards and one-quarter of crêpe de Chine forty-four inches wide, eight yards and one-half of insertion and five yards of ribbon. Valenciennes or Cluny insertion is an appropriate trimming for crêpe de Chine, China silk or silk mull. Wool batiste or albatross in a boudoir shade is lovely, trimmed with a hand-embroidered scallop in white.

Design 6175 in medium size, cut and trimmed as in the figure illustration, will require four yards and three-quarters of lace flouncing eighteen inches deep, two yards and seven-eighths of insertion and three yards of ribbon. Shadow and Valenciennes lace flouncing are the least expensive varieties. They would make a beautiful gift of this for a girl who is preparing a trousseau. Maline, Bohemian and princess laces are exquisite but costly.

6175

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THE ALLURE

NEW STYLES INVESTED WITH A WILFUL CHARM THAT CHALLENGES CRITICISM BUT CAPTIVATES THE FEMININE SOUL

By Margaine Lacroix

VIOLENT colors, meaningless lines beginning nowhere and becoming hopelessly entangled in intrigues of lace and silk and chiffons, outrageous hats that make no effort to reconcile demure shapes and impertinent trimmings—these are the styles of the Summer of 1913. And yet audacious, impudent, unpractical as they are, they possess to a quite remarkable degree a fascination that is far more delicious and intoxicating than beauty. Women who come to Paris prepared to scoff at the ridiculous and the extreme in the Summer fashions, remain to pray—and to pay—for every wilful, alluring caprice of the new styles.

"No skirt without a slit" is the present slogan of the French dressmakers—a necessity that only the prudish and the possessors of Rodin ankles will refuse to consider virtuous. The Rodin ankle? No, it's not a new disease. It's simply a little larger than the knee, and one sees it frequently in the Luxembourg but never in the rue de la Paix.

For there are three things that no really smart women can afford to have to-day—waist, hips and ankles. We are *corsetières* as well as dressmakers, and we tell our clients that the size of the bust and the hips must be the same, and that the line between should be as straight as possible. One can place the waistline of the dress where one likes. It is raised almost to the bust in evening gowns, dropped below the hips with the new Bayadère and oriental *ceintures* or placed at what was once the normal position a long time ago when the waistline was real and not imaginary.

In our tailor-made suits we are using what approximates the normal waistline. For morning suits we advocate coats of checks or stripes with plain-colored skirts cut quite straight and finely knife-plaited. For Summer we will use jackets of bright malachite or jade green, flame red and canary color, with skirts of fine white serge. These coats are quite loose and are simply belted in to the figure. They are cut on severe tailored lines, with simple collars and revers and long plain sleeves.

Women who come to Paris prepared to scoff at the ridiculous and the extreme in the Summer fashions, remain to pray—and to pay—for every wilful, alluring caprice of the new styles.

For afternoon costumes I have introduced a new four-piece suit which is very practical in many ways. One of my new models is in dull brown charmeuse in a new shade the color of a tapestry brick. The skirt is draped in a one-sided pannier effect well below the hip, giving a very narrow silhouette at the feet. With the skirt are two waists—one a very simple charmeuse bodice with long sleeves and a wide collar of white panne velvet edged with plaited tulle. The other is of cream lace over a foundation of brick-colored chiffon, with a square bib of the charmeuse at the front and back. The kimono sleeves only come to the elbow and the neck is very low—a characteristic of many of the afternoon bodices this Spring. The first waist is suitable for restaurant wear, and the second answers for more formal afternoon wear or even for a theater or concert in the evening.

The short coat that goes with the suit is more a wrap than a jacket. It is a shapeless little thing of charmeuse with what might be called either a very long shoulder or a very short kimono sleeve gathered into a band just above the elbow. The front is hollowed out in a deep V at the throat and is cut sharply away below the single-button closing. The lower edges of the sleeves and the bottom of the coat are finished with a plaited frill of the charmeuse. The wrap as well as the second waist adapts itself to evening wear, so the costume has quite a varied field of usefulness.

For afternoon usage we make the long, close-fitting basque coat as well as the little draped wraps. In these coats the peplum flares out at the bottom, suggesting the pannier and making ample provision for the skirt underneath, which in afternoon dresses is always made with a drapery or tunic.

In our Summer gowns we are using a great deal of lace in very fine designs and textures, combining them with satin and charmeuse. In lace we use black and white together, though in other materials we prefer the pronounced tones of the new shades of violet and sulphur.

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THE LATEST MISSES' MODELS

SHOW SIMPLE DRAPERY IN SKIRTS, DROPPED SHOULDERS IN WAISTS, POINTED COLLARS TO TRIM AND LONG BLOUSE COATS

THE French dressmakers who create frocks especially for the *jeune fille* have given us some delightful models this season. They use the dainty flowerlet-figured cotton crêpes and voiles or flowered nets and swisses, making them with plain, narrow, gathered skirts and short bloused waists, and trimming them with bretelles, collars or fichus of shadow lace or fine embroidery. A quaint and doll-like demureness is the effect they produce. One of their models is shown in design 6233, for misses and small women. It has a two or three piece skirt tucked or gathered at the top, attached at a slightly raised waistline to a tucked or gathered blouse-waist bloused or drawn down, in high or French round neck, with either of two styles of full-length or shorter sleeves sewed into slightly deep armholes. Its bretelles which cross with a graceful surplice line may be used or not. In medium size the skirt measures about one yard and three-quarters at the lower edge. Printed mull trimmed with insertion and edging, or batiste with bretelles of embroidered flouncing, will make a charming dress from the design.

For a miss of sixteen years, four yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide, eight yards of insertion and six yards of edging will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6233 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

Dress 6233

Shirt-waist 6223, skirt 6224

Dress 6191

VERY good-looking tailored blouses are shown with the sleeves attached below the shoulder and a yoke running down to the line of joining. In other respects like the regulation shirt-waist, they are unmistakably new in this. Design 6223, for misses and small women, is a beautifully cut model, which has the upper part of the sleeve in one with the body and may be with or without the yoke. The sleeves may be long, dart-fitted or regulation shirt sleeves or shorter sleeves, and the neck may be high with an attached turn-down collar or neckband, or slightly open with a small pointed collar. A plait or hem closing may be made. A pocket may be added or not. Cotton crêpe, cotton voile, shirtings, wash silks and messaline are suitable materials for the design which may be made as a separate waist or attached to a skirt as a one-piece dress.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Design 6223 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6191

DRAPERY, which is perfectly suitable for woolen materials or washable fabrics, is an interesting fact in design 6224, a pretty, fashionable skirt for misses and small women. It is caught up in the overlapping front of a three-piece skirt, and is so simple in its effect and construction that it is appropriate and practical for wool rep, fine serge, broadcloth and éponge and for soft cotton ratine or éponge, cotton crêpe, voile and other Summer materials. The curved line of this overlapping edge is very good-looking. If stitched in tuck-seam effect, it gives the skirt a tailored character, which is desirable in a cloth suit skirt. Soft satin and crêpes, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine and silk poplin, for which the design is equally good, are better handled as in the small view. The material will determine one's choice of dart tucks or gathers at the back at the slightly raised waistline. The waist to which one wishes to attach it, when it is not made as a separate skirt, will decide for a front or side closing. At the lower edge in medium size the skirt measures about one yard and one-half around.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and one-quarter of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

Design 6224 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

WHEN you use embroidered flouncing for the skirt and trim the waist with a matching narrower edging, you find that you can make a very pretty, dressy Summer frock with little work. In design 6191 the straight skirt is suitable for flouncing and bordered materials and the waist is charmingly trimmed with a one-sided collar which can be made of edging. The skirt measures about one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge, is plaited or gathered at the top and attached at a slightly raised waistline to the waist. This may be bloused or drawn down and have high or French square neck and either of two styles of full-length one-seam sleeves or shorter sleeves. The upper part of the sleeve is in one with the body. Striped cotton voile and figured cotton crêpe, dimity, lawn and net will also be pretty made in this way. They may be trimmed with Valenciennes or Cluny lace insertion and edging.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards of flouncing forty-one inches deep for the skirt and shorter sleeves and two yards and seven-eighths of edging five inches wide for the trimming piece, revers, and to trim the front of the skirt will be required for the dress as shown on the figure. A ribbon sash is a pretty addition.

Design 6191 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

A TOUCH of drapery in both waist and skirt gives marked style to the youthful model shown in design 6219, for misses and small women. The dropped shoulder, the narrow skirt with gathers at the top of the back, and the open-necked rolling collar increase its modern attractiveness. The waist may be bloused or drawn down, have full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves and high or open neck and be with or without a body lining. The skirt, which is attached at a slightly raised waistline, is in two pieces, may be dart-fitted or gathered at the sides and measures about one yard and one-half at the lower edge in medium size.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards of material forty inches wide, three-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide and two yards and seven-eighths of banding will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6219 may be obtained in six sizes, fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6233

6224

6223

6224

6219

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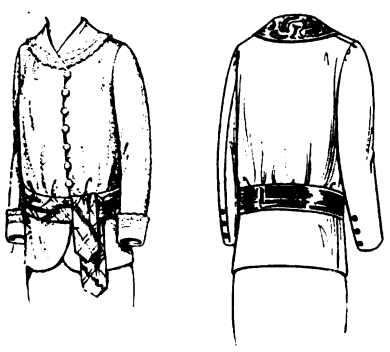
Coat 6188 Dress 6219 Dress 6200 Dress 6180 Coat 6195; skirt 6224

LONG Balkan or Bulgarian blouse effects have caught the public fancy without a doubt and bid fair to become a dominant note in Summer fashions. They have taken especially well with misses and small women, on whose slender figures the low belt and loose blouse are most becoming and jaunty. That shown in design 6188 is a favorite model. It has a small, round collar which is attractively youthful and also easy to handle, a straight front closing and either a three-piece peplum or a wide belt attached to the gathers in the blouse. The sleeves may be in either of two styles, with the fulness at the top slightly gathered or shrunken out. The model is used for cotton ratine, corded cottons, charmeuse, serge, wool ratine and rep. A design for embroidering the collar may be obtained in an adaptation of a Butterick transfer.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the coat with the peplum. When this coat is combined with a plain two-piece skirt as on the figure, three yards and three-quarters forty inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty or more inches wide will be required.

Design 6188 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6188

A GOOD many misses and small women will like the dress in design 6200, because it has the newest Russian blouse effect with a very long peplum without the double thickness of a peplum or the extra material required for one. The effect is gained by the division in the skirt and the tuck seam with which the upper part is joined to the lower, and the illusion is enhanced by a side closing in the upper part joining that in the waist. This surplice line in the waist is always well-liked. It is becoming and it leaves a pretty V-shaped open neck. A small collar trims the neck. A yoke-facing and collar may be used to make it high if one prefers it so. The one-seam sleeves which may be cut in full or shorter length have their upper part in one with the body in the fashionable dropped-shoulder effect. The body with or without a body lining may be bloused in the modern way or be drawn down. It is joined to the skirt at a slightly raised waistline which may be finished with a belt or crush girdle. The upper part of the skirt is in three or four pieces, the lower in two or three, and the width at the lower edge is about one yard and three-quarters in medium size. Cotton ratine is smart for the design.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and five-eighths of material forty inches wide and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and sash will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6200 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6200

EVERY Summer brings out some popular type of simple dress which is repeated in all the pretty Summer materials and worn by everybody everywhere. This year a favorite model is the Russian blouse dress with a peplum, dropped shoulder and fancy collar. It is shown in design 6180 for misses and small women, made of linen trimmed with lace, but is quite as good in plain or striped piqué, gingham, galatea, crêpe meteor, serge or wool ratine. With the blouse of striped or figured material and the skirt and collar of plain or the blouse of all-over embroidery and the skirt of linen it is especially new and smart. The blouse-waist which may be bloused or drawn down has the body in one with the upper part of either of two styles of full-length one-seam sleeves or shorter sleeves; the skirt which is attached at a slightly raised waistline may be cut in three or four pieces, and measures about one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge. The three-piece peplum and a body lining may be used or omitted.

For a miss of sixteen years, four yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

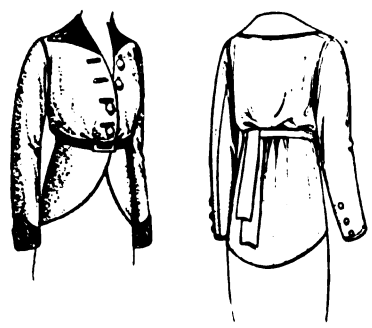
Design 6180 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.

6180

THE coat shown in design 6195 is seen a great deal in rather dressy two or three piece suits for misses and small women. Yet though it is used for the silks and for broadcloths and wool ratines, its cut is simple and girlish and entirely appropriate for a modest little suit of serge, linen or cotton poplin. In cotton ratine, which is perhaps the most fashionable of the Summer materials, it makes a smart coat for almost any occasion. Its softly tailored character is extremely becoming to youthful figures, and is easily reproduced by an amateur dressmaker or home tailor. The fulness in the blouse which is attached to the peplum at a slightly raised waistline may be bloused or drawn down, as one prefers, and one may use full-length two-seam or shorter one-seam sleeves which are sewed into slightly deep armholes. For the collar and cuffs of such a coat Bulgarian silk or embroidery is the season's most modish trimming. A very fine lingerie collar is pretty on a silk coat.

For a miss of sixteen years, two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the coat. When it is combined with skirt 6224, as shown on the figure, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, one-quarter yard of lace eighteen inches wide, seven-eighths of a yard of edging and two yards and one-quarter of material fifty inches wide for the skirt, will be required for the suit.

Design 6195 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6195

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

A HUNDRED-DOLLAR TROUSSEAU FOR THE JUNE BRIDE

By Eleanor Chalmers

Mrs. Chalmers will be very glad to answer any question on dressmaking or tailoring or to advise you in regard to the new styles, materials, colors or trimmings. Explain your difficulty as fully as you can and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer.

THE girl who has a hundred dollars to spend on her wedding outfit can have a charming little trousseau if she exercises good judgment and self-control, and is willing to do the greater part of the pretty, dainty work herself. If she stops to listen to the siren call of bronze shoes and paradise plumes she is lost, for while a hundred-dollar trousseau can be as smart and suitable as the most fastidious woman could require, it does not allow for extravagance in any one item. Another point that must be remembered in planning an outfit for a small amount is that it is better to invest your money in good materials and do the work on them yourself than to buy flimsy, inexpensive things and try to have them made.

In fact, on a hundred dollars it would be impossible to employ tailors and dressmakers to do your work. Fortunately, this is a season when clothes can be made very easily and successfully by an amateur. The present coats call for almost no tailoring, and the new soft blouses and draperies are far easier to handle than severe styles that are relentless in their exposition of unskilled workmanship.

The prices given in this article are the average prices that the materials can be bought at all over the country. In many cases you will be able to make a considerable reduction on the prices quoted by taking advantage of bargain sales. It is quite possible, too, that you may already have lace, etc., that you can make use of, and which will give you an opportunity to spend a little more on some of the other items.

The Wedding-Gown

IT'S no use trying to interest even the most practical-minded bride-to-be in the more substantial things in her trousseau until she has made her plans for her wedding-dress.

For the June bride who is to have a simple wedding and a simple outfit I would advise a lingerie wedding-dress. The conventional satin dress is so emphatically bride-like that one soon loses all pleasure in wearing it afterward, while a dainty lingerie frock will be invaluable all Summer.

The wedding-dress that I have shown in Illustration Number 1 is made of fine cotton crêpe and all-over lace. Cotton voile and cotton marquisette are equally pretty, and there are other lingerie materials — fine mull, batiste and handkerchief linen.

The wedding-dress is made with a plain blouse-waist of the crêpe, trimmed at the neck and sleeves with lace banding. With it is shown a sleeveless overblouse of all-over lace, trimmed at the neck, armhole and peplum edges with lace edging.

The skirt is plaited across the back, and the slight fulness from the plaits is caught up in front by a band of lace and allowed to fall into a very graceful drapery. The underskirt is of the crêpe plaited into fine knife-plaits. You'll find it a very easy skirt to make, for the drapery is merely a matter of catching up three plaits in the front, and the only trimming is the lace band and the edging at the bottom of the skirt.

I would advise a cap instead of a veil with a lingerie wedding-dress.

The dress with all the accessories that go with it can be made for about eighteen dollars and a half.

Underblouse—1½ yard of 40-inch crêpe at 75c. a yard	$1.13
Overblouse—1¾ yard of 44-inch lace at $1.25 a yard	2.19
6¼ yards of edging at 15c. a yard	.94
Skirt—3⅞ yards of crêpe, 40 inches wide, at 75c. a yard	2.92
2⅜ yards of lawn 36 inches wide, at 15c. a yard	.36
1⅜ yard of edging at 25c. a yard	.35
2½ yards of banding at 20c. a yard	$0.50
1⅛ yard of ribbon at 25c. a yard	.29
3 patterns at 15c. apiece	.45
Sewing cotton	.10
Findings (buttons, etc.)	.15
Gloves	2.75
Slippers and Stockings	5.00
Cap—¾ yard of 24-inch lace at 75c. a yard	.57
2¼ yards of edging at 15c. a yard	.34
Flowers and ribbons	.75
Pattern	.15
	$18.94

Ill. No. 3. Next in importance to the wedding-gown is the going-away suit

Ill. No. 1. The wedding-dress in lace and cotton crêpe

Ill. No. 2. A suggestion for the bridesmaids' dress in printed cotton crêpe or voile

The Maid of Honor

THE considerate bride will show her tact and thoughtfulness in choosing styles that will suit her maids, and materials that will not tax them heavily. The new custom of having all the dresses made the same way but in different colors — pale pink, blue, maize, lilac, etc.—makes a pretty color scheme.

The little frock in Illustration Number 2 is a very picturesque one for the bridal procession. The blouse is made with one of the new bolero or Eton waists over an underblouse of lace, and the skirt is draped prettily at the bottom.

The dress can be made of flowered or embroidered cotton voile or crêpe or of a bordered material, using the border at the front and back edges of the draped skirt.

I haven't given the prices for this dress, for it isn't included in the trousseau.

Your Going-Away Dress

YOUR traveling suit (Ill. No. 3) should be just as attractive as possible. The little cutaway postilion is made of fine brown serge or poplin, and trimmed with the white-and-brown check material of the skirt. It has the drop shoulder and the new three-quarter-length sleeve. The skirt has the slightly raised waistline, a very pretty drapery and an opening at the bottom.

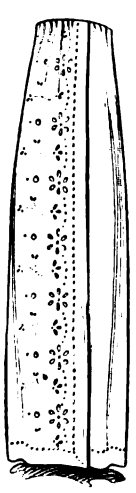
With the suit there should be a chiffon blouse of the same color as the coat and several lingerie blouses. The chiffon waist you can wear to restaurants and to semi-formal afternoon affairs, while the lingerie blouses will be useful for traveling, morning wear, etc.

The suit will cost about eight dollars and a half:

Skirt—2¾ yards of 44-inch check material at $1.25 a yard	$3.44
⅞ yard of belting	.10
Coat—1¾ yard of 44-inch plain serge or poplin at $1.25 a yard	2.19
2⅛ yards of 36-inch satin lining at 75c. a yard	1.60
⅜ yard of 44-inch check material for facings, at $1.25 a yard	.47
Buttons, sewing-silk, etc.	.38
Two patterns	.30
	$8.48

Back view of coat and skirt in Ill. No. 3

Back of the overblouse and skirt of Ill. No. 1

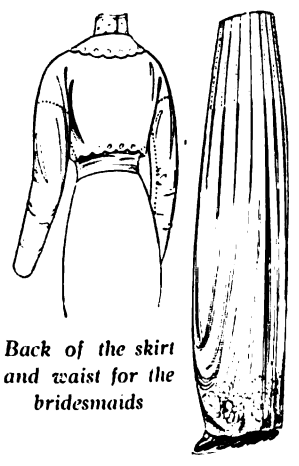


The chiffon waist will cost:

1¼ yards of 40-inch chiffon at $1.25 a yard	$1.57
1¼ yard of 40-inch net (lining) at 75c. a yard	.94
½ yard of 18-inch lace (yoke, etc.) at $1 a yard	.50
Buttons, sewing-silk, pattern	.44
	$3.45

The three lingerie waists will also come to about five dollars:

1⅞ yard of voile, or cotton crêpe at 35c. a yard	$.66
Buttons, cotton, pattern	.35
7⅞ yards of lace, 10c. a yard	.79
Materials for one waist	$1.80



Back of the skirt and waist for the bridesmaids

[Continued on page 469]

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YOU AND YOUR SEWING

A HUNDRED-DOLLAR TROUSSEAU FOR THE JUNE BRIDE

[*Continued from page 468*]

I MUST confess that I feel a good deal of sympathy for the girl who finds her party frocks of more importance and interest than her morning dresses. Since your wedding-dress is to be of lingerie materials, you'll need a good-looking evening gown for formal occasions, not only this Summer but all next Fall and Winter. Perhaps you'll think I'm extravagant in suggesting broché, but I'm not, for it can be found in the shops at quite as reasonable prices as the plain weaves.

The dress in Illustration Number 4 is really very simple when you look at it closely, but the lines are beautiful and it is quite as elegant and dignified as you will need for the most formal dinners, dances, etc. this Summer and next Fall and Winter.

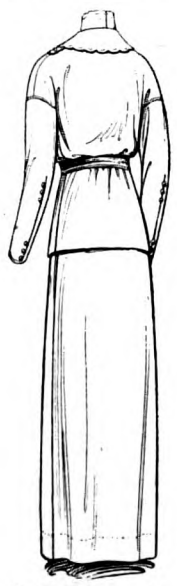
The waist is made with a lace-trimmed chiffon upper part over which the material of the skirt runs up in pointed bib-sections at the front and back. The décolletage is moderately low, so that you can wear the dress for theater parties and restaurant dinners as well as for more formal affairs. The skirt is draped at the right side and is cut with a slight train.

I would advise using a fairly dark color for the broché—Nile green, Egyptian blue, flame red, old gold, or even black, with a blouse of white or flesh-colored chiffon. The dark colors are very smart just now for evening wear and they are infinitely more practical than white. In the first place, they don't soil quickly, and in the second you can wear them in street-cars, etc., as you couldn't if the dress were white or a pale color.

This dress can be made very easily for about eleven dollars:

4½ yards of 36-inch broché at $1.50 a yard	$6.75
1¼ yard of chiffon cloth at $1.35 a yard	1.69
3 yards of percaline at 25c. a yard	.75
3 yards of silver lace at 40c. a yard	1.20
Two patterns	.30
Findings	.50
	$11.19

For the accessories for your evening dress you will have to use the gloves of your wedding outfit. Under an evening dress of this type you should wear a princess slip (Ill. No. 2, on page 470) cut off across the shoulders and held in place by straps of lace or ribbon. An ordinary chemise or combination would show through the thin chiffon.



Back of dress in Ill. No. 5

Back of skirt in Ill. No. 4

Ill. No. 5

Ill. No. 4. The evening gown on the right is of broché and chiffon

Ill. No. 5. The day dress shown above is of brown and beige linen

A Simple Day Dress

OF COURSE, married life does consist of something besides weddings, wedding trips and dinner parties, and you must have a simple dress for day wear. The one in Illustration Number 5 is very effective, and will be extremely useful, for it is of the Russian blouse type that makes an excellent costume for the street as well as for the house. The waist has the Russian closing at the left side, the drop shoulder, the slight blouse at the waistline and the new broad peasant belt. The long peplum has the effect of a tunic overskirt, while the skirt itself is perfectly plain, and easily made and laundered. The edges of the blouse and skirt and of the little white linen chemisette and collar are scalloped—a pretty, inexpensive trimming that takes very little time to do.

I've illustrated the dress in two tones of brown linen, the fashionable *tête de nègre* shade in the blouse and the new sand color in the skirt. The whole dress will cost about four dollars:

4¾ yards of 46-inch linen at 65c. a yard	$3.09
⅛ yard of batiste for collar, etc., at 35c. a yard	.05
Transfer pattern for collar	.10
Two scallop transfer patterns	.20
Buttons and cotton	.30
Dress pattern	.15
	$3.89

With this dress you will wear either hat, short silk gloves, and a white petticoat with a gingham ruffle. This is an excellent dress for general wear, as it is quite as suitable for the street as for the house. The colors will not soil easily—a point to be remembered in planning a limited outfit.

You'll need two hats—one to travel in on your wedding trip and for morning wear later, and the other for church, teas, etc. The little hat in Illustration No. 5 is a French model, and you can make it very easily and inexpensively in cotton matelassé, cotton plush or lingerie materials. It is extremely easy to handle with a pattern. There was a lesson on making it in the May DELINEATOR.

Your traveling-hat you will probably buy, and at this season of the year you can find very pretty hats of this type for about five dollars. You can easily get both hats for ten dollars, possibly less.

The rest of this article will be found on page 470.

Back of waist in Ill. No. 4

Ill. No. 4

Williams' Talc Powder

A touch of this exquisite powder, with its dainty fragrance and its soft, refreshing, antiseptic effect, is greatly appreciated when the complexion has been tried by sun or wind. It quickly relieves sunburn, chafing and other irritations. Delightful for the toilet or nursery or after shaving.

A Valuable Offer

Because nowadays most women need a Vanity Box, we have had especially manufactured for users of Williams' Talc Powder a beautiful little heavily silver-plated Vanity Box containing a French powder puff and a concentrating mirror.

For 20 cents in stamps

we will send you this Vanity Box and a sample can of Williams' Violet Talc Powder and a tube of Williams' Dental Cream, trial size.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. P. O. Drawer 115, Glastonbury, Conn.

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Not only soap but laundress too!

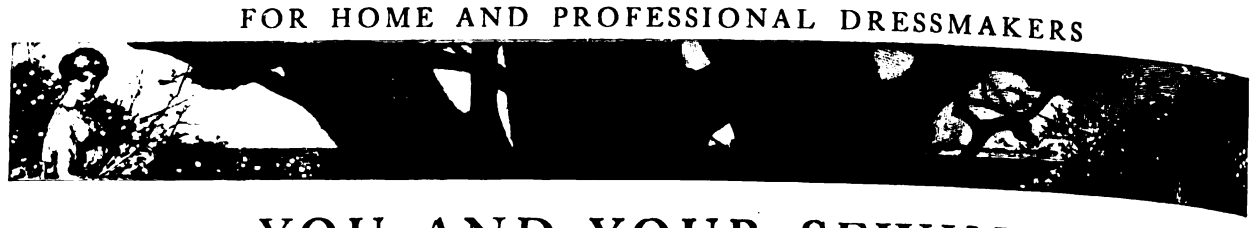
Does the soap you are using wash the clothes clean without your doing any hard rubbing or boiling? In other words, does *it* do your washing or do *you* do it?

If *you* do it, you are not using the right soap. For there *is* a soap that actually does the hard work for which you would hire a laundress.

P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap is made, not merely to be a good soap, as soaps go, but to do more work in the laundry than any other soap ever has done before. When you rub it on the clothes and put them to soak, it does not merely reduce the washboard work a little, but it loosens the dirt so thoroughly that neither washboard drudgery nor a moment's boiling is necessary.

After sousing the clothes and rinsing as usual, they look so clean and smell so sweet that, no matter how particular you may be, you find it entirely unnecessary to do any of the disagreeable work which you cannot escape with other soaps.

So remember, when preparing for next washday, that there now is a soap that will do your washing for you. Just ask for **P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap**—5 cents—and you will have not only soap but laundress too.



YOU AND YOUR SEWING

THE LINGERIE FOR A HUNDRED-DOLLAR TROUSSEAU

[*Continued from page 469*]

THE lingerie for a simple trousseau can be made at home very easily.

SLIPS AND DRAWERS—Under your wedding gown and evening dress you will need fine princess slips of batiste or nainsook. The day slip which you will wear under your lingerie dress should be trimmed with hand-embroidery and cut with the round neck. (Ill. No. 1.)

3⅞ yards of material at 15c. a yard	$0.59
4 transfer patterns	.55
Sewing and embroidery cotton	.53
Pattern	.15
	$1.82

The second slip should be made with the straight outline across the top held in place by lace or ribbon. (Ill. No. 2.) It is impossible to wear ordinary lingerie under a thin evening waist, and this slip is the type recommended by good dressmakers here and abroad. It should be trimmed with lace and hand-embroidery. It will cost less than two dollars.

4¾ yards of material at 15c. a yard	$0.72
6 yards of lace edging at 7c. a yard	.42
4½ yards of lace insertion at 7c. a yard	.32
Buttons	.10
Transfer design	.15
Working cotton No. 25, 10 skeins	.20
	$1.91

With these slips you will need two pairs of drawers. Use a pattern that has no fulness at the top (Ill. No. 3) and is narrow in the legs, for underwear is made as scanty as possible this year. The drawers will cost about sixty-eight cents a pair. They should be made of nainsook or long-cloth and trimmed with lace or embroidery edging.

1¾ yard of material at 15c. a yard	$0.27
2⅜ yards of edging at 12½c. a yard	.30
Pattern	.15
	$0.72
For the second pair you'll have the pattern, so it will only cost	.57
	$1.29

Petticoats and Combinations

FOR ordinary wear under your traveling-suit and linen dress you ought to have three long-cloth petticoats with adjustable ruffles of sateen and gingham. The petticoats will cost about sixty cents apiece.

2 yards of 36-inch long-cloth, at 15c. a yard	$0.30
For three skirts	$0.90
Pattern	.15
	$1.05
The sateen ruffle will cost (1¼ yard of 36-inch sateen at 25c. a yard)	.32
Gingham ruffle (1¾ yard of gingham, 27 inches wide, at 12½c. a yard)	$0.22
Two ruffles	.44
The three petticoats will cost	$1.81

With your petticoats you will need three combination chemises costing:

2¼ yards of material at 15c. a yard	$0.34
3½ yards of lace at 7c. a yard	.25
The three, with the pattern	$0.59
	$1.92

Nightgowns, Kimono, etc.

YOU ought to have at least four gowns. You'll want one lace-trimmed gown and three hand-embroidered nightdresses for every-day wear (Ill. No. 6.)

The lace-trimmed gown will cost:

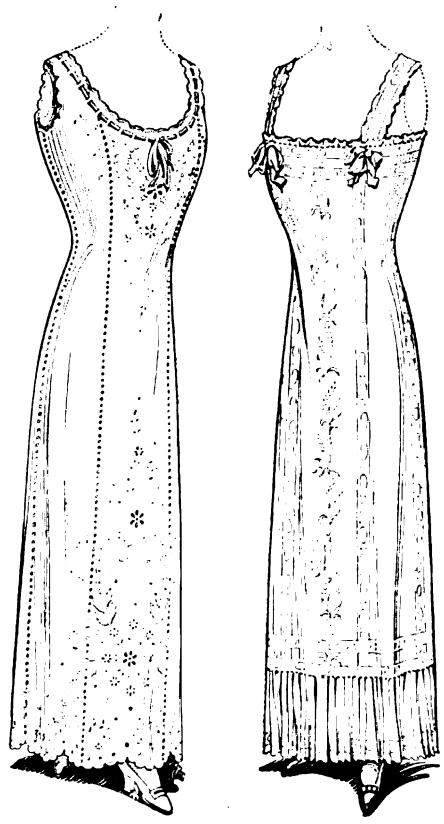
4 yards of long-cloth at 15c. a yard	$0.60
3 yards of lace edging at 7c. a yard	.21
3 yards of lace insertion at 7c. a yard	.21
3¼ yards of baby ribbon at 3c. a yard	.10
3 yards of lace beading at 3c. a yard	.09
2 yards of seam beading at 7c. a yard	.14
	$1.35

For each embroidered gown:

4 yards of long-cloth at 15c. a yard	$0.60
Two transfer patterns	.30
Ribbon and thread	.30
2 yards of seam beading at 7c. a yard	.14
	$1.14
The four gowns with the pattern will cost:	$4.92

For a Summer kimono use cotton crêpe trimmed with messaline:

9 yards of cotton crêpe at 18c. a yard	$1.62
1⅛ yards of messaline at 59c. a yard	.67
Sewing silk, three button-molds	.10
Pattern	.15
	$2.54



Ills. Nos. 1 and 2. Lingerie slips for day and evening wear

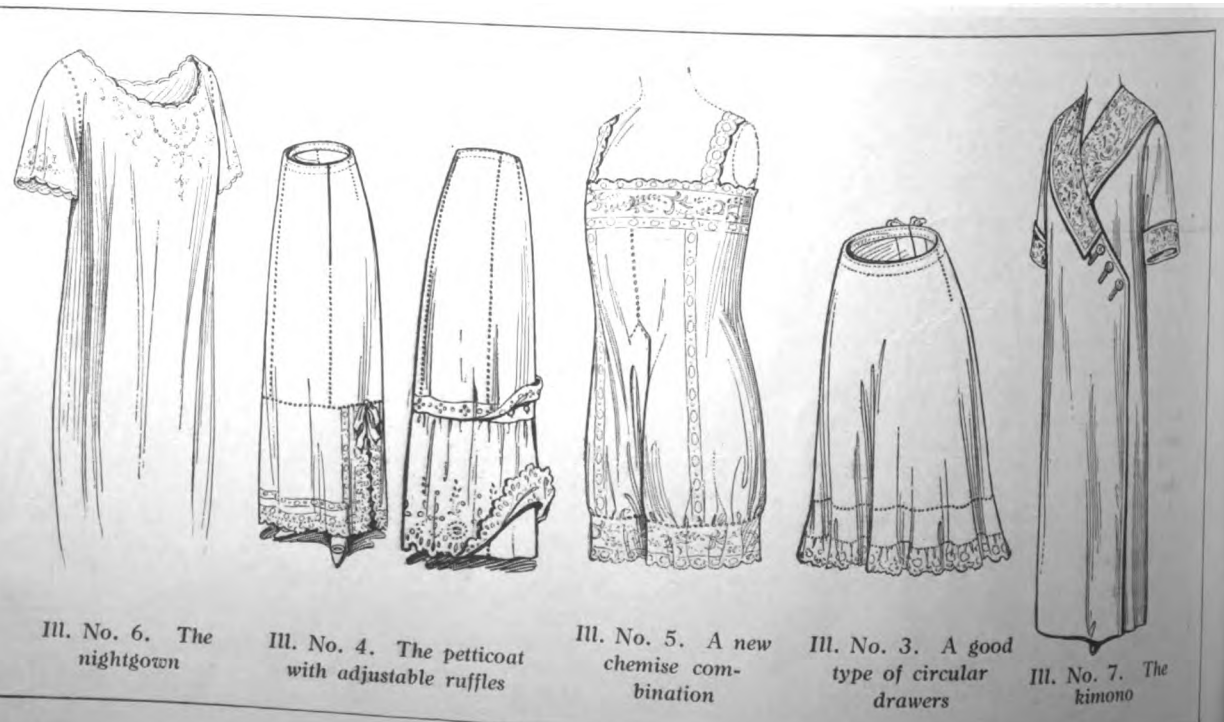
Other Underwear and Accessories

Besides lingerie you'll need:

6 undervests at 19c. apiece	$1.14
6 pairs of stockings at 33 1-3c. a pair	2.00

Then, of course, there are your shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs, veils and corsets, which I have estimated in this way:

2 pairs of shoes at $3.50 a pair	7.00
1 pair of rubbers	.75
1 pair of long silk gloves	2.00
1 pair of long lisle gloves	1.00
1 pair of short silk gloves	.50
Veils and handkerchiefs	3.70
Corsets	3.00



Ill. No. 6. The nightgown

Ill. No. 4. The petticoat with adjustable ruffles

Ill. No. 5. A new chemise combination

Ill. No. 3. A good type of circular drawers

Ill. No. 7. The kimono

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AT THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE

POPULAR EMBROIDERIES

By Ethel M. Harris

Miss Harris will be glad to answer any question pertaining to this department if a stamped envelope is enclosed

NEVER has there been a greater variety of styles of embroidery, and the impression one gets is color, and lots of it, on dresses and white work, with a sprinkling of color for household embroideries.

Take the design No. 10470 which is shown on the smart waist in Russian blouse effect. The embroidery is the new kind which gives the shadowy or impressionistic effect. The stitch is just a single stitch. The transfer gives a line where each stitch should be taken. The design comes in yellow, so that it may be used on dark as well as light colored materials. A helpful hint in stamping this design is to have the iron just barely hot so that the transfer will be just as brilliant on the material as it is on the paper.

This design, No. 10470, contains twelve motifs in two styles, and it lends itself admirably to the new Futurist coloring which Paris so strongly favors this season. The Futurist coloring differs from the Bulgarian coloring. The lattter's distinction lies in its strong use of the primary or raw colors as some artists call them. The Futurist color is likewise strong, but the colors are not elementary ones but rather a queer mixture of the artistic palette, which forms a delightful color impression.

Golden green, which reminds one of Autumn leaves that have been touched by frost and are neither green nor gold, combined with a deep amethyst purple, and red which is known as Japanese red, is one of the striking color combinations that are used. Japanese red is a red between a terra-cotta and a flame red.

Seldom are there more than three or four colors used in these Futurist effects.

Another pleasing combination is raisin color, peacock blue and mustard yellow. Either of these combinations would be effective for motifs No. 10470. The background material may be silk or satin or white cotton crèpe or batiste.

The centerpiece design No. 10472 is thirty-six inches in diameter and may be carried out in white or in delicate colors which will give a Pompadour effect. If color is to be used, I would certainly recommend that you use a medium-weight silk in preference to mercerized cottons or flosses. The cottons and flosses in color have not that rich, handsome effect that silks have.

The little forget-me-nots should be worked in pinks and blues. Don't be afraid to use a lot of the former. The basket is carried out in punch work, using white silk. Do all the punch work first, regardless of the lines of the basket. Do not try to avoid the lines; just work straight across them. You will find that the lines are plainly discernible after the punch work is completed. The lines are then outlined, and the rim, base and handle of the basket worked in white, also in satin-stitch. The bow-knot is slightly padded and then worked in satin-stitch, also in white. The stems and leaves are in a soft shade of leaf green. The scallop edge is well padded and worked in white.

Use a medium-weight linen, one not too closely woven, for the punch work.

About two dozen skeins of white, six skeins of blue, six skeins of pink, five skeins of yellow and four skeins of green medium-weight silk will be required for this piece if silk is used. Of course, if this piece is worked in cottons, not all these materials will be required. If all-white is desired, use white cottons instead of white silk for the piece. Marking cotton can be used for the punch work, though a fine linen floss is better for this purpose.

The designs this month should be a welcome delight to the colorist, for there is ample opportunity for her to show her skill. The next transfer we will talk about is banding No. 10471 for Bulgarian work; and right here let me say that several of our previously issued designs, though they were not mentioned as being for Bulgarian work, are suitable for this. Bulgarian embroidery is really only satin-stitch and outline work carried out in the primary colors already referred to in this article.

This transfer is also in yellow, making it suitable for dark materials also. It is two and five-eighth inches wide, and three and one-half yards and four corners to match are given in the pattern.

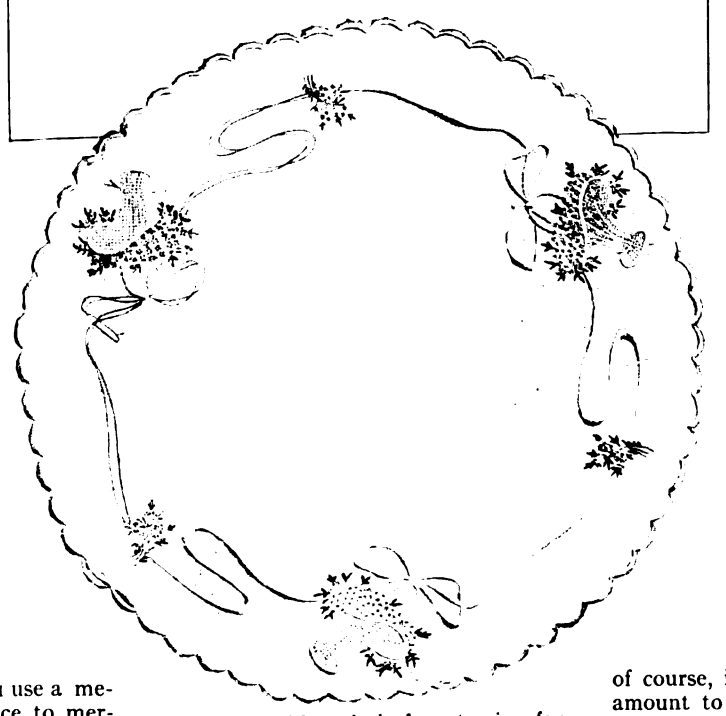
The little crown-shape piece could be worked in blood red and bright navy blue, letting the opposite figures have the same colors. The little half-moons below them can be in emerald-green, and the circle with the four dots and lines can be worked in peacock blue. All the figures might be outlined in black or dull gold to give a rich effect. Wools are particularly pleasing for this style of work. It may be obtained at some stores by the skein, but it is usually sold in most department stores by the hank, which, of course, is more than enough for the amount to be embroidered. Use knitting yarns, if it is impossible to get the crewel wools in your locality.

Chenille is another new medium for embroidery which covers a lot of space in a very short time.

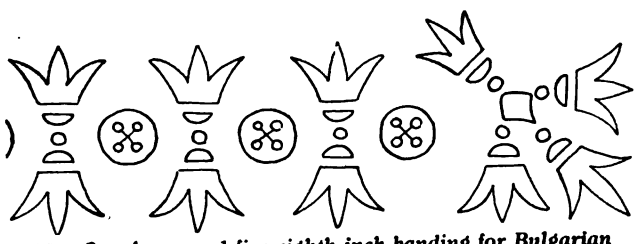
This banding, No. 10471, can readily be cut apart and the motifs of it used along the edges of children's collars and down the front closing of their little Russian blouses.

This month we are giving a scallop and motifs to match previous lingerie designs we have issued. [*Continued on page 472*]

No. 1. Some of the motifs of No. 10470 for single stitch Price, 15 cents



No. 2. A thirty-six-inch centerpiece for punch work and French knots combined, No. 10472. Price, 15 cents



No. 3. *A two-and-five-eighth-inch banding for Bulgarian embroidery, No. 10471. Price, 15 cents*

From Bronze in the private Galleries of C. W. Post.

Breaking the Bonds of Habit

Most of us cling to the things of life which please the senses, and continued indulgence leads to fixed habits—some good, others exacting a heavy penalty.

If any habit, such as coffee drinking, is found to interfere with one's welfare and comfort, it's time to break away.

Medical opinion and the research of pure food scientists agree that the coffee habit is extremely harmful to many persons.

It is hard to induce people to give up coffee, but if they are given the pure food-drink

POSTUM

they will find a distinct gain in health without loss of satisfaction or pleasure.

This nourishing table beverage, made from choice wheat and the juice of Southern sugar-cane, possesses a rich Java-like flavour, but is absolutely free from the coffee drug, *caffeine*, or any other substance which could prove injurious to the most sensitive organism.

The ever-increasing demand for Postum amply proves its worth as a safe table beverage for those who seek the freedom and power which come with mental and physical poise.

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

Sold by grocers.

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Write it on

HIGHLAND LINEN

The mere act of writing on such a surface as that offered by Highland Linen makes letter-writing easier.

It is the letter that it is a pleasure to write that it is a pleasure to receive.

Some letters would be welcome on any paper, but all letters are enhanced by good stationery.

Highland Linen is sold wherever good stationery can be bought. It is fabric finished. It comes in all the correct, fashionable sizes, with all the right shapes and flaps of envelopes. Its tints are of the daintiest. And the price is so low that it enables anyone who likes good paper to have good paper. We will mail samples on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover package and postage.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

Pittsfield, Mass. — New York

TRADE-MARK

Write it on

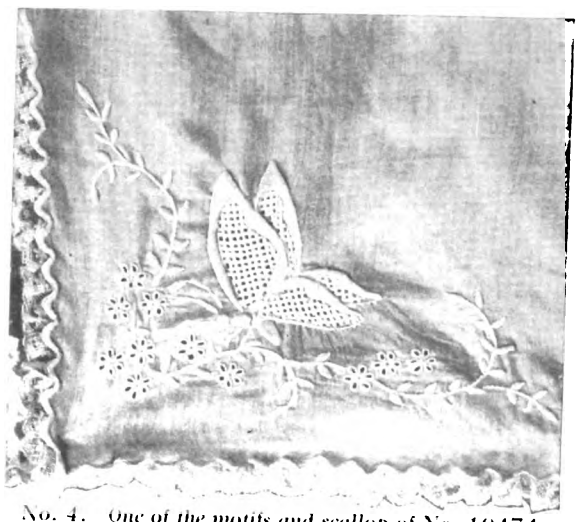
HIGHLAND LINEN

AT THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE

POPULAR EMBROIDERIES

[*Continued from page 471*]

These motifs and scallop No. 10474 may be used on petticoats and drawers. As it is shown here it was used on the edge of a straight drawer leg. The scallop was carried up the side to give the new slashed effect which is so popular on all garments. A petticoat can be treated in exactly the same manner, only using more of the motifs.



No. 4. *One of the motifs and scallop of No. 10474. Price, 15 cents*

Fine nainsook, handkerchief linen or batiste can be used as a background for design No. 10474. Be sure to use a round needle for the punch work, as a three-sided one is apt to tear closely woven materials.

The punch work is done first, then the edge firmly padded and worked in satin-stitch, using marking cotton No. 25 for this purpose.

The flowers may be worked in eyelet or satin-stitch, but you will note what a pleasing effect is obtained by carrying out the leaves in satin-stitch and the flowers in eyelet work.

All lingerie is made doubly attractive by the use of dainty lace, and the illustration shows how it may be used as a protector for the scallop edge.

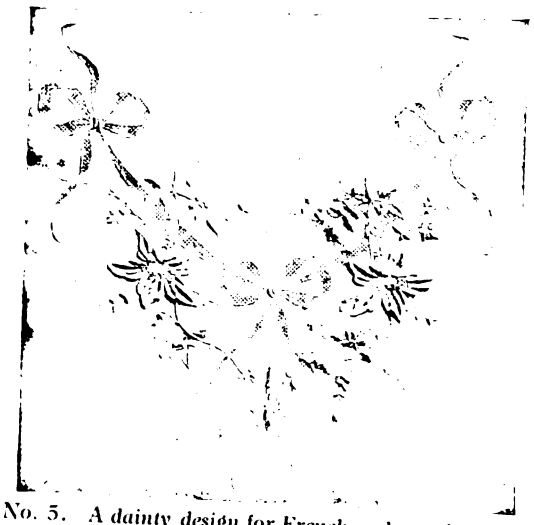
The petticoats are so straight that it really is not such an impossible task these days to embroider an entire outfit. Think of what a lovely engagement present it will make for your girl friend: or if three or four girls would get together and each one make a piece for the bride-to-be, the work will be accomplished in less than no time.

If there is any likelihood of the work not agreeing, let one girl do the punch work, one the eyelet work and another the satin-stitch. The lion's share will fall to the one who does the buttonholing, but she should be excused from the hand-sewing which will be necessary to complete the garments.

A beautiful design for French and punch work is No. 10469. This design includes motifs to be used on the backs, sleeves, collar and front of a waist. Punch work should be used to develop the bow-knot, though, if it is preferred, seeding could be substituted. The edge of the bow-knot is best developed in French stemming, which is a running stitch along the stamped outline, and then worked in fine satin-stitches. It is hardly necessary to take up any of the material; a stitch occasionally just to secure it will be all that is required. If punch work is not desired, lace insertion may be used.

The flowers are worked in split satin-stitch and the leaves are partly satin-stitch and partly seeding. The stems are in French stemming. The centers of the flowers are carried out in tiny eyelets. This design, No. 10469, can be developed on handkerchief linen or batiste. Marking cotton No. 25 should be used for the embroidery.

The sections of the leaves and the parts of the flowers to be worked in satin-stitch should be slightly yet firmly padded before worked in satin-stitch. The running stitch is the best kind to use for the padding. One strand of ball darning cotton can be used, or marking cotton a number coarser than that to be used for the embroidery.

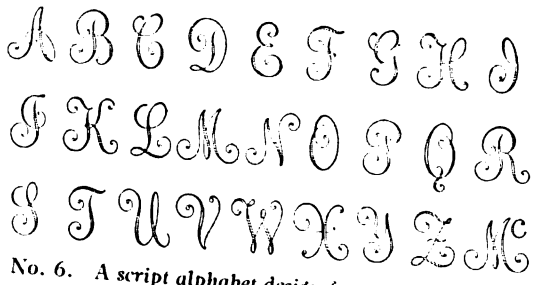


No. 5. *A dainty design for French and punch work, No. 10469. Price, 15 cents*

When a waist as handsome as this is embroidered, the worker should insist that the dressmaker use only hand-sewing on it. No exclusive shop would dare exhibit for sale any blouse with tucks and seams not all daintily hand-sewed.

This design could be used on a skirt by omitting the large knots on the ends and placing the rest of the design so that the leaves below the two flowers rest above the hem.

Transfer No. 10473, the last transfer for the month, is an alphabet design particularly adapted for monogramming. Four sizes of it are given in the pattern: a three-eighth-inch size which is suitable for handkerchiefs; a one-inch size, good for tea napkins; and inch-and-one-half for regulation-size napkins or small guest towels, and a two-and-one-half-inch size for table-cloths and full-size towels.



No. 6. *A script alphabet design for monogramming, in four sizes. No. 10473. Price, 15 cents*

To form a monogram, if it is a three-letter one, stamp the middle initial first, the first on the left side of it, and the third initial on the right side of the middle one.

Laces for Lingerie

Almost every kind of lace is used for lingerie, but preference is given to the easily-washed varieties, such as Quaker Shadow, Normandy, Val, Torchon, cotton Maltese or Cluny.

Quaker Laces are produced in a wide variety of dainty designs, by the largest organization of lace-makers in the world. They come in all fashionable widths of insertions, edges, bands and all-overs.

QUAKER LACES

To see the great variety of Quaker designs, go to the best department stores, dry goods stores and lace specialty shops. **Look for the Quaker head on the blue lace card.**

Send for "The Quaker Lace Book." It contains illustrated suggestions for woman's apparel.

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Makers of Quaker Laces, Quaker Curtains and Quaker Craft-Lace

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When you buy silk gloves— Buy the Best

"Niagara Maid" SILK GLOVES are the *best made*

Silk is absolutely pure. Finger tips are double, and each pair contains a guarantee ticket. Colors are correct to a dot.

"Niagara Maid" Silk Underwear is underwear perfection as well as underwear economy.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, we will send you what you want through him.

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Invented and Pat'd by W. C. Free

Highest grade. Most improved. Best points of all sewing machines assembled into one. Built to outlast two generations. Easy to understand. **The FREE**

Sews Faster, Runs Lighter Is More Beautiful

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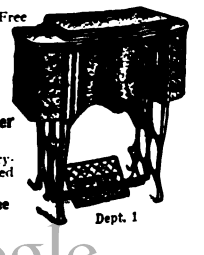

The FREE Sewing Machine Company, Rockford, Ill. Dept. 1

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FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS

A VERY DESIRABLE COOKING SET

THINGS THAT MOST GIRLS NEED AND WANT

WHETHER a girl learns cooking at school or just by helping mother in the kitchen she needs a good protective apron to keep all spots from her dress. In the New York schools girls wear caps too, which make them look like a band of professionals and stimulate the spirit of jolly fellowship in their work. They often make their aprons and caps in the sewing-class after designs which do not require much skill, but are practical and becoming. Such designs are given in the cooking set for misses and girls, numbered design 6187. In this there are an apron of excellent cut, two styles of cap and sleeve protectors included. All are very simple in cut, but make a pretty, attractive outfit. The sleeve protectors are useful when a long-sleeved frock is worn. The material used in the schools is white—lawn, muslin, cambric or whatever the girls choose, but for mother's kitchen gingham and chambray are more serviceable. Checks and stripes are good.

For a girl of ten years, two yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide or one yard and five-eighths thirty-six inches wide will be required for the apron; one-half yard thirty-two or thirty-six inches wide will be required for sleeve protectors, five-eighths of a yard twenty-two or more inches wide for the one-piece cap, and one-quarter yard twenty-seven inches wide for the small cap. Two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the apron and one-piece cap together as shown on the figure.

Design 6187 may be obtained in five sizes, from ten to eighteen years, price ten cents.

Cooking set 6187

Negligee 6234

DESIGN 6192 is for a girls' princess petticoat or slip, something which is really needed in the wardrobe of every little maid, from the tiniest tots up to almost young ladies. For now when Summer frocks are made of transparent material, how will a waistline and buttons look showing through where there isn't any waistline on the dress? If the dress is made on princess or Empire lines or has a long French waist or Russian blouse, the petticoat underneath should not be held in at another place. The princess petticoat or slip will look right under any or all of these different fashionable types of dresses. The one in this design has a new and very desirable cut with the fewest number of seams necessary to give it the proper shaping. It may have round or square neck and be with or without the sleeves or flounce. Muslin, nainsook, cambric, long-cloth, batiste, lawn, sateen, China silk and mull are appropriate materials. The spray design illustrated on the front view at the left is an adaptation of a Butterick transfer design; the scallop may be reproduced from another.

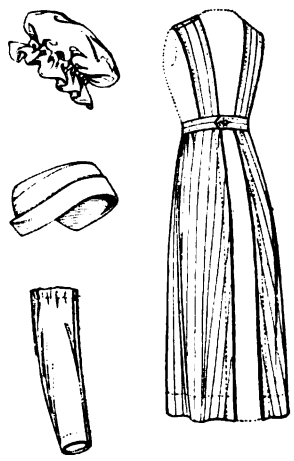
For a girl of nine years, two yards and one-half of material twenty-seven inches wide and four yards and seven-eighths of edging will be required for the slip with sleeves. One yard and seven-eighths thirty-two inches wide or one yard and three-eighths forty-five inches wide will be required for the slip without sleeves. One yard and three-quarters of flouncing seven inches deep will be required for the flounce and three yards and one-half of edging to trim the square neck and armhole edges.

Design 6192 may be obtained in thirteen sizes, from two to fourteen years, price ten cents.

THERE is something so attractive about the lines of an Empire negligee that we are not surprised that all the misses and small women we know are clamoring for one. As for the usefulness of such a garment, there seems to be no earthly reason why young girls should not need a pretty negligee as much as older women. Their most delightful evenings of talk and fudge are usually kimono parties. The negligee in design 6234 has an Empire body cut in a pretty curved outline and a slender skirt. The sleeves, which are sewed into slightly deep armholes, may be with or without cuffs and the open V-shaped neck with or without a charming collar. In medium size the lower edge measures about two yards. Cotton crêpe, dotted swiss, figured lawn and printed silks make useful Summer negligees. Crêpe de Chine, albatross and cashmere are used all the year round. To reproduce the embroidery illustrated on one back view, Butterick transfer designs may be used for the spray and for the scallop. While one may not want to put so much work on one's own wear-and-tear negligee, it is a delightful way of making a gift show feeling and thought.

For a miss of sixteen years, three yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide, three yards and one-half of insertion, two yards of edging, one yard and one-eighth of beading and three yards of ribbon will be required for the negligee as shown on the figure.

Design 6234 may be obtained in six sizes, from fourteen to nineteen years, price fifteen cents.



6187

6192

6234

Bon Ami is wonderful for white shoes

The whiteness you get with Bon Ami is the *original* whiteness. It makes them look like new shoes. None of the unclean, pasty, painted-over effect given by the special whitening compounds.

The Bon Ami way is the clean way.

Bon Ami

Equally good on white buck-skin or canvas.

Simply scrub them with a damp brush (or cloth) and Bon Ami. That dissolves grass stains and takes off mud and grime. Let them dry (preferably on shoe trees) and then brush away the dried soap, and presto—the shoes are white!

A cake of Bon Ami costs 10c, and will clean as many shoes as $1.00 worth of shoe whiteners—and will clean them better, too.

By the way, don't use scratchy, coarse, scouring powders and soaps on the nice white enamel and nickel in your bathroom. Use Bon Ami!

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Your Style Book

Graduating Outfit, Five Pieces, Very Special $9.98

Think of dressing your daughter from head to foot in dainty, fine attire for $9.98. If you should want to purchase any of the items separately, we have marked them at very special prices: the Dress, $4.75; the Hat, $3.98; the Slippers, $1.35; the Gloves, 79c.; the Stockings, 49c.

The complete outfit, express prepaid, for $9.98.

Order complete outfit by number—1A1

71A10—Dainty dress made of sheer white voile elaborately embroidered in rose and eyelet design; trimmed as illustrated, with bands of real linen Cluny insertion. Richly embroidered skirt perfectly fitted over the hips with tucks. Shirred girdle of soft white messaline silk. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; bust measurements 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches, skirt lengths 36, 37 and 38 inches; also proportioned to fit small women with bust measurement up to 38 inches. **$4.75**

88A10—Paris model hat made of dainty white shadow lace exquisitely trimmed as illustrated with bow of fine satin ribbon and hand-made satin ribbon roses and green foliage; hat white trimmed with white, light blue, pink, heliotrope or tea roses. **$3.98**

8A8—Handsome gloves are made of pure Tricot silk, in sixteen button length mousquetaire style; double tipped fingers. Sizes 5½ to 7½. Pair **79c**

18A10—White silk stockings, excellent quality, reinforced at soles, heels and toes with durable lisle thread. Sizes 8 to 10. **49c**

12A10—Dressy one-strap slippers of fine white kid with covered Cuban heel; silk bow; hand-turned sole. Sizes 2½ to 8, widths B to E. **$1.35**

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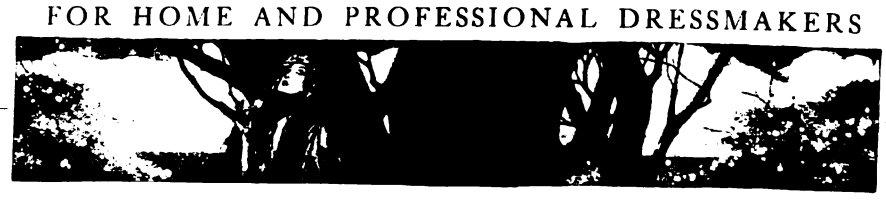
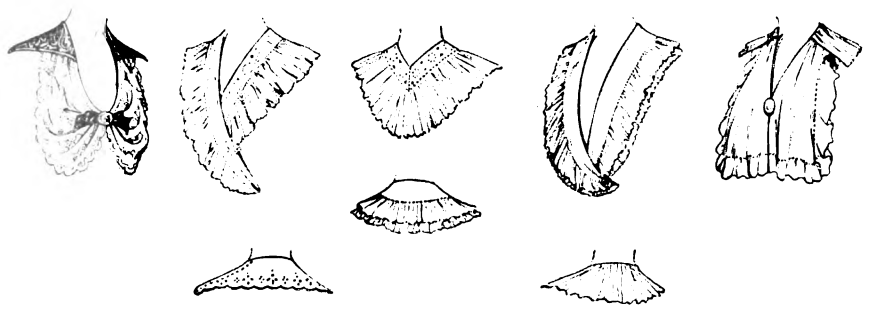
FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL DRESSMAKERS



NEW FICHU COLLARS

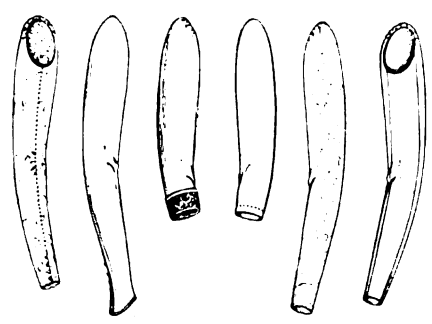
AND SOME UNDERWEAR WHICH IS DEMANDED BY THE PRESENT STYLES

MUCH of the new neckwear is in fichu effect, or is a combination of a collar and fichu drapery. Long frills crossing low like a fichu, made of sheerest mull, batiste, net or shadow lace edging, are worn on both coats and waists. Collars, of which that with wide points on the shoulders is most popular, are made of novelty silks and crêpes, lace and chiffons. Plaited collars of fine batiste or net are wonderfully chic. Attractive designs for these fichu collars are collected in design 6179 for ladies and misses.



6179

For a woman of medium size, one-quarter yard of material twenty-seven or more inches wide, with one yard and three-eighths of edging nine inches wide and one-half yard of ribbon for a bow, will be required for the pointed collar with fichus; one yard and one-half of banding three inches wide, with one-half yard thirty-six inches wide for frill, will be required for the band fichu, one yard and one-quarter of material thirty-six or forty inches wide for the double fichu and one-half yard of material thirty-six or forty inches wide for the plaited collar and fichus.



6172

Design 6179 may be obtained in three sizes, small medium and large, price fifteen cents.

DESIGN 6172 gives well-cut and well-fitting one and two seam dress sleeves, to be sewed into regulation armholes. These are the new sleeves used on smart gowns, having very little fulness at the top and fitting closely around the forearm. Either pair may be made in full or shorter length.

For a woman of medium size, three-quarters of a yard of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for a pair of full-length two-seam sleeves, one-half yard thirty-six inches wide for shorter two-seam sleeves, or three-quarters of a yard of material thirty-six, forty or forty-four inches wide for a pair of full-length one-seam sleeves.

Design 6172 may be obtained in six sizes, from ten to fifteen inches arm measure, price ten cents.

IN DESIGN 6209 for a ladies' combination chemise and open drawers, the clusters of tucks which may be used to fit it in at the waistline are a new idea in this kind of garment which is proving very taking. The neck may be round or square, or in straight outline across the top for evening wear. Designs for embroidering it may be obtained in Butterick transfers, one for the scallop, and an adaptation of another for the spray. Batiste, nainsook and long-cloth are suggested materials for this combination.

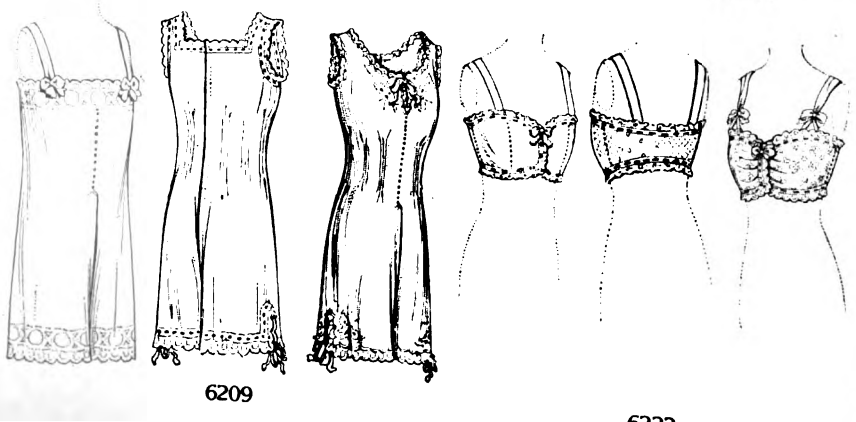
For a woman of medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, two yards and three-quarters of insertion, four yards and one-eighth of edging, and two yards and one-quarter of ribbon for straps and rosettes, will be required for the combination straight across the top, or two yards and one-quarter thirty-two or more inches wide for that extending over the shoulders.

Design 6209 may be obtained in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six inches bust, price fifteen cents.

BUST supporters like the ones shown in design 6222 are worn by slender as well as stout women with the low corsets now used. Especially under thin frocks and blouses with fine loose corset covers they are of real practical value. They are made of all-over embroidery, net, nainsook, long-cloth, cambric and batiste, and daintily trimmed with lace and ribbon. Two styles are shown here, one with seams in front to fit the bust, one plaited into the closing edges. Ribbon bands are used over the shoulders.

For a woman of medium size, one-half yard of all-over embroidery twenty-four inches wide, with three-eighths of a yard of cable or lining net forty inches wide to line, or three-eighths of a yard of material thirty-two or more inches wide, and one yard and one-eighth of ribbon one inch and one-quarter wide for straps will be required. Three yards and three-eighths of beading or edging will trim.

Design 6222 may be obtained in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure, price ten cents.



6209 6222

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Gifts for the Bride

Something she can use every day in her new home, and cause her to keep you in kindly remembrance.

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Heisey's Glassware

can be purchased for the same amount you would pay for some less acceptable gift. You will find our book helpful in making selections. Write for it.

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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

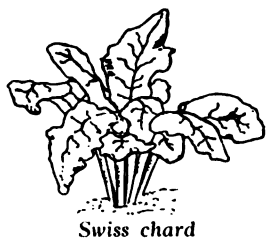
VEGETABLES YOU MAY NOT KNOW

HOME-GARDEN NOVELTIES THAT ARE FUN TO GROW AND REALLY GOOD TO EAT

By Louise Rice

WHEN you open the door and sniff the mysterious sweetness of the first Springy day, what is the reflex action? Why, you turn to your seed catalogues, and look up old, reliable peas and beans and cabbage, and wonder how soon you can begin to spade up the garden.

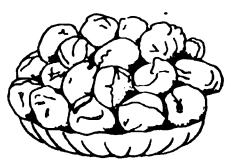
That is all very well; you've been doing that ever since the blessed moment when you acquired your right to the twenty by twenty (more or less) of garden patch, along with the cat and the mortgage. But why the inevitable peas-beans-cabbage combination? You can buy cabbage for your corned beef as cheaply as you can grow it, and while peas and beans have to have a place in every garden, why not introduce some new blood into your garden society? Why not be cosmopolitan horticulturally, as it were?



Swiss chard

When you pass by the greengrocer's shop, look past the onion and potato bins, and the measures of green peas and young carrots, to the long bunches of leeks, the knobs of root celery and the little boxes of Brussels sprouts, and determine that you will experiment with those new vegetable acquaintances yourself.

OKRA is the proper name of our old Southern friend, gumbo. Five cents' worth of the seed will provide enough of the tender young pods for a whole season's soups, stews and flavorings. The bright, delicate flower is so pretty that okra may well be planted in that part of the garden which is nearest the house. In old-fashioned gardens of the South it is often used as a border plant in beds of large flowers, like golden-glow, holly-hock and snapdragon.



Brussels sprouts

YOU know how difficult it is to have young onions ready for the table by early Spring. You know, too, to your sorrow, how much they cost just at the time when your palate craves them most. To meet this need, try sowing seeds of the perpetual onion. The only difficulty is that you must wait a year for them.

Plant the seed one-half inch deep, and when the young plants appear, thin them out. Let them grow all year, using the broad leaves, of a delicate green, to flavor soups. In the Fall, allow the plant to die down, and when heavy frost comes, cover lightly with a little straw and manure. The first warm days of Spring will start the new shoots to growing, and by the tenth day of April you should have many of the tiny bulbs, which appear at the top of the leaves. Detach these and serve as you would young onions, and you will be delighted. The perpetual onion will last for at least eight years before requiring a new planting.

Celeriac

CORN salad is sowed just like lettuce, except that the seeds must be planted an eighth of an inch deeper. When the shoots are young and tender, pull them off and use as you would lettuce, but when they are coarse, boil them twenty minutes, with a bit of bacon, and you have "greens" of superlative quality, which come between the time of dandelions and spinach.

THE festive artichoke, wont to grace the midnight supper, and supposed to be "imported" and therefore most expensive, both on the restaurant menu and the greengrocer's counter, is really one of the easiest vegetables to raise, as well as astoundingly prolific. It is a perennial, the life of a bed being at least five years, and often running up to seven and eight.

The artichoke is hard to raise from seed, just as asparagus is, but if the two-year-old roots are used the flower may be plucked the same year, and success be assured. The roots cost a good deal more than the seed, but roots enough for a patch four feet by four are no more expensive than a dozen of the flowers at the greengrocer's.

The bed must be deeply spaded, and enriched with bone-meal and well-rotted manure.

To cook artichokes, boil them in salted water for twenty or thirty minutes, according to the size. When done, drain them of water by holding them upside down for a moment, and serve with individual saucers of browned butter highly seasoned with salt and black pepper. French people like a vinaigrette sauce, but English and Americans prefer the butter. To eat, pull off each petal of the blossom, dip it lightly in the sauce and nibble off the soft end—the part nearest the heart. The heart itself is the most delicious part of the vegetable, and should be cut into sections with the fork before being rolled in the sauce.

Jerusalem artichokes grow wild in many parts of the country, and when they are cultivated are fed to the hogs. Contrary to the French artichoke, the edible part of this vegetable is its root. It is easy to cultivate, being grown like the potato, producing heavily, and having many uses. It can be grated into thin soups, or mashed with butter, pepper and salt like turnips, or parboiled, allowed to cool, cut in slices, rolled in cracker-crums and fried.

Jerusalem artichoke

SWISS chard is called a "two-purpose" vegetable, because it can be served in different ways. When it is very young the leaves can be eaten, with the usual dressing of oil, vinegar and seasoning, as salad. When the leaves are older they are excellent as greens, while the stalk, gently simmered for thirty minutes, has almost the flavor of asparagus, and is served in the same way. Swiss chard is a prodigal, producing heavily, is undaunted by drought or freshet, and will keep on springing up throughout the Summer after having been pulled since early Spring.

BRUSSELS sprouts, or little cabbages, are so highly esteemed among the French and Belgians that the name "a little cabbage" is a term of endearment.

Okra

The seed should be sown deep, and the plants carefully weeded out, the gardener bearing in mind the fact that each "sprout" will need at least two feet and a half for itself, and the soil must constantly be enriched throughout the season by dry, well-rotted manure. The plant is a tall, lusty thing, a greedy feeder on the soil. The little heads do not appear until September, when they may be found springing from the main stalk. They are best after the first cool days have come.

Leek

To cook Brussels sprouts, boil them twenty-five minutes in salted water, and serve with a dressing of browned butter. They are excellent as an accompaniment to pork or veal. When cold, the sprouts can be heated in any clear gravy, and are then even better than they are when first cooked.

THE leek, that patriarch of the garden, a favorite of Egyptian kings, contemporaneous with the ancient lentil, receives too little attention at the hands of our cooks and gardeners. It is very easy to cultivate, being sown like onion seed, but springing up in half the time. Transplant the shoots to two inches apart, and cultivate well, taking pains not to cover the root too much with earth, as the leek, like the onion, matures by being somewhat exposed.

Oyster plant

Young leeks, the size of a pencil, are delicious in chicken soup, and as a garnish for cos lettuce. They are fried with leg chops of lamb and with veal cutlets; can be creamed like onions, and are a valuable adjunct to soup greens. In France they are grown in every garden, for use in the dish which vies with *pot au feu* in popularity. This is the incomparable peasant soup, the recipe for which is so simple, and the result so satisfying, that I pause to give it.

Peel eight large potatoes, and after soaking them in cold water for an hour, put them on to boil in a large quantity of water. Let them cook gently until they are falling to pieces, then run them through a sieve, return them to the water in which they were boiled, and add a dozen large leeks, cut into long, thin strips. Boil for twenty minutes, add a lump of butter, pepper and salt, and you have a thick purée which has cost not more than fifteen cents (five, if you have raised the leeks), which is, whenever eaten, acclaimed as the king of thick soups.

ROOT celery or celeriac is exactly what its name implies, and should receive, in the main, the same treatment, except that it does not require banking. It is quite as delicate as the other form of celery, but is improved by cooking. Root celery is preeminently the variety for creaming, a form of preparation which deserves far more attention than it receives. To cream celery, cut it in small cubes, boil half an hour in salted water; drain, and cream as you would potatoes. This dish is especially good with cold game or broiled fish.

Chicory

LAST of all, select some unsightly corner of the fence, and plant a dozen or so of the old-fashioned black-eyed cow-pea, which grows like a bean, is shaped like a pea, and tastes like a superior sort of lentil.

You will not find the cowpea in the lists of garden seeds, but look for it over in the back part of the catalogue, along with the mangel-wurzels and the alfalfas, for the cow-pea is the very last word in soil enrichment, according to the lexicon of the up-to-date scientific farmer.

The Afternoon Beverage

You may be spending the dreamy summer afternoon alone, or friends may drop in—make it a perfect afternoon.

Refresh yourself with Welch's. Keep a case in the house all the time. You will enjoy Welch's so much that you will want to have it ready just when you are thirsty for it.

Welch's
"The National Drink"

Its delicious flavor and perfect quality come from the finest Concord grapes, for which we pay a bonus over the market price. This, and the extreme care and cleanliness of the Welch process, contribute to the unequaled excellence.

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company

Westfield, N. Y.

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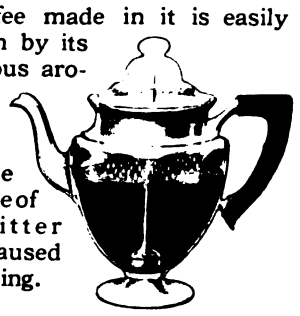
The "Universal" Coffee Percolator

Excels other ways of making coffee because the percolation is completed before the water boils.

Coffee made in it is easily known by its delicious aroma, fine flavor and the absence of the bitter taste caused by boiling.



If you want to know what perfect coffee is like, try the "Universal."

"Universal" Percolators are are also made to operate economically by electricity.

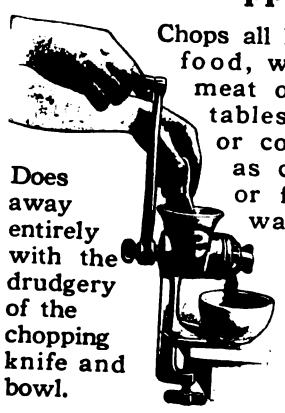
The "Universal" Thermo-cell Sad Iron

lightens the burden of ironing. The Thermo-cell, or dead air space, holds heat in—holds cold out. Self-locking handle cannot work loose.

No springs to replace. The "Universal" heats quickly, cools slowly, saves labor, time and fuel.

"Universal" Electric Iron cuts to the minimum the cost of ironing by electricity.

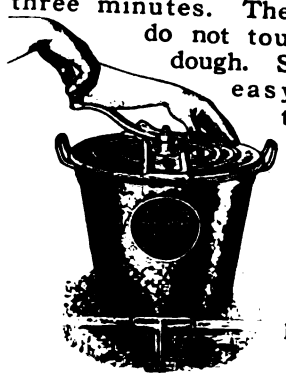
The "Universal" Food Chopper



Chops all kinds of food, whether meat or vegetables—raw or cooked—as coarse or fine as wanted—rapidly and easily. Does away entirely with the drudgery of the chopping knife and bowl.

The "Universal" Bread Maker

Mixes and kneads bread in three minutes. The hands do not touch the dough. Simple, easy, sanitary. Does away with hand kneading. Makes perfect bread.



Write for booklet, "Universal Home Needs." When buying look for this trade mark UNIVERSAL

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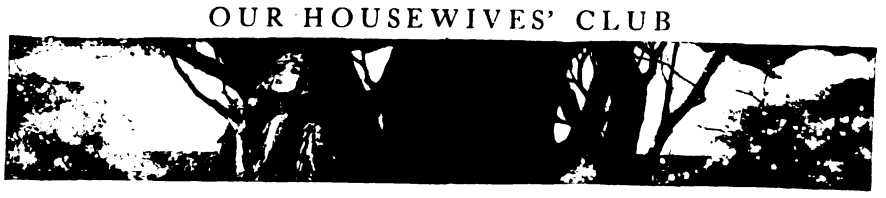
528 Commercial St., New Britain, Conn.

OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB



PINEAPPLE PLEASURES

SURPRISES ARE IN STORE FOR EXPERIMENTERS WITH THIS ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND FRUIT

By Emma Paddock Telford

JUST before the strawberry gets its innings in our Northern States the pineapple arrives. It should be joyfully welcomed, for it has possibilities unguessed by most, and it is cheap, has good keeping qualities and a clean, delicious flavor. More than that, it is particularly healthful. We may not agree entirely with the pineapple propaganda that has been pushed so vigorously in the last few years by eminent scientists, but the very enthusiasm they exhibit when discussing its medicinal merits is contagious.

A member of the United States Geological Survey, who laid his own splendid health to the generous use of pineapples, advises all to follow his example and be well. "If you have one foot in the grave and are a nervous wreck from the attacks of dyspepsia," he declared, "drink pineapple-juice. It is the grandest tonic that nature has yet offered poor man, and is even better as a weapon against old age and decrepitude than the sour-milk diet that has made the Bulgarian peasants the longest-lived people on the face of the earth."

"The juice of the pine contains the natural ferments of healthy digestion to a remarkable degree. It is far better even than sour milk, because, unlike the milk, it does not have to digest itself. Sour milk, containing so much fat and solid matter, has a good deal of work to do disposing of itself before it can assist in the digestion of other food in the stomach. I really believe if we adopted the pineapple-juice as a national beverage, Americans would be the healthiest people on the face of the earth. We would never know what dyspepsia and indigestion were. When iced and properly sweetened there is no drink on the face of the earth that can be compared to it, and the beauty of the pineapple tipple is that it does not violate the laws of health or of prohibition, and one can drink of it indefinitely without becoming tired of it."

Pineapple-Juice for Diphtheria

IN THE South the pure pineapple-juice is used in diphtheria. Physicians also recommend its use as a gargle for ordinary sore throats and promise healing in catarrhal affections.

And just here a word of warning. The pineapple is such a digester that it should not be eaten on an empty stomach. For this reason it is not wise to eat it alone for a first course at breakfast, unless the rest of the meal is soon to follow.

A Knack in Eating Pineapples

PEOPLE who have lived in the haunts of the pineapple tell us that Americans need to be taught how to eat pineapples *au naturel*. Instead of slicing, which releases the juice from the pulp and is therefore apt to leave the meat somewhat dry and tasteless, try this method:

Select a small or medium-sized pineapple, for in these the flavor is usually best, and be sure it has both stem and crown. Be sure it is ripe also; for the juice of a green and growing pine is credited with being almost a deadly poison. Now remove the stem and throw away, but twist out the crown and keep for future reference. Into the shallow pit from which the crown has been twisted drive two strong skewers down through the central core until they just come through at the bottom. Now pull the skewers apart and you will find that the pine is split asunder from stem to crown. Then it is a simple matter to split the core, and again the quarters. A little experience will bring the knack of thus dismembering the pine without losing a drop of the juice. This gives eight slices which may be eaten from the hand, using the rind and eye as proper and convenient handles for conveying the fruit to the lips. By eating in this fashion no particle of juice is wasted and you can eat right down to the skin.

A connoisseur in the service of the pine says that the heart of the crown contains the choicest *bonne bouche* of all. Pull off all the leaves carefully to the very heart and there will be found two dainty soft white leaves in a spike about half an inch long. Dip this tender morsel in a few drops of tabasco and the flavor of that heart of pine will linger on the palate for many a day.

Pineapple Omelet

BEAT three eggs thoroughly with a tablespoonful of sugar, adding at the last a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful each of lemon and pineapple juice. Have the omelet pan hot and well greased sides and bottom, with a teaspoonful of melted butter or oil. Turn in the beaten eggs, and as they cook, break the omelet once in a while with a silver fork. When still moist, sprinkle on top half of the omelet a cupful of chopped or grated pineapple, canned or fresh, fold over the other half, sprinkle with sugar and serve immediately.

Another Pineapple Omelet

PUT into a good-sized frying-pan two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and cook until melted and bubbly, but not at all browned. Stir in a cupful of shredded pineapple, sweetened to taste, the well-beaten yolks of five eggs and a half saltspoonful of salt. Lastly, fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the five eggs, and cook a moment or two on top of the stove. Then set in the oven and bake slowly until the eggs are set and the omelet puffed. Turn on a hot platter, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve at once.

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SLICE, peel and dice enough pineapple to make about three pounds. Place in a preserving-kettle with a pound of sugar and a quart of water and cook until very soft. Mash and strain. Return to the kettle, and to each pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. Cook to a rich sirup and bottle while hot. Use patent stoppers or sealing-wax to make air-tight. This will be ready for use at any time for sauces or cooling drinks.

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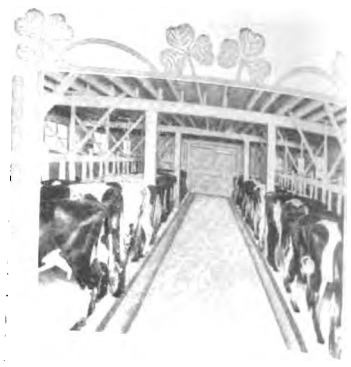
PUT a cupful of fresh pineapple-juice in a saucepan with a cupful of granulated sugar and cook for ten minutes. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs, and whip with an egg-beater over boiling water until foamy. Take from the fire, add the whipped whites of eggs and serve hot with ice-cream. If the pineapple sirup is used, omit the sugar.

Preserved Pineapple Uncooked

IF ONE has a good cold cellar or storeroom the fresh pineapple may be grated and preserved uncooked for culinary or medicinal use. Allow a pound of sugar to each pound of grated fruit and let stand in the ice-box for twelve hours. Then pack into sterilized jars, screw tight, and as an additional precaution cover the top with sterilized cotton batting and tie down firmly. Keep in a cold, dark place.



Only Pure, Rich Milk, Produced by perfectly healthy cows, properly fed and housed in sanitary barns, well lighted and ventilated, is used in the preparation of

Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Best for the Nursery, the Table and Cooking Purposes.

Send for
"Borden's Recipes."
"My Biography," a book for babies.
"Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme."

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York
Est. 1857

The ALASKA FREEZER

THE ALASKA AERATING SPOON DASHER

with the *aerating spoon dasher* is the only real advance in freezers for years. It's a wonder working freezer both in producing frozen cream in the short time of three minutes, and in making it better and more utterly delicious than you can imagine. *The novel spoon dashers* whip air into every particle of the cream, producing a lightness and delicious rich smoothness that delight the taste beyond description. Other ALASKA features: cans have no square or deep sockets to catch or hold dirt and sediment—they are perfectly hygienic. Gears are covered—no danger of pinching the fingers. Extreme simplicity and ease of operation, economy of ice, salt and time. Guaranteed satisfactory.

The North Pole Freezer

with heavy galvanized steel tub (not tin) is the best low priced freezer made. Close fitting cover retains all the cold. It's simple, practical, easy of operation, freezes cream light and smooth in four minutes.

A new free booklet, Good News For Ice Cream Lovers, full of the choicest recipes of ices, creams and frozen dainties compiled by leading authorities will be sent upon request. Write to-day.

If your dealer can't show these freezers send to us for the name of an Alaska dealer.

NORTH POLE ALL METAL FREEZER

THE ALASKA FREEZER CO.
550 Lincoln Avenue,
Winchendon, Mass.

My Big Offer on 5000 "LEADER" FIRELESS COOKERS

SOLID ALUMINUM LINED THROUGHOUT
The lowest price, highest grade guaranteed aluminum cookers on the market. WON'T RUST. Solid aluminum cooking utensils FREE. Roast, bake, fry, boil, steam and stew. BIG SAVING in fuel and labor. YOU need one 365 days a year. Free Trial 45 days. Drop me a card today for offer D.

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PURE ALUMINUM LINED Detroit, Mich.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $2.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 50c.
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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

DISHES FROM THE DAKOTAS

HOUSEWIVES' OF THE GREAT PLAINS HAVE IDEAS WELL WORTH ADOPTING

Dakota Apple Rosettes

PEEL and quarter as many apples as are needed, allowing one to each guest. Sweeten to taste, put in a covered dish and bake. When cold, place in rosette shells one big tablespoonful of the apple or two or three quarters, then a teaspoonful of ground nuts, and on this a spoonful of whipped cream sweetened and flavored. These are very nice for luncheon.

MRS. J. L. M.,
Ledgerwood, N. D.

OUT *in the broad wheat belt the house-wives show as strong a bent for originality in food preparation as elsewhere. They are very practical, too, and their contribution to* THE DELINEATOR'S *series is certain to be suggestively helpful everywhere.*

Delaware and the District of Columbia will have their turns next in contributing distinctive dishes in this interesting series.

"Salt-Rising" Bread

BOIL one-third cupful of new milk, pour onto two teaspoonfuls of yellow corn-meal. Keep in *warm* place until light. When light, set your "sponge," beating well, and keep in *warm* place until "sponge" is light. Mold into loaves. When light, put into hot oven. Bake from three-quarters of an hour to one hour. From one to ten loaves can be made with this quantity of "rising."

K. R. M.,
Valley City, N. D.

The Lightest of Biscuits

TWO cupfuls of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, four rounding teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Mix, chop into this two full tablespoonfuls of butter (or lard), then add gradually one cupful of milk. Roll out the dough, cut in small biscuits, place in greased pan and bake in a quick oven for twelve minutes. The dough should be very soft.

MRS. G. E. M., Arnott, S. D.

Steamed Graham Bread

USE for this one cupful of corn-meal, two cupfuls of Graham flour, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, and a pint of sour milk. Mix in order named and beat hard. Fill a pail one-half full, tie down the cover and boil hard for three hours. Uncover in slow oven for twenty minutes.

MRS. G. A. B., Hurdsfield, N. D.

Army Doughnuts

TWO well-beaten eggs, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of softened butter, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and flour to roll easily. Cut in circles with a biscuit-cutter, then stamp out the centers with a smaller cutter and fry in hot fat. These are delicious.

K. E. W., Bismarck, N. D.

Baked Calf's Liver

WASH and wipe dry one calf's liver, then slash and score inside. Have ready a well-seasoned bread dressing, using quite a bit of onion. Pack into the liver, then tie with cord or skewer with wooden toothpicks, putting several pieces of bacon over the openings. Put in the baking-pan, pour over it a little hot water, and bake at least an hour in a hot oven, basting frequently. Serve hot with a garnish of parsley.

MRS. F. B. G., Balfour, N. D.

Tomato Curry

PEEL and slice rather thick four or five ripe tomatoes. Cook one tablespoonful each of minced onion and celery in two of butter, and then put in the tomato slices and cook them for a few minutes. Mix one tablespoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of curry-powder, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika, with three-quarters of a cupful of cream. Put the tomato slices in a hot dish, pour the cream mixture into the sauté pan and cook until it begins to thicken; then pour it over the tomatoes. This can be cooked in a chafing-dish and is perfectly delicious for luncheon.

M. W., Pembina, N. D.

Nut Bread for Afternoon Tea

HERE is a recipe for a nut bread which is delicious. Four cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-quarter cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Sift together, then add two cupfuls of sweet milk, one large cupful of nuts and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Let rise forty-five minutes and bake one hour. Try this with cocoa and jam for your afternoon tea-table.

S. E. B., Arlington, S. D.

A Good Home-made Ice-Cream

USE for this one quart each of milk and cream, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of flour and flavoring to suit taste. Place the milk in a double boiler and when hot add flour and sugar well beaten with a little of the milk. Cook ten minutes, cool and add one quart of rich cream and flavoring, and freeze. If rich cream is used, the dish is as good as mousse. The proportions given make nearly one gallon.

MRS. F. B. G., Balfour, N. D.

To Improve Butter

OFTEN in Winter the butter is not quite so sweet and nice as it was during the Summer. This may be from the difference in the cows' feed or from the cream standing longer in Winter. If the butter, when taken from the churn and while still in the granular form, is put into a bath of sweet, skimmed milk and allowed to remain for twenty or thirty minutes, it will have the sweetness of new June butter.

MRS. J. H. C., New England, N. D.

A Delicious Cake Filling

BOIL one-half cupful of cream and one cupful of sugar five minutes. Remove from the fire and beat with a fork or spoon until creamy. Before pouring over the cake add one-half cupful of finely ground peanuts. If too stiff to pour, it can be reheated.

MRS. A. H., Corsica, S. D.

Circus Cookies

ONE-HALF cupful of butter or other shortening, one-half cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, the yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two of baking-powder and one of vanilla. Perhaps a tablespoonful of milk if it seems to be needed. Mix stiff enough so that it can be cut with a knife. Mold the dough into small balls, and press a quarter of a walnut meat into the top. Press flat with a baking-powder can.

MISS C. E., DeSmet, S. D.

Three Purses of Gold

$2000.00 — $500.00 — $500.00 to successful Artists painting a great subject,

"Dangerous Servants"

The purpose of this competition is to secure original paintings so skilfully executed that they will express certain human experiences and send them clearly to the mind of any observer.

Preliminary color sketches are expected.

The judges select six of the most promising and notify the six artists who can then finish in oil.

The principal figures to be not less than one-third life size.

When the six finished paintings have been passed upon by the judges the artist accorded first prize will receive a purse of $2000.00 gold. Each of two others will receive second prizes of $500.00 gold. The remaining three pictures will be returned to their owners.

Ownership in each of the accepted pictures will be transferred to me and they will be hung in my collection at Battle Creek. Plainly printed rules governing the contest will be furnished by mail on request.

Each artist should thoroughly consider the subject, and absorb the facts in order to produce a great work combining realism and art with such skill that the finished picture will tell the story of three servants who appear in many men's lives, and who might be valuable if used only as servants in time of need, but from familiarity become tyrannous and cruel masters.

They gain a power that seems hypnotic, under which the employer appears powerless to dismiss them even when their smiling faces and alluring promises are later followed by demoniacal grins of contempt as they rob him of health, power to properly conduct his affairs, and frequently humiliate him before others.

Carefully observe the men you know, and perhaps study yourself and your acquaintance with these three servants, TOBACCO, ALCOHOL and COFFEE.

It will prove a most interesting occupation if conducted without prejudice either way. (The writer has "enjoyed" some personal experience.)

Start with the premise that each one is a well known drug, two of them of importance in certain conditions of human disease, when administered by a skilful physician. Hence at such rare times, and when under control, these servants are useful. But drugs are intended to combat disease and their use otherwise is resented by Nature.

Certain punishment in some form or other, light or heavy, sooner or later is sure to follow continued use.

Frequently men assert, "they don't hurt me." Let us most earnestly wish they never would, for most men of that mind can't dismiss these domineering servants.

By watching men who are now being ruled, it will be observed that they use the Whiskey, Tobacco, or Coffee in a search for nerve rest and happiness.

Think it over carefully and see how close you come to that conclusion.

Now suppose that no harm to the body, mind, business or friends resulted from a man's keeping well drugged day by day, certainly no one could then object. But when the final breakdown of the nervous system shows itself in weakened heart, or failure of some other organs, caused by the lack of nervous power to properly operate them, then we realize that the daily introduction of the drug was permitted by Nature under mild protest at first, but a rigid accounting demanded later on.

So long, however, as the user of drugs harbors the belief that they bring him happiness he will stick to them.

A man, in a supreme effort to rid himself of the whiskey habit, may go to some cure and be helped, but whenever he again believes that whiskey will bring him happiness and forgets the hurts and humiliation, he will go back to it.

So with the man dominated by Coffee or Tobacco. When he runs for a car and his "Coffee heart" or "Tobacco heart" fails him and sudden death looks possible, or when some other ugly symptoms appear, he may break the hypnotic spell for a time, but go back some day when he is better and thinks a little of his pet drug would make him happy. Once he shakes himself entirely free from the hypnotic spell and fixes his mind steadfast on the fact that health, strength of muscle and mind, power to do things and win and hold position, bring happiness, and when he remembers that haven of rest, the peaceful sleep of an undrugged body, he will never go back for he knows the falsehood behind the promises of the servant who abused him so cruelly.

That's the story. It will not be believed by the man still in the hypnotic dream of "drug happiness" until some day Old Mother Nature, tired of mild protests, will give him a sound trouncing and, with blinking eyes and returning consciousness, he will begin to wonder if the story isn't true after all.

It seems, at first thought, a pity that Nature will not allow tired and worried mankind a surcease from weariness by drugging and not demand the wretched bill, but Nature's law is fixed and finally man comes into the knowledge that only real peace and happiness is enjoyed by a clean, clear mind operating in harmony with a perfect and undrugged body.

Get that great fact clearly into your consciousness.

There will doubtless be a variety of ideas as to the most effective way to tell the story with a brush.

The ingenuity of each artist will have full play.

Each servant should depict in some manner one of the drugs and be shown with a beautiful, alluring face, also some hint of an unhealthy body, possibly with a partly hidden dagger. In some way tell the story of deceit, the fascinating promises of rest and peace to be redeemed in pain and distress.

"There's a Reason" for the picture; let the reason show forth in it.

All preliminary sketches must be presented before July 1st, 1913, and the finished pictures before Sept. 15th, 1913.

Artists who may be interested can address the undersigned at Battle Creek, Mich.

C. W. POST.

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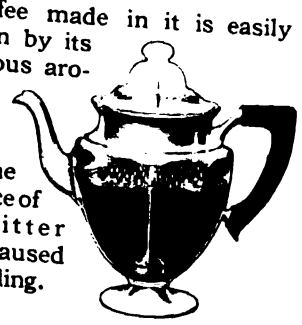
The "Universal" Coffee Percolator

Excels other ways of making coffee because the percolation is completed before the water boils.

Coffee made in it is easily known by its delicious aroma, fine flavor and the absence of the bitter taste caused by boiling.



If you want to know what perfect coffee is like, try the "Universal."

"Universal" Percolators are are also made to operate economically by electricity.

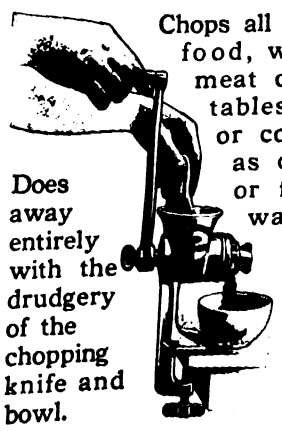
The "Universal" Thermo-cell Sad Iron

lightens the burden of ironing. The Thermo-cell, or dead air space, holds heat in—holds cold out. Self-locking handle cannot work loose.

No springs to replace. The "Universal" heats quickly, cools slowly, saves labor, time and fuel.

"Universal" Electric Iron cuts to the minimum the cost of ironing by electricity.

The "Universal" Food Chopper



Chops all kinds of food, whether meat or vegetables—raw or cooked—as coarse or fine as wanted—rapidly and easily.

Does away entirely with the drudgery of the chopping knife and bowl.

The "Universal" Bread Maker

Mixes and kneads bread in three minutes. The hands do not touch the dough. Simple, easy, sanitary.

Does away with hand kneading. Makes perfect bread.

Write for booklet, "Universal Home Needs." When buying look for this trade mark UNIVERSAL

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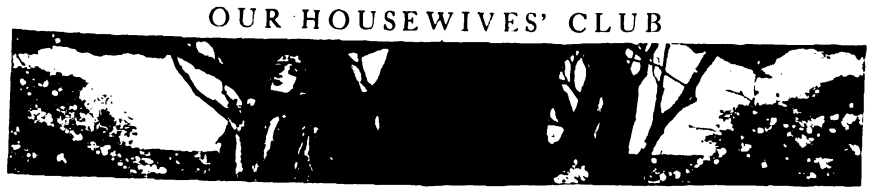

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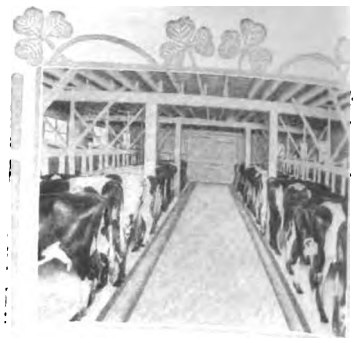

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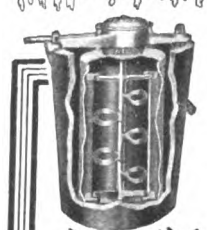
The ALASKA FREEZER



with the *aerating spoon dasher* is the only real advance in freezers for years. It's a wonder working freezer both in producing frozen cream in the short time of three minutes, and in making it better and more utterly delicious than you can imagine. *The novel spoon dashers* whip air into every particle of the cream, producing a lightness and delicious rich smoothness that delight the taste beyond description.

THE ALASKA with AERATING SPOON DASHER

Other ALASKA features: cans have no square or deep sockets to catch or hold dirt and sediment—they are perfectly hygienic. Gears are covered—no danger of pinching the fingers. Extreme simplicity and ease of operation, economy of ice, salt and time. Guaranteed satisfactory.

The North Pole Freezer

with heavy galvanized steel tub (not tin) is the best low priced freezer made. Close fitting cover retains all the cold. It's simple, practical, easy of operation, freezes cream light and smooth in four minutes. If your dealer can't show these freezers send to us for the name of an Alaska dealer.

A new free booklet, Good News For Ice Cream Lovers, full of the choicest recipes of ices, creams and frozen dainties compiled by leading authorities will be sent upon request. Write to-day.

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THE ALASKA FREEZER CO.
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My Big Offer on 5000 "LEADER" FIRELESS COOKERS

SOLID ALUMINUM LINED THROUGHOUT
The lowest price, highest grade guaranteed aluminum cookers on the market. WON'T RUST. Solid aluminum cooking utensils FREE. Roast, bake, fry, boil, steam and stew. BIG SAVING in fuel and labor. YOU need one 365 days a year. Free Trial 45 days. Drop me a card today for offer D.

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PURE ALUMINUM LINED

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $2.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 50c.
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OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

DISHES FROM THE DAKOTAS

HOUSEWIVES' OF THE GREAT PLAINS HAVE IDEAS WELL WORTH ADOPTING

Dakota Apple Rosettes

PEEL and quarter as many apples as are needed, allowing one to each guest. Sweeten to taste, put in a covered dish and bake. When cold, place in rosette shells one big tablespoonful of the apple or two or three quarters, then a teaspoonful of ground nuts, and on this a spoonful of whipped cream sweetened and flavored. These are very nice for luncheon.

MRS. J. L. M.,
Ledgerwood, N. D.

The Lightest of Biscuits

TWO cupfuls of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, four rounding teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Mix, chop into this two full tablespoonfuls of butter (or lard), then add gradually one cupful of milk. Roll out the dough, cut in small biscuits, place in greased pan and bake in a quick oven for twelve minutes. The dough should be very soft.

MRS. G. E. M., Arnott, S. D.

Army Doughnuts

TWO well-beaten eggs, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of softened butter, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and flour to roll easily. Cut in circles with a biscuit-cutter, then stamp out the centers with a smaller cutter and fry in hot fat. These are delicious.

K. E. W., Bismarck, N. D.

Tomato Curry

PEEL and slice rather thick four or five ripe tomatoes. Cook one tablespoonful each of minced onion and celery in two of butter, and then put in the tomato slices and cook them for a few minutes. Mix one tablespoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of curry-powder, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika, with three-quarters of a cupful of cream. Put the tomato slices in a hot dish, pour the cream mixture into the sauté pan and cook until it begins to thicken; then pour it over the tomatoes. This can be cooked in a chafing-dish and is perfectly delicious for luncheon.

M. W., Pembina, N. D.

A Good Home-made Ice-Cream

USE for this one quart each of milk and cream, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of flour and flavoring to suit taste. Place the milk in a double boiler and when hot add flour and sugar well beaten with a little of the milk. Cook ten minutes, cool and add one quart of rich cream and flavoring, and freeze. If rich cream is used, the dish is as good as mousse. The proportions given make nearly one gallon.

MRS. F. B. G., Balfour, N. D.

A Delicious Cake Filling

BOIL one-half cupful of cream and one cupful of sugar five minutes. Remove from the fire and beat with a fork or spoon until creamy. Before pouring over the cake add one-half cupful of finely ground peanuts. If too stiff to pour, it can be reheated.

MRS. A. H., Corsica, S. D.

OUT in the broad wheat belt the house-wives show as strong a bent for originality in food preparation as elsewhere. They are very practical, too, and their contribution to THE DELINEATOR'S series is certain to be suggestively helpful everywhere.

Delaware and the District of Columbia will have their turns next in contributing distinctive dishes in this interesting series.

"Salt-Rising" Bread

BOIL one-third cupful of new milk, pour onto two teaspoonfuls of yellow corn-meal. Keep in *warm* place until light. When light, set your "sponge," beating well, and keep in *warm* place until "sponge" is light. Mold into loaves. When light, put into hot oven. Bake from three-quarters of an hour to one hour. From one to ten loaves can be made with this quantity of "rising."

K. R. M.,
Valley City, N. D.

Steamed Graham Bread

USE for this one cupful of corn-meal, two cupfuls of Graham flour, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, and a pint of sour milk. Mix in order named and beat hard. Fill a pail one-half full, tie down the cover and boil hard for three hours. Uncover in slow oven for twenty minutes.

MRS. G. A. B., Hurdsfield, N. D.

Baked Calf's Liver

WASH and wipe dry one calf's liver, then slash and score inside. Have ready a well-seasoned bread dressing, using quite a bit of onion. Pack into the liver, then tie with cord or skewer with wooden toothpicks, putting several pieces of bacon over the openings. Put in the baking-pan, pour over it a little hot water, and bake at least an hour in a hot oven, basting frequently. Serve hot with a garnish of parsley.

MRS. F. B. G., Balfour, N. D.

Nut Bread for Afternoon Tea

HERE is a recipe for a nut bread which is delicious. Four cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-quarter cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Sift together, then add two cupfuls of sweet milk, one large cupful of nuts and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Let rise forty-five minutes and bake one hour. Try this with cocoa and jam for your afternoon tea-table.

S. E. B., Arlington, S. D.

To Improve Butter

OFTEN in Winter the butter is not quite so sweet and nice as it was during the Summer. This may be from the difference in the cows' feed or from the cream standing longer in Winter. If the butter, when taken from the churn and while still in the granular form, is put into a bath of sweet, skimmed milk and allowed to remain for twenty or thirty minutes, it will have the sweetness of new June butter.

MRS. J. H. C., New England, N. D.

Circus Cookies

ONE-HALF cupful of butter or other shortening, one-half cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, the yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two of baking-powder and one of vanilla. Perhaps a tablespoonful of milk if it seems to be needed. Mix stiff enough so that it can be cut with a knife. Mold the dough into small balls, and press a quarter of a walnut meat into the top. Press flat with a baking-powder can.

MISS C. E., DeSmet, S. D.

Three Purses of Gold

$2000.00 — $500.00 — $500.00 to successful Artists painting a great subject,

"Dangerous Servants"

The purpose of this competition is to secure original paintings so skilfully executed that they will express certain human experiences and send them clearly to the mind of any observer.

Preliminary color sketches are expected.

The judges select six of the most promising and notify the six artists who can then finish in oil.

The principal figures to be not less than one-third life size.

When the six finished paintings have been passed upon by the judges the artist accorded first prize will receive a purse of $2000.00 gold. Each of two others will receive second prizes of $500.00 gold. The remaining three pictures will be returned to their owners.

Ownership in each of the accepted pictures will be transferred to me and they will be hung in my collection at Battle Creek. Plainly printed rules governing the contest will be furnished by mail on request.

Each artist should thoroughly consider the subject, and absorb the facts in order to produce a great work combining realism and art with such skill that the finished picture will tell the story of three servants who appear in many men's lives, and who might be valuable if used only as servants in time of need, but from familiarity become tyrannous and cruel masters.

They gain a power that seems hypnotic, under which the employer appears powerless to dismiss them even when their smiling faces and alluring promises are later followed by demoniacal grins of contempt as they rob him of health, power to properly conduct his affairs, and frequently humiliate him before others.

Carefully observe the men you know, and perhaps study yourself and your acquaintance with these three servants, TOBACCO, ALCOHOL and COFFEE.

It will prove a most interesting occupation if conducted without prejudice either way. (The writer has "enjoyed" some personal experience.)

Start with the premise that each one is a well known drug, two of them of importance in certain conditions of human disease, when administered by a skilful physician. Hence at such rare times, and when under control, these servants are useful. But drugs are intended to combat disease and their use otherwise is resented by Nature.

Certain punishment in some form or other, light or heavy, sooner or later is sure to follow continued use.

Frequently men assert, "they don't hurt me." Let us most earnestly wish they never would, for most men of that mind can't dismiss these domineering servants.

By watching men who are now being ruled, it will be observed that they use the Whiskey, Tobacco, or Coffee in a search for nerve rest and happiness.

Think it over carefully and see how close you come to that conclusion.

Now suppose that no harm to the body, mind, business or friends resulted from a man's keeping well drugged day by day, certainly no one could then object. But when the final breakdown of the nervous system shows itself in weakened heart, or failure of some other organs, caused by the lack of nervous power to properly operate them, then we realize that the daily introduction of the drug was permitted by Nature under mild protest at first, but a rigid accounting demanded later on.

So long, however, as the user of drugs harbors the belief that they bring him happiness he will stick to them.

A man, in a supreme effort to rid himself of the whiskey habit, may go to some cure and be helped, but whenever he again believes that whiskey will bring him happiness and forgets the hurts and humiliation, he will go back to it.

So with the man dominated by Coffee or Tobacco. When he runs for a car and his "Coffee heart" or "Tobacco heart" fails him and sudden death looks possible, or when some other ugly symptoms appear, he may break the hypnotic spell for a time, but go back some day when he is better and thinks a little of his pet drug would make him happy. Once he shakes himself entirely free from the hypnotic spell and fixes his mind steadfast on the fact that health, strength of muscle and mind, power to do things and win and hold position, bring happiness, and when he remembers that haven of rest, the peaceful sleep of an undrugged body, he will never go back for he knows the falsehood behind the promises of the servant who abused him so cruelly.

That's the story. It will not be believed by the man still in the hypnotic dream of "drug happiness" until some day Old Mother Nature, tired of mild protests, will give him a sound trouncing and, with blinking eyes and returning consciousness, he will begin to wonder if the story isn't true after all.

It seems, at first thought, a pity that Nature will not allow tired and worried mankind a surcease from weariness by drugging and not demand the wretched bill, but Nature's law is fixed and finally man comes into the knowledge that only real peace and happiness is enjoyed by a clean, clear mind operating in harmony with a perfect and undrugged body.

Get that great fact clearly into your consciousness.

There will doubtless be a variety of ideas as to the most effective way to tell the story with a brush.

The ingenuity of each artist will have full play.

Each servant should depict in some manner one of the drugs and be shown with a beautiful, alluring face, also some hint of an unhealthy body, possibly with a partly hidden dagger. In some way tell the story of deceit, the fascinating promises of rest and peace to be redeemed in pain and distress.

"There's a Reason" for the picture; let the reason show forth in it.

All preliminary sketches must be presented before July 1st, 1913, and the finished pictures before Sept. 15th, 1913.

Artists who may be interested can address the undersigned at Battle Creek, Mich.

C. W. POST.

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If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and $3.00 and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point East of the Missouri River, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four-ounce bottle.

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Look for this Trade-Mark on the Label

OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

ROSE PETAL SWEETS

AND OTHER NEW WAYS TO SAVE JUNE FRAGRANCES FOR DECEMBER DAYS

By Emma Paddock Telford

IN GATHERING roses for sweetmeats or the potpourri jar, it is well to profit by the methods of the Bulgarians, who are the makers of the finest grade of attar of rose in the world, and the Armenians, who make the most delicate of rose conserves and preserves.

During the Bulgarian rose harvest the young men and maidens rise before the sun does, then tramp away to the great rose fields to gather the blossoms while the dew is still on their petals. After the sun has dried them their richest fragrance has vanished. On this account the picking is all done in the early morning. Their roses are of but two varieties, the damask and musk, both of which contain the largest percentage of oleoptene, which is the liquid and odoriferous part of the attar.

As these roses do not grow in their full perfection anywhere else, we must content ourselves with any fragrant roses that we can obtain in their freshness.

For a June Bride

A UNIQUE and greatly appreciated present to a bride a few years ago was a beautiful potpourri jar that was afterward filled with the roses and other flowers preserved from the wedding. As a jar of this kind will hold its fragrance for years, the sentiment attached to thus preserving the wedding blossoms is at once apparent. When roses are gathered little by little until the desired number is obtained, gather early in the morning. Strip off the leaves and dry on papers spread on the floor in an unused room. When you have a half-peck of fine, dry leaves, take a large china or glass bowl, strew a handful of table salt on the bottom, then three or four handfuls of the leaves. Follow with more salt and more leaves, and so on until all the leaves are used, covering the top with salt. Let this remain five days, stirring and turning twice a day. When they seem moist, add three ounces of bruised allspice, and two ounces of bruised stick cinnamon. Let this remain a week or so, turning daily. Now it is ready for the permanent jar.

How to Prepare the Potpourri

MIX together one ounce of bruised cloves and cinnamon, two nutmegs coarsely powdered, two ounces of ginger-root sliced thin, one-half ounce bruised aniseed, one-half pound of dried lavender flowers, two ounces of sliced orris-root, two ounces of dried orange and lemon peel, ten grains of musk and whatever you have in the way of dried violets, clove pinks, tuberoses, orange-blossoms, lemon verbena and bergamot. A little dried rosemary is also an addition. Now pack the rose-leaves in the jar in layers, putting the fragrant mixture of spices, etc., between each layer. When filled pour in a liquid mixture made from a pint of Florida toilet water, the same amount of magnolia water, with the essential oils of jasmine, rose geranium, violet, rosemary or any other perfumes desired.

Shake and stir every few days and open daily for a few moments, taking care not to leave it uncovered any length of time. The best time to open the jar is in the morning after the rooms have been freshened and prepared for the day. Rose-leaves and other fragrant flowers may be added all through the season, but salt must be used also as in the beginning. This will retain its delicate fragrance for a quarter of a century and should be in evidence at the silver wedding.

Rose Sirup

ROSE-SIRUP is most delicate and delicious in Summer when added to a glass of water by the spoonful. It also makes a delightful addition to a cake or pudding. Cut fragrant roses in full bloom and spread on a brown paper or tray to prevent mildew. When you have collected enough to make a glassful or two, put the leaves in a small sauce-pan, with just enough water to cover, and simmer until tender. Measure out as much sugar as you have bulk of leaves and cook together until a rich, sweet sirup results. Pour into bottles or pint cans and keep in a cool, dark place.

Rose Flavoring

AN EASY way to prepare rose flavoring for home use is to fill bottles or jars with rose-petals, packing them down tightly to make the essence as strong as possible. Pour in enough fresh alcohol to submerge the leaves, cork tightly and set away for a few weeks until the alcohol is thoroughly impregnated with the flavor of the roses.

Crystallized Rose-Petals

SELECT perfect-fragrant blossoms, separate into petals, spread on an inverted sieve and stand in the air until dry but not crisp. Make a heavy sirup, using one cupful each of granulated sugar and water, and cook without stirring until it spins a thread. Flavor this sirup with a few drops of essence of rose, and color with a tiny bit of cochineal. Now drop the leaves in one by one, using a fine wire; take out and drain on the greased sieve. Turn once in the process of drying, which will take several hours. If the leaves then look preserved and clear they will need no further dipping; but if the petals seem dry and not candied, dip again, dust with sifted sugar, and dry. Serve on bonbon saucers.

Home-Made Attar of Roses

SELECT two glasses, one small enough to fit in the neck of the other. Partly fill the larger jar with fresh fragrant petals and invert it over the smaller, in which has been placed a fine, absolutely clean sponge soaked in olive-oil. Prop up the two bottles in the strong sunshine until the petals are withered then remove and fill with the fresh. Keep this up during the rose season, utilizing all the petals that can be obtained. When the season is over, rinse the sponge in alcohol and you have the essence of attar. If you have a large quantity of petals you may squeeze the oil out of the sponge without adding alcohol, which gives the real attar. By diluting either attar or extract you have a delicious flavoring.

Preserved Roses

TAKE a jar of the same dimensions top and bottom, like the Dundee marmalade jars—this straight-up-and down shape is desirable because its contents may be turned out easily. On the bottom sprinkle a layer of granulated sugar, then a layer of rose-leaves, and so on until the jar is full, the last layer being sugar.

When filled, paste two or three layers of paper over it to make air-tight and set away in a cool, dark place where the mice can not get at it. The oil in the rose-petals crystallizes the sugar, and by Autumn you will have a delicious confection.

Rose-Leaf Sandwiches

THESE dainty confections appeal particularly to women. Put some fresh unsalted butter in a bowl or tin pail with a tight-fitting lid, cover with a layer of fragrant rose-petals and leave overnight. The next day cut white bread into dainty strips or circles, spread with the perfumed butter, put one or two rose-leaves between the slices, allowing the edges to show.

This 1/4-Pound Box of Nobility Chocolates Our Gift

SEND us your name or the name of some one who will appreciate this dainty box of unusual candy and we will send a 1/4 pound of Nobility Chocolates without charge.

Simply send 10c for each person you order for, to pay postage and packing, and tell us where you buy your candy. (Only one box to a person.)

$1.00 a Pound
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The
Dressing Makes or Mars the Salad

Now is the season of delicious salads. A salad fit for a king can be easily made with a single vegetable, or a simple combination of vegetables.

Lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, cabbage, onions, beets, endive, celery—each and all—yield a more appetizing flavor when served with Yacht Club Salad Dressing. It combines exceedingly well with fruits, too.

This superb dressing gives to lobster, shrimp, salmon, sardine, chicken or turkey salads a taking tang.

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Always fresh and delicate in flavor—and always pure. There is absolutely no flat or "store" taste about it, and it is like the best home-made mayonnaise, creamy in consistency and so delicious it imparts zest and flavor to any salad, sandwich or cold meat. It is not too sweet—not too sour; it is just right.

Yacht Club Salad Dressing has been the choice of connoisseurs for nearly thirty years. It is sold and recommended by more than 60,000 retailers. It is a favorite in leading clubs, cafés and first-class hotels.

YOU SHOULD HAVE THIS FREE BOOK!

Just send your own and your grocer's name and address and you will receive a helpful book, "Luncheon Salad Recipes," by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill. It contains more than one hundred practical recipes for salads, sauces, sandwiches, etc.

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and miscellaneous litter which makes the floor look so untidy gathered up quickly and easily.

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cleans, brightens and preserves carpets and rugs and is the most convenient and practical everyday sweeping device for the home. It is entirely **self-adjusting** and automatic. Sold by the best dealers everywhere. Prices $2.75 to $5.75. Booklet, "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping" on request.

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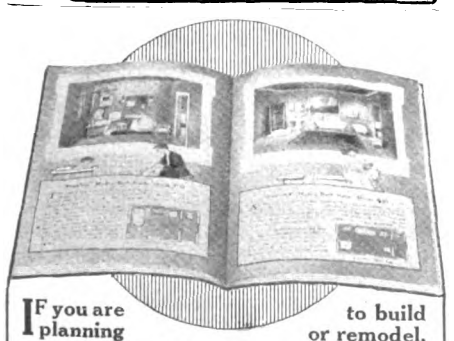

IF you are planning to build or remodel, you need **our 100 Page Book, "Modern Bathrooms,"** which we will be glad to send *FREE* for 6 cents postage. It illustrates many complete bathroom interiors ranging in prices from $78 to $600; gives detailed costs and floor plans; shows equipment for the modern kitchen and laundry; suggests decorations, etc.—and, in fact, is a complete and authoritative guide to the requirements of a sanitary and beautiful home.

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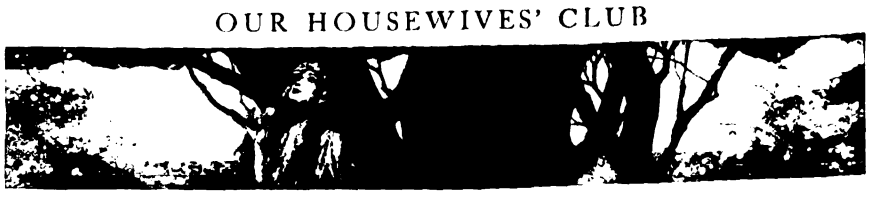
OUR HOUSEWIVES' CLUB



THE WISDOM OF MANY

TRICKS THAT CLEVER HOUSEKEEPERS HAVE FOUND AND TRIED OUT. WHAT HAVE YOU DISCOVERED?

A Blackboard Eraser for Your Stairs

I HAVE hardwood stairs finished with a wax finish in my home, and I have found that one of the felt blackboard erasers to dust down the stairs not only takes up all the dust and holds it so that it can be carried to the door and cleaned with a few strokes, but it polishes the waxed surface as well. The square corners of the eraser clean well in the stair corners, and it is a quick and easy way to keep the stairs in good condition.

M. H. S., Manlius, N. Y.

Ironing Embroidered Pillow-Cases

WHEN ironing pillow-cases, especially the hand-embroidered ones, slip over end of ironing-board (they iron much nicer than when ironed double) and iron same as a skirt. For the embroidered ones turn inside out and insert bath-towel underneath.

Mrs. M. J. G., Strawberry Point, Ia.

To Protect Comforters

TO PROTECT comforters from becoming soiled on the top, catstitch a piece of muslin about twelve inches wide to the top of your comforter and embroider the desired initials in the center, in the prevailing color of the comforter or to match the draperies of the bedroom. This not only protects the top of the comforter, as this strip can easily be removed and washed, but it is also very pretty.

I. H., Walnut Grove, Mo.

To Save Your Window-Shades

WHEN window-shades have become cracked and broken they can be renovated by laying them flat on the floor and painting them with ordinary oil-paint bought in small cans at any hardware store. Paint one side and let dry thoroughly before touching the other side. This treatment preserves the shades so they will last for years.

Mrs. L., Amsterdam, N. Y.

A Refrigerator Substitute

ANY ONE who can not afford a refrigerator will find this a good substitute: If you have a good cellar, procure a box, the larger the better; knock the bottom out, then dig a hole in the cellar just large enough for the box and fit it in. About twice a week clean it out, strew borax around and you will find everything nice and cool.

Mrs. J. J. O'C., Washington, D. C.

A Tip on Saving Gas

WHEN baking potatoes, cook your cereal for the next day in the oven. The double-boiler does as well in the stove as on it. So does the soup-kettle. When baking beans, fill the oven with things that require long, slow cooking. Put the covered kettle of soup at the back, as that will take care of itself. Next put in the bean-pot and double-boiler with oatmeal. When the breakfast food is done, put in its place a covered granite dish containing prunes. The last two hours before dinner is to be served cook a dish of macaroni or one of the many puddings that do well in a moderate oven.

S. P. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE HAVE *thought best to confine our* Wisdom of Many *to helpful suggestions, such as short cuts in housekeeping methods and the easiest way of accomplishing the thousand and one things that fall to the housewife's lot outside of the actual preparation of meals. One dollar each will be paid for available items, but none will be acknowledged or returned.*

To Raise Primroses from Seed

IN MAY or early June last year I bought a paper of the best primrose seed I could find. The seed cost me twenty-five cents, and by a little care and labor I raised twenty-three fine plants which have been in blossom for five months, and are much handsomer than some my neighbors bought of a florist for twenty-five cents each plant. The seeds are very small, so I planted mine in three flower-pots, putting a layer of broken shells in first, then some well-rotted cow manure mixed with some dirt from the wood-pile. The soil was kept moist all the time and I stood my pots on the porch facing the south, where they were shaded from the direct rays of the sun. My plants were so long in coming up I began to think they weren't coming at all, but in about four weeks they sprouted, and as soon as the little plants had three leaves I transplanted them to separate pots, using the same kind of soil and keeping them very moist. Some days when the air was hot and dry I had to wet them twice. As the plants grew larger I put them in larger pots, putting plenty of cow manure on. The larger pots proved to be the best, for the plants are stockier in them.

They have been in a cool room all Winter, heated by wood-fire at night and no fire at all through the day, and each plant is covered with blossoms. I am going to try again this year and several of my neighbors have sent for seed too, and I hope others will try after reading this, for I have certainly had many happy hours with mine.

M. J. W., Syosset, L. I.

Butter-Cooler without Ice

I REMEMBER when I was a child there was a butter-cooler on the breakfast-table, consisting of a double bell of terra-cotta. Inside the bell was water and its evaporation through the porous terra-cotta kept the butter cool.

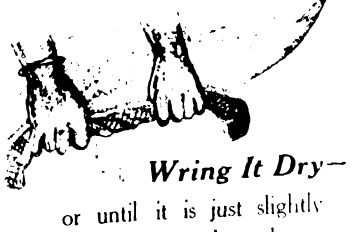
This gave me the idea for the butter-cooler I have used every Summer for many years. The principle is the same as the "wine sphincter" of the ancient Romans that was kept on the roof; likewise of the Mexican water-coolers of to-day. It is just a large-sized, unglazed flower-pot, corked at the bottom. Over this is wrapped an opened flour-sack, folded round it on the bias. The ends of this must be long enough to dip into the pan of water in which the flower-pot stands. By capillary attraction the water mounts and keeps the cloth wet.

Cut the roll of butter into halves, and place them one on the other in a saucer. Mount this saucer on a small pot to make it a convenient height to hold the butter, just below the top of the flower-pot. Over this place another cloth smaller, with its ends too dipping into the bowl of water. Laying two small sticks across the top makes it easier. This contrivance must stand always in a thorough draft, and then any amount of heat will do no harm, as the evaporation will go on all the quicker. Care must be taken to keep the bowl always well filled. When the butter comes in fresh, wash the cloths and soak the pot in water so as to keep them sweet.

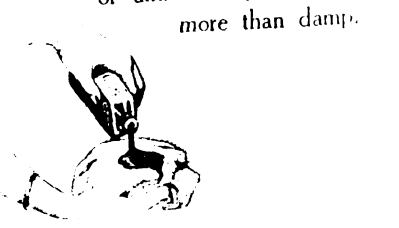
L. A. N., Portland, Ore.

Use O-Cedar Polish
The O-Cedar Polish Way

Wet a Piece of Cloth—
in water—cheese cloth is the best.

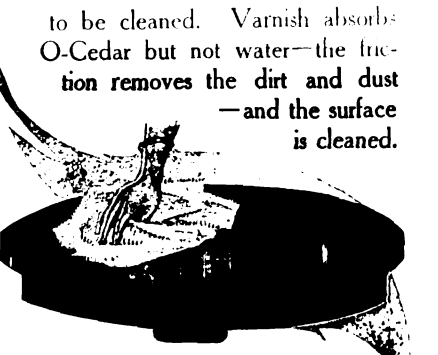


Wring It Dry—
or until it is just slightly more than damp.

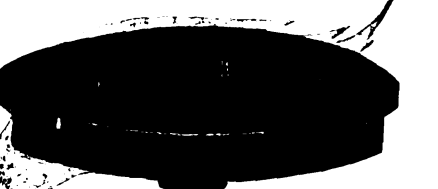


Pour on O-Cedar Polish
until the cloth contains as much polish as it does water.

Go Over the Surface
to be cleaned. Varnish absorbs O-Cedar but not water—the friction removes the dirt and dust—and the surface is cleaned.



Polish with a Dry Cloth
Slight rubbing will quickly produce the desired lustre and finish.



The Beauty of the Grain
is brought out—seeming blemishes disappear and the article looks like new.

A Hard, Dry Lustre
not gummy or sticky. A cambric handkerchief would not be soiled if placed on any article polished the O-Cedar Polish Way.

Be sure you always get
O-Cedar Polish
25c to $2.50 Sizes
At all Dealers, Everywhere.
Channell Chemical Co.,
1417 Carroll Ave.,
Chicago

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This Medal Won

By One of the Van Camp Chefs

The Parisian Society of Chefs gave this medal to one of the men now baking Van Camp's.

It was won in two great contests. And it marks this man as a recognized peer among the great chefs of the world.

Such Men Here Bake for You

Such men as this have created here the finest dish of baked beans ever tasted.

There is nothing like it. A blindfolded man could pick this dish from twenty.

All the ordinary sorts of baked beans become commonplace beside it.

To meet the demand, these men are baking 300,000 meals daily. And a million tables know the delight of them. These beans are "The National Dish."

Now we ask you—you who are clinging to common baked beans—to let them supply you one superlative meal. Your grocer has it ready.

If you can then go back to the old-style beans, we have nothing more to say.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Do you think it easy to bake good pork and beans? Well, it isn't.

The white, plump beans—picked out by hand—cost three times what some beans cost.

The tomato sauce must be made from the choicest vine-ripened tomatoes. It costs five times what common sauce is sold for.

One must have steam ovens, kept at 245 degrees. But the steam is kept from contact with the beans. Thus the beans are baked to mellowness, without bursting or crisping a bean.

The tomato sauce must be baked with the beans—baked into every atom.

Thus we get beans nut-like, mealy and whole. And with such a flavor as you'll never know until you try Van Camp's.

Please Try Them

Years and years have been spent here to please you. The best chefs we know have been brought in to help.

Don't go on in the false assumption that baked beans are all alike. See what we have done, for your own sake and the sake of those you serve. Order a few cans—now, before you forget it—and learn what medal-winning chefs have done with a dish of beans.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Prepared by

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.
Established 1861

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OUR GARDEN DEPARTMENT

ONE WOMAN'S QUARTER-ACRE

A BRACING SUCCESS STORY ABOUT A MOTHER AND HER HOME VEGETABLE GARDEN

By Mary W. Watkins

NOT long ago I was having dinner in the home of my friend Margaret, who lives in a small town. I went into ecstasies over the splendid fresh vegetables on the table, but most of all over the delicious fried chicken which was so unlike the cold-storage variety familiar to the city dweller.

After dinner Margaret and her two boys took me out and showed me her kitchen garden and chicken ranch all in one little back yard. Margaret is a frail little woman, struggling to make a small income meet the rising cost of living for a family of five. Her story of the garden seemed to me to hold inspiration for other women. When I remarked that the amount of work and the cost of the garden must have been a great deal, she answered, "You forget I have two such big boys as helpers. Frank is seventeen and Arthur fourteen. The boys and I talked it over. The youngsters were eager to try it out. Putting the garden in and watching it grow gave us a world of pleasure.

"You know this is a rented place," she explained, "so of course we did not feel it worth while to put out fruit trees and wait for them to bear. But there was a grape arbor, also one apple-tree, a plum-tree and a good many red-raspberry vines already here. I have cultivated and encouraged the raspberries until now we have all we can use for the table and some to make jam."

We walked among the rows of beans, carefully stepped over the hills of cantaloupes and skirted the luxuriant tomato plants, glowing with crimson fruit, while Margaret gave the history of all that that corner of ground had produced.

"The grape arbor runs the whole length of the yard, exactly in the middle, and on one side I have my little garden, just twenty-two by seventy feet, as the plum and apple trees are both on the other side. The ground was poor when we came here, and still is, but things somehow grow. The old stable had not been used for some time and was full of manure. Frank put that on the garden. Then in cleaning the yard I always burn the trash piles in the garden, as ashes are a fine fertilizer. In the Fall the leaves are thrown in the garden, also the droppings from the hen-house; these make my fertilizer.

"I PAID a colored man fifty cents to plow for me. Then in the early Spring I planted a lettuce bed, three rows of radishes (the short way across the garden), then three or four rows of beans, five or six of onions and two of beets and two of okra. You see, I plant close together—onions not more than the width of the hoe apart, the other things about two feet apart, or just space enough for the boys to work them. Those who had plenty of room in their gardens laughed at me for planting things so close together, but the results show that it is all right. This planting took up about half the ground.

"The other half I saved for tomatoes, later beans and the cantaloupes. To save space I planted butter-beans in several spans of the grape arbor where the grape-vines had died, and I trained the bean vines up on stout cords to the top of the arbor. At the end of the back porch I planted more beans, chiefly for the dense, restful shade they give, but they yield so abundantly that I have butter-beans every two or three days until frost kills the vines.

"My sister sent me some Stone tomato seed and some Rocky Ford cantaloupe seed. I raised my own tomato plants this Summer, and they were the thriftiest I ever saw. I don't think I lost a single one after I transplanted. I gave away several dozen plants after planting about eighty for myself. These, too, I placed close together, about two and a half feet apart, but I kept them tied up to stout poles and all the suckers pinched off. They grew nearly as high as my head.

"Three weeks after the first bean planting I put in two more rows. Then when my radishes were gone, which was three weeks later still, I planted more beans where the radishes had been. By that time the first beans were gone, and there I planted turnip seed. This was just a strip about a yard and a half or two yards wide, but enough for turnip greens occasionally, as we do not eat them very much. Then as my onions were pulled up for use I put in about a dozen bull-nose sweet-pepper plants. They have done us so much good, as we are very fond of green peppers sliced with tomatoes for a salad, or as a seasoning, or stuffed and baked. Besides having plenty of peppers to use fresh for the table, I have made a gallon of pepper mangoes."

"Our cantaloupes were excellent, very sweet and juicy. We had them every morning for breakfast for three or four weeks and they were a continual feast for us. As the market price for such cantaloupes was high, that added a double zest to the enjoyment of ours.

"My beans, too, were prolific. Besides using them constantly, I sold some and gave away several gallons to my neighbors. About the middle of August I replanted my lettuce bed, and the first week in October we were using lettuce from it, and it continued to supply us with salad until frost.

"I do believe my tomatoes were the best of all. When they first began to ripen and were selling rather high in the market, my grocer sold about a bushel for me, getting five and ten cents for two or three, according to size.

"AS THE children are very fond of ripe-tomato catsup, I began making it early in the Summer and we have used it on the table right along. I suppose I must have made at least five gallons. I made it in small lots, just a peck or a half-bushel at a time. Father took several bottles to some of his friends and I gave sample bottles to several of my neighbors and members of the family. Practise, you know, makes perfect, and now I never have a bottle spoil or ferment. Besides the catsup, I have canned about two dozen cans, and I continue to put them up till frost comes. Then right at the last I gather the green ones for sliced-tomato pickle of which we are all so fond.

"I didn't realize my garden was such a treasure until I started in to tell you all about it, and just think—the only outlay in money was the fifty cents for plowing and about a dollar for seed. Frank put it all in after school in the afternoons; then after he went to work, Arthur took care of it.

"You see we utilized every bit of ground at the back of the lot for the garden and the chickens, but we kept the front yard for a tiny lawn. We made a border of salvias across the front of the house, and one of cannas to conceal the side fence. Both of them will stay until frost. The clematis was thick with snowy clusters all over the front porch most of the Summer. We have had something growing from early Spring until Fall, and if you have never known this experience you can not appreciate the joy of it.

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Serve Two
With Cream and Sugar

Puffed Wheat and Rice—the exploded grains—are filled with a myriad cells.

Each cell is surrounded by thin toasted walls, which melt away into almond-flavored granules.

In the morning, served with cream and sugar, these are royal dishes.

Two with Fruit
Note the Nut-Like Blend

Puffed Wheat and Rice taste much like toasted nuts. That's due to terrific heat. Mixed with berries, or with any fruit, they add a delicious blend.

Two at Night
Floating in Bowls of Milk

Puffed Wheat and Rice are eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread.

They float like bubbles in a bowl of milk.

These are whole grains made wholly digestible. Crisp, airy, toasted wafers.

No other grain-made morsels are so delightful, or so easy to digest.

The Other Four

Use the rest like nut-meats in cake frosting, or as garnish to ice cream.

Or use in making Puffed Rice candy. Directions are on the package.

Or let the children eat them dry, like peanuts, when at play.

Thus these ten dishes will reveal to you the endless fascinations of Puffed Grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

Let Us Buy 10 Dishes
For Your Folks to Try

This Coupon, at your grocery store, pays for a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat—enough for ten big servings.

Please cut it out—present it. Pay no money, for your grocer will collect from us.

Then serve the grains in the ways we show. Let your folks enjoy them.

Then ask those folks if any ready-cooked cereal ever tasted half so good.

To 22,000,000 Homes

We make this offer, every spring, in 22,000,000 copies of various magazines. And some 200,000 grocers stand ready to accept the coupons.

All because these enticing foods tell you more than words can tell.

Thus we spread to countless new homes one of the great food delights of the century.

Prof. Anderson Wishes You to Know

Prof. A. P. Anderson, who invented these foods, wishes every home to know them.

For these Puffed Grains are scientific foods, despite all their fascination.

Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

Inside of each grain there occurs, in the making, 125,000,000 explosions.

The process is this:

The grains are sealed up in mammoth bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for 60 minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

Each grain contains not less than 125,000,000 granules. Inside of each granule there's a trifle of moisture, and this heat turns that moisture to steam.

When the steam pressure reaches 175 pounds, the guns are unsealed and the grains are exploded. Each granule is blasted into countless atoms. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

Yet the grains come out, shaped as they grew, with their coats unbroken.

Thus are created the best-cooked foods in existence. No other process makes grain so digestible. Serve any hour, from morning to bedtime, for these foods don't tax the stomach.

From the expert's standpoint, these exploded grains form the greatest of food inventions.

10-Cent Package Free

Take this coupon to your grocer and he will give you, at our expense, a full-size package of Puffed Wheat.

If you prefer the Puffed Rice, which costs 15 cents, this coupon is good for 10 cents toward it. Pay the grocer 5 cents in addition.

The Puffed Wheat, to a coupon holder, is entirely free.

Accept this offer in fairness to yourself. It means a 10-meal treat. You will never forget the delight of them.

Cut out this coupon now. Lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER—P-1
Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that my grocer this day accepted this coupon as payment in full for a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat.

To the Grocer

We will remit you 10 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Chicago

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Dated 1913

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1913. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

10-Cent Coupon

The Quaker Oats Company.

Sole Makers—Chicago

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WITH silverware we have come to associate the gracious, perhaps even the tender moments of life. Through it we may indicate our kindly spirit, our remembrances of pleasant association—our love. We can leave memories with those by whom we would be remembered.

The sweeping grace of this delicately balanced, newest Sheraton design possesses an appropriateness to the graces in life—and adds distinction to environment.

Our Silverware shows the impress of the highest art. That art is offered to you by Leading Jewelers Everywhere.

TRADE MARK
R
STERLING

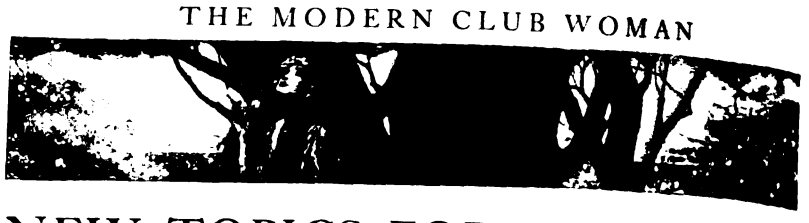
Reed & Barton

Silversmiths

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

REPRESENTED AT

FIFTH AVE. AND THIRTY-SECOND ST.
4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
59 TEMPLE PLACE
BOSTON
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



NEW TOPICS FOR CLUB STUDY

SOME GOOD PROGRAMS FOR NEXT SEASON THAT WILL SUGGEST OTHERS

By Helen M. Winslow

Publisher of the Official Register of Women's Clubs

THE study of State Federation year-books is astonishingly interesting. In my capacity as editor and publisher of the complete directory of clubs in America, which takes in all these year-books, I receive them all. It would be difficult and most undesirable to say which of the State Federations issues the most comprehensive of these year-books. I am often amazed, familiar as I have been for years with the work of women's clubs, at the scope of accomplishment in the various States—of actual results of the activities of women's clubs.

Take, as one instance, the State of Illinois. Under the guidance of an executive board and committees numbering over two hundred of the best women in the State, splendid work is being done in every line usually covered by the clubs. Legislative work is being put through by the various committees as follows:

Mothers' pensions (a modification of the law which has been in operation for two years past); conservation of State forests, also of the water-power now running to waste through the drainage canal; vocational training in the public schools; immediate registration of all births and deaths; a minimum wage bill; the establishment of public playgrounds; better care of epileptic patients; better observance of the Sabbath; higher educational requirements before children can obtain working permits from school boards; equal suffrage for women; and a great deal of splendid work for public health, social hygiene, prevention of tuberculosis and several other things.

The report of the Civics Committee would fill a whole article and prove, as the lamented Mr. Greeley used to say, "mighty interestin' reading." Perhaps, later on, when we are reduced to one program a month, we can give it entire. And yet Illinois is only one of many State Federations that are making such a wonderful showing. With more than a million of the best women in the country working toward the same great ends, in every direction for the good of humanity, what else could we expect?

Just now, when so many clubs from all parts of the country are sending in petitions for help on next season's programs, we are giving most of our space to those. One letter from Texas says: "Your suggested program on the Study of Government in the September number impressed us very favorably for our club and we immediately adopted and are using it. You are doing the clubs an immense favor."

So many requests for other programs on similar topics have been received, that I am giving the following outline for the benefit of such clubs as want a practical, helpful course:

The Woman Citizen

I. WOMAN.
- Traditional Notions of "Woman's Sphere."
- Need of interest in public welfare for her own development.
- Natural effect of larger freedom.
- The home as affected by neighborhood, municipal and national conditions.

II. HOME.
- Ignorance not a necessary element of womanliness.
- Is woman's place in home made more secure by equal suffrage?
- Early marriages. Divorce.
- The economics of the home.
- Woman's place in the home enlarged by enfranchisement.
- The natural effect on women of a larger freedom.
- Enfranchised woman's increased ability to protect home.

III. WILL THE FRANCHISE INCREASE WOMAN'S POWER?
- To secure pure food.
- To diminish the cost of living.
- To prevent child labor.
- To secure protection for working women.
- To participate in educational affairs.
- Improve the percentage of illiteracy among working children.
- Evidence of advantage to woman's place in the home through enlarged interests, from the suffrage States.

IV. PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHING OF HOME MAKING.
- Vocational guidance of girls.
- Women's political activity of benefit to men and boys.
- Natural trend of women's organizations.
- Early types of women's clubs.
- The present tendency.

V. OTHER MOTIVES FOR DESIRING THE FRANCHISE.
- To help less-favored women.
- To prevent narrowness and selfishness.
- A mother who is only a mother is not a true mother.
- Mothers, through realization of their own freedom, impart character, strength, and self-reliance to their children.

VI. EFFECTS OF GREATER FREEDOM IN THE HOME.
- Deepening of woman's character.
- Reaction of woman's moral influence in political affairs.
- The franchise not a menace to domestic harmony.
- No separation from home involved.
- All gains of women are laid upon the altar of home.
- Harmony with the great plans of God.

VII. "MADAM, WHO KEEPS YOUR HOUSE?"
- Complications for the homemaker.
- Functions of the city that invade the home.
- Relation between city and home.
- City health department and family life.
- Safeguarding the home from disease.
- Assurance of pure food and pure milk.
- Disposition of garbage.

VIII. PUBLIC SERVICE DEPARTMENT.
- Weights and measures.
- Water and gas.
- Clean streets.
- Building and factory inspection.
- Smoke inspection.

IX. "OUTSIDE HAS COME INSIDE TO STAY."
- Changing functions of city.
- Changed relation between city and family.
- The city and personal welfare.
- Illustration.

X. DUTIES COMMON TO WOMEN AND CITY AUTHORITIES.
- Cleanliness of buildings. Family health.
- Wholesomeness of food. Family morals.
- Sanitary plumbing. Safety from fire.

XI. HOW WOMEN CAN HELP "OUTSIDE."
- Arouse public opinion.
- Bring effective pressure to bear.
- Example: New Chicago milk ordinance.

XII. ENCOURAGING EVIDENCES.
- Awakened civic consciousness.
- Women's readiness to act their part.
- Success of municipal enterprises undertaken by women.

XIII. FIRST STEPS.
- "Know your city" movement.
- Find good method to study your community.
- Secure cooperation of citizens.
- Secure cooperation of city officials.

XIV. DEVELOP COMMUNITY AND CITY SENSE BY
- City welfare exhibits.
- Civic pageants.
- Fly-swatting campaigns.
- Clean-up days.
- Showing the needs of the community.
- Demonstrating how the needs may be met.

[*Continued on page 487*[

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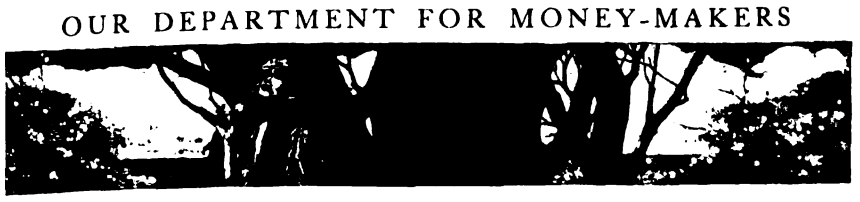
OUR DEPARTMENT FOR MONEY-MAKERS



THE CLOVER CLUB

A $100.00 VACATION AND NINETY-NINE OTHER JUBILEE PRIZES—TRY FOR ONE!

TALK of good news! I'm so excited I hardly know how or where to begin. Never, never has there been such "clover" in the Clover Club, though just yesterday a girl wrote in that already she was up to her eyelids!

The Butterick Jubilee occurs in June and the Clover Club has been given—guess what? No, don't, for I couldn't keep quiet any longer if I had to.

Here's our plum—*one hundred Jubilee prizes for one hundred Clover Club girls in honor of the occasion!*

The first prize—be ready now for a big, big surprise—is *a one-hundred-dollar vacation!*

Isn't that splendiferous? One hundred dollars to spend this Summer exactly as you like! What possibilities it contains!

For the Eastern girl there is, for instance, the glorious trip among the Thousand Islands and on down the St. Lawrence to the quaint old historic cities of Montreal and Quebec; a real ocean voyage sailing from bustling New York or cultured Boston to the beautiful land of Evangeline, or to the Bermudas, the coral islands in a tropic sea.

Girls in the Northwest have within reach an excursion to Alaska, where the scarcely-dying Summer day and the wonder-land of glacier, mountain and sea tempt one to forget bedtime altogether. Or there is a voyage on the blue Pacific from Victoria, British Columbia, to Southern California and return, with even a tiny trip over the border into Mexico, thrown in.

For the Southern girl there are delightful educational trips visiting the great Northern cities. For—but is there a section of the country where a gift of one hundred dollars would not mean some delightful, never-to-be-forgotten treat?

The Yellowstone, the Yosemite and the Big Trees, the Great Lakes, the Grand Cañon—our country is full of marvels, and within reach of them all are many, many girls who need only the money in order to see them.

If the winner of our first prize prefers, she may go to some place nearer home and enjoy six weeks of rest and recreation, or she might hire a camp for a month and take along the whole family. Or she could treat her mother, or her best girl friend and herself, to a dashing trip to some fashionable hotel at the seaside or in the mountains.

But these are only suggestions.

What would *you* do if the hundred-dollar check dropped into your lap? Probably there is some pet scheme you have long been harboring in hopes of some time feeling able to afford it. This, then, is your opportunity! We tie no strings as to when or where or how long your vacation shall be—"We furnish the money and you do the rest."

Begin planning this minute! As I said on this page a few months ago, it costs nothing to plan, and wonderful things have happened by working for them as if we just knew they'd come true.

Then there is a $50.00 vacation and a $25.00 one to be given away. I know two college girls who last Summer spent two delightful weeks visiting the more famous historic spots of New England, and it cost them less than $50.00 each. Some splendid little vacations, too, are to be had with a $25.00 check, as many of you know.

A one-hundred-dollar vacation, a fifty-dollar vacation, a twenty-five-dollar vacation—which is your choice? Three girls, somewhere, are to have them—why not be one of the three?

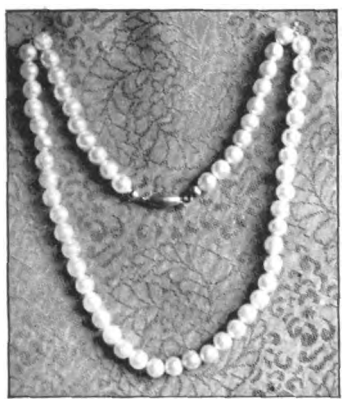
A recent advertisement says: "Luck is entirely a matter of *U!*" It is! "She can who thinks she can."

In a little booklet, "Some Lucky Hints," prepared especially for Clover Clubdom, it says: "Expect a good deal and you'll get a good deal; a good deal more than if you expect but little."

True; and moreover, every little bit that you do in the Clover Club is most generously rewarded. Even if no special prize comes your way, you can't possibly regret your effort. With a full hundred Jubilee prizes, though, why not have one?

Prize number four is a dainty Elgin watch in a case of solid gold, monogrammed with your own initials.

Prize number five can be used a lifetime and then handed down to your children and grandchildren as an heirloom. It comprises one whole dozen spoons of solid silver, in extra-heavy weight, they are our lovely Clover design in the large teaspoon size.



One of the one hundred jubilee prizes. Will you win it?

Prize number six is the beautiful pearl necklace pictured here. Each bead is a beauty and the string is perfectly matched. Wouldn't it be fine if one of our June brides or sweet girl graduates should win this!

Prize number seven is a three-piece toilet-set of the finest Pyralin ivory. It comprises hair-brush, comb and mirror. Additional pieces may be added any time as Golden Chapter "encouragers."

Prize number eight is a beautiful silver mesh-bag of the best make. It is a generous six-inch size and the frame is engraved by hand.

Prize number nine is another of our regular "encouragers"—an Eastman folding camera, which makes pictures comparing favorably with those made with much larger cameras. It takes snap as well as time exposures and loads with the film pack, making it just the camera for vacation purposes. Want one?

Prize number ten was illustrated in THE DELINEATOR last January, being one of the new extension bracelets offered as special prizes at that time. Mrs. P. B. G. of South Carolina, who was one of the fortunate five to win one, writes:

The lovely bracelet has been so much admired I can't begin to tell you how proud I am of it. Let me thank you for it again and tell you how glad I am that I am a "Cloverite."

Then for the next fifteen girls we have fifteen handsomely chased fountain pens, security patent, doing away with the danger of leaking. When closed, the pens are only four inches long, so they can be carried easily in one's purse.

For the next twenty-five girls there are twenty-five daintily engraved brooches of sterling silver in the newest and most favored style of all—the "friendship circle." Being perfect circles, they are, like friendship, endless; hence their name. A pretty sentiment, is it not?

[*Continued on page* 487]

A Persistent Purpose to Produce Perfect Biscuit

And to Deliver them in Perfect Condition has been the One Aim of the National Biscuit Company

This purpose has resulted in the discovery of improved manufacturing methods, in the invention of new machinery, in the exercise of ceaseless care, in the use of greatest skill, in the selection of finest materials, in the insistence upon cleanliness, and in the building of bakeries which combine all these prime essentials for the baking of perfect biscuit.

The purpose is completed by the delivery of the biscuit in perfect condition, some in packages with the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark, some in the familiar glass-front can, and some in the attractive small tins—thus giving perfect biscuit because perfectly made and perfectly delivered.

By buying the best of flour, of sugar, of butter, of eggs, of nuts, of spices, of fruits, of flavors—by always buying the best and rejecting all else—thus is the quality gained and maintained in the perfect biscuit of the National Biscuit Company.

It is not enough to bake perfect biscuit. Much depends upon keeping them perfect by packing them in a way that will retain their freshness and flavor from oven to table.

At the grocery store you will find many varieties of biscuit baked by the National Biscuit Company. Each variety of biscuit—sweetened or unsweetened whether known as crackers or cookies, wafers or snaps, cakes or jumbles—is the best of its kind.

The extensive distributing service of the National Biscuit Company extends from Coast to Coast. This means a constant supply of all the perfect biscuit of the National Biscuit Company delivered to every part of the United States.

Buy biscuit baked by

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always Look for tha...

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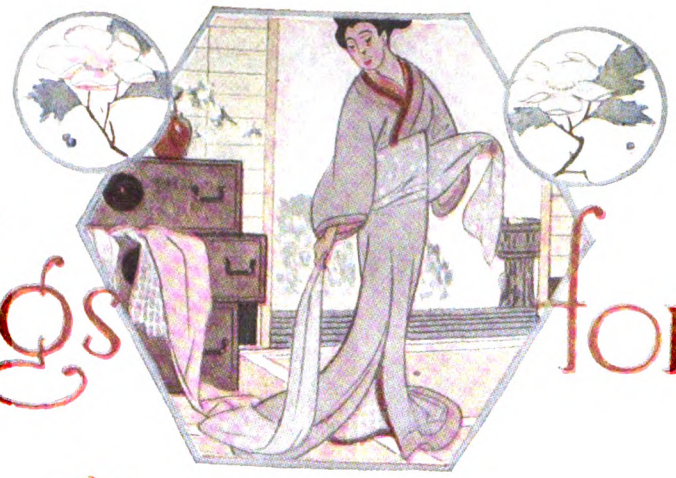
Trimmings for Lingerie Dresses

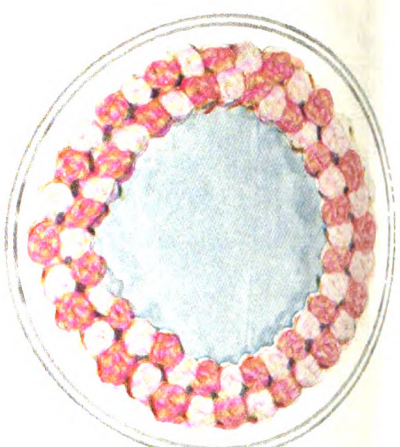


Bulgarian and other Embroideries

Bright little flowers in wool

Conventional design in wools

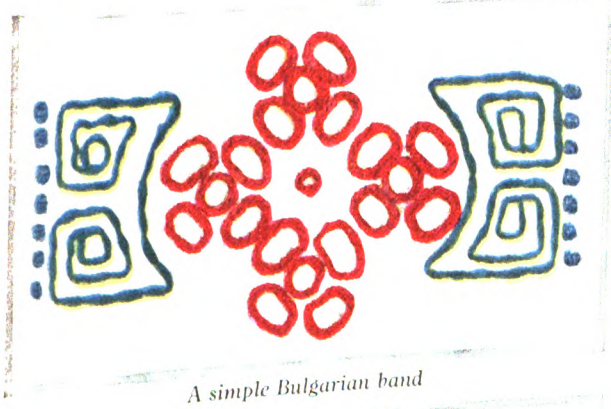
Heavy couching cord French knots



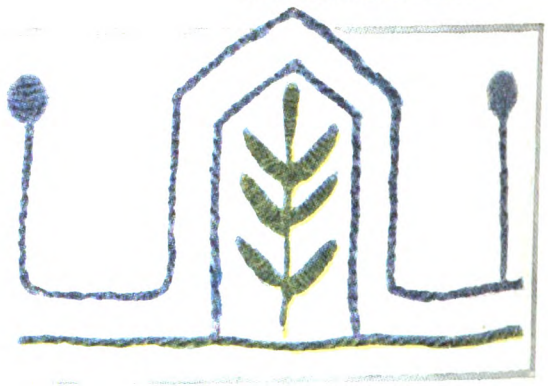
One of the motifs used on the figure

Tiny French knots in Bulgarian coloring

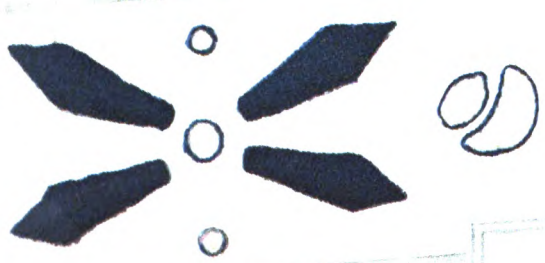
A handsome Bulgarian band



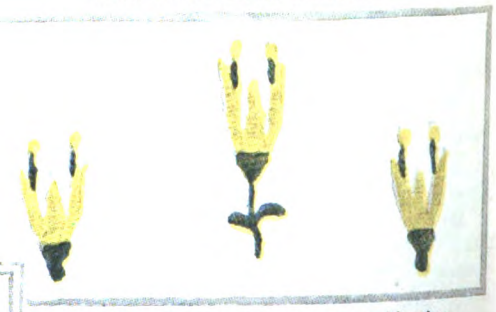
A simple Bulgarian band



An effective banding in chenille



A bold Bulgarian design in wools



Yellow and green is a smart combination

Tiny flowers are scattered over materials

A section of a banding for Bulgarian embroidery

Suitable for dainty neckwear

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THE CLOVER CLUB

[*Continued from page 485*]

AND now for the last fifty! "We need the bluebird for our happiness," says Maeterlinck, the author of the famous play, "The Blue Bird." So the jewelers of the country are supplying us bluebirds in every form of jewelry. From these I have selected a pretty bluebird hatpin as the Jubilee prize for our last half hundred fortunate girls. It is of sterling silver, enameled in lovely bluebird blue. May it bring each wearer her full share of happiness!

A one-hundred-dollar vacation, a fifty-dollar vacation, a twenty-five-dollar vacation, a solid gold watch, a dozen sterling teaspoons, a pearl necklace, an ivory toilet-set, a silver mesh-bag, an Eastman camera, a gold bracelet, fifteen fountain pens, twenty-five friendship brooches and fifty bluebird hatpins—one hundred Jubilee prizes in all!

One hundred happy Cloverites at work fattening their purses with money of their very own, and receiving lovely Clover "encouragers," will win these splendid prizes.

Don't envy them, be one of them yourself! You'll be in jolly company from the very start.

This is the first time I have ever tried to earn money for myself, and I can tell you that I think it the most delightful way of earning money. The Clover Club is the best Club that ever was created.

ETHEL M., New Jersey

You see that I have received this beautiful stationery. It came as a surprise as did also the lovely motto. I am delighted with both. I have put the motto up on the wall of my room, for it applies to college work as well as to Clover Club work. The lovely brooch from Tiffany's came yesterday. And to-day the six dear little spoons came, all *sterling*, I notice. I do not know how to thank you for all these lovely things in addition to the $22.00 in money. I am indeed in "Clover."

Your offer of the watch is certainly splendid, but as I already have one, may I ask you to tell me of the other gift?

RUTH S. T., Massachusetts

I certainly have had a good time with my Clover money. I got a book I wanted, went to two entertainments (treating my aunt also), put $1.25 into the bank and the rest I spent on candy. I'm dying for that darling brooch and hope to get it some day.

E. S., Texas

If you have read the little "Guide to Moneyville" and know our secret, though you have never been enrolled as a Club member, start in before bedtime to-night. By beginning now, you will have an opportunity to *earn* money for whatever you want and will receive for doing it the usual Clover Club rewards. At the same time you will become eligible for the hundred special prizes, maybe the first prize itself—who knows?

If you do not know our recipe for money-making, drop me a line at once. The information is free and no obligations are attached. If you're busy, just say, "I'm interested."

"Do it now!" Already you have lost golden opportunities, but why let this best one of all pass you by? Let me welcome you at once to our jolly Club!

And now, you who are already honey-bees in our Clover fields, success to you! The "luck of the four-leaf clover" go with you! It will, if you but bear in mind our Golden Chapter motto.

Helen Hathaway

Secretary, The Clover Club,
The Delineator, New York

NEW TOPICS FOR CLUB STUDY

[*Continued from page 482*]

XV. PRACTICAL METHODS.
- The place for civic organizations of women.
- Possible activities for women.
- Cooperation with city authorities for civic betterment.

XVI. THE PRESENT OUTLOOK.
- Tried plans.
- Known results.
- The city's recognized need of women's help.
- Woman's place as a public servant no longer an experiment.
- What to expect of the future.

FOR books to use with the above, nothing better can be recommended than a set prepared and issued by the Civics Society of Chicago, called "The Woman Citizens' Library." Sufficient information on all these topics is given in the twelve volumes to cover this and many other outlines, all correlated so as to give the quickest and best results without waste of time and effort. This library has been made up with special reference to the needs of club women.

Already this year many requests have come for an outline on the various island dependencies of America and Great Britain. Consequently I am adapting the following from last season's program used by the Mutual Improvement Club of Ronceverte, West Virginia:

Islands of the Sea

I. Aurora Borealis. Polar seas and what they contain. Arctic discovery and the northwest passage. Antarctic discovery. What good have they accomplished?

II. Greenland—history and customs. Iceland—history, people and government. Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane and I. I. Hayes.

III. Later discoverers. Greeley's expedition. Andree, Nansen, Steffanson, Ross and Peary. What about Dr. Cook? Amundsen and the Duke of Abruzzi. Captain Robert Scott.

IV. The Atlantic Ocean. The Gulf Stream and Sargasso Sea. Birds that fly from pole to pole. Habits of sea-gulls, reindeer, Eskimo dogs and the ponies of Captain Scott's expedition.

V. Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island. The Faroe Islands. Shetlands, Hebrides and Walcheren. Heligoland.

VI. The Isles of Wight and Man, and the Channel Islands. Canary and Madeira Islands. Cape Verde, St. Helena, the Azores or Hawk's Islands.

VII. Cuba, "Pearl of the Antilles." Haiti, Havana, Santiago. A walk through San Juan and Porto Rico. Porto Rico in 1913. Jamaica.

VIII. The Bermudas and Bahamas. Trinidad. The Lesser Antilles. Other islands along the Atlantic coasts or in the Polar regions.

IX. The Mediterranean Sea and Balearic Islands. Gibraltar, the lock of the Mediterranean. Sardinia, Corsica, Elba and Malta.

X. The Islands of Crete, Cyprus, Patmos and Rhodes. Homer, the ÆEgean Sea and Ionian Islands. Discussion of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

XI. Madagascar and other African East Coast Islands. The Indian Ocean and Malay Archipelago. Borneo and Singapore.

XII. Ceylon, Laccadive and Maldive Islands. Sumatra, the Celebes and Moluccas. Java and the Javanese. Japan.

XIII. Timor and New Guinea. Island groups of Oceanica. Balboa and the Pacific Ocean. Coral and coral reefs.

XIV. Australia — Australian birds and bush. Tasmania and New Zealand. How are they governed?

XV. Early history of the Philippines. Manila and its conquest. Aguinaldo. The Ladrones. The Philippines of to-day.

XVI. Early history of the Sandwich Islands. Hawaii as Uncle Sam's possession. Honolulu. Other islands of the group.

XVII. The Samoan and Friendly Islands. Tahiti and Society Islands. Robert Louis Stevenson and his life among them.

XVIII. Defoe and the Island of Juan Fernandez. Terra del Fuego. Other South American Islands. Pribiloff Islands and the Seal project.

XIX. Karil and Aleutian Islands. Island missions and missionaries. Saint Paul as the first missionary. How many and what islands belong to the United States? Of what use are they to us and we to them?

Reference books: Any good, comprehensive encyclopedia. The current magazines. Books of travel, explorations and discoveries.

Do You Know that Heinz Peanut Butter is Good for Children?

Children like it because it tastes so good. And Wise Parents *encourage* them to eat it. Food Scientists will tell you that

HEINZ Peanut Butter

peculiarly supplies the solid nutriment that makes thin legs grow plump—that builds firm flesh—gives rosy color.

Try This Recipe for HEINZ Peanut Butter Fudge

2 cups Confectioner's Sugar
1-2 cup sweet milk
2 heaping tablespoons of Heinz Peanut Butter.

Boil five (5) minutes exactly; remove from fire and stir until it thickens; pour into buttered platter and cut into required squares.

Use it, not as an occasional treat, but as an every day diet. Everyone likes it.

Selected fresh peanuts ground and prepared with the care that is given all the famous

57 Varieties

In thousands of households it is considered a necessity—and more than replaces high priced creamery butter.

Heinz Spaghetti

Something New and Extra Good

Real Italian Style Spaghetti—a "masterpiece" in fine blending of choice materials. Words can't describe its zest and richness—its delicacy of flavor. Ready to serve. Pure, appetizing, nourishing. Spaghetti at its best. Just the thing to vary the household fare.

Other Heinz Food Products are: **Apple Butter, India Relish, Preserves, Vinegar, Soups—Tomato, Pea, Celery—Olive Oil, Ketchup, Baked Beans, Olives, etc.**

H. J. Heinz Company

HEINZ

Over 50,000 Visitors inspect the Heinz Pure Food Kitchens every year

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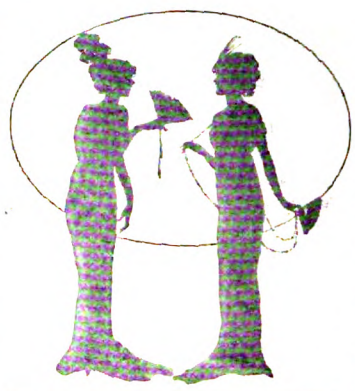
WHY AND WHEREFORE

THE SOCIAL END OF IT

A DEPARTMENT TO HELP OUR READERS IN SOLVING QUESTIONS OF GOOD FORM

Conducted by Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley

TO C. A.—A letter is never sealed when delivered by a friend. To do so would imply that while you relied upon the kindness of your friend you questioned his discretion, which would be a doubtful compliment, to say the least.



EDITOR'S NOTE—The Editor wants you to consult Mrs. Kimberley whenever occasion arises in your social life. There will be no charge, but if you wish a personal reply enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TO B. S.—Announcements are sent simply in order to inform your friends and acquaintances that the wedding has taken place, therefore there would be no reason in sending them to those who have received wedding invitations.

TO L. H. T.—When giving a small entertainment it is rather better not to ask those in mourning, since you know that they can not accept. But if your entertainment is to be a very large one and you plan to include all your friends, it is merely a matter of form to invite those in mourning as well.

TO H. T. J.—It is safer to call your husband's parents "Mr. and Mrs.," unless they ask you to do otherwise.

TO C. F.—Wedding presents are sent to the bride, whether given by her friends or those of the bridegroom.

TO J. T. A.—Except when addressing servants or tradesmen, a woman in referring to her husband should either call him by his Christian name or speak of him as "my husband." It is as incorrect for her to say "Mr.," in mentioning him, as if she spoke of her daughter as "Miss ——."

TO W. D.—When a toast is proposed in your honor it is only necessary that you bow your thanks without rising. But if you are among intimate friends you may prefer to reply in a few words or you may propose the health of some other woman present. It is never correct, of course, to drink a toast proposed in your own honor. A man usually rises and makes a brief speech.

TO E. L. P.—It is not attractive to ornament dishes containing food with flowers, since the flowers are likely to become mixed with the viands and the combination is neither appetizing nor artistic.

TO E. S.—If the invitations to your daughter's dinner-party are to be formal ones, written in the third person, they should be sent in the names of her parents; but if the dinner is to be informal, the notes may be written in your daughter's name. She should, however, add some phrase indicating that the invitation comes from her mother as well as herself.

TO M. L.—It is no longer the rule to help children last at the table. Nowadays, when they are present, they are served first, which is much the better and kinder way. Those of us who as children were accustomed to the old order of waiting until the last grown person was helped, can still vividly recall the anxiety and cruel disappointments which we were frequently called upon to endure.

TO C. T.—Street introductions that are made simply to avoid awkwardness, where no acquaintanceship is formed, are not binding. It is the woman's privilege to recognize a man so introduced, however, if she wishes to do so. It is also correct for a woman to offer her hand first, though both parties usually do so simultaneously.

TO L. H.—In mailing cards to acquaint friends of your new address, it is necessary only to send your own cards, not your husband's. The envelopes should be addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. ——."

TO A. H.—At dinner the napkin with a piece of bread folded in it is laid upon the empty plate unless the dinner begins with a cold course, when the napkin should be placed at the side of the plate. It is correct to leave the napkin on the table unfolded at restaurants or when taking a single meal at a friend's home, but on other occasions it should be folded and laid beside the plate.

TO M. H.—When one's guest leaves without having called upon those who have entertained her, it is the courteous thing for the hostess to call upon these friends and express her appreciation of the attentions shown her guest. She may leave the guest's cards with her own when those upon whom she calls are out.

TO K. B.—The only way to discourage the calls of those whom you prefer not to see is to have your maid say that you wish to be excused whenever they call. While they may not understand at first, your repeated refusal to see them will eventually enlighten the most obtuse.

TO L. W.—It is very necessary to have name-cards at a large dinner. They may be perfectly plain, or painted in artistic designs to suit special occasions.

TO M. D.—To refuse wine it is only necessary to place your hand against the rim of the glass.

TO C. F.—Instead of being considered bad form to take the last piece on a dish, it is now the correct thing to do, since to hesitate or refuse reflects upon the bounteousness of your hostess's table.

TO L. B.—A guest should ask permission of her hostess before inviting gentlemen to call upon her, otherwise she may embarrass her friend by asking to the house those who would not be agreeable to her.

TO B. W. T.—Rather than keep a caller waiting for any length of time, it is more considerate to excuse yourself and send your apologies by the maid.

TO L. F.—It is considered poor taste to use complimentary titles on visiting-cards, though it is permissible for clergymen, judges, physicians, and army and navy officers to do so.

TO G. S.—The only expenses that fall to the share of the bridegroom are the ring, gifts to the ushers and best man, the bouquets for the bride and her maids, and the carriage in which he drives to and from the church. All other expenses are assumed by the bride's family, who make all arrangements for the wedding.

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A CONFESSION TO HER MOTHER

[*Continued from page 434*]

times I heard father say that as soon as Harold was old enough he would take him in his office—for it was father's hope that Harold would continue the business to which father had given so many of his years and so much of his energy. But Harold—whose heart since he was a little boy was set on mechanical appliances—decided when he became of age to become a mechanical engineer; and, without—debating or heartrending scenes. Harold was given the opportunity to get the preparation for the work that to him represented complete happiness. And, mother, do you honestly know of a single person more happy than Harold is when he is at his work? I do not.

I have recalled to you my own family's stories because their lives, as I have said, have been the strongest influence in pressing me on to my present decision. Even before I entered college my sisters' lives had set something moving within me, but not till two or three years ago did my ideas begin to shape themselves.

Two years ago I had decided, in a vague way, that an easy life at home would never satisfy me, and that neither could I ever be truly happy in a marriage such as Elsie's or Louise's. I felt that something was missing. I was restless and nervous and unhappy, yet I did not know what that something was.

AND then I found out. In the class ahead of me at college there was a plain and rather insignificant looking little girl—so at least she seemed to me at first. I knew her only casually; but I learned that she had to work hard during the Summer and do odd jobs during the Winter to pay her way through college. I pitied her in a distant, lukewarm fashion, for I thought how very miserable she must be.

You will remember that toward the end of my sophomore year I lost over a month because of a heavy attack of the grip. I was behind in everything, especially Latin, in which you know I was always so stupid. I feared I would not be promoted with my class, and I was in consternation. I inquired for a tutor—this girl was recommended to me—I secured her.

I found her a wonderful teacher, and on this nearer acquaintance I found that this apparently insignificant, colorless girl was full of joy and enthusiasm. I had pitied her—and yet she was happier than I!

I could not understand it at first. She had to deny herself practically all that I considered pleasure, and had to struggle for everything; to me everything came as a matter of course; and yet she was happier. In talking with her I discovered that she did not mind her present struggle, because it was preparing her to do the thing she wanted to do—to be a hygienic chemist.

This was new to me; I had half forgotten Elsie's demand of five years before. "You mean that you prefer to work?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I wouldn't give up my work for anything!" she cried. "Working hard at the thing I love to do, that means happiness to me!"

Gradually I confessed to her my dissatisfaction. I told her of the easy life that was before me after graduation, I told her of my sisters' marriages—and I told her how I shrank from these things, how I wanted to escape my awaiting fate, and did not know how to do it.

"Perhaps," said she, "the thing you need to make you happy is also work."

Of course I had thought of work before; I had dreamed, as most girls do, of how splendid it would be to be a great singer, or a great actress, or a great writer.

But never before had work seemed such a near thing to me—never before had it been presented to me as a necessity of life. I was thrilled. I began to realize that my dissatisfaction was only the vague but natural demand of a healthy body and mind that they be put to use. I began to realize that, unknown to me, there had been growing up in me an imperative desire to do something. And so, after much talking and thinking, I decided that I, too, must go to work.

There, mother dear, at last my great secret is out. Mine is to be a life of work. I know you are astonished, but you would forgive me if only you could realize the boundless relief, the joy, that followed that decision!

What should I do? I realized that I must become a skilled worker of some kind before I graduated, or I would be in just the same position that Elsie was: father could refuse to give me further training and if I declared that I was going to work anyhow, he could say in his kind, hope-crushing way, "You are worth five dollars a week; if you want to live a five-dollar-a-week life of drudgery, very well—I can't prevent you."

There was one thing that I liked most of all to do. In school the drawing periods were my greatest delight; my special pleasure, however, was in combining curves and lines into various designs. My teachers encouraged me by praising my work; they used to tell me I had a distinct gift for decoration. But I never took my drawing or this praise very seriously till I decided that I must go to work. Then I determined that I was going to be a decorative designer.

I had only two years left, and two years is such a little time in which to do all I wished to do—to prepare myself to enter that new world which had just opened to me. But I determined to make the most that I could of these last two years.

I studied as I had never studied before. With the spending money which you so regularly and generously sent me I paid one of our art professors for special instruction out of college hours; besides, I attended a bi-weekly course of lectures at a practical art school in Boston.

AND now that the two years are ended, I have reasons to believe that my hard work has at last led me to my heart's desired destination—for to-morrow when I receive my "Bachelor of Arts" it will mean that I, Alice Van Buren, your "littlest" daughter, will be recognized as a full-fledged, professional decorative designer! Oh, I am so happy!—so happy!

But there is something more that I have to tell you, and I tell it with joy and pride: After my ten days at home with you I shall actually begin to practise my profession. I have accepted a position with the De Blaire Art Company in Boston. I am going to work—yes, to work! Mother dear, I am at the very gates of my new world!

There, I have told you all—told you what I have been longing, and fearing, to tell you for two years. Forgive me, dearest mother, for speaking so plainly, but it was only by speaking out the painful truth as I have seen it that I could possibly make you understand.

As I look upon my sisters' lives, I shrink in every nerve from a life like theirs. As I look upon Harold's life, I am filled with admiration, and envy—loving envy. All that I ask of you is the same chance that Harold had; the same right as a human being to choose the thing that will give me happiness.

And now I have one thing more to ask of you. When day after to-morrow you take me into your arms, and for the ten days I shall be with you, do not, my dearest mother, try to argue me out of my decision. Let us make those ten days together days of love, only of love—please, please! And then send me away with your blessing to the work that I must have, oh, I know I must have! if I am ever to be happy.

With all my love, ALICE.

Stock Your Summer Pantry with *Armour's Veribest*

THERE'S a season's appetizing variety in the wholesome dishes prepared by Armour and Company under the *Veribest* Brand—Dishes that save the precious out-of-door days for healthful recreation, unmarred by catering or culinary cares.

The long list of *Veribest* meats, chosen with care, cooked just as you would cook them, the variety of delicious *Veribest* loaf foods and that invaluable standby, *Veribest* Pork and Beans, insure the best of good eating without anyone playing cook.

A blessing to homestaying housewives, the mainstay of picnic and luncheon basket, they are the basis of a successful summer outing, especially if your destination is the wilds.

With *Veribest* products you can set a bountiful table wherever you are, and insure the care-free contentment that only accompanies a plentiful and reliable supply of good things to eat.

You Need These Products Also for Home or Holiday

Armour's "STAR"—"The Ham What Am"

"The Ham What Am"

A big, cold boiled "STAR" ham provides a series of feasts that last until the last morsel is consumed. A slice broiled for breakfast is the one standby that never palls.

The reason is the quality and curing—that result in the famous "Ham What Am"—greatest delicacy that you can send to your table.

"Cream of Lard"

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

is the shortening that makes breads and cakes and pastry light, tender and absolutely digestible, and allows you to fry in deep fat both hygienically and economically.

Made only from the finest selected leaf fat, snowy white and delicate, it is literally "Cream of Lard."

Comes only in pails, government inspected and sealed. Be sure the label says "**Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard.**"

Armour's Extract of Beef

Rich Beef Flavor

is not only the greatest of aids to economy, it is the great appetizer as well, for it puts pure, rich, beef flavor in any meat dish you wish to serve, making the cheaper cuts of meat juicy and full flavored as well as nutritious, lending character and zest to "leftover" dishes.

Richer and more concentrated than other beef extracts, it goes farther, is an economy both in usage and lasting qualities.

Free Books and Bouillon Cubes!

Generous Cash Prizes!

We want new recipes every month for Armour's Monthly Cook Book, recipes that suggest the best uses of leading Armour products.

We pay for every one received with **free samples of Armour's Bouillon Cubes,** both beef and chicken, together with a **free three months' subscription** to the Cook Book—you will receive three interesting issues in return for your courtesy.

In addition we will enter your recipe in our big Prize Recipe contest, in which we are awarding over **$500 this month,** distributed as follows:

49 Prizes of $5 each for Armour's Veribest recipes, 49 prizes of $3 each for Armour's "Star" Ham recipes, 49 prizes of $2 each for Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard recipes, 49 prizes of $1 each for Armour's Extract of Beef recipes.

One prize of each denomination is awarded in every state in the Union, including District of Columbia. We are also offering one $5, one $3, one $2, and one $1 prize for recipes from the Canadian provinces of Alberta, British Columbia and Saskatchewan.

This month's contest closes June 15th. Prize-winning recipes with names and addresses of winners, will be printed in the July Cook Book.

Awards are made for economy, practicability, and originality. The recipes received from each state are considered separately, greatly increasing your chance of winning.

Write on one side of the paper only, pin all pages securely together and put your name at the top of every page. Send to Mary Jane McClure Dept. 299, Armour and Company, Chicago.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

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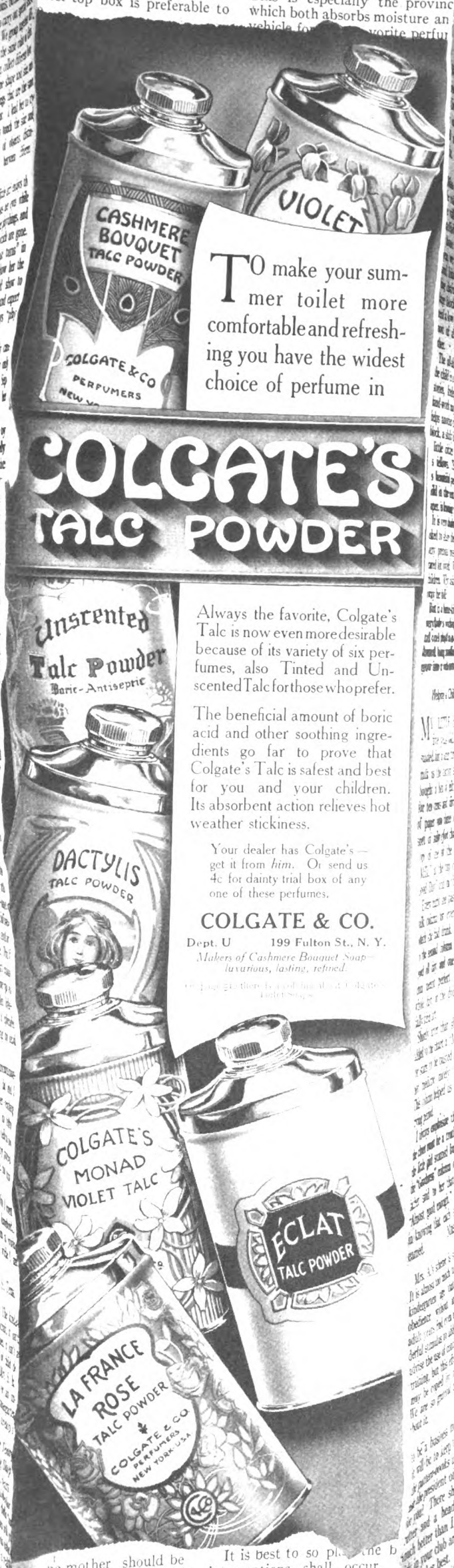
the towel, and dry thoroughly. Then dust baby well with talc powder, paying particular attention to folds and creases of flesh on the neck, arms and legs. Baby will enjoy this quite as much as his bath, and as his waving arms may upset the powder after top box is preferable to

Nothing can be sweeter than baby, fresh from his bath, thoroughly comfortable because he is thoroughly *dry*, and with a faint suggestion of some dainty perfume on the little body and round the neck. This is especially the provinc talc, which both absorbs moisture an safe vehicle fo vorite perfu



ne mother should be talc containing boric acid, sure to as its mild antiseptic action is very beneficial in allaying irritations of the skin, so often caused by chafing of the clothing. Particularly during warm weather such irritations are frequently troublesome, and nothing is better for this condition than boric acid combined with the absorbent qualities of a good talc.

The soap you use should also be selected with great care. Whether or not you prefer one that is perfumed makes little difference, so long as the soap is pure.

It is best to so pl the b interruptions shall occur. should be at hand, preferabl ow table, large enough to hold so sh, talc box, basin, comb and brush, pin-cushion, absorbent cotton and a small cup for boric acid solution for eyes and mouth.

The mother should have on her lap a large rubber apron on which a fold of old, soft blanket should be laid, and within easy reach a small rack on which baby's clothes may be hung and another rack (or the back of a chair) for two or three *soft* linen towels. A low rocking chair is

THE GO-BETWEEN

[Continued from page 448]

ruefully. "They ain't no feller in this town that I think as much of as I do of Atlas Mason. If it hadn't 'a' been for Belle Broyles I know he'd of asked you. What made you be a go-between for 'em?"

Why had she? In the weeks that followed, Melissa asked herself that question many times. Mother Dease nagged pathetically, urging that Melissa make a struggle for a good man's love.

"'Cayse I tell ye, honey, they ain't so very plenty in this here world—a man that's got the force to earn a living and yit'll be good to his wife."

And the spectacle of Belle Broyles sitting on the front steps in the moonlight beside Atlas Mason, her round cheeks red, her frizzed pompadour enormous, bringing to bear upon him a battery of charms such as Melissa had never thought of—this goaded the girl more than her mother's words. At first Belle's activities had been more or less routines, stimulated because she supposed the young fellow to be Melissa's property; but Lissy's vehement denials of anything more than mere friendship between them were convincing. They convinced Belle of two things: that Atlas had not asked Lissy—and that Lissy was in love with him. To make sure that nothing amiss came of such a combination, she spoke to Atlas the evening before Melissa left for the mountains. They were alone on the porch; Lissy had gone in the house on some pretext and failed to return.

"She's in an awful hurry to get away to the mountains," Atlas remarked half resentfully.

"Yep." Belle agreed slowly—why is it stupid people's untruths always sound so veritable?—"they's a feller up thar waiting for her."

Atlas let the matter alone as long as he could. He glanced at the door, hoping for Lissy's return; had she come back at that moment he would have asked her plainly about the matter. He told himself that he wasn't going to question Belle Broyles about Melissa's affairs. Then he remembered Lissy's passionate eagerness to help him in his courtship of another girl, the curious smile with which she had received his proffers of a like service—so this was why. It hurt him so that he could not let it alone.

"Who was tellin' ye?" he asked suddenly in the middle of a conversation about something else. Belle made no mistake as to what he meant.

"About Lissy? Oh, everybody on the mountain knows that. You ask her yourself and see if it ain't so."

Again stupidity scored; Atlas would never bring himself, in cold blood, to ask the girl for confidence she had withheld.

"I reckon I'll be goin'," he suggested dubiously. "Looks like Lissy ain't comin' back to say good-by."

"She'll have to git up early for the train," Belle supplied. "I wish her better luck than I'm havin' in gittin' married and in gittin' out of the mills." She gave Atlas one of the glances he had praised to Melissa; then leaned closer toward him on the step, giggled portentously, and with a sudden, not unpractised motion flung a long chain of cheap glass beads about his neck. He was just getting up to go, and the jerk first bumped their heads smartly together, then snapped the strand and sent the beads flying and rattling over the porch floor.

"Now look at that—you great big ockard somebody!" stormed the girl, in affected coquetry. "You've broke my beads. You can jest get me another string—adzackly like them-uns, too."

"Well, I will," returned Atlas irritably. His eyes were on the window above; he was wondering if Melissa had really gone to bed. The time had been when the chance of even bumping his head against Belle's would have been worth a string of beads. The girl was creeping about on her hands and knees picking up the scattered bits of ornament.

"I think you might help me hunt 'em," she said sullenly.

"I told you I'd get you another," rejoined Atlas with an echo of her own sulkiness. "Where'd you buy that one?"

"I didn't buy it," said Belle, sitting up on her heels, the slow temper of the lazy, phlegmatic nature warming to his hostile tone. "The pedler give it to me. They's some fellers that wouldn't go to see a girl every evening for a month and never give her the wrappin' of their finger."

"Oh," said Atlas Mason, retreating down the steps. "Well, a hint's as good as a kick, I reckon, Belle. I'll see your friend, the pedler, about the beads, and if he can't match 'em I'll fetch you some from the store that are just as good. And I'll——"

For the life of him he could not get out words which would state that he intended to bring a gift of his own. He remembered indignantly the bag of candy or peanuts with which he had never failed to provide himself, which Melissa had always thought a sufficient offering. He strove in vain to make his adieus sound reasonably friendly.

Outside the gate he halted and looked back. A stunted maple dropped leaves through the still night air with a little secret rustle. The up-stairs windows were blank and irresponsive. Belle got the last of her beads and went in, slamming the door after her. And a slim little figure in a coarse white nightgown knelt at one of those blindly staring windows, forehead on sill, too proud to listen, too shaken by sobs to look, bidding Atlas good-by.

The young fellow turned with a sigh and made his way home companioned by the serious, not to say gloomy, thought that he had lost Melissa, taking clumsy masculine refuge in the determination to be very much in love with Belle Broyles.

III

AUGUST wore away, with its heat-pallid workers in the big, noisy, dusty factories, its fainting girls carried out from the mill-doors now and then, its fretting, cloth-white children in the spooling-rooms, or the village streets. It was when September made glorious the slopes above Cottonville, and even its squalid streets had a gay carpet of rustling leaves over their black mud, that Melissa returned. She was not of the mettle to run away from the fight and find peace. She had discovered that there were dragons to slay up in the mountains as well as down where she was daily confronted with her loss. On the fifth day she scrawled a postal card to her mother and came hurrying back.

It seemed strange to get off the cars, to have her little trunk thrown down beside the track, and stand looking at the big mills, the inn where the loom-fixers boarded, her father's house, lead-painted and thrifty. Had it all changed so much in her absence—or was the change in her? She saw her way clear before her. Melissa could never do anything unwomanly; but till Atlas and Belle were actually promised she felt there must be a chance for her own happiness.

She began to think that her postal card had gone wrong and that there was nobody to meet her. Then Bennie came whooping up the narrow road with a push-cart, demanding her help in getting the trunk down. She caught and kissed the boy, openly rebellious and secretly pleased.

"Jest got here in time for the weddin'," he remarked as they neared the back door.

"Whose weddin'? What weddin'?" cried Melissa, drawing back.

Mrs. Dease ran out on the back porch to bestow a perfunctory peck on the girl's cheek; a dab of a kiss that meant nothing at all of the deeps of love in her heart.

"Ssh! They're in the poller a'ready—preacher and all. I've got refreshmunts. I was afeared ye wouldn't get here. Land, but I'm proud to see ye gal! Atlas ain't come yit. You run meet him, Lissy."

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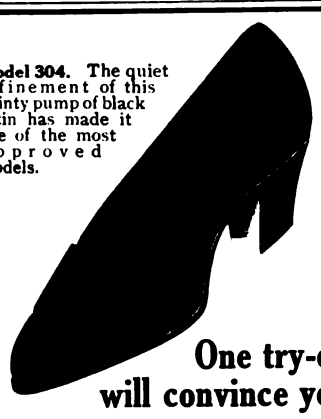

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THE GO-BETWEEN

"Bennie," Melissa whispered, "you take that trunk of mine 'round the front way. Make plenty of noise getting it in. I got to speak to mother before Atlas comes. Go quick!"

But through the thumping Melissa stood and stared mutely at her mother, and found nothing to say. There was silence, so that the sound of a man's voice — a stranger's — apparently going through some formula in the parlor came to their ears. Then Lissy felt her mother's hand on her shoulder; she was being hurried along the hall and pushed out of the front door.

Twilight was falling on the cluttered village street, making all seemly, excusing the ugliness of the houses; a young moon, like a little curled feather, tangled itself in the half-bare branches of the maple at the curb—and Atlas Mason, Melissa's man of men, came toward her with outstretched hands. She was afraid of the look in his eyes—she knew it for the bridegroom's look, and remembered with a great surge of bitterness what bride waited for him. She was in terror lest she cry out her heart. Wordlessly he caught her hands and stood looking down at her with incredulous, ardent eyes.

"Lord, how I have missed you!" he murmured fondly.

"Mother says—the wedding—refreshments—" Melissa faltered.

His glowing face clouded; he dropped her hands and stood back from her with a swift drawing-in of the breath, a squaring of the shoulders, the attitude of one who prepares himself for a blow.

"Bennie come and bid me to a weddin' at your house, but he didn't say whose. Is it yours, girl? Oh, Lissy, I can't give ye up."

"Hush," cautioned Melissa, for at the moment two people came into the little hallway, Mrs. Dease carrying a lamp ahead of them.

"Have ye told 'im?" the mother's anxious tones inquired; and Melissa wondered what it was she was expected to tell Atlas. "Darst I let 'em out?"

She spoke as though she had some dangerous wild beasts in charge, though what followed her appeared to be nothing more terrible than Belle Broyles and old Barney Shane; Belle in her big black cotton-velvet hat and the cheap collar she had bought for wedding gear, the pedler carrying a bulging valise, a shiny oilcloth one, crammed clumsily with her possessions.

"They're married!" ejaculated Atlas, a note of keen relief in his voice.

Shane took the remark as an inquiry directed toward himself, and replied to it seriously, almost apologetically:

"Yes, sir. The preacher is still in there and good Mrs. Dease has—er—refreshments, but after I heard of the money that was owing for board I couldn't take more from her."

The bride stood looking away, shaking out her sleazy skirts, pulling down her belt and finally making an impatient start toward the gate.

"Mrs. Dease," Shane lingered to say, "she ought to have her money. I didn't know about the board-bill; but now that Belle an' me are married, I'll see that she pays—a little at a time. I've got her a good job in the mills."

Belle hurried on ahead of her taskmaster, never looking back. In the path where the leaves from the maple drifted about their feet stood Atlas and his go-between. Their great moment had come. There would be toil for them afterward, and sorrow—the common lot—but the toil would be shared, the sorrow sweetened because of their companionship. In the dim light Melissa lifted to her lover a face so glorified that mere beauty of the flesh would have paled beside it. He bent to lay his cheek against hers when the quavering tones of Mother Dease sounded from the lighted doorway:

"Come in, children—I told ye I had refreshmunts—an' the preacher's here yit."

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THE LAW ON MARY ELIZA

[Continued from page 436]

bility. They passed. Mary Eliza could see their backs; their narrow shoulders; the limp folds of their skirts; the seams of their stout, serviceable shoes. Then came two others, and two more backs. Then two more, and their backs.

Mary Eliza could have touched them with ease. Yet she let each couple pass, and based her hopes upon the next. How quickly they went by, cruelly unconscious of the palpitating need beside them! Only two more couples now. Mary Eliza watched them in bitter despair, for she knew that she would not speak. The last pair was coming, and a gentle-faced sister walked at their side. . . . Mary Eliza heard the rustle of her flowing garments, like the rustle of angels' wings. . . .

The sister went white, and her heart almost stopped beating; a body had fallen in her path, and was lying motionless, face downward, at her feet. Instantly the word flew down the line; the line quivered and broke. . . . Oh, if Mary Eliza could only have seen! For all about her the children hovered, like a flock of fluttering doves.

Mary Eliza dreamed that she was in a garden. She had never seen a garden, but the place of her dream must have been one, because there were flowers. She awoke to find herself lying on a small white bed, and before her eyes a white hand was holding a cup, the contents of which another hand stirred rhythmically with a spoon. The hands belonged to a lovely, slender lady all in gray, who reminded Mary Eliza of a lily.

"Have some broth, dear," invited a quiet voice.

So Mary Eliza had the broth, and it made her feel so pleasant inside that she smiled up into the placid face that was bending over her and forgot to feel any shyness at all.

"Please, ma'am," she asked gently, "where am I?"

"In the St. Cecelia Home," answered the gray sister. "You fainted in the street, you know. But that was only because you were so hungry. Take another little rest; then you'll be all right."

The sister was puzzled by the expression of utter relief that crossed Mary Eliza's face. As she lay back obediently she muttered: "Is my hair cut?"

"No," the sister reassured her, "of course not," and was further nonplussed by the disappointed quiver of this curious child's lips.

"Why do you want it cut?" she queried. "Your mother'd never know you! When you're just a little stronger you're going home."

"No, ma'am," she said stubbornly, "I ain't goin' home."

The sister made no answer. She only looked into the white, determined face with a searching gaze. Here was some mystery. And because it was in her to probe deeper than the police matron into the hearts of children, which were to her the most pitiful, the most amazing, the most fragile and tragic things of earth, she presently leaned over the neat little bed and whispered:

"Won't you—can't you tell me all about it?"

And, wonder of wonders, with her rough, red hands in the blue-veined white ones, in her hoarse voice, Mary Eliza found words.

When she had finished there was a very long pause. The sister sat quite still on the edge of the bed, looking thoughtfully out of the little window.

Mary Eliza broke the silence that had fallen.

"D'you s'pose the barber'd be back from his dinner yet?" she asked wistfully.

The sister shook her head. "Not yet," she said, with cheerful decision. "Just take a good nap, Mary Eliza. That's what you need! When you wake up we'll see."

Dozing, Mary Eliza heard the sister moving about with companionable footfalls. As soon as her sleep had become profound, the footfalls became faint and distant, for the sister had hastened into the office of the Superintendent, where a quick conference was held, and from which several letters were sent out in the space of twenty minutes.

After many hours, when the little girl again opened her eyes, it was night, and the sister sat reading beside a shaded lamp. She was so rested, so comfortable.

"How you've slept," commented the sister, laying down her book and coming over. "You don't know how pink your cheeks are. I've got some happy news for you, and I want you to try hard to understand."

"Yes, ma'am," whispered Mary Eliza, her thoughts reverting to the barber. The news must refer to him—he must be coming. The solemn rite and ceremony which should make her wholly, inevitably one with the other members of the institution would shortly be performed. Now that she felt better, she was not so impatient for this. She would almost have preferred to put it off.

"Mary Eliza," went on the sister, and in her accents the homely double name took on both beauty and dignity, "I want to ask you one thing. *If your mother had money to keep you*, would you rather stay here with us, or go home?"

The child looked at her questioner sadly.

"She ain't," was her succinct rejoinder.

"She will have," the sister said impressively. "There's a new law—"

Mary Eliza recoiled in terror. In a flash the memory of Mrs. O'Sullivan came to her—Mrs. O'Sullivan who lived in their tenement house, and who, in spite of frequent urging by neighbors, had never been able to bring herself to have the law on her drunken husband, John. Bad John might be, and abusive in his cups, but not bad enough for such dire vengeance as that. And now this sinister power was going to be conjured up to interfere in her case, nullifying her sacrifice, making it of no avail.

The sister's quieting arm stole round her body.

"If a little girl," went on the already beloved voice, "can't think things out and work, and do everything quite as quickly as other people, who's the best person in the world to help her? Her own mother. So some good men have decided that they'll pay her mother to look after her instead of paying somebody else. Pay her for the time the little girl spends at home without earning anything, and for the bed she sleeps in, and for the food——"

The sister stopped to give Mary Eliza time. In the strained, wide eyes a light was dawning. The child's slow mind had worked out its own difficulties and the only solution of them that it could. Here was a new solution. That the law could become a beneficent agency had never entered her head. That a group of grave men, far removed from her in the social scale, should busy themselves to provide for just such contingencies as this, was nothing short of miraculous. She had left her home deliberately because she knew she was a drag upon her loved ones, and no one could tell her otherwise. But to go home—to a home in which she was a drag no longer; to a home where she could eat without taking bread out of the mouths of the children; to a home in which she need not hurry about her tasks, where whatever she managed to do was clear gain to the family; to a home, where the dear hands of her Katie need no longer fly the faster because of her; to a home, her own home, where she belonged by right!

The sister, watching her, saw her put an anxious and stealthy hand to the back of her head.

She laughed. So did Mary Eliza.

"It's still there!" said the sister.

Mary Eliza threw both arms about the gray waist. The face that she raised was no longer that of an old woman.

"Say, ain't everybody good," she whispered, "to have that beautiful law on me!"

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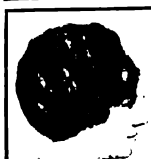

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[Continued from page 439]

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Socks made of worsted yarn or silk thread should reach half-way to the knee. Care should be taken that the feet are always perfectly warm. Knitted or crocheted booiees may be worn in Winter, to be replaced by soft kid ones in Summer.

A loose-fitting shirt of materials already described must be long enough to reach below the hips, with long sleeves and high neck. It is worn over the abdominal band.

The flannel skirt has armholes but no sleeves, is open at the shoulder and fastened loosely at the back with flat buttons, not pinned tightly about poor baby's chest so that it is difficult for him to breathe. This skirt reaches ten inches below the feet until baby is in his fourth or sixth month.

A simple little dress or slip is the real indoor requirement of the baby, and there is no particular object in having a petticoat between the flannel skirt and this outer slip, at least for ordinary occasions, as it just makes one more garment to put on. The outer slip is made of cambric or nainsook, the quality depending on your pocketbook. The sleeves come to the wrists, and the slip is made slightly longer than the flannel skirt.

When should one shorten baby's clothes?

At the fourth month in Summer and the sixth month in Winter. These early periods are advisable on account of baby's being hampered in his efforts toward development by kicking. Do not attempt the change if your baby happens to have a cold or if the weather be exceptionally cold. The material of the short garments is the same as that used for long ones. Baby is now graduated to long stockings. These may be woolen or part-woolen for Winter, and cotton for Summer. Knitted leggings are advisable for out-of-door in Winter. Caps which are so warm as to cause perspiration should be avoided.

After baby has passed the infancy stage the night garments should consist of shirt and drawers made in one piece, with long sleeves and feet. The material is muslin or outing flannel in Summer and merino or cotton stockinet in Winter. Very young babies should wear a band, shirt and diaper, and the nightgown should have a drawstring at the bottom.

When creepi g and walking are added to baby's accomplishments, "diaper drawers" may be substituted for the diaper, provided there is good bowel control. A "creeping-apron" is also useful at this period to protect baby from floor drafts and to keep the clothing clean. This should be wide and roomy, with a bag-like skirt closed at the bottom.

All garments worn next to the skin should be changed daily. In the washing of baby's clothes use pure soap, and be sure that no particles be retained in the clothing.

List of Clothing for Your Baby

FOUR dozen diapers; one yard white flannel for binders; four silk-and-wool or cotton-and-wool shirts; four knitted bands with shoulder-straps to replace binder after sixth week; eight flannel petticoats; six plain slips for night and day use; four pairs knitted or crocheted bootees; three knitted or flannel sacks; one warm cloak; two soft shawls; one hood; one pair mittens; six plain little dresses for day use after the sixth week.

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"1835 R·WALLACE" SILVER R W & S STERLING

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1835 R·WALLACE Silver Plate, the silverware that *Resists Wear*, differs from R·WALLACE Sterling only in the metal. The least expensive piece of the Alamo pattern is as beautifully fashioned and finished as the more costly sterling.

We guarantee our Silverware, and any piece which does not give positive satisfaction will be replaced. A delightful little book, "Table Decorations for Celebrations," and "How to Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer, will be sent free to anyone interested in Wallace Silver.

Alamo Pattern

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The *Seeger* Refrigerator is the most economical in ice consumption—is as handsomely finished as the best furniture.

But don't let these be your only reasons for buying it. They are desirable features, but consider what the *Seeger* means to the health of your family—that's the most important point, especially if you have little children.

SEEGER THE ORIGINAL PATENTED AND ONLY SIPHON REFRIGERATOR

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Of course, if you think shoes are just shoes, you can get them anywhere.

If you are critical, however, and discriminate between ordinary shoes and the kind that really have style, fit and comfort, you will certainly ask for

Dorothy Dodd SHOES

Whatever your footwear needs the Dorothy Dodd dealer can supply you. Ask for them and look for the trade mark.

Here are four of the more popular models:

3037,	Brown Kid Blucher Oxford, Welt.
3290A,	Patent Kid Pump, Turn.
1736,	White Washable Buck Button Boot, Welt.
1477,	White Arabian Cloth Pump, Welt.

Prices range $3.50 to $5.00
A few $5.50 and $6.00.

Dorothy Dodd dealers can supply you through Parcel Post Service.

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That Pet Corn

How many times you've pared it.

How many useless treatments have you tried to get relief?

Yet that corn can be ended in two days. It can be taken out entirely, with no soreness, pain or trouble.

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All pain stops when you apply a Blue-jay. You forget the corn. In 48 hours take off the Blue-jay, and the corn comes out.

Don't use ancient treatments, for their day is done. Find out how Blue-jay acts. After that, you'll simply laugh at corns.

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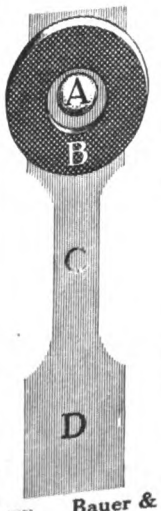

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
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Hunter & Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.

The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush Earned its reputation by "mouth to mouth" advertising

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH

[Continued from page 446]

belonged to a far distant past already becoming blurred in his memory.

So Paul lived his queer sedulous life, month after month, year after year, and developed from the boy into the beautiful youth. A kindly adviser suggested a gymnasium to keep him in condition for professional purposes. He took the advice and in the course of time became a splendid young animal, a being so physically perfect as to be what the good Vicar of Bludston had called him in tired jest—a *lusus naturæ*. But though proud of his body as any finely formed human may honorably be, a far higher arrogance saved him from Narcissus vanity. It was the inner and essential Paul and not the outer investiture that was born to great things.

In his eighteenth year he gradually awoke to consciousness of change. One of his classmates at the Polytechnic Institute, with whom he had picked a slight acquaintance, said one evening as they were walking homeward together:

"I sha'n't be coming here after next week. I've got a good clerkship in the city. What are you doing?"

"I'm an artist's model," said Paul.

The other, a pale and perky youth, sniffed. His name was Higgins. "Good Lord! What do you mean?"

"I'm a model in the life class of the Royal Academy School," said Paul proudly.

"You stand up naked in front of all kinds of people for them to paint you?"

"Of course," said Paul.

"How beastly!" said Higgins.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that," said Higgins. "It's beastly!"

A minute or two afterward he jumped on a passing omnibus and henceforward avoided Paul at the Polytechnic Institute.

Higgins's "how beastly" rang in his head. Although he could not quite understand the full meaning of the brutal judgment, it brought him discontent. For one thing, like the high-road, his profession led nowhither. It was static and Paul's temperament was dynamic. He had also lost his boyish sense of importance, of being the central figure in the little stage. Disillusion began to creep over him. Would he do nothing else but this all his life? Old Erricone, the patriarchal, white-bearded Italian, the doyen of the models of London, came before his mind a senile posturer, mumbling dreary tales of his inglorious achievements: how he was the Roman Emperor in this picture and Father Abraham in the other; how painters could not get on without him; how once he had been summoned from Rome to London; how Rossetti had shaken hands with him. Paul shivered at the thought of himself as the Erricone of a future generation.

On the next Saturday afternoon he walked abroad with Jane, who, having lengthened her skirts and put up her hair, was now a young woman looking older than her years. She, too, had developed. Her lank figure had rounded into pretty curves. Her sharp little Cockney face had filled out. She had a pleasant smile and a capable brow, and, correcting a tendency to fluffiness of hair of which she disapproved, and dressing herself neatly, made herself by no means unattractive. Constant association with Paul had fired her ambitions. Like him she might have a destiny, though not such a majestic one. Accordingly she had studied stenography and typewriting, with a view to earning her livelihood away from the little shop, which did not offer the prospect of a dazzling career. At the back of her girlish mind was the desire to keep pace with Paul in his upward flight, so that he should not be ashamed of her when he sat upon the clouds in glory. In awful secrecy she practised the social accomplishments which he brought home. She loved her Saturday and Sunday excursions with Paul—of late they had gone far afield. The Tower, Greenwich, Richmond . . . exploring London and making splendid discoveries such as Westminster Abbey and a fourpenny tea-garden at Putney. She scarcely knew whether she would care for these things for themselves, but she saw them through Paul colored by his vivid personality.

On this mild March afternoon Paul and Jane walked in the Euston Road, he in a loose blue serge suit, floppy black tie, low collar and black soft felt hat (this was in the last century, please remember—epoch almost romantic, so fast does time fly), she in a neat black braided jacket and sailor hat. They looked pathetically young.

"Look here, Jane," he said suddenly. "I want to ask you something. The other night I told a man I was an artist's model and he said, 'How beastly!' and turned away as if I wasn't fit for him to associate with. What was he driving at?"

"He was a nasty cad," said Jane promptly.

"Of course he was," said Paul. "But why did he say it? Do you think there's anything beastly in being a model?"

"Certainly not." She added in modification: "that is, if you like it."

"Well, supposing I don't like it?"

She did not reply for a minute or two. Then: "If you really don't like it, I should be rather glad."

"Why?" asked Paul.

She raised a piteous face.

"Yes, tell me," he insisted. "Tell me why you agree with that cad Higgins?"

"I don't agree with him."

"You must."

They fenced for a while. At last he pinned her down.

"Well, if you want to know," she declared, with a flushed cheek, "I don't think it's a man's job."

He bit his lip. He had asked for the truth and he had got it. His own dark suspicions were confirmed. Jane glanced at him fearful of offense. When they had walked some yards he spoke:

"What would you call a man's job?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said in distress, "something you do with your hands or your brain."

"You think being a model is undignified?"

"Yes."

"So do I," said Paul.

. . . . . .

On Monday Paul went to the Life School and stripped with a heavy heart. Jane was right. It was not a man's job. The fact, too, of his doing it lowered him in her esteem, and though he had no romantic thoughts whatever with regard to Jane he enjoyed being Lord Paramount in her eyes. He went into the studio and took up his pose; and as he stood on the model throne, conspicuous, glaring, the one startling central object, Higgins's "How beastly!" came like a material echo and smote him in the face. He felt like Adam when he first proceeded to his primitive tailoring. A wave of shame ran through him. He looked around the great silent room, at the rows of students, each in front of an easel, using his naked body for their purposes. There he was fixed with outstretched limbs and strained loins, a human being far more alive than the peering, measuring throng, far more important, called by a destiny infinitely higher than theirs. And none of them suspected it. For the first time he saw himself as they saw him. They admired him as a *Thing*, an animal trained especially for them, a prize bullock. As a human being they disregarded him. Nay, in the depth of their hearts they despised him. Not one of them would have stood where he did. He would have considered it—rightly—as degrading to his manhood.

The head of the school snapped his fingers impatiently and fussed up to the model stand.

"What's the matter? Tired already? Take it easy for a minute, if you like."

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ELECTRIC FLAT IRON

Beautiful in design and finish; triple nickel polished; extra long cord; easily attached; easily disconnected. Stays hot on wet clothes; irons anything from the most delicate to the heaviest goods and does nice work on all. Each iron supplied with attractive stamped metal stand.

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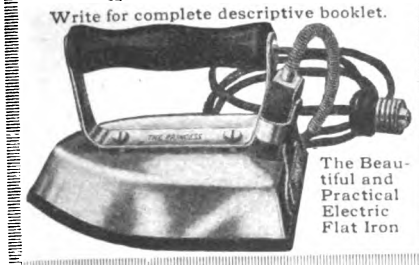

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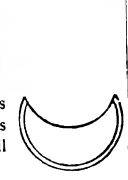

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"It shows just the Kleinert's Shield I need for each garment.

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We can save you money.

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460 North St., Kokomo, Ind.

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH

"NO," SAID Paul, instinctively stiffening himself. "I'm never tired."

It was his boast that he could stand longer in a given pose than any other model and thereby he had earned reputation.

"Then don't go to pieces, my boy," said the head of the school, not unkindly. "You're supposed to be a Greek athlete and not Venus rising from the sea or a jelly at a children's party."

Paul flushed all over and insane anger shook him. How dared the man speak to him like that? He kept the pose, thinking wild thoughts. Every moment the strain grew less bearable, the consciousness of his degradation more intense. He longed for something to happen, something dramatic, something that would show them what manner of man he was. He was histrionic in his anguish.

A fly settled on his back, a damp, sluggish fly that had survived the Winter, and it crawled horribly up his spine. He bore it for a few moments and then his over-excited nerves gave way and he dashed his hand behind him. Somebody laughed. He raised his clenched fists and glared at the class.

"Ay, yo' can laugh, yo' can laugh till yo' bust!" he cried falling back into his Lancashire accent. "But yo'll never see me here agen. Never, never, never, so help me God!"

He rushed away. The head of the school followed him and while he was dressing reasoned with him.

"Nay," said Paul. "Never agen. Aw'm doan wi' th' whole business."

And as Paul walked home through the hurrying streets he thought regretfully of twenty speeches which would have more adequately signified his indignant retirement from the profession.

[To be continued]

REMEMBER?

By Archie Austin Coates

REMEMBER how you did
When a yellow-headed kid,
Years ago?
When they sent you up to bed,
With the sky still glowing red
On the snow.
Remember?

And lying half awake,
Gazing out upon the lake
Gray and cold—
In your thoughts were damosels,
Knights, and jesters hung with bells
All of gold.
Remember?

Until the dying day
Hung a filmy cloud of gray
O'er the deep;
Then your visions turned to air—
Daddy came and found you there,
Fast asleep!
Remember?

Lead-Sheathed Houses

Lead roofs, like that on Westminster Abbey, last for centuries *without repairs.*

Lead pipe has lain under Roman streets *2000 years* unrusted.

Lead paint is a lead sheath on your house. It won't last for centuries (it's only 1/200 inch thick), but it outwears any other paint.

Try Dutch Boy White Lead mixed with Dutch Boy Linseed Oil for your next painting.

Dutch Boy White Lead—white in the keg—any color you want to make it on the house.

Dutch Boy White Lead in steel kegs, 12½, 25, 50 and 100 lbs. Dutch Boy Linseed Oil, 1 and 5 gallon sealed cans. Ask your paint dealer.

Let us send you "Painting Helps 12," full of paint facts. Includes catalog of 150 beautiful stencils for walls. We have retained a competent decorator to give advice. Free to you. Send us description of house or rooms to be decorated.

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Only Chalmers "Porosknit" has the above label and the unconditional Guarantee Bond (below) —with every garment.

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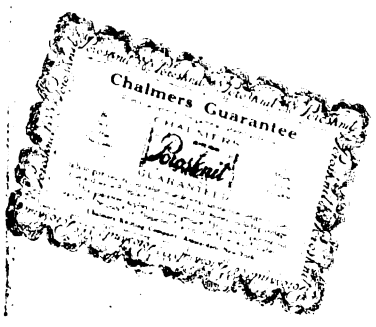
Chalmers "Porosknit" is so cool, comfortable, light and flexible fits and "gives" so well that they can tumble about with ease.

Parents like boys to wear "Porosknit" because it's so durable, wears so well, is healthful and absorbs perspiration. No question about quality—has the absolute guarantee just the same as in men's sizes. Treat the boy to a "Porosknit" Union Suit.



Send for Booklet Illustrating Styles

For Boys **25c** Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment **50c** For Men

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Men's Mercerized (looks like silk) $1.00 per garment, $2.00 Union Suit.

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Insures your getting Quality, Quantity and Sure Results

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1½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine (scant measure) | 1 orange | 1 lemon | 1½ cups sugar | 3 cups rich milk

Grate the outside of both orange and lemon. Squeeze out the juice and add to this the sugar. Soak the gelatine in part of a cup of milk for 5 minutes and dissolve by standing in pan of hot water. Stir into the rest of the milk. When it begins to freeze add the fruit juice and sugar, and fruit of any kind, if desired. This makes a large allowance for five persons.

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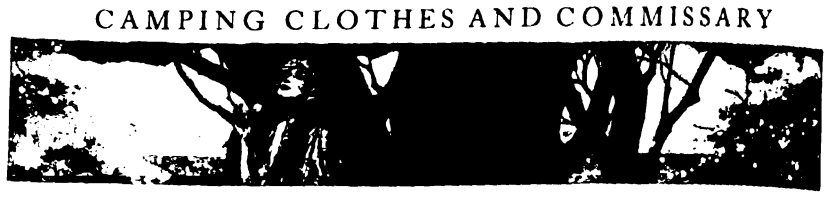

YOUR SUMMER IN THE OPEN

HERE IS AN OUTDOOR WOMAN'S WISE PLAN FOR COMFORT ON TRAIL AND IN CAMP

By Mabel T. Evans

EVEN for roaming the hills around home—which is the best way to sharpen your zest for the Summer vacation—the right clothing will double your pleasure and your endurance. Moreover the right clothing for a one-day tramp in East, West, North or South, is virtually the same as you would wear to travel with pack-train through the Rockies.

I believe in the possession of a real tramping suit. It is an added incentive to get out and rediscover each Spring the deep joys of real walking. Of course I believe also in real camping trips, having spent almost all the last ten Summers in camp and saddle, and covered again and again a thousand miles in a season. I would like to share such soul-filling experiences with every woman in America, and at least I can show how simple the practical matters of outfit can be made.

For a small party, in warm weather where heavy bedding is not needed, saddle-horses, with pack-animals to "tote" the supplies, furnish the ideal method of locomotion, as one can thus be quite independent of roads or even trails.

For a large number and a long trip a wagon and four horses make it easier, as food, bedding and clothes can be carried along so that one can go on almost indefinitely, leaving the wagon and using the saddle-horses and pack-saddles for little side trips.

In this way one's only outside requirements are water, wood and grass.

There are, of course, many convenient camping outfits to be obtained from the shops that cater to those interested in all out-of-door sports, but the average camper, after a varied and extended experience, is apt to fall back upon his own individual collection of what he considers indispensable to his comfort. Being out on long trips, away from every source of supply, all necessities must be provided for—yet with a minimum of baggage.

WHILE men and boys can buy clothes occasionally, of a sort, from the little country stores, a woman can not depend on that and must start with everything necessary for the trip. And first the shoes. These are the most important part of the whole wardrobe. For general wear, high laced buckskin boots seem to be the most practical. They can be made to fit round the ankle and calf so that briars, etc., can't get inside as they do in riding-boots.

A pair of heel protectors and insoles are convenient in case the boots are a little loose, and these save the wear on the stockings. A little oil rubbed in the leather makes them practically waterproof. Besides these, I take a pair of low shoes that are easy to slip on and off, and are firm enough not to let one's foot slip or rub at all. They rest the feet in camp, and yet one can walk around in them without discomfort.

I usually take an old pair that I know are comfortable, and have a heavy sole pegged or sewed on, not nailed. Stockings can be rolled into a small space, so I take half a dozen pairs of new ones and any old ones that my New England thrift allows me to wear and throw away. The important thing about the stocking is its foot Be sure there are no seams or lines across the toes.

Union suits are nice if you are sure of a certain amount of privacy, but they are inconvenient otherwise. One's corset must be comfortable, so that one can ride and twist and bend any way desired. For any other underwear, such as bloomers or petticoats, seersucker is good, as it doesn't need ironing. For waists and corset covers I like cotton crêpe; it looks well and is convenient. I have found that it is just as easy to look neat and attractive when camping as at any other time. So many women think they can wear out old clothes and, in consequence, always look a mess.

The skirt is the bulky thing and one should have two, at least, in case of emergency. After trying many materials, I have settled on a good solid denim as wearing best and holding its shape. Blue seems to be the best all-round color.

A sweater and a rain-coat should be carried either in riding or driving. The hat is a matter of personal taste. I wear the little white canvas hats that are used on the water. They are light, comfortable, shade the eyes and are not readily injured. I take a simple one-piece dress along for rare "dress-up" occasions; pongee, soft silk or a soft lawn that is light and not easily wrinkled. This, with a plain cotton crêpe petticoat, answers every purpose.

For night I take two heavy outing-flannel nightdresses. By making them voluminous I can slip my arms out of the sleeves, and in the protection of their folds entirely dress myself before any kind or size of audience.

BESIDES my wearing apparel, I make a denim or canvas sack in the form of an apron. Two of its pockets are lined with oiled silk for the tooth-brush and wash-cloth. Soap I carry in a soap-box, and the other pockets contain hair-brush and comb, tooth-powder, talcum powder, a roll of sewing material, a roll of medicine, tape, shoe-laces, and any of the small toilet things, such as pins, hair-pins, nail-file, etc., that I may need. The apron I make is cut from the three front gores of a skirt pattern, making it twenty inches long. At the waistline it is about fifteen inches wide, with a belt that fastens around my waist. The top pockets are about ten inches deep and are kept for just the toilet things. The bottom pockets are about twelve inches and come up over the bottom of the upper ones. They are for the sewing and medicine rolls as well as extra dress accessories, such as belts, handkerchiefs, neckties, shoe-laces and tape. At the top of each row of pockets I make an inch hem and run a strip of garter elastic through, fastening it at each end.

The Camp Commissariat

Coffee, tea, cocoa.
Oatmeal, corn-meal, rice.
Flour, sugar, baking-powder, soda.
Salt, pepper, vinegar, olive-oil.
Eggs, butter, lard, bacon.
Canned or dried vegetables.
Potatoes (fresh if we go with a wagon; dehydrated with a pack-horse).
Canned or dried fruits—including raisins and prunes.
Split peas, beans, macaroni.
Honey, cheese.
Salmon, sardines, dried beef, codfish.
Canned meats to use cold for lunch.
Erbswurst, for soups.
Crackers, and for extra occasions such delicacies as shrimps, a jar or two of jam, prepared salad-dressing, etc.

BEFORE starting I make heavy muslin or canvas sacks for everything, marking them plainly. For things only used occasionally I take a long strip of material, stitch it lengthwise and then across the middle, sewing tapes at each end. Two things can often be in one package so as to save time in handling.

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Insure your vacation being pleasurable and beneficial by having Thermos as your companion.

On trains and boats, Thermos protects you against germ laden, public drinking cups.

It is a portable refrigerator in which the baby's milk can be carried cold, clean and germ proof.

At summer hotels, boarding houses and camps you need have no fear of impure water if you boil the water and keep it cold, clean and palatable in Thermos.

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If the word Thermos is not stamped on the base, it's a counterfeit.

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has been earned by years of meritorious service. Nothing is quite so delightful to use; nothing quite so efficacious, cleansing, refreshing, and soothing to the skin as SEMPRE GIOVINE, that convenient, fragrant cake.

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Meaning Always Young

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ANNA AYERS, Dept. K-8, 220 S. State St., Chicago

YOUR SUMMER IN THE OPEN

WE ROLL butter in a damp cloth and put it in an empty lard-bucket. We always start with eggs, carrying them either in a pail or a horse's nose-bag with plenty of grain. We can frequently buy eggs, as even the most remote homesteader keeps chickens, but fresh milk is unknown. We have never tried egg powder, though we have heard it highly recommended.

The dehydrated foods are a great boon to campers who have learned their uses, as, by having Mason jars with tight screw tops, the vegetables can be put in water in the morning so that by night they are well soaked and ready to cook. The same can be done with prunes, split peas, dried fruits and other things of that order.

Matches go in a tightly covered jar. Soap, dish-cloths and towels, coffee-sacks and a few candle-ends are also packed. It is rarely that an artificial light is needed, but a candle-end can be stuck on to anything in an emergency and takes up but little room.

For dishes we like the white enamel plates and a few bowls that fit together closely—cups with open handles that can be telescoped. An unbleached muslin roll holds the "silver," having a pocket for the knives, one for the forks, and so on. For six or eight people, we take a Dutch oven, a coffee-pot, a kettle, two frying-pans and a bread-pan. Knives, a large fork, an iron spoon, a can-opener, a corkscrew, and a wire-strainer are also quite necessary. The most luxurious accessory of any camp outfit is a Thermos bottle. It means a hot drink on a snowy summit or an ice-cold one in long, dry stretches. In such places the right drink seems beyond price and may really be. When we travel with a wagon we carry with us a one-by-twelve board, the length corresponding to the body of the wagon. This serves us admirably for a table, as one end can be put on the horizontal spoke of a wheel and the other on a box.

When Making Camp

THERE are two methods of campfire building. One taking two equal logs about six inches in diameter, laying them parallel and close enough together to hold a frying-pan and coffee-pot, and building the fire between. The other is made by putting a few flat stones around the building, leaving one side open and building the fire in the hole. For a quick camp, where one is to move away soon, the two logs do very well, but for several meals I prefer the stones.

Rules for All Campers

THERE are a few rules that all campers should follow. In building a fire, do not build near a tree or a stump, and if there is dead grass build a back fire all around the fireplace for a radius of four or five feet, so that nothing will spread.

In leaving camp burn all little pieces of paper and put the tin cans in some inconspicuous place. Anything that can be used by other people put in one pile, and see that the fire is out.

One year we were stopping by a river, when toward dusk another camping outfit came in and settled near us for the night. Our work was over, so we watched them from our places by the fire. After their work was completed, they came over to our fire. One of our men handed out a can of tobacco and we gradually fell into a desultory exchange of news, when suddenly one of the strangers got up and went over to our kitchen, where a few coals showed the location of the fireplace. Soon he came back, saying, "So you are the people who build these fireplaces? We have followed your trail for over three hundred miles, camping where you did. Everything was so well picked up that it was the best place around, besides there always being a good fireplace and generally a little pile of wood within reach."

Fortunately, the fire was dying down so that our blushes were hidden, but we answered with becoming modesty, "That is simply camp courtesy."

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The Old Colony Pattern

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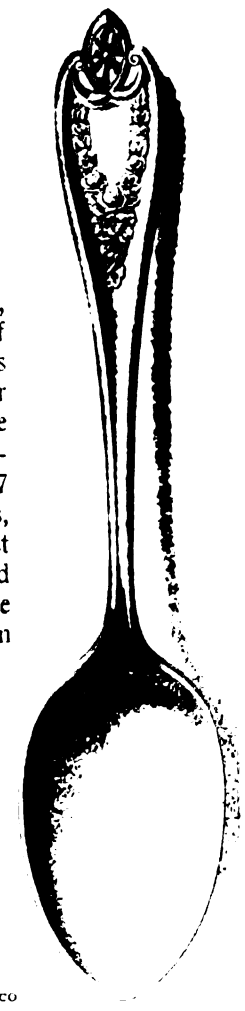

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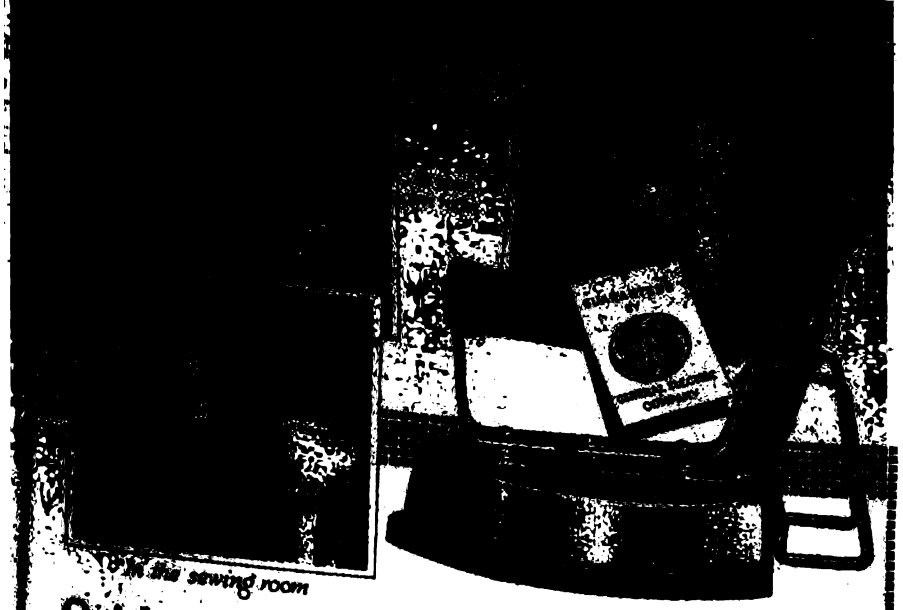

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"Even Heat" in an iron means that you get the same amount of heat at the point, the center and the edges—at every part of the ironing surface. This "even heat" in the G-E Electric Iron is secured by the special features of its interior construction—the result of years of scientific experiment by the world's largest electrical manufacturer.

What does this "even heat" mean to you? It means not only *easier* and more *comfortable* ironing—but *quicker* ironing, too. And this means *lower cost*, because the *quicker* the ironing, the less electricity you use. With the G-E Iron you do an average family ironing for only 15 cents—and even this extra electricity you save if you light your home with Edison Mazda Lamps. Another economy in the G-E Iron is the way it holds and stores up the heat—allowing you to do considerable ironing with the electricity turned off. This quick, sustained heat is effected by a special series of air spaces which drives the heat directly *down into the ironing*. You need no separate stand for this iron—merely tip it back on its own heel-stand.

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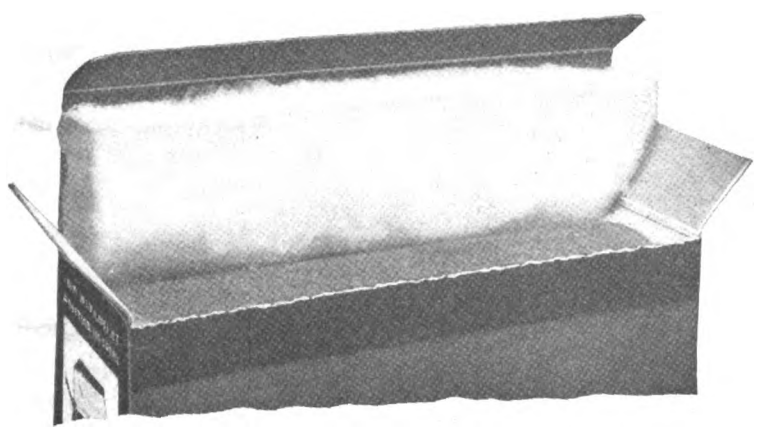

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Handy Package Absorbent Cotton

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OUR BOOK DEPARTMENT

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

James Shelley Hamilton

A Guide to the Montessori Method

THERE are several questions that educators and parents have been asking themselves since the message of Dr. Maria Montessori flashed across to us from Italy two years ago.

Is the Montessori system of value for American children?

Has it a tendency to make children less original and creative because of its emphasis upon didactic materials?

How does the Montessori child learn goodness?

These questions have been uppermost in our minds.

Miss Stevens, after studying with Dr. Montessori and experimenting with American children, answers our queries very authoritatively. She paints for us Rome, not only the Eternal, but the Eternally Modern city, a place of engineering miracles, of model tenements, of child-study. In this environment she shows us an eager, brilliant woman-doctor, combining the principles of genetic psychology and anthropology in a system of education that has for its keynote liberty.

The spirit of Montessori is applicable in the education of any child. She develops his body by means of carefully planned muscular education. She develops his mind by giving him a full sensory life through the use of her materials. She develops his soul by giving him freedom.

Miss Stevens tells us many things along these lines that we want to know. She urges the necessity of keeping home and school records of a child's height, chest expansion, cranial development and weight. She describes the Montessori materials and suggests American uses for them.

Montessori-trained children are good and kind, and thoughtful of the rights of others, and they are exquisitely courteous. That the elimination of all rewards and punishments, the use of the much-discussed Game of Silence, the exercises in practical life, the child's privilege of choice of work and play materials and the inspiration of successfully accomplished tasks, works this marvel in child-training, Miss Stevens tells us. She describes the creative opportunities of the Montessori child in the use of clay and crayon work, and the shorter route to the three R's. She gives us a picture of a community Montessori Children's House possible of realization in any American community.

If Miss Stevens, in comparing the systems of Froebel and Montessori, has over-emphasized certain phases of formal kindergarten interpretation rather than the spirit of the kindergarten, we may overlook this. She has cleared away any confusion that has dimmed our vision of the Montessori child, and we welcome her book.

A Guide to the Montessori Method, by Ellen Yale Stevens. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) $1.00.

The Flirt

MANY flirts have flickered through novels and short stories, but it is hard to recall such a vivid, consistent picture of one as *Cora Madison*. The story in which she carries on her operations is theatrical, and often not at all to be believed. Extraordinarily life-like people are exasperatingly mixed up with people who do not exist outside of romantic melodrama. But the American Family is revealed in flashes of such keen humor and understanding that one wishes Booth Tarkington would get rid of the idea that a story has to have a plot, and write the part of the American *Comedie Humaine* that nobody else could write half so well.

The Flirt, by Booth Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.25.

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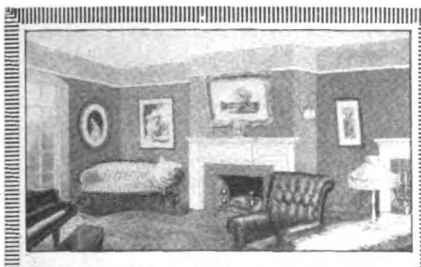

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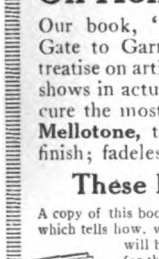

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

AUNT BETTY'S LETTER

AND A GUESSING CONTEST

DEAREST CHILDREN:—*Once upon a time*—oh, I can hear my thousands of dear nieces and nephews clapping their hands. "Once upon a time," *is* a nice way to begin a letter or a story, isn't it, dears? And this is going to be a letter and a story all in one.

When I ask you the kind of puzzle that will make you the happiest, Dick and Dorothy and Marian and Malcolm and, oh, four or five thousand other children, write and say:

"Tell us a story, Aunt Betty!"

"Tell us a story about when you were little, Aunt Betty!"

"Tell us a *guessing* story, Aunt Betty!"

So, because I love Dick and Dorothy and Marian and Malcolm and all the rest of you, I am going to tell you a guessing story all about when I was a little girl.

ONCE upon a time when it was June and Aunt Betty was a little girl, big posters of elephants and camels and bears told that the —— was coming to town. My father said that I might go, and when the day came, I put on my best white —— and my —— with roses and took my father's hand and started. Oh, it was wonderful! We sat in a big white ——. and watched the funny clown, the tight-rope walker and the chariot races. Then a dear little Shetland —— with long mane and tail came out and began to dance as the band played. Backward and forward he danced on his slender hind ——. But suddenly he stopped. He fell on his side in the sawdust ring. He had twisted his foot.

"Will he get well?" my father asked the ticket man as we started home.

"No," the man replied. "We must kill him."

"Will you sell him to my little girl, ——?" father asked.

"We will *give* him to you," said the ticket man.

And that is how I came to have my little Shetland friend. He did not die. He lived in the ——— and ate —— and his hurt foot got well. I turned him out to —— and he grew fat and beautiful.

Now comes the funny part of the story. The next Summer more posters said that the —— was coming to town again. In the morning of the wonderful day I jumped on Master Shetland's back and off we galloped to see the parade. All the other little children that I knew were there. The parade started. The elephants stalked by. The lions rolled along in cages. Then came the band. Master Shetland pricked up his ——. He remembered. He stood right up on his hind —— in the street. Happy Master Shetland *began to* —— just as he had done when he belonged to the ——.

I clung to his back as he tried to join the parade. When it had passed, he trotted home with me, shaking his tail proudly as he went. Was he not a clever Master Shetland?

Aunt Betty's Prize Contest

Find the missing words in the Guessing Story. Write them very neatly or use pictures to tell what the left-out words are. Write your address and age on the paper, too, and send your answers to Aunt Betty, care of THE DELINEATOR, before June fifteenth.

Ten beautiful paint-boxes wait for the ten best answers.

List of Aunt Betty March Prize Winners.

Amy Ruse, Canada.
Marie Cramb, Nebraska.
Marie Smith, North Dakota.
Cecil Bayless, Illinois.
Marguerite Richert, North Carolina.
Mary E. Mather, Oklahoma.
Kathryn Moore, Canal Zone.
Roy Cox, South Carolina.
Flora E. M. Barger, Oregon.
Okla Elstner, Pennsylvania.

The First Flies Call for Tanglefoot

Spread a sheet of Tanglefoot when you see the first fly. For these winter survivors may breed countless armies later.

Tanglefoot will save you from untold annoyance from flies this summer. No other method has proved half so effective.

300,000,000 Sheets Used Yearly

A mighty army of Tanglefoot is ready to help you. Each sheet can destroy 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that *destroys the germ* as well as the fly.

So Tanglefoot is a double protection. Now after 30 years, hardly a household in America would be without it.

Don't Risk Poisons

Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

Fly traps, too, are unsanitary and disgusting to care for.

Tanglefoot the Safe Way

You take no chances when you use Tanglefoot. It is the non-poisonous, sanitary way of fighting flies. In sections bothered by fleas, too, it is a veritable boon.

Don't be without Tanglefoot this summer, if you want to enjoy freedom from these pests.

Preferred for 30 Years

TANGLEFOOT

The original Tanglefoot always bears this trademark. It contains one-third more sticky compound, hence lasts longer than the no-name kinds sold merely as fly paper, or sticky fly-paper. Ask your grocer or druggist for Tanglefoot for this season's war on flies.

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FAIRY SOAP

is made of edible fats—much higher priced material than usually finds its way into soap.

¶Fairy Soap is white—and stays white to the last wafer of the cake.

¶Try Fairy Soap in your toilet and bath.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO

The Floating, Oval Cake

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

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THE HOME KINDERGARTEN

YOUR CHILDREN NEED PLAY AS MUCH AS THEY NEED FOOD. MAY WE HELP YOU TO HELP THE CHILDREN PLAY?

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Talk to Mothers

Helping Your Child to Listen

"LITTLE Girl doesn't mind me!"

"Little Boy doesn't pay any attention when I ask him to do something!"

"I believe that my children are deaf!"

The weary plaints ring from east to west, from pole to pole, from overseas.

They are very real, to-be-heeded matters in child-training. The child who doesn't mind his mother isn't going to mind the law when he grows up. He isn't going to be morally, socially obedient. Being obedient in little-folk days is the big business of childhood. How are we going to help children to be obedient?

The average child is deaf. He ought to be deaf to "Don't touch that;" "Don't make so much noise;" "Don't get your blouse dirty;" "Don't break that," and the rest of the grown-up commands that fill his days. He hears only those sounds and words that interest him. He is mentally deaf—just as we are to auditory impressions that come to us over and over again.

The bang of the subway train is not heard by the guard; the printer is deaf to the roar of the presses; the street child, snatching a second's ball-play in the street, fails to hear the beat of the horse's hoofs that almost kill him. So it is with the child who has had so many commands that he fails to heed them.

But just as we start and are mentally "all ears" when we hear a beautiful snatch of music, a beloved voice, or the evening song of a wood thrush, so a child will listen and pay attention and obey a few just commands if he has been taught to listen to the beautiful sounds and voices in his environment.

HOW shall we teach children to listen? First, listen yourself. Do you hear all the voices of a Summer day, ranging in tone and degree from the whirr of a bird's wings to the rhythmic tap, tap of a horse's hoofs on a hard road? Can you determine, without seeing, the direction the bird is taking by the beat of his wings as he leaves his nest in your garden? Can you tell how far away the horse is by his resonant hoof ringing on the road pebbles? When you have learned to listen, help your child to hear with you.

A mother who believes that her children's ears and eyes are their souls' doors takes "sound" tramps with her boy and girl in the Summer. These are short, quiet walks through the streets of the town or into the near-by fields, countryside and woods. On their return from one of these purposeful tramps, mother and children compare notes to determine how many sounds each has heard. Crickets, cicadas, different bird-notes, whirring wheels, street organs, dropping water, running water—all these melodious sounds and countless others are noted.

The children have arranged a schedule of counts, making a kind of game of their walks. An unusual sound heard, such as a rare bird-song, the sound of wind singing in leaves or a strain of music issuing from some house passed in the walk counts ten. Ordinary, every-day sounds count five. The element of rivalry in the game makes it compelling, and the children have grown wonderfully alert in listening.

"How do you connect this sound game with the children's moral training in obedience?" I asked.

"I don't have to 'connect' at all," my mother-friend explained.

"I know that my children hear a great deal more than most boys and girls. I am sure that they listen intelligently. The matter of their listening to me depends upon what I say. So I try never to give an unnecessary command. I let little things slip by unnoticed and I

weigh my 'don'ts' carefully in the balance. When I say *don't* or *do*, I mean to be obeyed and I am."

The baby and kindergarten child may be taught to listen as the Italian babies are being taught. Part of the Montessori material consists of wooden receptacles, cut in bottle shape, sealed and filled with different kinds of rattling objects: pebbles, shot and small seeds. These are used to train a child's sense of hearing. The directress places them in a row, allows the child to shake them, rattle fashion, then blindfolds the child and leads him to try and tell which she gives him.

We all know the delight of the baby in his rattle. Why have we never given our babies different kinds of rattles—rattles with different sounds—to help them in learning how to listen?

Any mother may carry out this sound-training at home by using a series of empty bottles as these wooden bottles are used by Dr. Montessori. Children are always fascinated by bottles; using them for sense-training makes an otherwise aimless play educational. Let the baby fill a set of bottles with dried peas, beans, small pebbles, tiny shells, coarse sand or any small objects.

The cork is then inserted firmly so that it can not be removed. Then "dress up" the bottles by fitting them into close-fitting colored cambric bags: red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet if these rainbow colors are available. The cork may have a grotesque little face inked on, and these doll-rattles should have a box in which they are kept for very special play.

They may be used as are the wooden "rattles" of Dr. Montessori, but in the case of this set of home rattles the very young child is able to combine color and sound-training as she says, blindfolded:

"You shook the red bottle," or, "the blue," or, "the purple one."

The child who has learned to listen is not only better off morally than the child who is deaf to tones, but he is infinitely more happy. Your child's Summer will be richer than any of his other Summers if he is able to hear the fine, cheerful note of a cricket shrilling above a jargon of other sounds; if he has the power to sit quietly in the grass, listening, senses alert, for the cricket's voice.

Help your child to hear the Summer and build his integrity and his joy at the same time.

Kindergarten Busy-ness

Picture-Sewing

WHY all children love holes so is one of the riddles of the Sphinx, but the fact remains that they do. They love to punch little round holes in paper, to dig rows of holes in the sand at the beach, to make finger-holes in their play-room clay. This instinctive child-liking for holes is utilized in the kindergarten occupation of sewing. Through sewing up and down through a series of coarsely punched holes in cardboard with heavy, bright-colored worsted, children find hand-training and learn to see outlines of objects.

The materials for this kindergarten sewing, which is a form of play-work especially adapted to outdoor use, are easily available. The mother will need to provide herself with several skeins of coarse colored worsted or yarn in the prevailing colors of fruits and flowers. A skein each of red, blue, yellow, green and brown will prove satisfactory. Blunt-pointed needles, a pair of kindergarten scissors and a number of picture sewing-cards complete the outfit.

These cards may be found at a kindergarten supply shop, ready perforated in picture designs for sewing, or they can be made at home. If they are bought ready perforated, great care should be exercised by the mother in selecting those sewing-cards that are perforated with large holes. Those sewing-cards in which the holes are only pricked result in eye-strain for the child who sews the pictures. Those with large punched holes are easy to sew and really educational.

TO MAKE these picture sewing-cards at home, use rather large square cards that may be found in packages among kindergarten supplies. Select a picture design that is simple in outline: a circle, an apple, a potato, a simple vase, the fat pussy from the child's nursery book, a tulip, a round clock-face, a leaf—in fact *any* well-known object that will interest a child because it is part of his out-of-door or indoor life.

Transfer this design to the center of the card and, laying it down on a few thicknesses of flannel or felt, perforate large holes with an awl or stiletto in the outline, at distances of a quarter inch. A child of five and a half or six years will be able to do this drawing and perforating himself, which will add much to his interest in the occupation.

The card ready, the actual picture-sewing begins. To determine the length of worsted to be used in doing our picture outline, that little arms may not ache with a too-long thread or the sewing be spoiled with a too-short one, measure twice and one half the length of the picture outline. The sewing is done by putting the needle down through one hole and up through another until the picture outline is completed, and then going over the outline again, filling in the spaces that remain between the first stitches. The fastening of the worsted is done, of course, on the wrong side of the card.

In doing kindergarten sewing as well as in accomplishing any other form of child craft-work the play is more educational if the child does as much as possible of the occupation himself. Help little fingers to measure the length of worsted necessary for each card, to thread the needles, to fasten the worsted when all the sewing is accomplished. The coarse needles used for this sewing have large eyes and may be easily threaded. Through this play a child begins to learn the right use of a needle, and it will be an easy step from this cardboard sewing to taking practise stitches with crewel on canvas and then on finer materials.

Let the baby select his own colors for each picture. A strong cardboard box may hold the sewing-cards, perforated for use, while the many colored skeins of worsted may fill a basket. The pleasure that is the child's in seeing this mass of color, in feeling of it and selecting scarlet for sewing his apple picture, orange for doing a pumpkin outline, green for a leaf, and gray for his pussy sewing-card, will be itself educational.

But for the child's own good, if not for yours, keep carefully his handwork. A satisfactory way to keep these sewing-cards is to mount them in scrap-books.

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Harold Owen Eshelman

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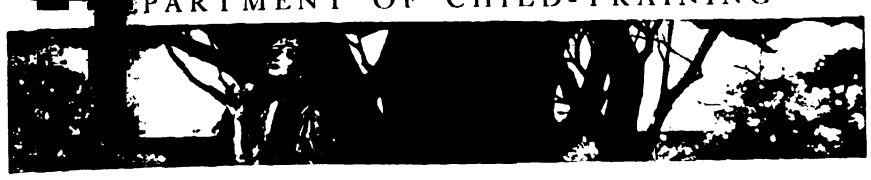


OUR COUNCILING MOTHERS

NOTE:—*The interest that our* DELINEATOR *mothers are taking in the great problem of the home education of little children makes us very happy. The many suggestions they are making are helping us very much. Will you not tell us about your child and your methods of preparing him for school at home? We want to have you write to us.*
Address your letters care The Counciling Mothers Department, THE DELINEATOR.

One of Our Montessori Mothers

I HAVE three little sons who are beginning their education at home. The oldest of the boys is eight years old and has had no teacher so far except his mother. Lately I have been reading a great deal about the Montessori methods of developing a child's brain by means of sense training and it has been most interesting to me. Of course, the ideas are not all new. A great movement along any line always grows out of the creations of many minds. They gather as they grow until they blossom in some creative mind that has also the sense of order.

Mothers have found many ingenious methods for developing the child through its daily activities and if we all had more time to exchange ideas the profit would be great to us all. The emphasis that Montessori puts upon the development of the sense of touch has opened up to my mind a fascinating field of observation.

I have for a number of years played a little game with my children, using the ordinary alphabet blocks and closing our eyes and feeling the letters in order to distinguish them. Usually one child sits with closed eyes and feels the block that is handed to him while the others watch with fascinated interest to see if he will guess right. As much in one way is gained by the eager observer as by the player.

My children learned the letters of the alphabet in this way and none of them had to be consciously taught. I also have invented all sorts of games about the sounds of letters until they learn to read without realizing it. My boy, though, does not write well and I was so interested in the results claimed for the Montessori method of teaching to write that I got the catalogue of the set of didactic toys used in these schools and looked it over carefully—it is full of suggestions.

THE alphabet cards with the raised letters, capitals, small letters and script tempted me because I felt the most need of these in my particular work. I did not feel able to get the whole set of toys and made a lot of inquiries about such cards and could not find any. I had an idea that if a child should learn to trace the outline of a script letter with the delicate nerves in his fingers' ends he would not forget it or struggle over it so in writing. The eye needs the hand as much as the hand needs the eye. I worried because I was not able to supply this seeming lack just at the moment when I felt my children needed it.

Just when I decided that it was foolish to worry, I had an idea, and the idea has been so valuable to me that I feel like passing it on. I have a little work-table for my children and in order that they may use modeling clay I have covered it with oilcloth. I was working with them in clay one day when the idea came to me. I rolled the clay into little round strips a little larger than a bodkin and not quite so large as a lead-pencil. Using these long strips I formed letters.

I first made capitals about two and one-half or three inches high, then small letters in proportion. The script letters I made in about this same proportion. The clay is soft and very pliable and the letters are easily formed. If you use the different colors they are very pretty and attractive. I first made the children's names and placed them evenly on the table and then let each child close his eyes and trace the letters by the sense of touch. The children soon learned to form the letters beautifully themselves and the writing problem solved itself.

We have had no end of fun making our own raised letters out of the clay. When we tire of that sort of work we take the letters up and roll them again and make pigs or baby chickens out of the clay. A child feels a more personal relationship to a letter or symbol that he can make and unmake than to one that some one else has made. I hope this suggestion will be worth something to some other busy mother who feels the need of apparatus for teaching reading and writing at home.

MRS. J. R. M., Texas.

Are We Beginning School Too Early?

MY LITTLE boy of six years started in the first grade last August and has not been doing very well in his studies, especially in the "number work and reading." We have no kindergarten here, and last week when he had a cold I kept him home. I inquired what his class was doing in school and tried to help him. They were doing combinations of ten, such as 4+6=? and 10=8+? His brain seemed unable to *understand* the abstract idea although, if I asked him, "four boys and six boys make how many boys," he understood. I tried pegs and marbles, etc., and would think he had grasped what the example asked him to do, but the next day it was as if he had never heard of it. All this, too, after drilling since August on the same kind of work! In reading, it was just the same. There were only a very few words he really knew.

I wonder if you could help me to know how to help him at home. His teacher thinks he can not pass into the second grade and it seems foolish to drill him on work that he can not understand and in a schoolroom where forty other children make the air bad in spite of ventilating measures, if he has just got to do it all over again.

MRS. H., Massachusetts.

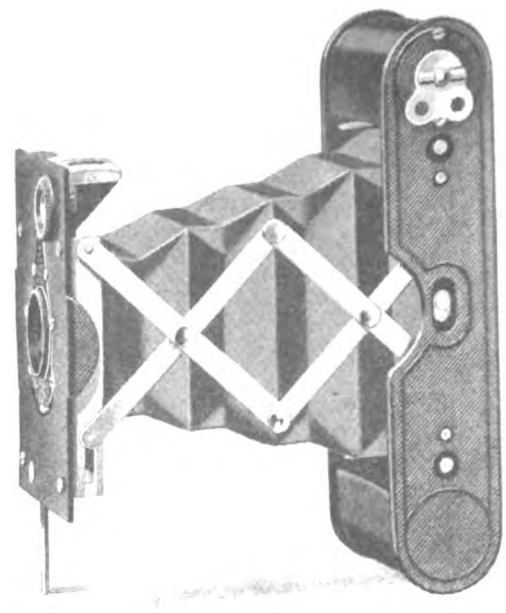
We are so glad that Mrs. H. wrote to us about her problem with the little boy's reading and number work. She must not worry in the least about him. We have known of so many instances just exactly like this one, in which children didn't begin to do abstract thinking until a bit later—at seven or eight years perhaps—and so seem not to get along well in school, because they are thinking all the time about *things* instead of *ideas*.

The best plan will be to find out from the little boy's teacher just exactly the words he is to learn and the number combinations. Then try and teach him these at home by means of objects. One can cut out colored pictures to illustrate each word; print the word in large letters on a number of cards and let the little boy play a word game, putting the words under the pictures. A box of letters will help him, too. After he has learned the words that go under each picture, help him to spell them and put the right combinations of letters under the right picture.

It is surprising how quickly a child will begin to read by this method. Another good method of teaching is to use picture-books that have raised letters or words. Teach the little boy to recognize the words and letters by feeling them. Then let him try and tell you what the words are, blindfolded, just by his sense of touch.

To help a child with number work use spools, shells, pretty stones, kindergarten beads, small blocks or a kindergarten peg board to work out every number combination. If it is necessary, take a child out of school and let him stay out of doors a good deal, studying with mother for an hour or so every morning.

The Vest Pocket



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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

BOY KNIGHTS' PAGE

NOTE: *Do you want to be a Boy Knight? THE DELINEATOR has a great big club organized and conducted solely to give boys good times outdoors and in. You will enjoy it. Write to Sir Launcelot, care of THE DELINEATOR, for particulars.*

"In Union There is Strength"

I HAVE your letter with the list of Minnesota chapters, and since then have written each secretary a three-page letter. The Kenyon Chapter has already replied. I haven't forgotten my plan for "union," but I begin to realize the immensity of it. In this State we are making headway, and as all the chapters are within a hundred miles of Kenyon—the central one—I hope we may some day have a State meeting, and form a Minnesota "Grand Council." At least, I will do my part, and I have the assurance of the Kenyon boys that they will do theirs. Some of the chapters are so far away from the central one that they will have to be members by correspondence only.

Please send me a list of *all* the Minnesota chapters, because my hands aren't full yet, and as long as it is for the B. K. R. T. I *will* do it. We are all more enthused since we know such splendid Knights. My brother Lawrence would like the names of all Knights in Wisconsin, and he will do the best he can with that State. We spend part of the year on our farm in Wisconsin, and who knows but what there may be some Knights living very near us?

HAROLD W. C., Minnesota.

THIS Club has our heartiest congratulations! We want enterprising boys, and those who are willing to work for the Club. Another of Harold's letters tells me that they have become quite well acquainted with Knights in other towns, and a letter from the Kenyon boys speaks in the highest terms possible of Harold and his scheme. For my part I think it a great idea, and it has my best wishes for the future success of the "Union."

Do You Want an "Auto Air-ship" Too?

I RECEIVED the pin for the new member. We are now in need of two for Earl and Alton, who have been promoted. Will you please let me have these?

The Delair boys did not play us last Saturday because their catcher was sick, but we hope to play them shortly, and then I'll send you the score.

We were so glad to have you tell us how to make the "auto air-ship." I have drawn a diagram of it from your description, and the boys are going to start making it at once.

CLARENCE S., New Jersey.

CAN'T you send me, just as Clarence did, the names of some new boys and those who have been promoted? I have the pins and buttons waiting here for you, and I'm just as anxious as can be to put them in your hands.

And wouldn't you like to have an "auto air-ship" this Summer? Any number of my boys are making them and it is not only fun, but a nice way to make a little extra money to put in the treasury. Your friends who do not belong will want a ride, and when they see how nicely it runs they will ask to join the club so that they can have the privilege of using it whenever they choose, and help in erecting some other things I shall be so glad to tell you about if you will just ask me about them in your next letter.

What is Your Motto, Boys?

THE club is progressing splendidly. We admitted five candidates for Pagehood last week and there are more to join next week. Our membership is now over twenty, but the average attendance is about fifteen. We rented a room in which to hold our meetings, and have a stove, chairs, table and shelves in it. We also have some books, a pair of boxing-gloves donated by one of the members, and some games for the boys to play while the other boys are boxing.

We have chosen a motto—"Be prepared." Don't you think it's a good one?

DELMER S., Michigan.

INDEED your motto is a fine one, and I know you are going to do it and the B. K. R. T. credit. I am proud to have such splendid, manly boys in the Club and I am certain when all your members know of the club-room where they may have such good times, they will be sure to attend meetings, making your average over twenty instead of over fifteen.

I have some games here, waiting for my Boy Knights to ask me for them, and I am sure you would like to add them to the collection you already have.

Here is a Game for All My Boys to Try

FIRST of all I want to thank you for the start you gave us. We have good news—we have admitted a new member, and two more have promised to join next week. We have started a circulating library for the members of the Club, and also a stamp collection. All the boys are helping out; we have quite a number of books and about forty-eight stamps.

We are going to have a game of punch-ball next week, with another team. We will tell you the result in the next letter. Just now our boys are training hard, because we want to win the game. I'll tell you about the game now, because it is quite possible some of your other Knights would like to start a punch-ball team this season. The game is played very much like baseball, only you use a soft ball instead of the regular baseball, and you hit it with your hand instead of with a bat. The game is great—almost as much fun as baseball. JOHN O., New York.

WE ALL thank John, don't we boys, for telling us about his punch-ball game? New games are always welcome, especially those we can play in the great out-of-doors.

I sent John some stamps to add to his collection. Have you such a collection also? If you have, Boy Knights, write me about it and I'll send you some. It's very interesting to keep stamps, and instructive too. I wonder if any of my boys know exactly how many different kinds of postage stamps Uncle Sam issues? It seems to me that almost every day a stamp comes to me that I had not known before.

Why not begin your collection to-day, and see how quickly you can get a complete line of American and foreign stamps. Get some other Knight to start at the same time so you can trade duplicates.

News from Our Log-Cabin Boys

I THINK I have already told you that we have a "log cabin." It is situated in a pine grove, and we are furnished with the best music the birds can sing. Our club is growing rapidly. Of course, it could be much larger, but we strictly adhere to the rule "open to boys of good character." We have a dummy now and will begin "First Aid to the Injured" at once. The Knights are all very much in favor of this practise, which was introduced by Sir Brune.

FRED B., Indiana.

I WONDER how many other boys are practising "First Aid to the Injured"? If it is not of benefit to you just now it will be later on when you go out into the world to make your own living. If you can't secure a dummy, surely one of the boys will be willing to allow you to practise on him, or the boys might take turns in doing this. One never knows when he will witness some disaster, and bravery without a knowledge of exactly what to do doesn't amount to so very much does it?

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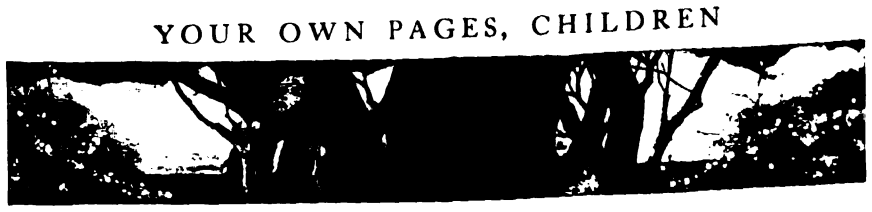

OUR JENNY WREN CORNER

HAPPY SEWING-NEWS

NOTE—Do you know about the Jenny Wren Club of THE DELINEATOR? *It aims, first of all, to teach its members how to sew; but it helps to give them such good times, too. The Club has thousands of members now, and it wants* YOU *to join. Write to Catherine Heath, care of* THE DELINEATOR, *for particulars.*

Such a Big Doll-Family!

I DON'T think I have told you, dear Miss Heath, what our club is doing now. My mother gave the club six dolls and we are going to give the dolls to a children's home. We have them almost dressed. We expect to finish their clothes by Saturday.

ANNA M., Long Island.

How we all would have loved to peep into Anna's little doll-dressmaking shop while those six dear dollies were waiting to have their going-away clothes made! Such a merry confusion as there must have been: shiny scissors snipping crisp white cloth and crinkly silk and soft flannel; dolls' patterns and dolls' style-sheets lying about everywhere; busy needles flying and Golden Locks, Blue Eyes, Pink Cheeks and the rest of their French doll highnesses waiting for their frocks and coats and bonnets. And just fancy the pleasure of the children to whom the dolls go! We love Anna's letter. We couldn't help giving it to all the other Wrens.

Another Prize-Winning Wren

I RECEIVED your letter and card. Thank you for them both. Did you think I had forgotten you? I have been a busy Wren. I made my dolly a dress like the pattern you sent me, and for the County Fair I made a Kensington bag and an eyelet doily, some crocheting and also a specimen of hemming. I won first prize on all except my doily. This was in Class K, for girls under fifteen. For the Junior Class I made an apron, hand-work; a machine-made apron, a crocheted bag, specimen patching and six buttonholes. I won first prize on machine-made apron, first on bag, first on patching, and fourth on buttonholes. Don't you think that was pretty good for one little Jenny Wren who sews all by herself?

RUTH P., Nebraska.

Indeed we do! If Ruth, who lives ever so far away from other girls her own age, is able to learn how to do such beautiful sewing, how much the other Jenny Wrens all over the country, who can work together and so help each other, ought to accomplish!

Helping the District Nurse

DO YOU think that the Jenny Wrens of our club have gone to sleep? No, indeed. At our second meeting we decided that we would help out the district nurse, as she is asking for $300 more to do the needed work of nursing the poor in the town.

Since then, with our dues, we have bought dusters, handkerchiefs, bags, aprons, dish-towels, sachets, pin-balls, jabots. Of course we got the material and made them. We hemstitched the handkerchiefs, feather-stitched dusters, embroidered bags, etc. We had the sale (candy also) Wednesday evening, March 27th, and made $20.01. Now we feel that we have helped the nurse enough, and we are going to have a meeting tonight after school and are going to vote and see how many are in favor of supporting a bed in the Beverly Hospital.

The night of our sale everybody said we looked very well. We were all dressed in white with pink, with a pink crêpe paper bow and on each a dear little Jenny Wren pin; the dearest club-pin in the world, now, isn't it?

Mrs. C., one of the members' mothers, told our audience what the Club was and all about it.

RUTH S., Massachusetts.

Ruth and the other little girls in her Jenny Wren Club are just in their very first teens. Although the club has been organized only a short time it has met regularly, a great deal of sewing has been accomplished, and the girls are taking an important part in the charitable work of the town. This club is a model for all of us.

Some Very Business-like Wrens

REPORT for three months to date: Received for dues, $1.84; received for sale of articles, $3.35; total, $5.19. Expenses for three months, $3.08; balance, $2.23.

We admitted three new members in our club: Janet, Lucretia and Louise. Two of these members do not know how to sew, but we are going to teach them.

We sent one dollar to Mount Hope Home in Boston to the aid of little children. We are going to make rompers No. 5338 and give them to some home. We are dressing dolls, too. Besides our regular work, we make iron-holders. Mrs. D., our directress, bought us the Butterick Pattern and Embroidery Book. The girls show much interest in their work.

LORETTE B., Massachusetts.

Having a definite plan of work always helps, does it not? Lorette and the other little girls in this Jenny Wren Club are real little business women. They hold meetings regularly. They have a regular time in the year for electing new officers. They do certain kinds of sewing until they perfect themselves in it and then they learn a new kind. Lorette's letter has another bit of inspiration for all the rest of us. Why don't we make rompers, too?

Having Fun Helps Work, Does it Not?

OUR Jenny Wren Club is getting along nicely. We had a picnic recently at a spring near Pattie's home. All the members were present but three, and several visitors. There were sixteen present.

We arrived on the picnic grounds about two o'clock and played games until five o'clock. A cloth was spread on the ground to serve as a table. We had plenty to eat and some left, which was packed in the baskets and set under a tree, while we played until it was time to go home. About half an hour after supper some one went to the baskets and found a cow helping herself. She had eaten some cake, candy and several other things.

WILHELMINA W., North Carolina.

We wonder what games Wilhelmina played at her picnic. Would it not be fun to plan Jenny Wren picnics this Summer at which sewing games are played? Here are a few merry old games that may be played: Button, Button, Who's Got the Button? Hide the Thimble and Thread the Needle. Thimble biscuits and ribbon cake and strawberries that look just like emery bags may tuck themselves away in the lunch-basket. What a real sewing picnic this would be!

Good Resolutions!

WE HELD a Good Resolution meeting recently. We have decided to try and keep all the resolutions that we made. We all have sewing-bags to carry our work to and from meetings.

CLARA G., Ohio.

Clara did not tell us what those good resolutions were, but may we guess? Even if we do not guess right, perhaps our Jenny Wren resolutions will help some other club.

We will make one dress for ourselves this Summer.

We will not miss a single Jenny Wren meeting.

We will read over again Mr. Dickens's story of Jenny Wren.

We will sew out-of-doors as much as we can.

We will write to Miss Heath very often, because she is interested in all our work.

If you keep these good resolves, girls, your Summer will be one of the happiest that you have ever had.

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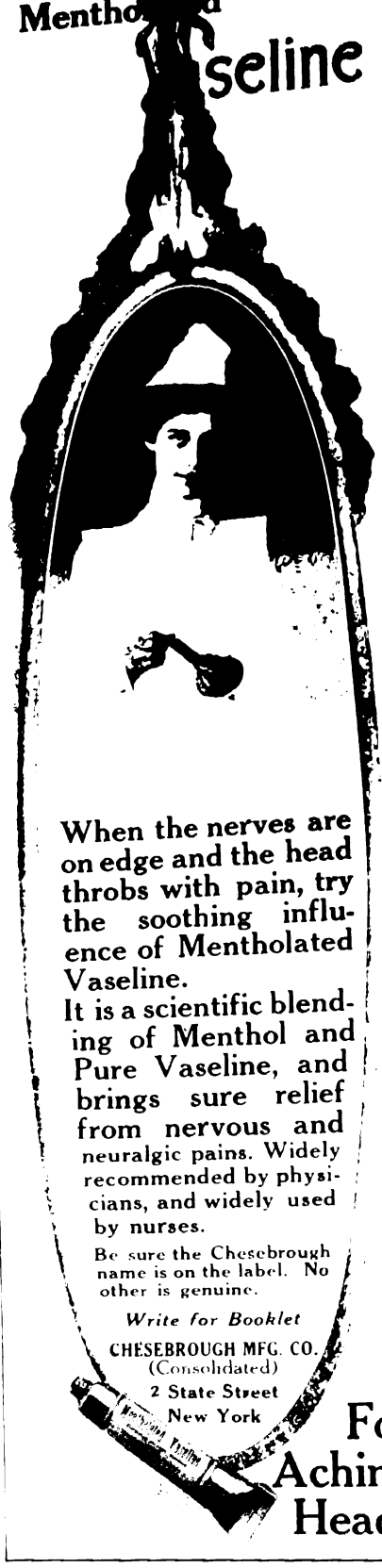

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THE GOOD-NATURED GERANIUM

By Edith Wyatt

Illustrations by Eugenie Wireman

A HUNDRED scarlet geraniums once bloomed in a row under the glittering roof of a large greenhouse.

They knew nothing at all except that they must always try to be as scarlet and green and branching, and as brave and good-natured, as possible. This was the only way they had of being happy.

The plank bordering their bed had grown in a forest; and he used to tell them long stories about a great blue sea of air, reaching all around, and up as far as you could see. At night it turned black and stars sparkled in it. Grass and all kinds of trees and flowers grew in this place, which was called outdoors.

The geraniums often dreamed with longing of outdoors, and one morning when one of them was put in a pot and taken away they all envied him.

But, after all, he was not put out under the blue sea of air. He was put instead under the white curtains of a window in a library.

The other things in the library received him rather stiffly. "He is different from the rest of us," said an ivory paper-cutter. "He is too conspicuous, standing up as he does for the world to see him. A true gentleman should always make himself just as flat as possible."

"You are right, my dear," said the tall old grandfather clock hoarsely.

"Besides," said the paper-cutter, "he is in such bad form. One may at least demand that the sides should be perfectly straight," and she looked complacently along her own level lines.

"You are perfectly right," said the grandfather clock.

The curtains drooped more closely about the geranium so that he might not hear what was said about him. They were a kindly old pair, but as they lived on the edge of the room, and hardly ever went into company on account of sheer attachment to their home, none of the rest of the furniture paid much attention to them.

A paper-weight broke the silence by clearing his throat heavily. He was in the shape of a crab of solid lead. He could move in no direction except backward; but because of his ability to keep almost everything else down he was greatly admired, and the whole room now listened closely to him.

A STOUT young rocking-chair leaned over so far that she lost her balance and tripped on one of the rugs humping themselves rapidly toward the table where the paper-weight sat. A refined Morris-chair crossed his legs, leaning back and regarding the scene through his eye-glass. The curtains blew forward a little. The geranium looked out with interest at all the furniture and bric-à-brac assembling about the table where the paper-weight stood with one claw in his vest.

"My position in matters of taste," said the paper-weight, "is this: I have none of these narrow prejudices about straight edges. But if we are to go backward, as every one must agree we all should, anything strange and new ought to be ignored."

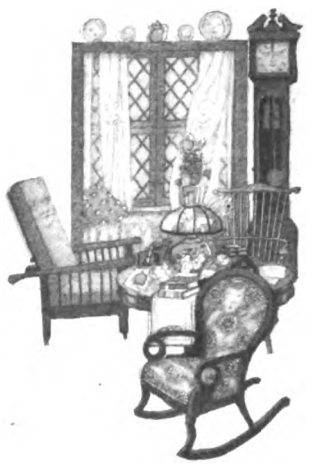
All the library furniture murmured, "What dignity he has!"

The poor geranium looked at the window-pane to hide his disappointment. He had hoped to have a delightful time in the library. But now it seemed he must be ignored.

He blamed nobody. Often he thought with regret of the row of a hundred geraniums, and of the greenhouse where he had learned that he must try to be as brave and good-humored and scarlet and green and branching as possible, and wished that he might do the thing he was born to do, and might make every one around him happy—and himself, too. But in the library the object was, not to do your own part and to be happy, but to

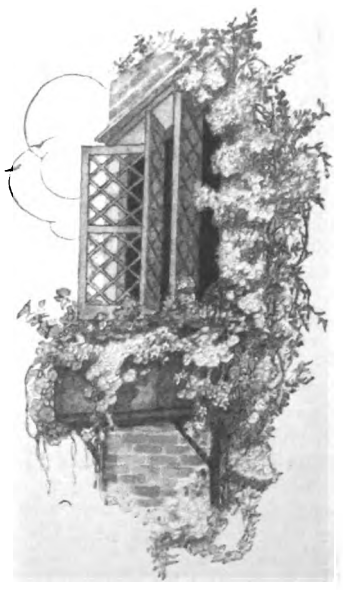
be important. So that all he could do was to dream of outdoors. He was very lonely.

A blotter, a motherly, soft-hearted creature, was very pleasant to the new geranium when she was not absorbed with other matters, and she brought a pack of playing-cards to see him. They were very easy-going, and did not object to the geranium's being new. Not long



after the geranium met the cards, the queen of diamonds became engaged to a charming young king of clubs.

Every one in the room was invited to the wedding. At midnight all the furniture and bric-à-brac gathered around the library table, or on top of it, leaving down the middle a long aisle, at the end of which a venerable thermometer stood waiting to wed the young pair. Down



this aisle, as the clock struck twelve, the cards slid two by two with a graceful, gliding motion, in a beautiful procession, the kings with their gold crowns, ermine robes and carved scepters, the queens in their black velvet head-dresses and rich embossed mantles, red, yellow, blue and green, and all the rest of the pack in simple but elegant court costumes.

The geranium was delighted. He had entirely forgotten that he was not just like the rest, when the Morris-chair said:

"You are improving. You seem much narrower and harder than when I first saw you. I like to encourage young people, and I want to help you along by telling you that the really nice thing for you to do is to become a good, soft tone of gray. And a thing you must do is to stop this habit of growing. It is too crude."

One morning the owner of the library came in, and said to his wife: "That geranium is withering and fading here. Now that Spring has come, I think I'll have it put out into the window-box I ordered to-day."

The geranium's heart sank. Where was he going now, he wondered? What was a window-box? Was he to be shut up in it alone? That would be worse than standing the snubs of the paper-weight.

JUST then a knock sounded on the library door. "There is the gardener with the box, now," said the owner. "Come in."

The door opened, and a man walked in carrying a large green box planted with fresh flowers.

White clusters of sweet alyssum fell in clouds over the edge. Behind were velvet pansies, purple and gold and black, and delicate sprays of heliotrope, and snarled, flaming nasturtium, and foliage plants with richly marked patterns, and trumpeting petunias with furry leaves. Above all the rest bloomed a great straight row of scarlet geraniums.

Then the gardener took up the clay pot which held the geranium. He struck the bottom of it with the flat of his hand and ran his trowel around inside, and lifted out the geranium. Then he put the plant into the black mold of the window-box, and patted down the earth, and sprinkled it with cold water.

Then he pushed the whole box out between the curtains, and fastened it to the window-ledge outdoors. It was a clear morning. There were the fields and fields of fresh blue crystal air, just as the plank in the greenhouse had said. Silver shoals of cloud floated in the distance.

Here, now, the geranium lived happily with his companions. Soon he was as tall as others in the row, and his clusters were as full and scarlet, and his branches as green. Often he told the other flowers stories of his life in the library. Often he sent messages through the window to his old friends, the curtains and the blotter. Curiously enough, the geranium had now come to be rather admired in the library.

One of the bound magazines—which have so much general information—said that he had learned that the common geranium was on the whole the best liked of all flowers. "It is said to be the gayest and hardiest of flowers, and the easiest to live with, and so it is warmly loved. I am glad our young acquaintance is doing so well."

"I am sorry he is not more grateful," said the paper-weight.

"Isn't he grateful?" said the curtains, doubtfully.

"I fear not," said the paper-weight. "I helped him with good advice before those flowers paid the least attention to him, and he seems to have forgotten my encouragement completely, for he never remembers me in his messages."

But when the curtains, quite annoyed with the paper-weight, repeated this remark to the geranium, he only laughed and sent the paper-weight his regards. For he had been brought up to believe that he must always try to be as good-natured and brave and scarlet and green and branching as possible, as that is the only way of being happy.

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Instead of having to compete for the prizes with several thousands of other representatives, you compete only with the few living in towns the same size as yours, whose orders are received the same day as yours.

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Even though you have never before sent us any subscriptions, you can take part in this big jubilee prize-picking picnic by securing three or more subscriptions, new or renewal, to THE DELINEATOR, at $1.50 each. At least three DELINEATOR subscriptions should be sent in each order. You get the usual agents' commission. The prizes offered are entirely in addition. You can compete any day during the contest, and as *many* days as we receive three or more DELINEATOR subscriptions from you. The day your order arrives, you will compete for that day's prizes and only with the few other representatives whose orders reach us the same day.

First Prizes Given Away May 15th

No need to wait. Get at least three subscriptions right away. Send them to us, and we will refund the amount of your commission. Then keep on trying. Try and get three or four subscriptions every day. Send them to us. You have a good chance to win a prize *every day* we receive three or more DELINEATOR subscriptions from you.

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They are taper-pointed, smoothly finished, highly tempered and easily threaded. Founded in 1743, Kirby-Beard Needles, Pins, Safety Pins and Hairpins are the standard of the World. It pays to ask for them. Look for the "Elephant's Head" on the genuine.

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Specify the hook and eye that hold placket and seam smoothly in place. That insure the perfect fit of your gown.

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Easy to fasten, yet strong.

Firm, and won't work loose.

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Philadelphia, Pa.

PEET BROTHERS

NOVEL IDEAS FOR GI[illegible]

THE TREND OF THE STYLES IS CLOSINGS, BULGARIAN BLOUSES

Dress 6208 Coat 6184

ON THE girls' dress 6208, the tucks on the shoulders are a pleasing way of putting fulness in the blouse and relieving the plainness of a simple dress. The choice of a gathered or plaited straight skirt makes the design suitable for sheer or heavy materials and the different possibilities for the neck and sleeves will suit different tastes and uses. The neck may be high, French round or square, and the sleeves in full length in either of two styles or shorter. They are sewed into slightly deep armholes. A flat pointed collar trims the high neck nicely, while insertion or banding or an embroidered scallop is pretty around either of the open necks. Designs for the embroidery on the figure may be obtained in Butterick transfers.

For a girl of ten years, three yards and one-quarter of material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6208 may be obtained in nine sizes, from six to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

6208 6184

BULGARIAN effects have become such a dominant note in Spring and Summer styles that very long Russian blouses are characteristic of most of the new coats for girls and little girls. The skirt part of these coats is, of course, very short, and the belt, which is much wider than formerly, is well down below the hips. In some smart models the blouse is gathered into a wide band instead of a short skirt. You can make a coat in full or shorter length with the lower part in either one of these styles from design 6184. You can also make either of two styles of sleeve and put them in with a few gathers at the top or plainly by shrinking out the fulness. The collar is an easy kind to make and is smart and attractive. For warmth a removable shield may be worn. Cotton ratine, piqué, satin, corded silks, linen, serge and wool poplin are materials used.

For a little girl of three years, two yards and one-quarter of material twenty-seven inches wide, with one-half yard of contrasting material twenty inches wide, will be required for the coat as shown on the figure.

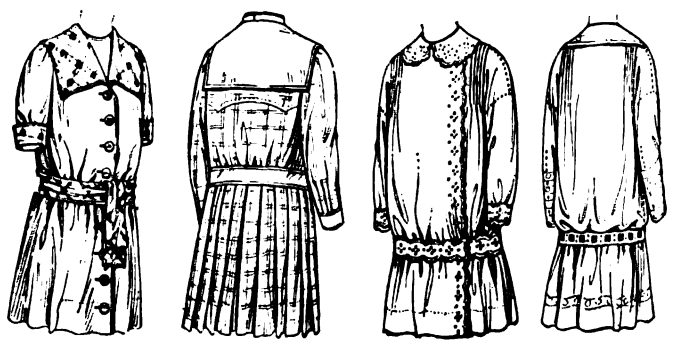
Design 6184 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from two to twelve years, price fifteen cents.

Dress 6217 Dress 6212

IN DESIGN 6212 the popular Russian blouse style is adapted to thin materials by the use of a gathered skirt and fine tucks in the body. Since the skirt is straight, flouncing can be used for it, and then the collar and shorter sleeves are also pretty of flouncing. The body is in one with the upper part of full-length sleeves in either of two styles or shorter sleeves, has high or open neck, and may be blousod or drawn down.

For a girl of nine years, one yard and seven-eighths of flouncing nine inches wide for the skirt, one yard and one-quarter five inches wide for the collar and sleeves, one yard and one-eighth of edging and one yard and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, will be required as on the figure.

Design 6212 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.



6217 6212

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YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN

AND LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES

CLOSELY FOLLOWED, AND RUSSIAN AND FRENCH SHOULDERS ARE SEEN

DESIGN 6225 has its front cut in one piece with two tucks at each side, but there is a plaited skirt attached across the back. A regulation or one of the newer wider belts is worn very low. The sleeves may be in full length in two styles or shorter, and the removable shield with or without a standing collar.

For a girl of ten years, two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, seven-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard of material twenty-seven inches wide for the wide belt, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6225 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

Dress 6225 Dress 6229

AN EXAMPLE of the way the prevailing modes are copied in girls' dresses is found in design 6229, a charmingly quaint little Empire frock with all the style features of a ladies' gown. It has a four-piece skirt with a few gathers at the top of the back, a peplum if one cares to use it, and a surplice waist with dropped shoulders. The waist may be bloused or drawn down and have full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves and high or slightly open neck. To embroider the collar as on the figure, an adaptation of a Butterick transfer may be used.

For a girl of eleven years, two yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6229 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

6225 6229

Dress 6182 Suit 6214

MOTHERS who are looking for a very simple but well-cut stylish little model to make up a number of every-day dresses by will be delighted with design 6182 for a girls' and little girls' one-piece dress. It is cut all in one piece, skirt, blouse and sleeves, so that nothing easier to make could be found. One can add the trimming pieces if one wishes to trim it with contrasting material or pipings, but they are not necessary because the style is in the lines. Design for the scallop and sprays shown here may be obtained in Butterick transfers. The neck may be cut French round or square and a regulation or wider belt may be used.

For a little girl of five years, one yard and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide and one-half yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6182 may be obtained in fourteen sizes, from one to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

6182 6214

THE dress and coat for girls given in design 6214 may be used separately or as a costume which is smart on the street and pretty and girlish indoors. The dress has a waist with the body in one with the upper part of the sleeves and a four-piece skirt attached to the waist at Empire height. The coat is slightly held in by a belt across the back or all the way around. The sleeves may be slightly gathered at the top or have their fulness shrunken out. Cotton ratine, cotton corduroy, cotton poplin and linen are modish materials for Summer frocks and coats. Serge, wool rep, sponge cloth and Bedford cord are much used woolens. Stripes and checks are suitable for the design.

For a girl of nine years, one yard and three-quarters of striped material forty-four inches wide for the dress and coat collar and cuffs, one yard and seven-eighths of plain forty-four inches wide for the coat, and one-eighth of a yard of contrasting material twenty inches wide for a band to trim the neck of the dress, will be required for the suit as shown on the figure.

Design 6214 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from four to fourteen years, price fifteen cents.

Girls and Boys Like to Wear

"THE LITTLE ONE"

Rompers and Blouses

They like them because these handsome garments make them look "dressed up" enough for Sunday wear, yet give them perfect comfort for play. Materials, style and care in making cannot be excelled. And all for 50c a garment—any mother will appreciate this wonderful value and what it saves her in time, labor and worry. Here are the particulars:

MATERIALS. Rompers of handsome, strong, durable, sun and tub-fast fabrics. Blouses made of extra quality percales, cheviots, shirting madras, chambrays, khaki and sateen—repeated washings don't fade.

STYLE. Blouse has attached button and-tab collar and round-cornered cuffs—stylish and dressy. Sizes, 6 to 14 years. Boys' Rompers are a real boy's garment. Girls' Rompers are made with yoke effect. Pattern wide and roomy to accommodate petticoats. Complete line of styles. Sizes from 2 to 8 years. Creepers for babies made to permit changing of undergarments without removing rompers. Sizes 6, 12 and 18 months.

HOW MADE. All Rompers and Blouses sewed with double lock-stitch. More stitches to the inch than usually found. No rough edges or loose threads. Fresh-water pearl shell buttons—sewed on with sixteen threads, tied tight—on to stay. Elastic at knee will not rot from washing. Collars and cuffs of blouses have pre-shrunk interlinings. Cuffs and belts of rompers piped with contrasting color.

FIT. Sizes of "The Little One" Rompers and Blouses made to fit maximum average size of children. Sleeves of blouses and rompers full length—to touch wrist.

See "The Little One" Rompers and Blouses at your dealer's; if he hasn't them, we'll be glad to tell you where to go. Recognize them by the label (shown here) on the back of the collar, which means that your dealer will guarantee satisfaction in every respect or refund your money.

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TRADE MARK

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SOLVE YOUR FITTING TROUBLES WITH THE Acme Form

Make Dress Fitting a Pleasure and Satisfaction by using an ADJUSTABLE AUTOMATIC

The little wheels at the top AUTOMATICALLY and INDEPENDENTLY, adjust the *Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips* and *Skirt* to the desired size, style or shape. Your money gladly refunded if it does not exactly reproduce your *figure*.

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H&W CORSET WAISTS
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The H. & W. (MARMO) MATERNITY CORSET WAIST gives a trim and stylish figure—without the slightest endangerment to the well-being of either the mother or child.

No. 412 $2

Soft and pliable with lacings on either side, adjustable to the comfort of the wearer. All steels removable.

Particularly desirable in convalescence or after surgical operations. Button or clasp front.

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H. & W. Waists are made for all ages—Women, Misses and Children—Insist on H. & W. and accept no substitute

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The well-dressed woman blesses and benefits herself—and the world—for she adds to its joys.

NAIAD DRESS SHIELDS

add the final assurance of cleanliness and sweetness. They are a necessity to the woman of delicacy, refinement and good judgment.

Naiad Dress Shields are hygienic and scientific. They are **absolutely free from rubber** with its unpleasant odor. They can be quickly **sterilized** by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. The one shield as good the day it is bought as the day it is made.

Made in all styles and sizes to fit every requirement of Woman's Dress.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

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Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

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"Would'st Thou be Fair?"

This booklet contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet.

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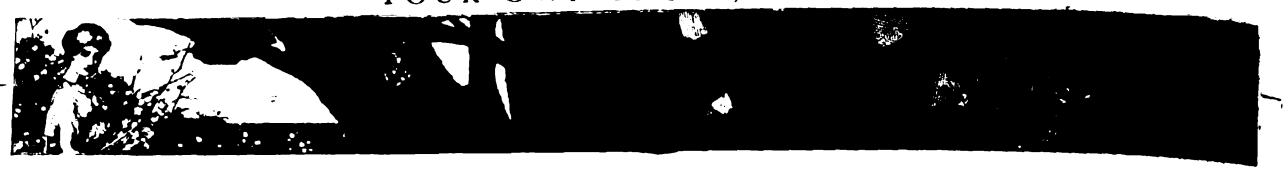
"CARMEN"
INVISIBLE HAIR NETS
Are Stronger
yet filmy as a spider's web

YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN



Dress 6203 | Dress 6197 | Dress 6170 | Rompers 6201

THE little girls' French dress shown in design 6203 is modern in every respect. It has the long waist and short skirt characteristic of the smartest models, the bloused effect used on everything now, and the yoke running down onto the sleeves, which is found on many of the season's blouses. The fulness below may be tucked or gathered and may be bloused or drawn down. As it demands sheer materials, the kimono sleeves are left short and the neck made French round or square. Since the lower edges of the yokes and the gathered skirt are straight, flouncing and bordered materials may be used. An adaptation of a Butterick transfer may be used for the embroidered sprays shown on the figure illustration.

For a little girl of four years, one yard and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide, two yards and seven-eighths of insertion and one yard and seven-eighths of edging, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6203 may be obtained in nine sizes, from two to ten years, price fifteen cents.

6203

LITTLE girls can have an adorably dainty frock from design 6197 and embroidered swiss or batiste flouncing. Flouncing may be used with advantage, because the edges of the surplice body as well as of the plaited or gathered skirt are straight, and the shorter sleeves may also be made of it. Cotton crêpe, voile or lawn with a printed colored border are equally suitable and could hardly be made up more effectively without trimming. A sprigged dimity or dotted swiss or plain sheer batiste will be trimmed with lace along the surplice edges or with an embroidered scallop and dot, a design for which may be obtained in a Butterick transfer. A fine checked or striped gingham may also be used. The body is in one with the upper part of full-length or shorter one-seam sleeves, may have high, French round or square neck, and be bloused or drawn down. To blouse it, a lining must be used or the belt must be held up with tapes. A ribbon sash should be softly crushed around the low waist.

For a little girl of four years, two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide, four yards and three-quarters of insertion and three yards and one-quarter of edging, will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

Design 6197 may be obtained in nine sizes, from two to ten years, price fifteen cents.

A DRESS on the Russian order, individualized by the angle in the closing line and with what many will consider the improvement of Gibson tucks, is shown in design 6170 for little girls. The tucks and the straight cut give splendid lines to the little dress, while its pretty open collar and cuffs trim it becomingly. The wide belt is very smart. A different possibility in the design is shown in the small views, where the closing line is straight, the neck high, the sleeves full length in either of two styles, and the belt ended at the tucks at each side of the front. This is good-looking, but the other is rather better for Summer. To reproduce the embroidered scallop a Butterick transfer may be used. Cotton ratine, poplin, piqué, linen, galatea, gingham, chambray and percale are smart and suitable materials.

For a little girl of five years, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide will be required for the dress as shown on the figure.

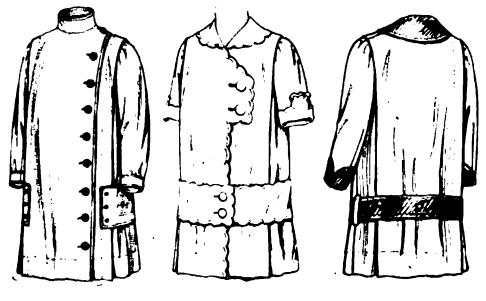
Design 6170 may be obtained in eleven sizes, from two to twelve years, price fifteen cents.

IN LOOKING for a design for children's rompers or overalls one usually makes simplicity the primary requirement. Rompers are things which have to be made in numbers and washed generally after one day's wear, and one is right in demanding a model which can be made up quickly and easily laundered. Design 6201 is about the simplest kind which can be found, for it is in one length, has its fulness all cut in and has one-seam sleeves sewed in plainly. The sleeves may be in full length in either of two styles or shorter, and the neck high, French round or square. A second requirement in rompers for a young child is the closing illustrated in one of the small views. This has great practical value. Gingham, chambray, galatea and percale are used for a child's play rompers, and trimmed with a collar, belt and bands of a contrasting color or check.

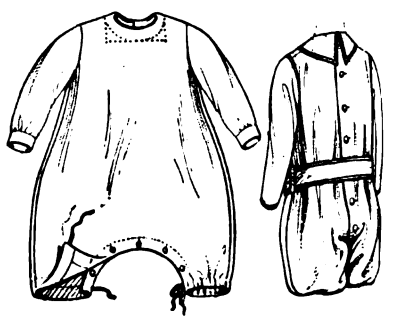
For a child of three years, one yard and three-quarters of material thirty-two inches wide and three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material thirty-six inches wide will be required for the rompers as shown on the figure, or two yards and five-eighths of material twenty-seven inches wide for the rompers as shown in the small back view.

Design 6201 may be obtained in three sizes, from one to three years, price fifteen cents.

6197



6170



6201

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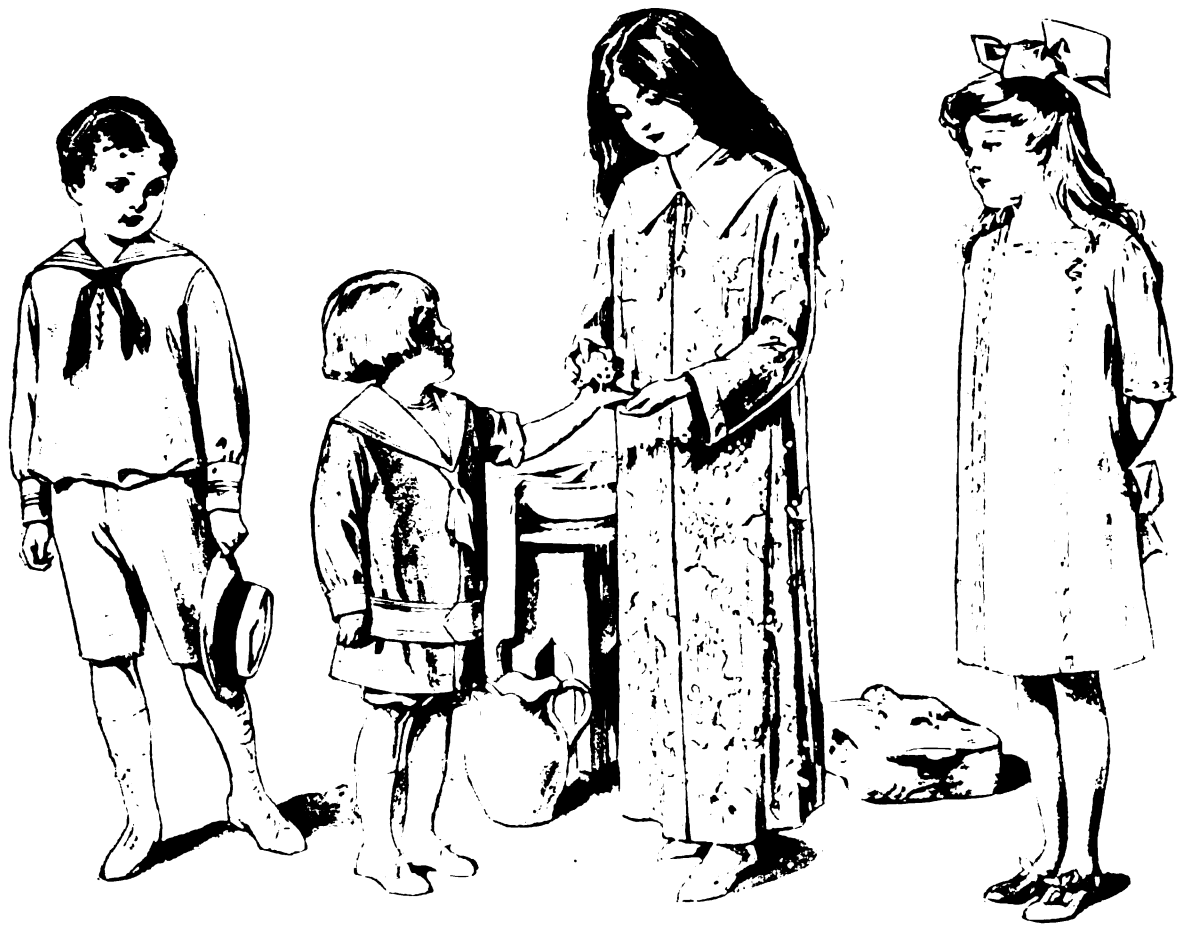
YOUR OWN PAGES, CHILDREN



Suit 6205 Suit 6218 Kimono 6231 Apron 6176

THE little boys' suit of design 6205 consists of a sailor blouse which is slipped on over the head and has full-length or shorter sleeves, and straight trousers with or without cuffs. It is a new and smart model which is seen in the shops in linen, galatea, duck, piqué, khaki, serge and flannel. Sometimes the collar is of contrasting color, often blue on a white suit in true sailor style; sometimes it is trimmed with braid or bias bands of color. A convenient pocket may be used or not.

For a boy of seven years, two yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide and two yards and one-quarter of braid for one row will be required for the suit as on the figure.

Design 6205 may be obtained in eight sizes, from three to ten years, price fifteen cents.

IN DESIGN 6218 for a little boys' suit, the long blouse closes at the front and is worn over straight trousers or knickerbockers. It has a large sailor collar, a removable shield and sleeves in either of two styles. A design for embroidering it may be obtained in a Butterick transfer.

For a little boy of four years, two yards and one-half of material thirty-two inches wide, three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material thirty-two inches wide for the sailor collar, shield, cuffs and belt, and four yards and five-eighths of braid for one row, will be required for the suit as on the figure

Design 6218 may be obtained in six sizes, from two to seven years, price fifteen cents.

GIRLS certainly need a kimono wrapper as much as any one and take just as much pleasure in one of a pretty material and cut. They will adore one made from design 6231 of cotton crêpe, lawn or dimity. It may be trimmed with a band or a sailor collar, and cut off for a dressing-sack. The full-length or shorter sleeves are in one with the body.

For a girl of eleven years, five yards and one-eighth of material thirty-two or more inches wide and one-half yard of contrasting material twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and sleeve bands will be required for the kimono as shown on the figure.

Design 6231 may be obtained in three sizes, from nine to thirteen years, price ten cents.

WHEN the apron of design 6176 is made of white lawn, dimity or cross-bar and trimmed with insertion it is an attractive little garment which will practically serve for a frock. In gingham, chambray or percale with full-length instead of shorter sleeves it is more serviceable for playing. The pocket and sash ties may be used or not.

For a girl of eight years, two yards and three-quarters of material twenty-seven inches wide, three yards and one-eighth of insertion and two yards of edging, will be required for the apron as shown on the figure.

Design 6176 may be obtained in six sizes, from two to twelve years, price ten cents.

6235

DESIGN 6235 gives a correct Continental suit for men and boys. It is one of the most attractive costumes that men can wear for fancy dress, so becoming and so courtly that modern clothes seem disfiguring beside it. The suit consists of a hat, coat, vest and knee breeches, and may be made of sateen, mercerized fabrics, paper muslin, satin brocade or velveteen.

For a boy of twenty-six inches breast measure, one yard and three-eighths of material twenty-two inches wide for the hat, two yards twenty-seven inches wide for the coat, five-eighths of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the vest, and one yard and one-quarter twenty-seven inches wide for the breeches, will be required.

Design 6235 may be obtained in ten sizes, for men and boys from twenty-six to forty-four inches breast, measure, price fifteen cents.

6205 6231 6176 6218

PROMOTE HAIR GROWTH

With CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. They do much for irritated, itching scalps, dandruff and dry, thin and falling hair, and do it speedily, agreeably and economically.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

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Is Quality Insurance

It is on each of our six trade-marked styles to protect you from imitations of and infringements upon our *Detachable and Interchangeable Handles.*

Hull Umbrellas

with all the HULL advantages—$1 up. Your dealer should give you your choice at the following prices:

	HANDLES PLAIN	FANCY
The Premier Hull	$1.00	$1.50
The Royal Hull	1.50	2.00
The Superior Hull	2.00	2.50
The Imperial Hull	2.50	3.50
The Sterling Hull	3.50	5.00
The Peerless Hull	5.00	7.50

If your dealer has not a HULL, we will, on request, advise you of a dealer near you, or supply you direct.

HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA CO., Toledo, Ohio

West Flat HOOK & EYE

The hook and eye that is easiest to sew on.
The hook and eye that will pass through a wringer without crushing.
The hook and eye that can be ironed over without leaving a shiny mark.
Cannot come unhooked—and will never rust.
Sold in packages containing 24 hooks and 24 eyes for 10c
If your dealer hasn't West Flat Hooks and Eyes in stock send 10c to West Electric Hair Curler Co., 45 South Front St., Philadelphia.

Ball-cup Nipple FREE

Mothers, send us this advertisement and your address on a postcard, with druggist's name, and we will mail you a Ball-cup Nipple to try. Fits any small-neck bottle. Only nipple with open food-cup and protected orifice at bottom—will not collapse, feeds regularly. Outlasts ordinary nipples. Only one to a family.

State baby's age, kind and quantity of food. Half Boston.

Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., 1349 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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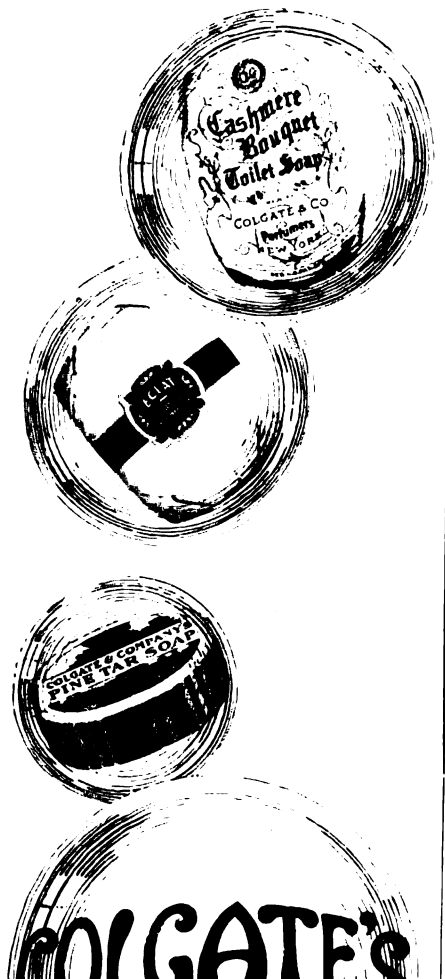

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Distinct in composition—

Differing in perfume—

Varied in price.

Give your household the advantages of the great Variety of Colgate's Soaps—as well as their unvarying high character and their luxurious washing qualities.

Your dealer will show you many—ask to see the whole Colgate assortment. Send a 1c stamp for our book "Colgate Comforts."

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. U 199 Fulton St. New York

Read the interesting advertisement of Colgate's Talc on page 490

A NEEDLE, A THREAD, AND A LITTLE GIRL

A SEWING-SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN

By Marjorie May

If you want any help with your sewing, or advice on the layette for your latest doll, write to Marjorie May and she will write back again to you. But be sure to send her your name and address on a stamped envelope so that she will know where to send the letter.

FOR our last lesson we cut out a pair of drawers and began to make them, and I know you will want to do just as much as you can on them during this lesson. But you won't finish them even with this month, because although there is not so very much work on them, still there are quite a number of new things to be learned. So get out your sewing-things at once.

Perhaps you have forgotten just where you left off last time. Take out your drawers and look at them. They are neatly tucked and the bottom edges finished with a pretty embroidery. Now I am sure you remember all about making these tucks and putting on the embroidery edging. I wonder which one of you can guess what we are going to do next?

THE DRAWERS PLACKET—We are going to make a placket. Or, more exactly, we are going to make two plackets. Do you remember when you cut Piece 4 of the drawers you slashed down a line that showed you where the closing of the drawers was to be? This closing must come, as you know, on each side of your drawers, and when it is all finished it is called a placket. The two plackets are made exactly alike, so I am only going to tell you how to make one of them, and then you can make the other in just the same way.

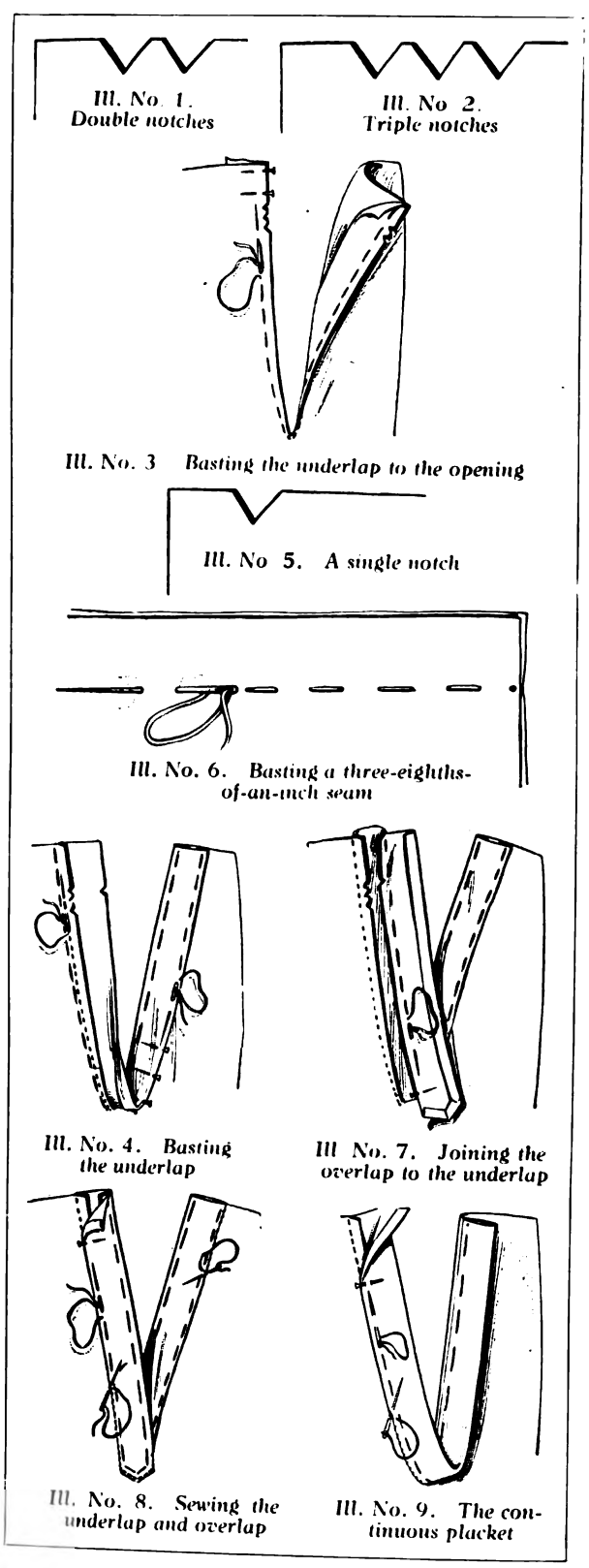
The placket that is used on drawers and other underwear is called "the underwear placket." Illustrations Nos. 3, 4, 7 and 8 show you how it looks as you are making it.

THE UNDERLAP—The first step in making the placket is to make an underlap. You remember there were several pieces of your pattern that you did not use in the last lesson when you cut the drawers. One of these was Piece 3. Now take out Piece 3 and cut two pieces by it. These are the two underlaps, one for each placket of your drawers. Pin the underlap to the wrong side of the drawers with its double notches (Ill. No. 1) matching the double notches in the front edge of the placket, and its triple notches (Ill. No. 2) matching the triple notches in the back edge of the placket-opening. (Ill. No. 3.) Illustrations Numbers 1 and 2 show you just how these notches look. These edges should be even. (Ill. No. 3.) Baste them together, beginning at the top of the opening. At the top of the placket the basting should be one-quarter of an inch from the edge of the placket, but it should taper out almost to the edge at the bottom. (Ill. No. 3.) After you have basted the underlap on each placket securely, sew it to the placket-opening with fine running stitches.

Turn the underlap over on the right side of the front of the drawers and fold it so that the sewing of the seam comes exactly in the crease. (Ill. No. 4.) Be very careful about making your folding very neat and exact, because unless it is, your work will not look neat and dainty when it is finished. Baste it along the fold to the bottom of the placket-opening. (Ill. No. 4.)

Now turn in the edge of the underlap three-eighths of an inch and pin it to the drawers all the way down to the bottom of the opening. (Ill. No. 4.) Then baste it along the fold edge. (Ill. No. 4.)

THE OVERLAP—The next thing to do is to make an overlap for each placket. This is cut from Piece 2 of your pattern. You cut two you remember.



Ill. No. 3 Basting the underlap to the opening

Ill. No 5. A single notch

Ill. No. 6. Basting a three-eighths-of-an-inch seam

Ill. No. 4. Basting the underlap

Ill No. 7. Joining the overlap to the underlap

Ill. No. 8. Sewing the underlap and overlap

Ill. No. 9. The continuous placket

(Ill. No. 7.) The single notch is shown in Illustration No. 5. Pin the underlap and the overlap together with their edges even, and then baste and sew them three-eighths of an inch from the edge. Illustration No. 6 shows the actual width of a three-eighths-of-an-inch seam.

Turn under the other long edge of the overlap and the lower edges of it and crease them between your fingers. You will have to be very careful in turning under the lower edges, because these are slanting and run into a point, and of course you want to keep the point nice and sharp and the two sides that form it even after the overlap is turned in, just as they were before. In order to keep this pointed end a nice shape you will have to lap the turned-under edge at the corner and at the point. (Ill. No. 7.)

Now turn over the overlap on the right side and fold it so that the sewing of the seam in the underlap and the overlap will come exactly in the crease. (Ill. No. 8.) Baste it along the fold edge. (Ill. No. 8.)

Baste the overlap to the drawers with its long edge just covering the sewing of the underlap and its pointed end at the bottom of the placket. (Ill. No. 8.)

Hem the basted long edges of the overlap and the underlap to the drawers with small fine stitches. (Ill. No. 8.) Backstitch the pointed end, as backstitching is stronger than hemming, and you'll find when you go to wear the drawers that the hardest strain on the placket will come at the point. Now your placket is finished.

THE CONTINUOUS PLACKET—There is another kind of placket that is frequently used in making drawers, and I am going to tell you how to make this one too. It is called the continuous placket. It is just as neat as the underwear placket, but it is not as strong. However, it is used a great deal, and many people like it because it is simpler than the other placket. You can use it instead of the underwear placket if you wish.

Cut a lengthwise strip of the material two and a half inches wide and twice the length of the placket-opening. Join one long edge of the lap to the right side of the placket-opening with their edges even. Pin and then baste the two together in a quarter-of-an-inch seam, letting the seam taper out close to the edge at the bottom of the opening. (Ill. No. 9.) Sew the seam with running stitches just inside the bastings.

Take out the bastings. Turn in the other long edge three-eighths of an inch and crease it. Baste the fold edge to the drawers, just covering the sewing of the seam. (Ill. No. 9.) Hem the fold to the drawers with even hemming stitches. (Ill. No. 9.)

Perhaps you will want to make both of the plackets you have learned about. Make one kind on your drawers, and the other on a pair of drawers for your biggest doll.

Now I know you are ready to rest from sewing, so put away your work neatly, ready for your next lesson.

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